

THE ADVENTURE OF AUNT

Washington Irving

My aunt was a big woman, very tall, with a strong mind and will. She was what you may call a very manly woman. My uncle was a thin, small man, very weak, with no will at all. He was no match for my aunt. From the day of their marriage he began to grow smaller and weaker. His wife's powerful mind was too much for him; it undermined his health, and very soon he fell ill.

My aunt took possible care of him; half the doctors in town visited him and prescribed medicine for him enough to cure a whole hospital. But all was in vain. My uncle grew worse and worse and one day she found him dead.

My aunt was very much upset by the death of her poor dear husband. She did all that a widow could do to honour his memory. She spent very much money on her mourning dress, she wore a miniature of him about her neck as large as a small clock; and she had a full-length portrait of him always hanging in her bedroom.

Some time passed, and my aunt decided to move to Derbyshire where she had a big country house. The house stood in a lonely, wild part of the country among the grey Derbyshire hills.

The servants, most of whom came with my aunt from town, did not like the sad-looking old place. My aunt herself seemed to be struck with the lonely appearance of her house. Before she went to bed, therefore, she herself examined the doors and the windows and locked them with her own hands. Then she carried the keys from the house together with a little box of money and jewels, to her own room. She always saw to all things herself.

One evening, after she had sent away her maid, she sat by her toilet-table, arranging her hair. She sat for a little while looking at her face in the glass first on one side, then on the other. As she looked, she thought of her old friend, a rich gentleman of the neighbourhood, who had visited her that day, and whom she had known since her girlhood.

All of a sudden she thought she heard something move behind her. She looked round quickly, but there was nothing to be seen. Nothing but the painted portrait of her poor dear husband on the wall behind her. She gave a heavy sigh to his memory. Her sigh was re-echoed. She looked round again, but no one was to be seen.

"Oh, it is only the wind," she thought and went on putting her hair in papers, but her eyes were still fixed on her own reflection and the reflection of her husband's portrait in the looking-glass. Suddenly it seemed to her that in the glass she saw one of the eyes of the portrait move. It gave her a shock.

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"I must make sure," she thought and moved the candle so that the light fell on the eye in the glass. Now she was sure that it moved. But not only that, it seemed to give her a wink exactly as her husband used to do when he was living. Now my aunt got really frightened... Her heart began to beat fast. She suddenly remembered all the frightful stories about ghosts and criminals that she had heard.

But her fear soon was over. Next moment, my aunt who, as I have said, had a remarkably strong will, became calm. She went on arranging her hair. She even sang her favourite song in a low voice and did not make a single false note. She again moved the candle and while moving it she overturned her work-box. Then she took the candle and began without any hurry to pick up the articles one by one from the floor. She picked up something near the door, then opened the door, looked for a moment into the corridor as if in doubt whether to go and then walked quietly out .

She hurried down the stairs and ordered the servants to arm themselves with anything they could find. She herself caught up a red-hot poker and, followed by her frightened servants, returned almost at once. They entered the room. All was still and exactly in the same order as when she had left it. They approached the portrait of my uncle.

"Pull down that picture," ordered my aunt.

A heavy sigh was heard from the portrait. The servants stepped back in fear.

"Pull it down at once," cried my aunt impatiently.

The picture was pulled down and from a hiding-place behind it, they dragged out a big, black-bearded fellow with a knife as long as my arm, but trembling with fear from head to foot. He confessed that he had stolen into my aunt's room to get her box of money and jewels, when all the house was asleep. He had once been a servant in the house and before my aunt's arrival had helped to put the house in order. He had noticed the hiding-place when the portrait had been put up. In order to see what was going on in the room he had made a hole in one of the eyes of the portrait.

My aunt did not send for the police. She could do very well without them: she liked to take the law into her own hands. She had her own ideas of cleanliness also. She ordered the servants to draw the man through the horsepond in order to wash away his crimes, and then to dry him well with a wooden "towel".

But though my aunt was a very brave woman, this adventure was too much even for her. She often used to say, "It is most unpleasant for a woman to live alone in the country." Soon after she gave her hand to the rich gentleman of the neighbourhood.

The King's Mistake

A. Conan Doyle

For Sherlock Holmes, there was only one woman in the world. He did not love her, because he never loved women. But after their meeting he never forgot her. Her name was Irene Adler.

One night in March I visited my old friend at his home in Baker Street. I was married by now, so I did not often see him.

'Come in, Watson,' he said. 'Sit down. I'm happy to see you, because I've got something to show you. What do you think of this? It arrived in the last post.' It was a letter, with no date, name or address. It said:

'Tonight someone will visit you, to talk about some very secret business. You have helped other important people, and you can, we hope, help us. Be in your room at 7.45 p.m.'

'The paper — what do you think about the paper?' asked Holmes.

I tried to think like Holmes. 'It's expensive, so this person is rich. It's strange paper.'

'Yes, it's not English. If you look at it in the light, you can see that it was made in | Bohemia. And a German, I think wrote the letter. Ah, here comes our man now.' We could hear the horses in the street.

'Shall I leave, Holmes?' I asked.

'No, no, I need your help. This will be interesting,' my friend answered. There was a knock at the door.

'Come in!' called Holmes.

A tall, strong man came into the room. He was wearing expensive clothes, and a mask over his face.

'You can call me Count von Kramm. I come from Bohemia,' he said. 'My business is most important. Before I tell you about it, do you agree to keep it a secret?'

'I do,' we said together.

'A very important person, who belongs to a royal family, has sent me to ask for your help,' he went on. 'I wear a mask because nobody must know who that person is. I must explain how important this business is. If you cannot help, there will be difficulty and trouble for one of the most important families in Europe — and perhaps a very big scandal. I am talking about the famous House of Ormstein, Kings of Bohemia.'

'I know, Your Majesty,' said Holmes. He quietly smoked his cigarette.

The man jumped up from his chair, 'What!' he cried. 'How do you know who I am?' Then he pulled the mask off his face and threw it on the ground. 'You are right. Why do I hide it? I am the King. I am Wilhelm von Ormstein, King of Bohemia. I came to see you myself because I could not ask another person to tell my story. It must be a secret. You understand?'

A scandal in Bohemia

A. Conan Doyle

'Very well. Go on,' said Holmes. He closed his eyes and listened.

'Five years ago I met a woman called Irene Adler. We . . .'

'Ah,' said Holmes, 'Irene Adler, born in 1850, singer, lives in London, a very beautiful woman, I hear ...' He looked at the King. 'You and she . . . You loved her, for a while, and then left her. But before you left her, you wrote her some letters perhaps. And now you want to get these letters back.'

'That's right.' 'Did you marry her?' 'No.'

'If she asks you for money and shows you the letters, you can say that you didn't write them.'

'But Mr Holmes, she also has my photograph.' 'You can say that you didn't give her a photograph.' 'We were both in the photograph.' 'Oh dear. That was a mistake. Your Majesty.' 'I know. I was stupid . . . but I was very young!' 'You must get the photograph back. Can you steal it from her house?'

'I have tried five times but my men couldn't find it. What can I do?'

I know that she will send this photograph to the Saxe- Meningen family, and then there will be a terrible scandal. We must find the photograph before she sends it!

'I am sure that we will find it,' said Holmes. 'You are, of course, staying in London? I will write to you to tell you what happens. And, the money . . .?'

The King put a large heavy bag on the table. 'I must have that photograph,' he said. 'There is one thousand pounds here. If you need more, you must ask at once. The money is not important.'

'And the young woman's address?' asked Holmes.

'Briony Lodge, Serpentine Avenue, St John's Wood, London.'

'Good night, Your Majesty,' said Holmes. 'I hope to have some good news for you soon.' The King left, and Holmes turned to me. 'And good night, Watson. Please come back tomorrow at three o'clock in the afternoon.'

A Servant Finds Out

A. Conan Doyle

When I arrived the next day, Holmes was not there, so I waited in his room. At four o'clock the door opened, and a very strange servant came in. He wore old, dirty clothes, and I had to look very hard before I saw that it was my old friend. 'Holmes!' I cried. 'Where have you been?'

'I've had a very good day,' he replied with a smile.

'I've been outside Miss Irene Adler's house. Servants are always happy to talk, and so I have heard a lot about the young woman. For example, she has a good looking man friend called Godfrey Norton, a lawyer, who often visits her. Now why? If he's her lawyer, who often visits her. Now why? If he's her lawyer, perhaps she's already given him the photograph. But if he loves her, she won't show him the photograph.'

'Most interesting, Holmes!' I said.

'While I was there, Mr Norton himself suddenly arrived. I watched them through the windows. When he left, he jumped into a taxi. "To the church of St Monica, as fast as you can!" he shouted. Two minutes later Miss Adler ran out of her house, jumped into another taxi and called, "To the church of St Monica, quickly!" I couldn't miss this, Watson, so I jumped into a third taxi. When I arrived, I went into the church. Godfrey Norton looked round and saw me.

"Thank God!" he shouted. "Come here quickly!"

"Why?" I asked. "Come on, man, we need you!" And so I helped Godfrey Norton to marry Irene Adler. They needed a witness, and a servant from the street was better than nobody.'

'So she's married him! What shall we do now?' I asked.

'Well, tonight, my dear Watson, I need your help. Will you do what I ask? Without questions?'

'Of course, Holmes, if you think that it's important,' I answered.

'Later, we'll go to Briony Lodge. Irene Adler, or Irene Norton, will arrive home at seven o'clock, and she will ask me to go into the house. You must wait outside near the sitting-room window, and when it opens, watch me inside. When I hold up my hand, throw this thing into the room and shout "Fire!"'

I took the small thing out of his hand. 'What is it, Holmes?' I asked.

'It's a smoke-stick. The room will very quickly be full of smoke. After that, wait for me at the corner of the street.'

'Right, I'll do what you want,' I said.

How Mr.Hogan robbed a bank

John Steinbeck

Mr. Hogan put a five-pound hunk of bacon on the slicer and stripped off the pieces and laid them on wax paper and then he put the wax-paper-covered squares in the cooler cabinet. At ten minutes to nine, Mr. Hogan went to a shelf. He pushed a spaghetti box aside and took down a cereal box, which he emptied in the little closet toilet. Then, with a banana knife, he cut out the Mickey Mouse mask that was on the back. The rest of the box he took to the toilet and tore up the cardboard and flushed it down. He went into the store then and yanked a piece of string loose and tied the ends through the side holes of the mask and then he looked at his watch — a large silver Hamilton with black hands. It was two minutes to nine.

Perhaps the next four minutes were his only time of nervousness at all. At one minute to nine, he took the broom and went out to sweep the sidewalk and he swept it very rapidly — was sweeping it, in fact, when Mr. Warner unlocked the bank door. He said good morning to Mr. Warner and a few seconds later the bank staff of four emerged from the coffee shop. Mr. Hogan saw them across the street and he waved at them and they waved back. He finished the sidewalk and went back in the store. He laid his watch on the little step of the cash register. He sighed very deeply, more like a deep breath than a sigh. He knew that Mr. Warner would have the safe open now and he would be carrying the cash trays to the teller's window. Mr. Hogan looked at the watch on the cash register step. Mr. Kenworthy paused in the store entrance, then shook his head vaguely and walked on and Mr. Hogan let out his breath gradually. His left hand went behind his back and pulled the bowknot on his apron, and then the black hand on his watch crept up on the four-minute mark and covered it.

Mr. Hogan opened the charge account drawer and took out the store pistol, a silver-colored Iver Johnson 38. He moved quickly to the storeroom, slipped off his apron, put on his coat, and stuck the revolver in his side pocket. The Mickey Mouse mask he shoved up under his coat where it didn't show. He opened the alley door and looked up and down and stepped quickly out, leaving the door slightly ajar. It is sixty feet to where the alley enters Main Street, and there he paused and looked up and down and then he turned his head toward the center of the street as he passed the bank window. At the bank's swinging door, he took out the mask from under his coat and put it on. Mr. Warner was just entering his office and his back was to the door. The top of Will Cup's head was visible through the teller's grill.

How Mr.Hogan robbed a bank

John Steinbeck

Mr. Hogan moved quickly and quietly around the end of the counter and into the teller's cage. He had the revolver in his right hand now. When Will Cup turned his head and saw the revolver he froze. Mr. Hogan slipped his toe under the trigger of the floor alarm and he motioned Will Cup to the floor with the revolver and Will went down quick. Then Mr. Hogan opened the cash drawer and with two quick movements he piled the large bills from the tray together. He made a whipping motion to Will on the floor, to indicate that he should turn over and face the wall, and Will did. Then Mr. Hogan stepped back around the counter. At the door of the bank, he took off the mask, and as he passed the window he turned his head toward the middle of the street. He moved into the alley, walked quickly to the storeroom, and entered. The cat had got in. It watched him from a pile of canned goods cartons. Mr. Hogan went to the toilet closet and tore up the mask and flushed it. He took off his coat and put on his apron. He looked out into the store and then moved to the cash register. The revolver went back into the charge account drawer. He punched No Sale and, lifting the top drawer, distributed the stolen money underneath the top tray and then pulled the tray forward and closed the register, and only then did he look at his watch and it was 9:07 .

He was trying to get the cat out of the storeroom when the commotion boiled out of the bank. He took his broom and went out on the sidewalk. He heard all about it and offered his opinion when it was asked for. He said he didn't think the fellow could get away — where could he get to? Still, with the holiday coming up —

It was an exciting day. Mr. Fettucci was as proud as though it were his bank. The sirens sounded around town for hours. Hundreds of holiday travelers had to stop at the roadblocks set up all around the edge of town and several sneaky-looking men had their cars searched.

Mrs. Hogan heard about it over the phone and she dressed earlier than she would have ordinarily and came to the store on her way to Altar Guild. She hoped Mr. Hogan would have seen or heard something new, but he hadn't. "I don't see how the fellow can get away," he said.

Mrs. Hogan was so excited, she forgot her own news. She only remembered when she got to Mrs. Drake's house, but she asked permission and phoned the store.

THE MASK OF THE RED DEATH

T.A.Poe

THE RED DEATH had long been feeding on the country. No sickness had ever been so deadly — so great a killer — or so fearful to see. Blood was its mark — the redness and the horror of blood. There were sharp pains, and a sudden feeling that the mind was rushing in circles inside the head. Then there was bleeding through the skin, though it was not cut or broken — and then, death! The bright red spots upon the body and especially upon the face of the sick man made other men turn away from him, afraid to try to help. And the sickness lasted, from the beginning to the end, no more than half an hour.

But Prospero, the ruler of that land, was happy and strong and wise. When half the people of his land had died, he called to him a thousand healthy, happy friends, and with them went far away to live in one of his palaces. This was a large and beautiful stone building the wall had gates of iron. The gentlemen, after they had entered, brought fire to heat the iron of the gates to make them close so firmly that nobody could open them. Here they could forget the sickness, the Red Death. They would leave the outside world to care for itself. Prospero had supplied everything they needed for pleasure. There was music, there was dancing, there was beauty, there was food to eat and wine to drink. All these were within the wall, and within the wall they would be safe. Outside the wall walked the Red Death.

It was near the end of their fifth month there that Prospero asked his friends all to come together for a dancing party, a masquerade. Everyone was asked to come dressed in fine clothes and with his eyes, or perhaps his whole face, covered by a cloth mask.

It was a scene of great richness, that masquerade. There were seven rooms in which Prospero's friends danced. In many old palaces the door can be opened in such a way that rooms like these seven can be seen all at the same time. In this palace it was different. Little more than one of them could be seen at one time. There was a turn every twenty or thirty yards. To the right and left, in the middle of each wall, was a tall pointed window. The windows were of colored glass, of the same color that was used in each room. The first room had blue cloth hangings on the walls — and blue were its windows. The second room had wall hangings of that and here the windows were purple. The third was green, and so was the glass of the windows. The fourth had hangings and windows of yellow — the fifth of white — the sixth of violet. But the seventh room had hangings on the walls made of a rich soft cloth which was black, black as night, and the floor, too, was covered with the same heavy black cloth. In this room the color of the windows was not the same. It was red — a deep blood color.

THE MASK OF THE RED DEATH

T.A.Poe

All the rooms were lighted through the outside windows. The resulting light was strange indeed, as it colored the shapes of the dancers. But the light that fell on the black hangings through the blood-colored glass was the most fearful of them all. It produced so wild a look on the faces of those who entered that there were few of the dancers who dared to step within those dark walls.

In this room stood a great clock of black wood. Gently it marked the seconds as they passed; and when it was time to mark the hour the clock spoke with a loud, clear voice, a deep tone as beautiful as music, but so strange that the music and the dancing stopped and the dancers stood still to listen. And then, after another sixty minutes, after another three thousand and six hundred seconds of Time, of flying Time, the clock struck again, and the dancers stopped as before.

Nevertheless, it was a happy and beautiful masquerade. And you may be sure that the clothes the dancers chose to wear, their costumes, were strange and wonderful. The dancers looked like the forms we might see in troubled dreams. And these — the dreams — danced softly through the rooms, taking the color of the rooms as they moved. It did not seem that their steps followed the music, but that the music rose from their steps. But into the seventh room the dancers do not go, for the red light coming through the windows, and the blackness of the wall-hangings, make them afraid — and he who enters hears more deeply the striking of the great black clock. But the other rooms are crowded, and in them beats hotly the heart of life. And the dance goes on until at last the clock begins to strike twelve. Again the music stopped. Again the dancers stood without moving while the slow striking sound continued. Before the clock was quiet again, many in the crowd saw that in the first room, the blue room, there was a masquerader who had not been seen before. As they talked softly to each other about him feeling of surprise spread through all the dancers, then a feeling of fear and of sickening horror.

THE MASK OF THE RED DEATH

T.A.Poe

In such a group as this, only a very strange masquerader could have caused such a feelings. Even among those who laugh at both life and death, some matters cannot be laughed at. Everyone seemed now deeply to feel that the ranger should not have been allowed to come among them dressed in such clothes. He was tall and very thin; and covered from head to foot like a dead prepared for the grave. The mask which covered his face — or was it really a mask? — the mask which covered his face was so much like the face of a dead man that the nearest eye could not see the difference. And yet all this might have been acceptable — but the masquerader whom nobody knew had made himself look like the Red Death itself! His clothes were spotted with blood. And the mask over his face was covered with the terrible red spots...or perhaps it was indeed his face! When Prospero looked upon this fearful form he was first filled with terror — and then with anger. "Who dares?" he cried. "Take him! Seize him! Pull off his mask so that we may know who we must hang at sunrise!"

Prospero stood in the blue room when he spoke these words. They sounded through the seven rooms, loud and clear. At first, as he spoke, some of the dancers started to rush toward the strange masquerader. But they stopped, afraid, and no one dared to put out a hand to touch him. The stranger started to walk toward the second room. He passed within a few feet of Prospero, who stood still, surprised. And while the dancers moved back from the center of the room, the stranger moved quietly, without being stopped, with a slow and measured step, through the blue room to the purple room — through the purple room to the green room - through the green to the yellow — through this to the white — and then to the violet room.

As the stranger was entering the seventh room, Prospero suddenly and angrily rushed through the six rooms. No one dared to follow him. He held a sharp knife high over his head, ready to strike the stranger. When he was within three or four feet of the strange masquerader, the stranger turned and stood silent, looking into Prospero's eyes. There was a cry — and the knife dropped shining upon the black floor, upon which a minute later Prospero himself fell, dead. The dancers then rushed into the black room. The strongest of the men tried to hold the masquerader, whose tall form stood beside the black clock; but when they put their hands on him they found inside the grave-clothes no human form, no body — nothing! Now they knew that it was the Red Death itself that had come in the night. One by one the dancers fell, and each died as he fell. And the fires died. And the clock stopped. And darkness and decay and the Red Death ruled forever over all.

The legend of sleepy hollow

Washington Irving

The valley known as Sleepy Hollow hides from the world in the high hills of New York State. A small river runs its clear water through the valley, and the only sounds ever heard are those of a lost bird looking for its home in the hills.

There are many stories told about the quiet valley, but the story that people believe most is about a man who rides a horse at night. The story says the man died many years ago during the American Revolutionary War. His head was shot off. And every night he rises from his burial place, jumps on his horse, and rides through the valley looking for his lost head.

Near Sleepy Hollow is a village called Tarry Town. It was settled many years ago by people from Holland. The village had a small school and one teacher named Ichabod Crane. Ichabod Crane was a good name for him because he looked like a crane. He was tall and thin like a crane bird. His shoulders were small, joined to long arms. His head was small, too, and flat on top. He had big ears, large glassy green eyes, and a long nose.

Ichabod did not make much money as a teacher. He was tall and thin, it is true, but he ate like a fat man. To help him pay for his food, he earned extra money teaching young people to sing. Every Sunday after church Ichabod taught singing.

Among the ladies Ichabod taught was one, Katrina Van Tassel. She was the only daughter of a rich Dutch farmer. She was a girl in bloom much like a round rosy-red apple. Ichabod had a soft and foolish heart for the ladies, and soon found himself interested in Miss Van Tassel. Ichabod's eyes opened wide when he saw the riches of Katrina's farm — the miles of apple trees and wheat fields and hundreds of fat farm animals. He saw himself as master of the Van Tassel farm, with Katrina as his wife. But there were many problems blocking the road to Katrina's heart. One was a strong young man named Brom Van Brunt. Now Brom was a hero to all the young ladies.. His shoulders were big, his back was wide, and his hair was short and curly. He always won the horse races in Tarry Town and earned many prizes. Brom was never seen without a horse. Sometimes late at night Brom and his friends would rush through town, shouting loudly from the backs, of their horses. Tired old ladies would awaken from their sleep and say, "Aye, there goes Brom Van Brunt, leading his wild group again".

The legend of sleepy hollow

Washington Irving

One day in autumn, Ichabod was asked to come to a big party at the Van Tassel home. He dressed in his best clothes, and a farmer loaned him an old horse for the long trip to the party. The house was filled with farmers and their wives, red-faced daughters, and clean-washed sons. The tables were filled with different things to eat, and wine filled many glasses.

Brom Van Brunt rode to the party on his fastest horse, called Daredevil. And all the young ladies smiled happily when they saw him. Soon music filled the rooms, and everyone began to dance and sing. Ichabod was happy, dancing with Katrina as Brom looked at them with a jealous heart.

The night passed, the music stopped, and the young people sat together to tell stories about the Revolutionary War. Soon stories about Sleepy Hollow were told. The most feared story was about the horse rider looking for his lost head. One farmer told how he raced the headless horseman. He ran his horse faster and faster, and the horseman followed over bush and stone until they came to the end of the valley. There the horseman suddenly stopped. Gone were his clothes and his skin. And all that was left was a man with white bones shining in the moonlight. The stories ended, and the time came to leave the party, Ichabod seemed very happy until he said good night to Katrina. Well, Ichabod began his long ride home on the hills that surround Tarry Town. He had never felt so lonely in his life. He began to whistle as he came close to the tree where a man had been killed years ago by rebels. He thought he saw something white move in the tree, but no — it was only the moonlight shining and moving on the tree. For a moment the moon shone down, and to Ichabod's horror he saw it was a horse and it had a rider. But the rider's head was not on his back. — it was in front of the rider, resting on the horse.

UNCLE PODGER AT WORK

After Jerome K. Jerome

There are many people who say they like to do a little piece of work themselves. They say: "Why call somebody into the house, or ask a lot of people to help when you can do the job very well alone."

Well, a picture comes home from the shop. It is standing in the dining-room. It is necessary to put it up; and uncle Podger says:

"Oh, leave that to me. Don't trouble about it. I will do it myself."

Then he takes off his coat and begins. But he has no nails. He sends the girl to buy some nails. Then he sends one of the boys to tell her what size to buy. Then he shouts:

"Now you go and get me my hammer, Will; and bring me the ruler, Tom; and I shall want the ladder, Jim; and a kitchen-chair, too. And don't go away, Maria, because I shall want somebody to hold the light." And when the girl comes back, she must go out again for some cord. And, "Tom! — Where is Tom? — Tom, come here, I shall want you to hand me up the picture."

When all is ready and Tom hands him the picture, he lifts it up and drops it, and it comes out of the frame. He tries to save the glass, and cuts himself. Then he runs round the room, looking for his handkerchief. Of course he can't find his handkerchief, because it is in the pocket of his coat, and he does not know where his coat is. All the house must start looking for his coat, while he is sitting and shouting: "Doesn't anybody in the whole house know where my coat is? Six of you, and you can't find the coat that I put down five minutes ago!" Then he finds that he is sitting on it, and shouts:

"Oh, I have found it myself now. You can never find anything, you fools."

Half an hour passes. At last we tie up his finger, bring him a new glass, all the tools which he wants, and the ladder, the chair and the candle. The whole family stands round him ready to help.

Two of us hold the chair; the third helps him to get up on it and holds him there. A fourth hands him a nail. A fifth hands him the hammer. He takes the nail, and drops it.

"There!" he says, "now the nail has gone." And we all must go down on our knees, and look for it, while he stands on the chair and grumbles: "Will you keep me here all the evening?" At last we find the nail, but this time he has lost the hammer.

The Jewel Robbery at the Grand Metropolitan

Agatha Christie

Although this harangue was uttered in rapid and virulent French, Celestine had interlarded it with a wealth of gesture, and the chambermaid realized at least a part of her meaning. She reddened angrily.

"If that foreign woman's saying I took the pearls, it's a lie!" she declared heatedly.

"Search her!" screamed the other. "You will find it is as say."

"You're a liar — do you hear?" said the chambermaid, advancing upon her. "Stole'em yourself, and want to put it on me. Why, I was only in the room about three minutes before the lady come up, and then you were sitting here the whole time, as you always do, like a cat watching a mouse."

The inspector looked across inquiringly at Celestine. "Is that true? Didn't you leave the room at all?"

"I did not actually leave her alone," admitted Celestine reluctantly, "but I went into my own room through the door here twice — once to fetch a reel of cotton, and once for my scissors. She must have done it then."

"You wasn't gone a minute," retorted the chambermaid angrily. "Just popped out and in again. I'd be glad if the police would search me. I've nothing to be afraid of."

At this moment there was a tap at the door. The inspector went to it. His face brightened when he saw who it was.

"Ah!" he said. "That's rather fortunate. I sent for one of our female searchers, and she's just arrived. Perhaps if you wouldn't mind going into the room next door."

He looked at the chambermaid, who stepped across the threshold with a toss of her head, the searcher following her closely.

The French girl had sunk sobbing into a chair. Poirot was looking round the room.

"Where does that door lead?" he inquired, nodding his head towards the one by the window.

"Into the next apartment, I believe," said the inspector. "It's bolted, anyway, on this side."

Poirot walked across to it, tried it, then drew back the bolt and tried it again.

"And on the other side as well," he remarked. "Well, that seems to rule out that."

He walked over to the windows, examining each of them in turn.

He was interrupted by the reappearance of the chambermaid and the police searcher.

"Nothing," said the latter laconically.

"I should hope not, indeed," said the chambermaid virtuously. "And that French hussy ought to be ashamed of herself taking away an honest girl's character!"

"There, there, my girl; that's all right," said the inspector, opening the door. "Nobody suspects you. You go along and get on with your work."

The chambermaid went unwillingly.

The ransom of red chief

O.Henry

"You know, Sam," says Bill, "I've stood by you without batting an eye in earthquakes, fire and flood — in poker games, police raids, train robberies, and cyclones. I never lost my nerve yet till we kidnapped that two-legged skyrocket of a kid. He's got me going. You won't leave me long with him, will you, Sam?"

"I'll be back some time this afternoon," says I. "You must keep the boy amused and quiet till I return. And now we'll write the letter to old Dorset."

Bill and I got paper and pencil and worked on the letter while Red Chief, with a blanket wrapped around him, strutted up and down, guarding the mouth of the cave. Bill begged me tearfully to make the ransom fifteen hundred dollars instead of two thousand. "I ain't attempting," says he, "to decry the moral aspect of parental affection, but we're dealing with humans, and it ain't human for anybody to give up two thousand dollars for that forty-pound chunk of freckled wildcat. I'm willing to take a chance at fifteen hundred dollars."

So, to relieve Bill, I acceded, and we collaborated a letter that ran this way:
EBENEZER DORSET, ESQ.:

We have your boy concealed in a place far from Summit. It is useless for you or the most skillful detectives to attempt to find him. Absolutely, the only terms on which you can have him restored to you are these: We demand fifteen hundred dollars in large bills for his return; the money to be left at midnight to-night at the same spot and in the same box as your reply — as hereinafter described. If you agree to these terms, send your answer in writing by a solitary messenger to-night at half-past eight o'clock. After crossing Owl Creek on the road to Poplar Grove, there are three large trees about a hundred yards apart, close to the fence of the wheat field on the right-hand side. At the bottom of the fence-post, opposite the third tree, will be found a small pasteboard box.

The messenger will place the answer in this box and return immediately to Summit,

If you attempt any treachery or fail to comply with our demand as stated, you will never see your boy again.

If you pay the money as demanded, he will be returned to you safe and well within three hours. These terms are final, and if you do not accede to them no further communication will be attempted.

МІНІСТЕРСТВО ОСВІТИ І НАУКИ, МОЛОДІ ТА СПОРТУ УКРАЇНИ
ЛЬВІВСЬКИЙ НАЦІОНАЛЬНИЙ УНІВЕРСИТЕТ ІМЕНІ ІВАНА ФРАНКА
ПЕДАГОГІЧНИЙ КОЛЕДЖ

Контрольна робота
з англійської мови
по модулю №
для студентів напрямку «Дошкільна освіта»

Укладач: Захарків М.І.

Option I

I. Open brackets using one of the tenses: Present Simple, Present Continuous, Present Perfect.

— This man (to be) a writer. He (to write) books. He already (to write) eight books. 2. Lena is a very good girl. She always (to help) her mother about the house. They already (to wash) the floor and (to dust) the furniture. Now they (to cook) dinner together. 3. He (to run) now. 4. What they (to do) now? — They (to work) in the reading room.

1*10=10

II. Choose the correct tense of the verb

1. My friend asked me who (is playing, was playing) the piano in the sitting room. 2. He said he (will come, would come) to the station to see me off. 3. I was sure he (posted, had posted) the letter. 4. I think the weather (will be, would be) fine next week. 6. I hope it (will not change, would not change) for the worse. 5. I knew that he (is, was) a very clever man. 7. I want to know what he (has bought, had bought) for her birthday.

1*7=7

III. Chose the correct answer.

1. He tells us he ... school three year ago.
a) had finished b) finished c) has finished d) finishes
2. My brother is an actor. He ... in several films,
a) has appeared b) has been appeared c) has been appearing d) had appeared
3. I ... Tom for three days.
a) didn't see b) haven't seen c) hadn't seen d) don't see

1*3=3

IV. Put the words in the correct order to make a sentence

1. you, Have, travelled, ever?
2. did ,When, your ,you, journey make?
3. Did, Where, go, you to?
4. you , Did, travel, by, train, ship, by, or plane, by?
5. you ,What, see, on, did, journey, your?

2*5=10

V. Identify the mistake

1. It is easier to forgive an enemy than to forgave a friend.
a) easier b) forgive c) forgave d) a friend
2. By the time I met her she has been living in town for five years.
a) the time b) has c) been d) living
3. We had sitting in the airport for two hours when they announced our flight.
a) had sitting b) the c) for d) announced
4. I hey are going buying a new TV.
a) are b) buying c) a d) TV
5. When my car brokes down, I take it to a mechanic,
a) brokes b) it c) to d) a mechanic
6. Are you watching TV now? -No, I cook dinner,
a) Are b) watching c) TV d) cook
7. Do you know the women who is coming toward, us ?
a) know b) women c) coming d) us
8. She said there was very few time left.
a) was b) very c) few d) left
9. His state of health was very badly indeed,
a) state b) of c) badly d) indeed.
10. We arrived at the station just in time to caught our train,
a) the b) just c) in d) caught

2*10=20

Методичні вказівки

Модульна контрольна робота складається з п'яти завдань.

Перше завдання передбачає використання поданого в дужках інфінітиву в відповідній часовій формі і оцінюється 1 балом за кожну правильну відповідь. Разом 10 балів.

У другому завданні потрібно вибрати одну з поданих відповідей, що відповідає часовій формі. Завдання оцінюється 1 балом за кожну правильну відповідь. Разом 7 балів.

У третьому тестовому завданні слід вибрати відповідь, що найкраще підходить по змісту. За три правильні відповіді 3 бали.

Четверте завдання передбачає розташування поданих у довільному порядку слів таким чином, щоб утворилися граматично правильно побудовані речення. Завдання оцінюється 10 балами (по 2 бали максимально за кожне речення).

П'яте завдання потребує ідентифікації помилок: слід вибрати із поданих варіантів відповідей. Кожна правильна відповідь оцінюється по два бали. Загалом за завдання 20 балів.

Робота оцінюється: 50 балів

Option II

I. Open brackets using one of the tenses: Present Simple, Present Continuous, Present Perfect.

- Where he (to be) now? — He (to be) in the garden. He (to play) volleyball with his friends.
2. I (to live) in St. Petersburg. I (to live) in St. Petersburg since 1990. 3. This is the factory where my father (to work). 4. You (to find) your notebook? — No! I still (to look) for it. 5. What you (to do)? — I (to read).

1*10=10

II. Choose the correct tense of the verb

1. I asked my sister to tell me what she (has seen, had seen) at the museum. 2. He said he (is staying, was staying) at the "Ritz" Hotel. 3. They realized that they (lost, had lost) their way in the dark. 4. He asked me where I (study, studied). 5. I thought that I (shall finish, should finish) my work at that time.
6. He says he (works, worked) at school two years ago. 7. Victor said he (is, was) very busy.

1*7=7

III. Choose the correct answer.

1. He ... a lot of books when he was at school.
a) read b) have read c) am reading d) had read
2. I ... his name, but the face was familiar.
a) didn't know b) hadn't known c) haven't known d) won't know
3. In the middle of the picnic it suddenly ... to rain.
a) began b) was beginning c) has begun d) had begun

1*3=3

IV. Put the words in correct order.

4. Journey, How, long, last, your, did?
5. People, Why, do, travel?
6. is, Which, the fastest, of, travelling, way?
7. Some, Why, do, prefer, a journey, by, people, train, to, one, by, plane?
8. Way, Which, of, do, you, travelling, prefer?

2*5=10

IV. Identify the mistake

1. Are there much books in your school library? a) Are b) much c) books d) school
2. A book that you gave me is very interesting, a) A b) book c) gave d) is
3. All the pupils must to learn this poem by heart, a) the b) to learn c) this d) by heart
4. How much letters have you got from Harry? a) much b) letters c) have d) from
5. There is few milk in the jug. a) is b) few c) in d) jug
6. There are much people who have never been abroad, a) are b) much c) have d) been
7. It is not least dangerous to travel by car than by air, a) least b) to c) by car d) by air
8. Are you always go to bed without getting undressed? a) Are b) without c) getting d) undressed
9. My uncle is one of the wiser men I've ever met. a) is b) one c) wiser d) I've
10. Ukraine is one of the larger countries in Europe, a) is b) one c) larger d) countries

2*10=20