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Т.В. Курненкова, Л.Ф. Джафарова

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Рецензент Л.Я. Комиссарова, доцент

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COURTS AND TRIALS
(Film scenario of "Surprised Witness")

Part 1

SCENE ONE

(In Sir Wilfred's Office. Mr. Mayherne and his client, Leonard Vole, come to Sir Wilfred's office. Mr. Mayherne urges Sir Wilfred to take the case of Leonard Vole, who may be arrested any minute on the charge of murdering Mrs. Emily French. Mrs. Emily French, a wealthy widow, was murdered two days ago. Mrs. French left £80,000 to Leonard Vole. Leonard Vole had visited Mrs. French earlier in the evening on the night of the murder. It is quite obvious that he is regarded as the principal and logical suspect in the case.)

Sir Wilfred hesitates he has not yet recovered from a serious heart attack, with which he has been laid up in hospital for two months. The doctors have forbidden him to take up criminal cases. Miss Plimsoll, a trained nurse, sees to it that he follows the doctors' instructions. Therefore Sir Wilfred refuses to take Leonard Vole's case. He starts to go up to his bedroom - has to have an after-lunch nap. Suddenly he sees two cigars in Mr. Mayherne's vest pocket. He is tempted - he is not allowed to smoke. He returns and invites Mayherne into his study, saying he would like to give him a word of advice.)

Mayherne: It's the case of Mrs. Emily French. You've probably seen the reports in the press. She was a middle-aged widow, rather well-off, living with a housekeeper at Hampstead. Mr. Vole had been with her earlier in the evening. When the housekeeper returned from her day off, she found her mistress dead, struck on the back of the head and killed. Vole seems a harmless chap caught in the web of circumstantial evidence. Perhaps if I were to give you more of the details you might suggest the strongest line of defense.

Sir Wilfred: I see. Probably I'd think better if you gave me one of those cigars.

Mayherne (giving him a cigar): Of course. There are no previous convictions naturally. He's a man of good character with an excellent war record. You'd like him a lot.

Sir Wilfred: Give me a light, please.

Mayherne: I am sorry I haven't got any matches. Let me get you some. (Starting for the door): Mr. Vole may have some matches.

Sir Wilfred: Lord, no. You don't know Miss Plimsoll. This will take all our cunning. (Opening the door, to Leonard Vole): Young man, come here, please, your solicitor and I feel you may be able to enlighten me on a rather important point.

(Vole comes in.)

Sir Wilfred: Give me a match.

Vole: Sorry, I never carry them.

Sir Wilfred: What? (To Mayherne): You said I'd like him.

Vole: But I do have a lighter.

Sir Wilfred: You are quite right, Mayherne, I do like him. (Returning the lighter): Thank you. Can you imagine Miss Plimsoll's face if she saw me now!

Vole: Then let's make absolutely sure that she doesn't. (He turns the key in the lock.)

Sir Wilfred: Splendid! All the instincts of a skilled criminal. Sit here. Young man, you may or may not have murdered a middle-aged widow, but you've certainly saved the life of an elderly barrister.

Vole: I haven't murdered anybody. It's absurd! Christine, that's my wife, she thought I might be implicated and that I needed a lawyer. That's why I went to see Mr. Mayherne. Now he thinks he needs a lawyer and now I have two lawyers. It's rather silly, don't you think?

Mayherne: Vole, I am a solicitor. Sir Wilfred is a barrister. Only a barrister can actually plead a case in court.

Vole: Oh, I see. Well, I saw in a paper that poor Mrs. French had been found dead with her head bashed in. It was also said in the papers that the police were very anxious to interview me since I visited Mrs. French that evening. So naturally I went along to the police station.

Sir Wilfred: Did they caution you?

Vole: I don't quite know. They asked me if I'd like to make a statement and said they'd write it down and that it might be used against me in court. Were they cautioning me?

Sir Wilfred: Well, it can't be helped now.

Vole: They were very polite. They seemed quite satisfied.

Mayherne: They seemed satisfied. Mr. Vole, you think you made a statement and that's the end of it. Isn't it obvious to you, Mr. Vole, that you will be regarded as the principal and logical suspect in this case? I am very much afraid you'll be arrested.

Vole: But I've done nothing. Why should I be arrested?

Mayherne: Relax, Mr. Vole. I am putting you in the hands of the finest and most experienced barrister in London.

Sir Wilfred: No, Mayherne, let's get this straight. I may have done

something highly unethical. I've taken your cigar. I am not taking your case. I can't, it's forbidden. My doctors would never allow it. (To Vole): I am truly sorry, young man. However, if you'd like the case handled by someone of these chambers I recommend Mr. Brogan-Moore. (To Mayherne): You know Brogan-Moore?

Mayherne: Yes, I do, a very able man. I second Sir Wilfred's recommendation.

Vole: All right, sir, if you say so.

SCENE TWO

(In Sir Wilfred's study. Leonard Vole is arrested and taken to jail. Brogan-Moore, the barrister Sir Wilfred recommended for the defense counsel, and Sir Wilfred are waiting for Mrs. Vole. Suddenly she appears in the doorway. Mrs. Vole is a good-looking woman, self-possessed and very quiet. So quiet as to make one uneasy. From the very first Sir Wilfred is conscious he is up against something that he does not understand.)

Sir Wilfred (not noticing Mrs. Vole, to Brogan-Moore): Oh, about Mrs. Vole. Handle her gently, especially in breaking the news of the arrest. Bear in mind she is a foreigner, so be prepared for hysterics and even a fainting spell. Better have smelling salts ready.

Christine (standing in the doorway): I don't think that will be necessary. I never faint because I am not sure that I will fall gracefully and I never use smelling salts. I'm Christine Vole.

Sir Wilfred (holding out his hand to her): How do you do. This is Mr. Brogan-Moore. I am Wilfred Robart. My dear Mrs. Vole, I'm afraid we have rather bad news for you.

Christine: Don't be afraid, Sir Wilfred, I'm quite disciplined.

Sir Wilfred: There is nothing to be alarmed at.

Christine: Leonard has been arrested and charged with murder. Is that it? I knew he would be. I told him so.

Brogan-Moore: Mrs. Vole, you know that Mrs. French left your husband money?

Christine: Yes, a lot of money.

Brogan-Moore: Of course your husband had no previous knowledge of this bequest?

Christine: Is that what he told you?

Brogan-Moore: Well, surely, Mrs. Vole, you're not suggesting anything different?

Christine: Oh, no, no. I do not suggest anything!

Sir Wilfred: Pardon me, Brogan-Moore. Mrs. Vole, do you mind if I ask you a question?

Christine: Go right ahead, Sir Wilfred.

Sir Wilfred: Mrs. Vole, you realize your husband's entire defense rests on his word and yours?

Christine: I realize that.

Sir Wilfred: And that the jury will be quite skeptical of the word of a man accused of murder when supported only by the word of his wife?

Christine: I realize that too.

Sir Wilfred: Mrs. Vole, I assume you want to help your husband.

Christine: Of course I want to help Leonard. I want to help Mr. Brogan-Moore and I want to help you, Sir Wilfred.

Sir Wilfred: Now, Mrs. Vole, this is very important. On the night of the murder your husband came home before nine thirty. Is that correct?

Christine: Precisely. Isn't that what he wants me to say? (The two lawyers exchange bewildered glances. Her answers puzzle them.)

Brogan-Moore: But isn't it the truth?

Christine: Of course. But when I told it to the police I do not think they believed me. Maybe I didn't say it well. Maybe because of my accent.

Brogan-Moore: You are aware of course that when I put you in the witness box, you will be sworn in and you will testify under oath?

Christine: Yes... "Leonard came at 9.26 precisely and did not go out again". "The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!" (The two barristers are astounded.)

Sir Wilfred: Mrs. Vole, do you love your husband?

Christine: Leonard thinks I do.

Sir Wilfred: Well, do you?

Christine: Am I already under oath?

Sir Wilfred: Mrs. Vole, do you know that under British law you cannot be called to give testimony damaging to your husband?

Christine: How very convenient!

Sir Wilfred (indignant at Christine's cynicism): we are dealing with a capital crime! The prosecution will try to hang your husband!

Christine (unemotionally): He is not my husband. (Sir Wilfred and Brogan-Moore are shocked.)

Leonard and I went through a form of marriage in Hamburg, but I had a husband living at the time somewhere in East Germany.

Sir Wilfred: Did you tell Leonard?

Christine: I did not. It would have been stupid to tell him. He would not have married me and I would have been left behind to starve.

Brogan-Moore: But he did marry you and brought you safely to this country. Don't you think you should be very grateful to him?

Christine: One can get very tired of gratitude.

Sir Wilfred: Your husband loves you very much, does he not?
Christine: Leonard? He worships the ground I walk on.
Sir Wilfred: And you?
Christine: You want to know too much. Auf Wiedersehen, gentlemen.
Sir Wilfred (bitterly): Thank you for coming. Mrs. Vole. Your visit has been most reassuring.
Christine: Do not worry, Sir Wilfred. I will give him an alibi and I shall be very convincing. There will be tears in my eyes when I say: "Leonard came home at nine twenty-six precisely".
Sir Wilfred: You are a very remarkable woman, Mrs. Vole.
Christine: And you are satisfied, I hope. (She goes out.)
Sir Wilfred: I'm damned if I'm satisfied! That woman is up to something!, but what?
Brogan-Moore: Well, the prosecution will break her down in no time when I put her in the witness box. You know defending this case is going to be quite one-sided. I haven't got much to go on, have I? The fact is I've got nothing.
Sir Wilfred: Let me ask you something... Do you believe Leonard Vole is innocent?
Brogan-Moore: I'm not sure. I'm sorry, Wilfred. Of course I'll do my best.
Sir Wilfred: It's all right, Brogan-Moore. I'll take it from here.

WORDS AND WORD COMBINATIONS

witness *n* – свидетель (*в суде*)
 witness for the Prosecution – свидетель обвинения
 witness for the Defence – свидетель защиты
 surprise witness – свидетель, о котором не было заявлено заранее
 witness - box *n* – место для свидетелей (*в суде*)
 witness *v* – быть очевидцем, быть свидетелем происшествия
 prosecution *n* – обвинение
 Counsel for the Prosecution – обвинитель, прокурор
 appear for the Prosecution (in a trial) – представлять обвинение, являться обвинителем (на судебном процессе)
 Prosecutor *n* – обвинитель, прокурор
 prosecute *v* – обвинять, преследовать по закону
 accuse smb. of smth., doing smth – обвинять кого-л. в чём-л.
 accused (the) *n* – обвиняемый *Syn.* defendant
 accusation *n* – обвинение

murder *n* – убийство
 commit a murder – совершать убийство
 murder *v* – убивать, совершать убийство
 Counsel for the Defence – защитник обвиняемого
 appear for the Defence (In a trial) – выступать в качестве защитника (на судебном процессе)
 chief inspector – комиссар (*полиции*)
 judge *n* – судья
 client *n* – клиент
 court *n* – суд
 bring to court – привлекать к суду;
 the Supreme Court – Верховный Суд
 Court of Appeal – Кассационный суд
 courtroom *n* – зал заседаний суда
 urge smb. to do smth. – убеждать, настаивать на
 case *n* – дело (*судебное*)
 criminal case – уголовное дело
 civil case – гражданское дело
 divorce case – бракоразводное дело
 hearing of a case – слушание дела
 take (up) a case – согласиться вести дело
 hear a case – слушать дело
 try a case – разбирать, слушать дело
 plead a case in court – выступать по делу в суде
 charge *n* – обвинение *Syn.* accusation
 capital charge – обвинение в убийстве
 on the charge of – по обвинению в
 bring a charge of (murder, theft,) against smb – выдвигать обвинение в (убийстве ограблении и т.д.) против кого-л.
 charge smb. with smth. *v* – обвинять кого-л. в чём-л.
 regard smb. as... *v* – считать (рассматривать) кого-л. как... *Syn.* consider
 smb...
 suspect *n* – подозреваемый человек
 suspect *v* – подозревать
 suspect smb. of smth., doing smth. *v* – подозревать кого-л. в чём-л.
 see to it that... – проследить за тем, чтобы...; позаботиться о том, чтобы...
 evidence *n* (*uncount.*) – свидетельские показания; вещественное доказательство, улики
 circumstantial evidence – косвенные улики
 corroborative evidence – веские улики
 give evidence for (against) smb. – давать показания в пользу (против) кого-л.

be called (on) to give evidence – быть вызванным для дачи показаний
conviction *n* – осуждение, признание виновным
convict *n* – осужденный, заключенный, каторжник
criminal *n* – преступник
crime *n* – преступление
capital crime – тяжкое преступление
commit a crime – совершать преступление
criminal *a* – уголовный
criminal inspector (*Br.*), prosecuting officer (*Am.*) – следователь
the Criminal Code – уголовный кодекс
the Criminal Investigation Department – уголовный розыск
police station – полицейский участок
caution *v* – предупреждать, предостерегать
make a statement – сделать (*официальное*) заявление
Let's get it straight. – Поговорим начистоту.
second (a proposal, a recommendation) – поддерживать (предложение, рекомендацию)
jail *n* – тюрьма *Syn.* prison
in jail (prison) – в тюрьме
take to jail (prison) – заключать в тюрьму *Syn.* send to jail (prison)
be up against smth. – стоять перед задачей, столкнуться с трудностями, быть вынужденным бороться
juror *n* – присяжный заседатель
jury *n* – присяжные заседатели, суд присяжных по гражданским и уголовным делам
jury-box *n* – место присяжных в суде
puzzle *v* – ставить в затруднительное положение, смущать
swear in *v* – приводить к присяге
testify for (against) smb. *v* – давать показания, свидетельствовать в пользу (против) кого-л.
oath *n* – присяга
under oath – под присягой
take the oath – приносить присягу
violate the oath – нарушать присягу
alibi *n* – алиби
have an alibi – иметь алиби
give (furnish) an alibi – обеспечить алиби
convincing *a* – убедительный, доказательный
be innocent of smth., doing smth. – быть невиновным в чём-л.

EXERCISES

1. Find equivalents in the text for these word combinations and sentences:

вполне естественно, что у него не было судимостей; я могу быть замешан в этом деле; только адвокат может вести дело в суде; сделать заявление; ничего не подделаешь; давайте уточним (поговорим начистоту); Леонард Воул арестован и заключен в тюрьму; Сэр Уилфрид чувствует, что он столкнулся с чем-то, чего он не понимает; скептически отнесутся к словам человека, обвиняемого в убийстве; под присягой; мы имеем дело с уголовным преступлением; я обеспечу ему алиби; вы верите, что Воул невиновен?

2. Study the text carefully and answer the following questions.

1. Why did Mr Mayherne advise his client to turn to Sir Wilfred?
2. Whose case was reported in the press?
3. In what way was Leonard Vole involved in the case?
4. What impression did Leonard Vole produce on Sir Wilfred? Could you say that Sir Wilfred took to him at once?
5. Why were the police anxious to interview Vole?
6. How was Vole treated by the police? Did they caution him?
7. Why did Mr Mayherne think that Vole would be regarded as the principal and logical suspect in the case?
8. What made Sir Wilfred refuse to take the case? Would he have taken it if it had not been for his poor health?
9. Who did Sir Wilfred recommend him to go to?
10. How did Christine take the news of her husband's arrest?
11. Why did Christine's answers puzzle and irritate the barristers?
12. Who could furnish an alibi for Leonard Vole?
13. Why might the jury be skeptical of the evidence furnished by the accuser's wife?
14. What was Christine's impression of her visit to the police?
15. What did Christine say that shocked the barristers?
16. Why wasn't Brogan-Moore very enthusiastic about the case?
17. What did Sir Wilfred mean by saying "I'll take it from here"?

3.

- a) Give a summary of Scenes 1 and 2
- b) Retell Scenes 1 and 2 as if you were Sir Wilfred (Brogan-Moore, Mrs. Vole).

4. Make up conversations:

- a) between Sir Wilfred and Brogan-Moore; they discuss their talk with Mrs. Vole;
- b) between Mayherne and his assistant; they discuss the case.

Part 2

SCENE THREE

(In one of the courtrooms of the Old Bailey. It is the first day of Vole's trial. The court is in session. The judge is presiding. The jury, consisting of nine men and three women, are in the jury-box. Leonard Vole is sitting in the prisoner's box between two guards. The counsels for the Prosecution are in their seats. As to the counsels for the Defense, the leading counsel, Sir Wilfred, is late.)

Court Clerk: Leonard Stephen Vole, you are charged on indictment that you on the 14th day of October in the County of London murdered Emily Jane French. How say you, Leonard Stephen Vole, are you guilty or not guilty?

Vole: Not guilty.

Court Clerk: Members of the Jury! The prisoner stands indicted for that he on the 14th day of October murdered Emily Jane French. To this indictment he has pleaded "not guilty", and it is your charge to say, having heard the evidence, whether he is guilty or not.

Judge: Members of the jury, by the oath which you have just taken you swore to try this case on the evidence. You must shut out from your minds everything, except what will take place in this court. (To the prosecutor): You may proceed for the Prosecution, Mr. Myers.

Myers (rising): May it please you, my Lord. (Addressing the jury): I appear in this case with my learned friend, Mr. Barton, for the Prosecution. And my learned friends Sir Wilfred Robart and Mr. Brogan-Moore, appear for the Defence. The facts in this case are simple, and to a point, not in dispute. You will hear how the prisoner made the acquaintance of Mrs. Emily French, a woman of fifty-six, how he was treated by her with kindness, and even affection. On the night of October the 14th last between 9:30 and 10:00 Mrs. French was murdered. Medical testimony will be introduced to prove that death was caused by a blow from a blunt and heavy instrument and it is the case for the Prosecution that the blow was dealt by the prisoner Leonard Vole!

Vole: That's not true! I didn't do it!

Myers: Among the witnesses you will hear police evidence, also the evidence of Mrs. French's housekeeper Janet MacKenzie, and from the medi-

cal and laboratory experts, and the evidence of the murdered woman's solicitor, who drew up her final will. I will now call Chief Inspector Hearne, Criminal Investigation Department of New Scotland Yard.

Usher: Chief Inspector Hearne! (Chief Inspector Hearne enters the witness-box. After he is sworn in he is asked to give testimony.)

Hearne: From the body temperature and other factors we placed the time of death at between 9:30 and 10 p.m. Approximately thirty minutes before Janet MacKenzie, the housekeeper, returned home and called us. Death was instantaneous, caused by one blow from a heavy and blunt instrument.

Myers: Were there any signs of a struggle?

Hearne: No, just one blow.

Myers: Would that indicate to you that the murderer had taken Mrs. French by surprise?

Sir Wilfred (rising): My Lord I must object. My learned friend refers to the assailant as the murderer, but we have not yet determined whether the assailant was a man or a woman. It could conceivably have been the murderess.

Judge: Mr. Myers, it seems that Sir Wilfred has joined us just in time to catch you on a point of grammar. Please rephrase your question.

Myers: Yes, My Lord. Inspector, is it your opinion that the assailant, whether he, she or it... had taken Mrs. French by surprise?

Sir Wilfred (to the judge): My Lord, I am taken by surprise that my learned friend should attempt to solicit from the witness an opinion, and not a fact.

Judge: Quite so. You'll have to do better than that, Mr. Myers.

Myers: My Lord, I withdraw the question entirely. Is that better?

Sir Wilfred: That's much better.

Myers: Anyway, Inspector, let us proceed with the facts in the case. After establishing the cause and the time of death, what did you then do?

Hearne: A search was made. Photographs were taken and the premises were fingerprinted.

Myers: What fingerprints did you discover?

Hearne: I found the fingerprints of Mrs. French, those of Janet MacKenzie, and some which later proved to be those of Leonard Vole.

Myers: No others?

Hearne: No others.

Myers: What made you think that a robbery had been committed?

Hearne: Things were strewn about, and a window had been broken near the catch. There was glass on the floor, and some fragments were found outside. The glass outside was not consistent with the window having been forced from the outside.

Myers: What you are saying is that someone attempted to make it look as if the window had been forced from the outside? Isn't that so?

Sir Wilfred: My Lord, I must, object. My learned friend is pulling words in the witness's mouth.

Judge (to Myers): Quite. Don't you think so, Mr. Myers?

Myers: Yes, my Lord. Inspector, was any of the murdered woman's property missing?

Hearne: According to the housekeeper nothing was missing.

Myers: In your experience. Inspector, when burglars, or burglaresses break into a house, do they leave without taking anything?

Hearne: No, sir.

Myers: Will you produce a jacket, Inspector? (He refers to a jacket that has been found by the police in Leonard Vole's house and is offered as evidence.)

Hearne: Yes, sir. (The clerk passes the jacket to Chief Inspector Hearne.)

Myers: Is that?

Hearne: Yes, sir.

Myers (to the judge): That is exhibit one, my Lord. Where did you find this, Inspector?

Hearne: That is the jacket, found in the prisoner's flat which I handed to our Lab to test for bloodstains.

Myers: And did you find any bloodstains?

Hearne: Yes. Though an attempt had been made to wash them out.

Myers: What tests did the Laboratory make?

Hearne: First to determine if the stains were made by human blood, then to classify it by group or type.

Myers: And was the blood of a particular group or type?

Hearne: Yes, sir. It is Type O

Myers: And did you subsequently test the blood of the dead woman?

Hearne: Yes, sir.

Myers: What type was that?

Hearne: The same. Type O.

Myers: Thank you, Inspector. No further questions. (Now Sir Wilfred rises and starts a cross-examination.)

Sir Wilfred: Inspector, you say the only fingerprints you found were those of Mrs. French, Janet MacKenzie and the prisoner Leonard Vole. In your experience when a burglar breaks in, does he usually leave fingerprints, or does he wear gloves?

Hearne: He wears gloves.

Sir Wilfred: So the absence of fingerprints in the case of robbery would hardly surprise you.

Hearne: No, sir.

Sir Wilfred: Can't we than surmise that a burglar might have entered

what was presumably an empty house, might have suddenly encountered Mrs. French and struck her, then realizing she was dead, panicked and fled without taking anything?

Myers: I submit, my Lord, that it is entirely impossible to guess what went on in the mind of some entirely imaginary burglar with or without gloves.

Judge: Let us not surmise, Sir Wilfred, but confine ourselves to facts.

Sir Wilfred: Inspector, when you questioned the prisoner as to the stains on his jacket, did he not show you a recently healed scar on his wrist and tell you that he had cut himself with a kitchen knife while slicing bread?

Hearne: Yes, sir. That is what he said.

Sir Wilfred: And were you told the same thing by the prisoner's wife?

Hearne: Yes, sir, but afterwards...

Sir Wilfred (interrupting him): Just a simple "yes", or "no", please. Did the prisoner's wife show you a knife and tell you that her husband had cut his wrist when slicing bread?

Hearne: Yes, sir.

Sir Wilfred (pointing to the knife lying on the table in front of him): I will ask you to examine this knife, Inspector. (A court clerk passes the knife to the Chief Inspector.)

Sir Wilfred: Now, then, with such a knife as was displayed, might it not inflict a cut that would bleed profusely?

Inspector: Yes, sir, it might.

Sir Wilfred: Now, Inspector, you have stated that the bloodstains on the prisoner's jacket were analysed, as was the blood of Mrs. French, and they were both found to be of the same group, Group O.

Hearne: That is correct.

Sir Wilfred: However, if the prisoner's blood were also of the same group, then the stains on his jacket might very well have resulted from the household accident he described to you?

Hearne: Yes.

Sir Wilfred: Did you examine the prisoner's blood, Inspector?

Hearne: No, sir.

Sir Wilfred (taking up a paper): I have here a certificate stating that Leonard Stephen Vole is a blood donor at the North London Hospital and that his blood is Group O.

(General excitement in the courtroom: the jurors sigh with relief, Leonard Vole leans back and smiles happily, the public exchange impressions.)

WORDS AND WORD COMBINATIONS

trial *n* – судебный процесс
stand trial – быть под судом *be on trial (for smth.)*
try smb. for smth. *v* – судить, предавать суду кого-л. за что-л.
prisoner *n* – подсудимый
indictment *n* – обвинительный акт; обвинение
indict *v* – предъявлять обвинение
guilty (of) – виновный (в)
plead (not) guilty (to smth.) – признавать себя (не)виновным в чём-л.
find smb. (not) guilty of smth. – признавать кого-л. (не)виновным в чём-л.
blunt *a* – тупой
housekeeper *n* – экономка
draw up (a will, plan, etc.) *v* – составлять (завещание, план и т.д.)
object to smth., doing smth. *V* – возражать против чего-л., против того, чтобы сделать что-л.
assailant *n* – подзащитный
search *n* – обыск
fingerprint *v* – снять отпечатки пальцев
fingerprints *n pl* – отпечатки пальцев
robbery *n* – кража, грабеж
commit a robbery – совершать грабеж
be consistent with – совпадать с, соответствовать
burglar(ess) *n* – грабитель(ница), вор-взломщик
break in *v* – вламываться, залезать в квартиру, дом (*о грабителях*)
offer smth. as evidence – предъявлять что-л. в качестве доказательства
exhibit *n* – вещественное доказательство
cross-examination *n* – перекрестный допрос
cross-examine *n* – подвергать перекрестному допросу
confine oneself to *v* – строго придерживаться, ограничиваться

EXERCISES

1. Find equivalents in the text for these word combinations and sentences:

идет заседание суда; Леонард Стефан Воул, вам предъявляется обвинение в том, что...; ваша задача решить, после того как заслушаете свидетельские показания, виновен он или не виновен; присяжный поверенный, который составил ее последнее завещание; застал г-жу Френч врасплох; это вещественное доказательство; давайте ограничимся фактами; Леонард Стефан Воул является донором и у него группа крови "0".

2. Study the text carefully and answer these questions.

1. What was the indictment? What did the judge mean by saying that the jurors must try the case on the evidence alone?
2. Who appeared for the Prosecution?
3. Who were the Counsels for the Defence?
4. Who were witnesses for the Prosecution?
5. Who was the first to give evidence?
6. Why did Sir Wilfred object to Mr. Myers' question as to whether the murderer had taken Mrs. French by surprise?
7. Was the objection accepted or overruled?
8. Whose fingerprints did the police discover in Mrs. French's drawing-room?
9. Would they be justified in saying those fingerprints provided any clues?
10. Why did the police think there was something suspicious about the state the drawing-room was in?
11. Whose jacket did Chief Inspector Hearne produce in evidence?
12. For what purpose was the jacket handed to the laboratory?
13. What supposition did Sir Wilfred come out with?
14. Why did Sir Wilfred ask the Chief Inspector and the judge to examine the knife he produced in evidence?
15. How did Leonard Vole account for the stains on the jacket cuffs?
16. What type of blood did Vole have?
17. How did the public react to Sir Wilfred's statement? Could you say that the sympathies of the public were with Vole?

3.

- a) Give a summary of Scene 3
- b) Retell Scene 3 as if you were one of those sitting in the courtroom.

4. Make up conversations:

- a) between two people who were at the hearing of the case;
- b) between Sir Wilfred and Brogan-Moore; they exchange impressions of the first day of the trial.

Part 3

SCENE FOUR

(The third day of the Vole trial. Mr. Myers, the Counsel for the Prosecution, is going to call his surprise witness, Christine Helm.)

Judge: Mr. Myers, does that conclude your case?

Myers: No, my Lord. I now call the final witness for the prosecution, Christine Helm.

Usher: Christine Helm!

(Sir Wilfred and Brogan-Moore look at each other in bewilderment. Christine Vole, pale but calm, enters the courtroom. Looking straight in front of her she goes to the witness-box.)

Christine (reading the oath): I swear by Almighty God that the evidence I shall give shall be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Sir Wilfred (addressing the judge): My Lord, I have the most serious objection to this witness being summoned by the prosecution, as she is the wife of the prisoner Leonard Vole!

Myers: My Lord, I call my learned friend's attention to the fact that I summoned not Mrs. Vole, but Mrs. Helm. (To Christine): Your name in fact is Christine Helm?

Christine: Yes, Christine Helm.

Myers: And you have been living as the wife of the prisoner Leonard Vole?

Christine: Yes.

Myers: Are you actually his wife?

Christine: No, I went through a marriage ceremony with him in Hamburg, but I already had a husband. He is still alive.

Vole: Christine! That's not true!

Sir Wilfred: My Lord, there is proof of the marriage between the witness and the prisoner. Is there any proof of the so-called previous marriage?

Myers: My Lord, the so-called previous marriage is in fact well-documented. (Holding the marriage certificate, to Christine): Mrs. Helm, is this a certificate of marriage between yourself and one Otto Ludwig Helm? The ceremony having taken place in Breslau on the 18th of April, 1942?

Christine: Yes, that is the paper of my marriage. (Myers passes the certificate to a clerk, who takes it to the judge.)

Judge: I don't see any reason why this witness should not be qualified to give evidence.

Myers: Mrs. Helm, are you willing to give evidence against the man you've been calling your husband?

Christine: Yes.

Myers: You stated to the police that on the night that Mrs. French was murdered Leonard Vole left the house at seven thirty and returned at twenty-five past nine. Did he in fact return at twenty-five past nine?

Christine: No, he returned at ten minutes past ten.

Vole: Christine, what are you saying? It's not true. You know it's not true?!

Usher: Silence!

Judge: I must have silence!

Myers (to Christine): Leonard Vole returned, you say, at ten minutes past ten. And what happened next?

Christine: He was breathing hard, very excited. He threw off his coat and examined the sleeves. Then he told me to wash the cuffs. They had blood on them. I said: "Leonard, what have you done?"

Myers: And what did the prisoner say to that?

Christine: He said: "I've killed her".

Vole: Christine! Why are you lying? Why are you saying these things?!

Myers: Mrs. Helm, when the prisoner said: "I have killed her", did you know to whom he referred?

Christine: It was that woman he had been going to see so often.

Myers: Now then, when questioned by the police you told them that the prisoner returned at nine twenty-five?

Christine: Yes. Because Leonard asked me to say that.

Myers: But you change your story now. Why?

Christine: I cannot go on lying to save him! I said to the police what he wanted me to say because I'm grateful to him. He married me and brought me to this country. What he has asked me to do I've always done, because I was grateful.

Myers: It was not because he was your husband, and you loved him?

Christine: I never loved him.

Myers: It was gratitude to the prisoner then that prompted you to give him an alibi in your statement to the police?

Christine: That is it, exactly.

Myers: But now you think it was wrong to do so?

Christine: Because it is murder. That woman... she was a harmless old fool. And he makes me an accomplice to the murder! I cannot come into court and swear that he was with me at the time when it was done. I cannot do it! I cannot do it!!!

Myers: Then this is the truth that Leonard Vole returned that night at ten minutes past ten, that he had blood on the sleeves of his coat and that he said to you: "I have killed her"?

Christine: That is the truth.

Myers: Thank you. (Now it is Sir Wilfred's turn to cross-examine the witness.)

Sir Wilfred: Mrs. Vole, or Mrs. Helm... which do you prefer to be called?

Christine: It does not matter.

Sir Wilfred: Does it not? In this country we are inclined to take a rather more serious view of marriage. However, Frau Helm, it would appear when

you first met the prisoner in Hamburg you lied to him about your marital state?

Christine: I wanted to get out of Germany, so....

Sir Wilfred: You lied, did you not? Yes or no, please.

Christine: Yes.

Sir Wilfred: Thank you. And subsequently in arranging the marriage you lied to the authorities?

Christine: I did not tell the truth to the authorities.

Sir Wilfred: You lied to them?

Christine: Yes.

Sir Wilfred: And in the ceremony of marriage itself, when you swore to love and to honour and to cherish you husband, that, too, was a lie?

Christine: Yes.

Sir Wilfred: And when the police questioned you about this poor man, who believed himself Sir Wilfred you married and loved him, you told them...

Christine: I told them what Leonard wanted me to say.

Sir Wilfred: And when you said that he had accidentally cut his wrist, again you lied?

Christine: Yes.

Sir Wilfred (with contempt): And now today you've told us a new story entirely. The question is, Frau Helm, were you lying then or are you lying now? Or are you not in fact a chronic and habitual liar?!

SCENE FIVE

(In Sir Wilfred's study. Sir Wilfred is filled with dismay. The evidence given by Christine Helm produced a great impression on the jurors. Though they did not like her they believed her. Sir Wilfred can hold out little hope to his client. One question is still puzzling him – what made Christine Vole testify against her husband? Suddenly his telephone rings. He hears a woman's voice. The woman offers to sell him Christine Vole's letters to her lover. Sir Wilfred meets the woman, buys the letters and hurries to the Old Bailey.

The Old Bailey. In the courtroom everyone but Sir Wilfred is in his seat.)

Judge: Since the Defense has called but one witness, the prisoner, it has the right to be heard last.

(Sir Wilfred enters the courtroom and hurries to his seat. From there he addresses the Judge.)

Sir Wilfred: My Lord, I ask that the case for the Defense be reopened, and that a witness be recalled. Evidence of the most startling nature has just come into my possession.

Judge: Now what is this new evidence, Sir Wilfred?

Sir Wilfred: Letter, my Lord. Letters written by Christine Helm.

(Brogan-Moore passes a batch of letters to the Judge who looks through them and then returns them to Sir Wilfred.)

Judge (to court clerk): Call Christine Helm.

Usher: Christine Helm!

Sir Wilfred: Mrs. Helm, you appreciate you're still under oath?

Christine: Yes.

Sir Wilfred: Mrs. Helm, do you know a man named Max?

Christine: I don't know what you mean.

Sir Wilfred: It's a simple question. Do you or do you not know a man called Max?

Christine: Max? Certainly not.

Sir Wilfred: It's a fairly common name and yet you've never known a man of the name of Max?

Christine: Oh, in Germany perhaps. But that was a long time ago.

Sir Wilfred: I shall not ask you to go back that far, just a few weeks to... (taking a paper from his pocket he pretend to read it)... October the 20th last.

Christine (looking at the paper in Sir Wilfred's hand): What have you got there?

Sir Wilfred: A letter. I suggest that on October the 20th you wrote a certain letter...

Christine: I don't know what you are talking about.

Sir Wilfred: ...addressed to a man named Max.

Christine: I did nothing of the sort.

Sir Wilfred: The letter was but one of a series written to the same man.

Christine (emotionally): Lies! All lies!

Sir Wilfred: You would seem to have been on... well, I should say, on intimate terms with this man.

Vole (fervently protesting): How dare you say a thing like that! It isn't true!

Sir Wilfred: I am not concerned with the general trend of this correspondence, only this one particular letter: "My beloved Max, an extraordinary thing has happened. I believe all our difficulties may be ended".

Christine: I will not stand here and listen to a pack of lies. These letters are false ones. (Referring to the paper he is holding in his hand): It isn't even my letter paper!

Sir Wilfred: It isn't?

Christine: No! I write my letters on small blue paper with my initials on it!

(Sir Wilfred smiling triumphantly takes up the batch of Christine's letters from under the book and shows them to her.)

Sir Wilfred: Like this? Now, Mrs. Helm, you have been kind enough to identify your letter paper. Now if you like, I can have an expert to identify

your handwriting.

Christine (stunned, in a hoarse voice): Damn you! Damn you!!! (Makes for the door but the usher gets hold of her. She sits down on a chair sobbing): Let me go! Let me get out of here!

Judge: Sir Wilfred, will you now read the letter in question so that the Jury may hear it.

Sir Wilfred: "My beloved Max, an extraordinary thing has happened. All our difficulties may soon be solved. Leonard is suspected of murdering the old lady I told you about. His only hope of an alibi depends on me. On me alone! Suppose I testified that he was not at home with me at the time of the murder, that he came home with blood on his sleeves and that he even admitted to me that he had killed her. Strange, isn't it? He always said that he would never let me leave him, but now, if this succeeds, he will be leaving me because they will take him away, forever. And I shall be free, and yours, my beloved. I count the hours until we are together... Christine".

Judge: Mrs. Helm, will you go back to the witness-box.

(Christine goes back to the witness-box.)

Sir Wilfred: I now ask you again, Christine Helm, did you write this letter?

Judge: Before answering, Mrs. Helm, I wish to warn you that the law regarding perjury in this country is very severe. You have already committed perjury in this courtroom, I strongly advise you not to add to your crime. But if this letter has not been written by you, then now is the time to state this fact.

Christine (with tears in her eyes): I wrote the letter.

Sir Wilfred (to the judge): Then that, my Lord, is the case for the Defence.

SCENE SIX

(The jury brings in a verdict of not guilty. Leonard Vole is released everyone leaves the courtroom. Sir Wilfred is still sitting in his place. He is not satisfied. The case seems too neat, too tidy and altogether too symmetrical. He feels there is something wrong about it.)

Christine Vole enters the courtroom. She has been attacked by the public, and some policemen have rescued her. Sir Wilfred and Christine Vole are alone in the courtroom.)

Christine: I never thought you British could get so emotional, especially in a public place.

Sir Wilfred: I apologize for my compatriots.

Christine: You hate me, don't you? Like the people outside. What a wicked woman I am! And how brilliantly you exposed me and saved Leonard's life! The great Sir Wilfred Robart did it again. Well, let me tell you something. You didn't do it alone. You had help.

Sir Wilfred: What are you driving at?

Christine: I am not driving at anything any more. Leonard is free, and we did it.

Sir Wilfred: We?

Christine: Remember? When I came to see you and you said that no Jury would believe an alibi given by a loving wife no matter how much she swore her husband was innocent... That gave me the idea.

Sir Wilfred: What idea?

Christine: The idea that I should be a witness not for my husband, but for the prosecution. That I should swear Leonard was guilty and that you would expose me as a vicious liar, because only then would they believe Leonard was innocent.

Sir Wilfred: And all those blue letters?

Christine: It was I who sold them to you. It took me hours to write them, to invent "Max". There never was a Max. There's never been anyone but Leonard, only Leonard.

Sir Wilfred: My dear, could you not have trusted me? Worded with me truthfully, honorably? We would have won!

Christine: I could not run that risk. You see you thought he was innocent.

Sir Wilfred: And you knew he was innocent, I understand.

Christine: No, Sir Wilfred, you do not understand at all. I knew he was guilty.

Sir Wilfred: That can't be true! No!!!

Christine: Listen to me once and for all! Leonard came home a few minutes past ten. He did have blood on his sleeves. He did tell me he had killed the woman. Only I could save him, and he pleaded with me...

Sir Wilfred: And you saved him. A murderer?

Christine: Again you don't understand. I love him. (Smiling triumphantly, Leonard comes in.)

Vole (to Sir Wilfred): I told you she was an actress. And a good one.

Christine: Leonard!

Vole: I knew she was going to do something for me, but I just didn't know what or how.

Christine (going up to Vole and embracing him, while he seems cool and reluctant): Leonard! Leonard!

Vole (to Sir Wilfred): Fooled you completely, didn't she?

Sir Wilfred: It was you, Vole, who fooled me! (Suddenly a girl runs up to Vole and they embrace.)

Diana: Len! Oh, Len... Len! Oh, Len, they've been trying to keep me away from you! I've been nearly crazy!!

Christine: Leonard, who is this girl?

Diana: I am not this girl, I am his girl! Tell her, Len! You're not his wife, never have been. You're years older than he is. We've been going together for months and we're going away. Tell her yourself, Len.

Christine (rigidly): Yes, Len. Tell me yourself.

Vole (ignoring her): All right, Diana, come along.

Christine: You can't, Leonard! Not after what I've done! I won't let you!

Vole: Don't be silly. I saved your life getting you out of Germany, you saved mine getting me out of this mess. So we're even. It's all over now.

Christine (holding on to Vole): Don't, Leonard! Leonard! Don't leave me! Don't! Don't Leonard! Don't!

Vole (shaking her off): Pull yourself together. They'll only try you for perjury! Well, don't make it worse, or they'll try you as an accessory! (Pushes her into a chair.)

Christine: I don't care! Let them! Let them try me for perjury or as an accessory or... (On the table she sees the knife that was exhibited as evidence in the case) ...or better yet... Let them try me for this! (Snatches the knife, runs up to Vole and thrusts it into his chest. Vole falls down. Diana goes into hysterics.)

Carter: What's happened?

A Voice: She's killed him.

Sir Wilfred: Killed him? She's executed him. (Mrs. Vole is led away by two policemen.)

Sir Wilfred (to Carter): Get Brogan-Moore to my chambers, and I'll meet you there too. We are appealing for the Defence in the trial of Christine Vole!

WORDS AND WORD COMBINATIONS

make for *v* – направляться в, к

have an objection to smth., doing – возражать против чего-л. *syn.* object to

summon *v* – вызывать, требовать присутствия (*в суде*)

be qualified to give evidence – иметь право давать показания

accomplice to smth. *n* – соучастник преступления

hold out little hope – не надеяться на успех

reopen the case – продолжить слушание дела

recall a witness – вновь вызвать свидетеля

identify *v* – устанавливать тождество, опознавать

perjury *n* – клятвопреступление, лжесвидетельство

commit perjury – лжесвидетельствовать, нарушать клятву

verdict *n* – приговор (*суда присяжных*)

bring in a verdict of guilty (not guilty) – выносить приговор "виновен" ("невиновен")

release *v* – освобождать (*из-под стражи*)

What are you driving at? – Что вы этим хотите сказать?

run the risk of – подвергаться риску

plead with smb. *v* – умолять кого-л.

reluctant *a* – неохотный, не желающий (*сделать что-л.*)

We are even. – Мы квиты.

Pull yourself together. – Возьми (те) себя в руки.

execute *v* – казнить

EXERCISES

1. Find equivalents in the text for these word combinations and sentences.

она направляется к...; это ведь свидетельство о браке между вами и Отто Людвигом Хельмом?; не вижу оснований для того, чтобы не разрешить этой свидетельнице давать показания; очередь сэра Уилфрида вести перекрестный допрос; сэр Уилфрид не может обещать своему клиенту ничего утешительного; присяжные выносят приговор "невиновен"; я не могла рисковать; и он умолял меня; возьми себя в руки; она казнила его.

2. Study the text carefully and answer the questions.

1. Who was the surprise witness for the Prosecution?
2. Why did Sir Wilfred object to Christine testifying against her husband?
3. What made Sir Wilfred give in?
4. What was the evidence given by Christine?
5. Was the evidence given by Christine fatal for Leonard Vole? Why?
6. What made Christine tell the truth?
7. What was the effect of Christine's testimony on the jury?
8. Why did Christine not tell Leonard Vole she was married when the latter proposed to her?
9. What was the effect of Christine's testimony on the jury and the public?
10. What kind of evidence came into Sir Wilfred's possession?
11. In what way did Sir Wilfred trap Christine? Did she fall for the trap?
12. What facts did the letter reveal?
13. Did Christine confess she had written the letters or did she go on denying it?
14. What was the verdict?
15. Why did Sir Wilfred feel dissatisfied with the case? What was the verdict?
16. How did the British impress Christine?
17. Why did Christine have the right to say that both of them, Sir Wilfred and she, had saved Vole?

18. Why couldn't Christine run the risk of trusting Sir Wilfred?
19. Why did Christine sacrifice herself for Vole's sake?
20. Was Leonard Vole happy to see his wife?
21. Who was the girl that rushed into the room?
22. Why did Christine kill Vole?
23. What did Sir Wilfred mean by saying "She's executed him"?
24. What made Sir Wilfred change his plans and put off his trip?

3.

- a) **Give a summary of Scenes 4, 5 and 6.**
- b) **Talk of your impressions of the trial as if you were Christine Vole (Brogan-Moore, Sir Wilfred).**

4. Make up conversations:

- a) imagine you are a reporter and Sir Wilfred has granted you an interview after the trial; act the interview;
- b) between Mr. Myers and Sir Wilfred; discuss the approaching trial of Christine Vole.

THE CLIENT
by John Grisham

Part 1

TWO DEPUTIES escorted him into the courtroom from a side door, away from the main hallway where the curious were known to lurk, but Slick Moeller anticipated this little maneuver and watched it all from behind a newspaper just a few feet away.

Reggie followed her client and the deputies. Client waited outside. It was almost a quarter after noon, and the jungle of Juvenile Court had quieted a bit for lunch.

The courtroom was of a shape and design Mark had never seen on television. It was so small! And empty. There were no benches or seats for spectators. The judge sat behind an elevated structure between two flags with the just behind him. Two tables were in the center of the room, facing the judge, and one was already occupied, with men in dark suits. To the judge's right was a tiny table where an older woman was flipping through a stack of papers, very bored with it all, it seemed, until he entered the room. A gorgeous young lady sat steady with a stenographic machine directly in front of the judge's bench. She wore a short skirt and her legs were attracting a lot of attention.

She couldn't be older than sixteen, he thought as he followed Reggie to their table. A bailiff with a gun on his hip was the final actor in the play.

Mark took his seat, very much aware that everyone was staring at him. His two deputies left the room, and when the door closed behind them the judge picked up the file again and flipped through it. They had been waiting on the juvenile and his lawyer, and now it was time for everyone to wait for the judge again. Rules of courtroom etiquette must be followed.

Reggie pulled a single legal pad from her briefcase and began writing notes. She held a tissue in one hand, and dabbed her eyes with it. Mark stared at the table, eyes still wet but determined to suck it up and be tough through this ordeal. People were watching.

Fink and Ord stared at the court reporter's legs. The skirt was halfway between knee and hip. It was tight and seemed to slide upward just a fraction of an inch every minute or so. The tripod holding her recording machine sat firmly between her knees. In the coziness of Harry's courtroom, she was fewer than ten feet away and the last thing they needed was a distraction. But they kept staring. There! It slipped upward another quarter of an inch.

Baxter L. McLemore, a young attorney fresh from law school, sat nervously at the table with Mr. Fink and Mr. Ord. He was a lowly assistant with the county Attorney General's office, and it had fallen to his lot to prosecute this day in Juvenile Court. This was certainly not the glamorous end of prosecution, but sitting next to George Ord was quite a thrill. He knew nothing about the Sway case, and Mr. Ord had explained in the hallway just minutes earlier that Mr. Fink would handle the hearing. With the court's permission, of course. Baxter was expected to sit there and look nice, and keep his mouth shut.

«Is the door locked? » the judge finally asked in the general direction of the bailiff.

«Yes sir. »

«Very well. I have reviewed the petition, and I am ready to proceed. For the record, I note the child is present along with counsel, and that the child's mother, who is alleged to be his custodial parent, was served with a copy of the petition and a summons this morning. However, the child's mother is not present in the courtroom, and this concerns me. » Harry paused for a moment and seemed to read from the file.

Fink decided this was the appropriate time to establish himself in this matter, and he stood slowly, buttoning his jacket, and addressed the court. «Your Honor, if I may, for the record, I'm Thomas Fink, Assistant U. S. Attorney for the Southern District of Louisiana. »

Harry's gaze slowly left the file and settled on Fink, who was standing stiff-backed, very formal, frowning intelligently as he spoke, still fiddling with

the top button of his jacket.

Fink continued. «I am one of the petitioners in this matter and, if I may, I would like to address the issue of the presence of the child's mother. » Harry said nothing, just stared as if in disbelief. Reggie couldn't help but smile. She winked at Baxter McLemore.

Harry leaned forward, and rested on his elbows as if intrigued by these great words of wisdom flowing from this gifted legal mind.

Fink had found an audience. «Your Honor, it's our position, the position of the petitioners, that this matter is of a nature so urgent that this hearing must take place immediately. The child is represented by counsel, quite competent counsel I might add, and none of the child's legal rights will be prejudiced by the absence of his mother. From what we understand, the mother's presence is required by the bedside of her youngest son, and so, well, who knows when she might be able to attend a hearing. We just think it's important, Your Honor, to proceed immediately with this hearing. »

«You don't say? » Harry asked.

«Yes sir. This is our position. »

«Your position, Mr. Fink, » Harry said very slowly and very loudly with a pointed finger, «is in that chair right there. Please sit, and listen to me very carefully, because I will only say this once. And if I have to say it again, I will do so as they are putting the handcuffs on you and taking you away for a night in our splendid jail. »

Fink fell into his chair, mouth open, gaping in disbelief. Harry scowled over his reading glasses and looked straight down at Thomas Fink. «Listen to me, Mr. Fink. This is not some fancy courtroom in New Orleans, and I am not one of your federal judges. This is my little private courtroom, and I make the rules. Mr. Fink. Rule number one is that you speak only in my courtroom when you are first spoken to by me. Rule number two is that you do not grace His Honor with unsolicited speeches, comments, or remarks. Rule number three is that His Honor does not like to hear the voices of lawyers. His Honor has been hearing these voices for twenty years, and His Honor knows how lawyers love to hear themselves talk. Rule number four is that you do not stand in my courtroom. You sit at that table and say as little as possible. Do you understand these rules, Mr. Fink? »

Fink stared blankly at Harry and tried to nod. Harry wasn't finished. «This is a tiny courtroom, Mr. Fink, designed by myself a long time ago for private hearings. We can all see and hear each other just fine, so just keep your mouth shut and your butt in your seat, and we'll get along fine. »

Fink was still trying to nod. He gripped the arms of the chair, determined never to rise again. Behind him, McThune, the lawyer hater, barely suppressed a smile.

«Mr. McLemore, I understand Mr. Fink wants to handle this case for the prosecution. Is this agreeable? »

«Okay with me, Your Honor.» «I'll allow it. But try and keep him in his seat. » Mark was terrified. He had hoped for a kind, gentle old man with lots of love and sympathy. Not this. He glanced at Mr. Fink, whose neck was crimson and whose breathing was loud and heavy, and he almost felt sorry for him.

«Ms. Love, » the judge said, suddenly very warm and compassionate, «I understand you may have an objection on behalf of the child. »

«Yes, Your Honor. » She leaned forward and spoke deliberately in the direction of the court reporter. «We have several objections we'd like to make at this time, and I want them in the record. »

«Certainly, » Harry said, as if Reggie Love could have anything she wanted. Fink sank lower and felt even dumber. So much for impressing the court with an initial burst of eloquence.

Reggie glanced at her notes.

«Your Honor, I request the transcript of these proceedings be typed and prepared as soon as possible to facilitate an emergency appeal if necessary. »

«So ordered. »

«I object to this hearing on several grounds. First, inadequate notice has been given to the child, his mother, and to his lawyer. About three hours have passed since the petition was served upon the child's mother, and thought I have represented the child for three days now, and everyone involved has known this, I was not notified of this hearing until seventy-five minutes ago. This is unfair, absurd, and an abuse of discretion by the court. »

«When would you like to have the hearing, Ms. Love? » Harry asked.

«Today's Thursday, » she said. «What about Tuesday or Wednesday of next week? »

«That's fine. Say Tuesday at nine. » Harry looked at Fink, who still hadn't moved and was afraid to respond to this. «Of course, Ms. Love, the child will remain in custody until then. »

«The child does not belong in custody, Your Honor. »

«But I've signed a custody order, and I will not resign while we wait on a hearing. Our laws, Ms. Love, provide for the immediate taking of alleged delinquents, and your client is being treated no differently from others. Plus, there are other considerations for Mark Sway, and I'm sure these will be discussed shortly. »

«Then I cannot agree on a continuance if my will remain in custody. »

«Very well, » His Honor said properly. «Let the record reflect a continuance was offered by the court and declined by the child. »

«And let the record also reflect the child declined a continuance because the child does not wish to remain in the Juvenile Detention Center any

longer than he has to. »

«So noted, » Harry said with a slight grin. «Please proceed, Ms. Love.»

«We also object to this hearing because the child's mother is not present. Due to extreme circumstances, her presence is not possible at this time, and keep in mind, Your Honor, the poor woman was first notified barely three hours ago. The child here is eleven years old and deserves the assistance of his mother. As you know, Your Honor, our laws strongly favor the presence of the parents in these hearings, and to proceed without Mark's mother is unfair. »

«When can Ms. Sway be available? »

«No one knows, Your Honor. She is literally confined to the hospital room with her son who's suffering from post-traumatic stress. Her doctor allows her out of the room only for minutes at a time. It could be weeks before she's available. »

«So you want to postpone this hearing indefinitely? »

«All right. You've got it. Of course, the child will remain in custody pending the hearing. »

«The child does not belong in custody. The child will make himself available any time the court wants. There's nothing to be gained by keeping the child locked up until a hearing. »

«There are complicating factors in this case, Ms. Love, and I'm not inclined to release this child before we have this hearing and it's determined how much he knows. It's that simple. I'm afraid to release him at this time. If I did so, and if something happened to him, I'd carry the guilt to my grave. Do you understand this, Ms. Love? »

She understood, though she wouldn't admit it. «I'm afraid you're making this decision based on facts not is evidence. »

«Maybe so. But I have wide discretion in these matters, and until I hear the proof I'm not inclined to release him. »

«That'll look good on appeal, » she snapped, and Harry didn't like it.

«Let the record reflect a continuance was offered to the child until his mother could be present, and the continuance was declined by the child. »

To which Reggie quickly responded, «And also let the record reflect the child declined the continuance because the child does not wish to remain in the Juvenile Detention Center any longer than he has to. »

«So noted, Ms. Love. Please continue. »

WORDS AND WORD COMBINATIONS

anticipate *v* – предвидеть

bailiff *n* – судебный пристав

to be aware of – осознавать

butt – окурок

flip *v* – слегка ударить, щелкать

juvenile – несовершеннолетний

ordeal – суровое испытание, божий суд (испытание водой и огнем в средние века)

distraction – отвлечение

handle *v* – руководить; handle the hearing – вести дело, слушать процесс

petition *n* – заявление

proceed *v* – преследовать в судебном порядке, возобновлять, преступить к делу.

record – протокол, послужной список

for to record – для протокола

allege *v* – заявить без доказательств, ссылаться

alleged delinquent – лицо обвиняемое в преступление, предполагаемый преступник

allegation – заявление, иск

custody – содержание под стражей, опека

custodial parent – опекун

custody order – приказ на задержание

serve *v* – служить, отбывать, вручать

summon – повестка в суд

concern *v* – касаться, беспокоиться

prejudice *v* – применять вред, ставить под сомнение

handcuffs – наручники

jail – тюрьма

grace *v* – украшать

get along – справиться

on behalf of – от имени

emergency appeal – апелляция по крайней необходимости

facilitate *v* – обличать, содействовать

ground – основание;

I object to this hearing on general grounds-я протестую против этого процесса в принципе

abuse *v* – оскорбить, злоупотреблять

discretion – свобода

rescind *v* – отменить, аннулировать

continuance *n* – продолжительность, отсрочка
 pending the trial – в течение судебного процесса, слушания
 decline *v* – отказать
 incline *v* – склониться
 be inclined to release – быть склонным освободить
 To base sth on facts (evidence) – основываться на фактах

EXERCISES

1. Find equivalents in the text for the following words, word combinations and sentences.

суд ничего не выигрывает если будет держать ребенка под замком; ввиду чрезвычайных обстоятельств; мудрые изречения, исходящие от этого гениального юридического ума; я бы хотел сказать по поводу вопроса о присутствии матери ребенка; тогда при апелляции мы будем в выгодном положении; нести бремя до гробовой точки; ему выпал жребий; интересы ребенка представлены компетентным юристом; я бы хотела, чтобы их (возражения) запротоколировали; ребенок должен оставаться под арестом до 9 часов четверга; законы поощряют присутствие родителей на слушание; уставиться на кого-либо?

2. Study the text carefully and answer the questions.

1. What court was it?
2. Why was Mark escorted into the courtroom away from the hallway?
3. What was strange in the courtroom?
4. How many people were present at the hearing? What were their duties? Name them.
5. Why did Mr. Fink begin to speak?
6. What was the judge's reaction on Fink's speech? Explain why.
7. What rules did the judge state?
8. How was Fink's mood and behavior changed with judge's words?
9. What objections did Ms. Love have on behalf of her client?
10. What was the point of a little argument between the judge and the child's counsel?
11. Why do laws favor the presence of parents in the hearing? Why was Mark's mother absent?
12. Why did the judge refuse to release the accused?

3.

- a) Give a summary of the 1st extract
- b) Tell the extract as if you were one of those sitting in the courtroom.

4. Make up conversations:

- a) between two people who were at the hearing of the case;
- b) between Mr. Fink and Mr. Ord; Ms. Love and someone from her staff.

Part 2

«The child moves this court to dismiss the petition filed against him on the grounds that the allegations are without merit and the petition has been filed in an effort to explore things the child might know. The petitioners, Fink and Foltrigg, are using this hearing as a fishing expedition for their desperate criminal investigation. Their petition is a hopeless mishmash of maybes and what ifs, and filed under oath without the slightest hint of the real truth. They're desperate, Your Honor, and they're here shooting in the dark hoping they hit something. The petition should be dismissed, and we should all go home. »

Harry glared down at Fink, and said, «I'm inclined to agree with her, Mr. Fink. What about it?»

Fink had settled into his chair and watched with comfort as Reggie's first two objections had been shot down by His Honor. His 'breathing almost returned to normal and his face had gone from crimson to pink, when suddenly the judge was agreeing with her and staring at him.

Fink bolted to the edge of his chair, almost stood but caught himself, and started stuttering. «Well, uh, Your Honor, we, uh, can prove our allegations if given the chance. We, uh, believe what we've said in the petition —»

«I certainly hope so, » Harry sneered.

«Yes sir, and we know that this child is impeding an investigation. Yes sir, we are confident we can prove what we've alleged. » «And if you can't? » «Well, I, uh, we, feel sure that —»

«You realize, Mr. Fink, that if I hear the proof in this case and find you're playing games, I can hold you in contempt. And, knowing Ms. Love the way I do, I'm sure there will be retribution from the child. »

«We intend to file suit first thing in the morning, Your Honor, » Reggie added helpfully. «Against both Mr. Fink and Roy Foltrigg. They're abusing this court and the juvenile laws of the state of Tennessee. My staff is working on the lawsuit right now. »

Her staff was sitting outside in the hallway eating a Snickers bar and sipping a diet cola. But the threat sounded ominous in the courtroom.

Fink glanced at George Ord, his co-counsel, who was sitting next to him making a list of things to do that afternoon, and nothing on the list had anything to do with Mark Sway or Roy Foltrigg. Ord supervised twenty-eight

lawyers working thousands of cases, and he just didn't care about Barry Muldanno and the body of Boyd Boyette. It wasn't in his jurisdiction. Ord was a busy man, too busy to waste valuable time playing gofer for Roy Foltrigg.

But Fink was no featherweight. He'd seen his share of nasty trials and hostile judges and skeptical juries. He was rallying quite nicely. «Your Honor, the petition is much like an indictment. Its truth cannot be ascertained without a hearing, and if we can get on with it we can prove our allegations.»

Harry turned to Reggie. «I'll take this motion to dismiss under advisement, and I'll hear the petitioners' proof. If it falls short, then I'll grant the motion and we'll go from there.»

Reggie shrugged as if she expected this.

«Anything else, Ms. Love? »

«Not at this time. »

«Call your first witness, Mr. Fink, » Harry said. «And make it brief. Get right to the point. If you waste time, I'll jump in with both feet and speed things along. »

«Yes sir. Sergeant Milo Hardy of the Memphis Police is our first witness. »

Mark had not moved during these preliminary skirmishes. He wasn't sure if Reggie had won them all, or lost them all, and for some reason he didn't care. There was something unfair about a system in which a little kid was brought into a courtroom and surrounded by lawyers arguing and sniping at each other under the scornful eye of a judge, the referee, and somehow in the midst of this barrage of laws and code sections and motions and legal talk the kid was supposed to know what was happening to him. It was hopelessly unfair.

And so he just sat and stared at the floor near the court reporter. His eyes were still wet and he couldn't make them stay dry.

The courtroom was silent as Sergeant Hardy was fetched. His Honor relaxed in his chair and removed his reading glasses. «I want this on the record, » he said. He glared at Fink again. «This is a private and confidential matter. This hearing is closed for a reason. I defy anyone to repeat any word uttered in this room today, or to discuss any aspect of this proceeding. Now, Mr. Fink, I realize you must report to the U. S. Attorney in New Orleans, and I realize Mr. Foltrigg is a petitioner and has a right to know what happens here. And when you talk to him, please explain that I am very upset by his absence. He signed the petition, and he should be here. You may explain these proceedings to him, and only to him. No one else. And you are to tell him to keep his big mouth shut, do you understand, Mr. Fink? »

«Yes, Your Honor. »

«Will you explain to Mr. Foltrigg that if I get wind of any breach in the confidentiality of these proceedings that I will issue a contempt order and at-

tempt to have him jailed? »

«Yes, Your Honor. »

He was suddenly staring at McThune and K. O. Lewis. They were seated immediately behind Fink and Ord.

«Mr. McThune and Mr. Lewis, you may now leave the courtroom, » Harry said abruptly. They grabbed the armrests as their feet hit the floor. Fink turned and stared at them, then looked at the judge.

«Uh, Your Honor, would it be possible for these gentlemen to remain in the —»

«I told them to leave, Mr. Fink,» Harry said loudly. «If they're gonna be witnesses, we'll call them later. If they're not witnesses, they have no business here and they can wait in the hall with the rest of the herd. Now, move along, gentlemen.»

McThune was practically jogging for the door, without the slightest hint of wounded pride, but K. O. Lewis was pissed. He buttoned his jacket and stared at His Honor, but only for a second. No one had ever won a staring contest with Harry Roosevelt, and K. O. Lewis was not about to try. He strutted for the door, which was already open as McThune dashed through it.

Seconds later, Sergeant Hardy entered and sat in the witness chair. He was in full uniform. He shifted his wide ass in the padded seat, and waited. Fink was frozen, afraid to begin without being told to do so.

Judge Roosevelt rolled his chair to the end of the bench and peered down at Hardy. Something had caught his attention, and Hardy sat like a fat toad on a stool until he realized His Honor was just inches away.

«Why are you wearing the gun?» Harry asked.

Hardy looked up, startled, then jerked his head to his right hip as if the gun was a complete surprise to him also. He stared at it as if the damned thing had somehow stuck itself to his body.

«Well, I -»

«Are you on duty or off, Sergeant Flardy? »

«Well, off. »

«Then why are you wearing a uniform, and why in the world are you wearing a gun in my courtroom? »

Mark smiled for the first time in hours.

The bailiff had caught on and was rapidly approaching the witness stand as Hardy jerked at his belt and removed the holster. The bailiff carried it away as if it were a murder weapon.

«Have you ever testified in court? » Harry asked.

Hardy smiled like a child and said, «Yes sir, many times. »

«You have? »

«Yes sir. Many times. »

«And how many times have you testified while wearing your gun? »

«Sorry, Your Honor. »

Harry relaxed, looked at Fink, and waved at Hardy as if it was now permissible to get on with it. Fink had spent many hours in courtrooms during the past twenty years, and took great pride in his trial skills. His record was impressive. He was glib and smooth, quick on his feet.

But he was slow on his ass, and this sitting while interrogating a witness was such a radical way of finding truth. He almost stood again, caught himself again, and grabbed his legal pad. His frustration was apparent.

«Would you state your name for the record? » he asked in a short, rapid burst.

«Sergeant Milo Hardy, Memphis Police Department. »

«And what is your address? »

Harry held up a hand to cut off Hardy. «Mr. Fink, why do you need to know where this man lives?»

Fink stared in disbelief. «I guess, Your Honor, it's just a routine question.»

«Do you know how much I hate routine questions, Mr. Fink?»

«I'm beginning to understand. »

«Routine questions lead us nowhere, Mr. Fink. Routine questions waste hours and hours of valuable time. I do not want to hear another routine question. Please. »

«Yes, Your Honor. I'll try. »

«I know it's hard.»

Fink looked at Hardy and tried desperately to think of a brilliantly original question. «Last Monday, Sergeant, were you dispatched to the scene of a shooting? »

Harry held up his hand again, and Fink slumped in his seat. «Mr. Fink, I don't know how you folks do things in New Orleans, but here in Memphis we make our witnesses swear to tell the truth before they start testifying. It's called, 'Placing them under oath'. Does that sound familiar? »

Fink rubbed his temples and said, «Yes sir. Could the witness please be sworn?»

The elderly woman at the desk suddenly came to life. She sprang to her feet and yelled at Hardy, who was less than fifteen feet away. «Raise your right hand! »

Hardy did this, and was sworn to tell the truth. She returned to her seat, and to her nap.

«Now, Mr. Fink, you may proceed, » Harry said with a nasty little smile, very pleased that he'd caught Fink with his pants down. He relaxed in his massive seat, and listened intently to the rapid question and answer routine that followed.

WORD AND WORD COMBINATIONS

dismiss *v* – отклонять, прекращать

place sb under oath – привести к присяге

impend *v* – угрожать; The child is impending an investigation – ребенку грозит разбирательство

contempt *n* – неуважение к суду, оскорбление

hold in contempt – презирать

retribution *n* – возмездие

lawsuit *n* – иск

be in one's jurisdiction – быть в чьей-л. компетенции

indictment *n* – обвинение

have nothing to do with – не иметь ничего общего, не иметь никакого отношения с

motion – ходатайство

confident *adj* – секретный

testify *v* – давать показания в суде

interrogate *v* – допрашивать

dispatch *v* – спешить

swear *v* – клясться

referee *n* – судья

be about – быть занятым чем-либо

barrage *n* – поток резких замечаний, критики

skirmish *n* – схватка, перепалка, стычка

get on with smth – делать успехи, быть в хороших отношениях с кем-л.

EXERCISES

1. Find equivalents in the text for the following word combinations and sentences.

клянусь говорить только правду; привести к присяге; иск был подан с целью разузнать что известно ребенку; зовите своего первого свидетеля и будьте покороче; судебный пристав уносил его как будто это было оружие убийства; ни малейшего намека на достоверность; его послужной список был впечатляющим; если я только почувствую, что была нарушена секретность этого процесса, я постараюсь засадить этого человека в тюрьму; их иск это безнадежная мешанина « а что если» и «может быть...»; поймать кого-либо на глупой оплошности, застать в глупом положении; протокольные вопросы тратят бесценное время; никто никогда не выигрывал; они в отчаянии, ваша честь, и поэтому пытаются сделать невозможное.

2. Study the text carefully and answer these questions.

1. Why did Fink relax?
2. What did the judge mean by "I'm inclined to agree with her"? Explain why he said this.
3. Why was Fink in hesitation answering the judge?
4. What mistakes did Fink make on interrogation?
5. What feeling and thoughts did Mark have during these preliminary skirmishes?
6. What witness was Sergeant Milo Hardy?
7. Who did the judge make leave the courtroom? Why and what did he caution them about?
8. Who did the judge favor? Why?

3. Read through the text again and decide whether the statements are true or false. Prove your point of view setting the text.

1. Mark is being sued for impending an investigation.
2. Ms. Love's stuff is working on the lawsuit against the prosecution.
3. George Org, Mr. Fink's supervisor, is ready to help.
4. Ms. Love objects to the petition because it was falsification.
5. Prosecuting party was happy to leave the courtroom.
6. It was allowed to wear a gun, while testifying, for people on duty.
7. The judge was for strict observation of trial procedure.

4.

- a) Give a summary of part 2.
- b) Retell Part 2 as if you were Mr. Fink, the judge.

Part 3

Hardy spoke in a chatty voice, eager to help, full of little details. He described the scene of the suicide, the position of the body, the condition of the car. There were photographs, if His Honor would like to see them. His Honor declined. They were completely irrelevant. Hardy produced a typed transcript of the 911 call made by Mark, and offered to play the recording if His Honor would like to hear it. No, His Honor said.

Then Hardy explained with great joy the capture of young Mark in the woods near the scene, and of their ensuing conversations in his car, at the Sway trailer, en route to the hospital, and over dinner in the cafeteria. He described his gut feelings that young Mark was not telling the complete truth. The kid's story was flimsy, and through skillful interrogation with just the

right touch of subtlety, he, Hardy, was able to poke all sorts of holes in it.

The lies were pathetic. The kid said he and his brother stumbled upon the car and the dead body; that they did not hear any gunshots; that they were just a couple of kids playing in the woods, minding their own business, and somehow they found this body. Of course, none of Mark's story was true, and Hardy was quick to catch on.

With great detail, Hardy described the condition of Mark's face, the swollen eye and puffy lip, the blood around the mouth. Kid said he'd been in a fight at school. Another sad little lie.

After thirty minutes, Harry grew restless and Fink took the hint. Reggie had no cross-examination, and when Hardy stepped down and left the room there was no doubt that Mark Sway was a liar who'd tried to deceive the cops. Things would get worse.

When His Honor had asked Reggie if she had any questions for Sergeant Hardy, she simply said, «I've had no time to prepare for this witness. »

McThune was called as the next witness. He gave his oath to tell the truth and sat in the witness chair. Reggie slowly reached into her briefcase and withdrew a cassette tape. She held it casually in her hand, and when McThune glanced at her she tapped it softly on her legal pad. He closed his eyes.

She carefully placed the tape on the pad, and began tracing its edges with her pen.

Fink was quick, to the point, and by now fairly adept at avoiding even vaguely routine questions. It was a new experience for him, this efficient use of words, and the more he did it the more he liked it.

McThune was as dry as cornmeal. He explained the fingerprints they found all over the car, and on the gun and the bottle, and on the rear bumper. He speculated about the kinds and the garden hose, and showed Harry the Virginia Slims cigarette butts found under the tree. He also showed Harry the suicide note left behind by Clifford, and again gave his thoughts about the additional words added by a different pen. He showed Harry the Bic pen found in the car, and said there was no doubt Mr. Clifford had used this pen to scrawl these words. He talked about the speck of blood found on Clifford's hand. It wasn't Clifford's blood, but was of the same type as Mark Sway's, who just happened to have a busted lip and a couple of wounds from the affair.

«You think Mr. Clifford struck the child at some point during all this?» Harry asked.

I think so, Your Honor.»

McThune's thoughts and opinions and speculations were objectionable, but Reggie kept quiet. She'd been through many of these hearings with Harry, and she knew he would hear it all decide what to believe. Objecting would do no good.

Harry asked how the FBI obtained a fingerprint from the child to match those found in the car. McThune took a deep breath, and told about the Sprite can at the hospital, but was quick to point out that they were not investigating the child as a suspect when this happened, just as a witness, and so therefore they felt it was okay to lift the print. Harry didn't like this at all, but said nothing. McThune emphasized that if the child had been an actual suspect, they would never have dreamed of stealing a print. Never.

«Of course you wouldn't, » Harry said with enough sarcasm to make McThune blush.

Fink walked him through the events of Tuesday the day after the suicide, when young Mark hired a lawyer. They tried desperately to talk with him, then to his lawyer, and things just deteriorated.

McThune behaved himself and stuck to the facts. He left the room in a quick dash for the door, and he left behind the undeniable fact that young Mark was quite a liar.

From time to time, Harry watched Mark during the testimony of Hardy and McThune. The kid was impassive, hard to read preoccupied with an invisible spot somewhere on the floor. He sat low in his seat and ignored Reggie for the most part. His eyes were wet, but he was not crying. He looked tired and sad, and occasionally glanced at the witness when his lies were emphasized, Harry had watched Reggie many times under these circumstances, and she usually sat very close to her young clients and whispered to them as the hearings progressed. She would pat them, squeeze their arms, give reassurances, lecture them if necessary. Normally, she was in constant motion, protecting her clients from the harsh reality of a legal system run by adults. But not today. She glanced at her client occasionally as if waiting for a signal, but he ignored her.

«Call your next witness, » Harry said to Fink, who was resting on his elbows, trying not to stand. He looked at Ord for help, then at His Honor.

«Well, Your Honor, this may sound a bit strange, but I'd like to testify next.»

Harry ripped off his reading glasses and glared at Fink. «You're confused, Mr. Fink. You're the lawyer, not a witness.»

«I know that, sir, but I'm also the petitioner, and, I know this may be a bit out of order, but I think my testimony could be important.»

«Thomas Fink, petitioner, lawyer, witness. You wanna play bailiff, Mr. Fink? Maybe take down a bit of stenography? Perhaps wear my robe for a while? This is not a courtroom, Mr. Fink, it's a theater. Why don't you just choose any role you like?»

Fink stared blankly at the bench without making eye contact with His Honor. «I can explain, sir», he said meekly.

«You don't have to explain, Mr. Fink. I'm not blind. You boys have rushed in here half-ass prepared. Mr. Foltrigg should be here, but he's not, and now you need him. You figured you could throw together a petition, bring in some FBI brass, hook in Mr. Ord here, and I'd be so impressed I'd just roll over and do anything you asked. Can I tell you something, Mr. Fink?»

Fink nodded.

«I'm not impressed. I've seen better work at high school mock trial competitions. Half the first-year law students at Memphis State could kick your butt, and the other half could kick Mr. Foltrigg's. »

Fink was not agreeing, but he kept nodding for some reason. Ord slid his chair a few inches away from Fink's.

«What about it, Ms. Love? » Harry asked.

«Your Honor, our rules of procedure and ethics are quite clear. An attorney trying a case cannot participate in the same trial as a witness. It's simple.» She sounded bored and frustrated, as if everyone should know this. «Mr. Fink?»

Fink was regaining himself. «Your Honor, I would like to tell the court, under oath, certain facts regarding Mr. Clifford's actions prior to the suicide. I apologize for this request, but under the circumstances it can not be helped. »

There was a knock on the door, and the bailiff opened it slightly. Marcia entered carrying a plate covered with a thick roast beef sandwich and a tall plastic glass of ice tea. She sat it before His Honor, who thanked her, and she was gone.

It was almost one o'clock, and suddenly everyone was starving. The roast beef and horseradish and pickles, and the side order of onion rings, emitted an appetizing aroma that wafted around the room. All eyes were on the kaiser roll, and as Harry picked it up to take a huge bite, he saw young Mark Sway watching his every move. He stopped the sandwich in mid-air, and noticed that Fink and Ord, and Reggie, and even the bailiff were staring in helpless anticipation.

Harry placed the sandwich onto the place, and slid it to one side. «Mr. Fink, » he said, jabbing a finger in Fink's direction, «stay where you are. Do you swear to tell the truth?»

«I do.»

«You'd better. You're now under oath. You have five minutes to tell me what's bugging you.»

«Yes, thank you, Your Honor.»

«You're so welcome.»

«You see, Jerome Clifford and I were in law school together, and we knew each other for many years. We had many cases together, always on opposite sides, of course.»

«Of course.»

«After Barry Muldanno was indicted, the pressure began to mount and Jerome began acting strange. Looking back, I think he was slowly cracking up, but at the time I didn't think much about it. I mean, you see, Jerome was always a strange one. » «I see.»

«I was working on the case every day, many hours a day, and I talked to Jerome Clifford several times a week. We had preliminary motions and such, so I saw him in court occasionally. He looked awful. He gained a lot of weight, and was drinking too much. He was always late for meetings. Rarely bathed. Often, he failed to return phone calls, which was unusual for Jerome. About a week before he died he called me at home one night, really drunk, and rambled on for almost an hour. He was crazy. Then, he called me at the office first thing the next morning and apologized but he wouldn't get off the phone. He kept fishing around as if he was afraid he'd said too much the night before. At least twice he mentioned the Boyette body, and I became convinced Jerome knew where it was. » Fink paused to allow this to sink in, but Harry was waiting impatiently.

«Well, he called me several times after that, kept talking about the body. I led him on. I implied that he'd said too much when he was drunk. I told him that we were considering an indictment against him for obstruction of justice.»

«Seems to be one of your favorites,» Harry said dryly.

«Anyway, Jerome was drinking heavily and acting bizarre. I confessed to him that the FBI was trailing him around the clock, which was not altogether true, but he seemed to believe it. He grew very paranoid, and called me several times a day. He'd get drunk and call me late at night. He wanted to talk about the body, but was afraid to tell everything. During our last phone conversation, I suggested that maybe we could cut a deal. If he'd tell us where the body was, then we'd help him bail out with no record, no conviction, nothing. He was terrified of his client, and he never once denied knowing where the body was. »

«Your Honor,» Reggie interrupted, «this, of course, is pure hearsay and quite self-serving. There's no way to verify any of this. »

«You don't believe me?» Fink snapped at her.

«No, I don't. »

«I'm not sure I do either, Mr. Fink, » Harry said. «Nor am I sure why any of this has any relevance to this hearing. »

«My point, Your Honor, is that Jerome Clifford knew about the body and he was talking about it. Plus, he was cracking up. »

«I'll say he cracked up, Mr. Fink. He put a gun in his mouth. Sounds crazy to me. »

Fink sort of hung in the air with his mouth open, uncertain if he should say anything else.

«Any more witnesses, Mr. Fink?» Harry asked.

«No sir. We do, however, Your Honor, feel that, due to the unusual circumstances of this case, the child should take the stand and testify.

WORDS AND WORD COMBINATIONS

scene of suicide – место самоубийства

capture *n* – захват, поимка

poke *v* – пихать, совать, протыкать, шуровать

mind one's own business – заниматься своим делом

deceive *v* – обмануть

legal pad – блокнот

avoid *v* – избегать

speck of blood – пятно крови

stick *v* (to) – придерживаться

obstruct the justice – препятствовать правосудию

bizarre *adj* – странный

confess *v* – признаться

cut a deal – расторгнуть сделку

bail out – брать на поруки

hearsay *n* – слух, молва

verify *v* – удостовериться, засвидетельствовать

have relevance to – иметь отношение к

crack up – расколоться (рассказать все)

bug *v* – подслушивать, вести тайное наблюдение.

anticipation – ожидание

be incarcerated – быть заключенным в тюрьме

EXERCISES

1. Find equivalents in the text for the following word combinations and sentences.

недалеко от места преступления (происшествия); он быстро уточнил, что они не рассматривают ребенка в качестве подозреваемого, только как свидетеля; а будет еще хуже; и только благодаря умелому ведению допроса ему удалось заполнить все дыры в истории ребенка; время от времени посматривал на свидетеля, когда его ложь была очевидна; чем больше он это делал, тем больше это ему нравилось; юрист, веду-

щий дело не может участвовать в том же судебном процессе как свидетель; защищать клиентов от суровой действительности судебной системы, руководимой взрослыми; возражения ни к чему не приведут; я признался ему, что за ним следят ежеминутно, что не было правдой; ввиду необычных обстоятельств в деле ребенок должен быть вызван для свидетельских показаний.

2. Study the text carefully and answer the questions.

1. What general impression did everybody get out of Hardy's testimony?
2. What happened at the scene of the suicide?
3. What was Mark's participation in this story?
4. Who was the second to give evidence?
5. What new did Mc.Thune add to Hardy's words?
6. Why didn't Ms. Love cross-examine witnesses?
7. How did Mark behave?
8. Was Fink allowed to testify? Why? What was the point of a little argument between the judge and Fink?
9. Was Fink's testimony so valuable for the court? What did he add to the witnesses' information?
10. What do you think the judge's reaction on the statement will be?

3.

- a) Give a summary of extract 3
- b) Talk of your impressions of the testimony as if you were: Ms. Love, Mr. Fink, one of the witnesses.

4. Make up conversations:

- a) between Mr. Fink and Mr. Ord
- b) between Ms. Love and her client.

Part 4

Harry ripped off the reading glasses again, and leaned toward Fink. If he could have reached him, he might have gone for his neck.

«You what! »

«We, uh, feel that —»

«Mr. Fink, have you studied the juvenile laws for this jurisdiction? »

«I have.»

«Great. Will you please tell us, sir, under which code section the petitioner has the right to force the child to testify? »

«I was merely stating our request. »

«That's great. Under which code section is the petitioner allowed to make such a request? »

Fink dropped his head a few inches and found something on his legal pad to examine.

«This is not a kangaroo court, Mr. Fink. We do not create new rules as we go. The child cannot be forced to testify, same as any other criminal or Juvenile Court proceeding. Surely you understand this. »

Fink studied the legal pad with great intensity.

«Ten-minute recess! » His Honor barked. «Everyone out of the courtroom, except Ms. Love. Bailiff, take Mark to a witness room. » Harry was standing as he growled these instructions.

Fink, afraid to stand but nonetheless trying, hesitated for a split second too long, and this upset the judge. «Out of here, Mr. Fink, » he said rudely, pointing to the door.

Fink and Ord stumbled over each other as they clawed for the door. The court reporter and clerk followed them. The bailiff escorted Mark away, and when he closed the door Harry unzipped his robe and threw it on a table. He took his lunch and sat it on the table before Reggie.

«Shall we dine? » he said, tearing the sandwich in two and placing half of it on a napkin for her. He slid the onion rings next to her legal pad. She took one and nibbled around the edges.

«Are you going to allow the kid to testify? » he asked with a mouth full of roast beef.

«I don't know, Harry. What do you think? »

«I think Fink's a dumbass, that's what I think. »

Reggie took a small bite of the sandwich and wiped her mouth.

«If you put him on, » Harry said, crunching, «Fink'll ask him some very pointed questions about what happened in the car with Clifford. »

«I know. That's what worries me. »

«How will the kid answer the questions? »

«I honestly don't know. I've advised him fully. We've talked about it at length. And I have no idea what he'll do. »

Harry took a deep breath, and realized the ice tea was still on the bench. He took two paper cups from Fink's table, and poured them full of tea.

«It's obvious, Reggie, that he knows something. Why did he tell so many lies »

«He's a kid, Harry. He was scared to death. He heard more than he should have. He saw Clifford blow his brains out. It scared him to death. Look at his poor little brother. It was a terrible thing to witness, and I think Mark initially thought he might get in trouble. So he lied. »

«I don't really blame him, » Harry said, taking an onion ring. Reggie bit into a pickle.

«What are you thinking? » she asked.

He wiped his mouth, and thought about this for a long time. This child was now his, one of Harry's Kids, and each decision from now on would be based on what was best for Mark Sway.

«If I can assume the child knows something very relevant to the investigation in New Orleans? » then several things might happen. First, if you put him on the stand and he gives the information Fink wants, then this matter is closed as far as my jurisdiction is concerned. The kid walks out of here, but he's in great danger. Second, if you put him on the stand, and he refuses to answer Fink's questions, then I will be forced to make him answer. If he refuses, he'll be in contempt. He cannot remain silent if he has crucial information. Either way, if this hearing is concluded here today without satisfactory answers by the child, I strongly suspect Mr. Foltrigg will move quickly. He'll get a grand jury subpoena for Mark, and away you go to New Orleans. If he refuses to talk to the grand jury, he'll certainly be held in contempt by the federal judge, and I suspect he'll be incarcerated. »

Reggie nodded. She was in complete agreement. «So what do we do, Harry? »

«If the kid goes to New Orleans, I lose control of him. I'd rather keep him here. If I were you, I'd put him on the stand and advise him not to answer the crucial questions. At least not for now. He can always do it later. He can do it tomorrow, or the next day. I'd advise him to withstand the pressure from the judge, and keep his mouth shut, at least for now. He'll go back to our Juvenile Detention Center, which is probably much safer than anything in New Orleans. By doing this, you protect the child from the New Orleans thugs, who scare even me, until the Feds can arrange something better. And you buy yourself some time to see what Mr. Foltrigg will do in New Orleans. » «You think he's in great danger? »

Yes, and even if I didn't, I wouldn't take chances. If he spills his guts now, he could get hurt. I'm not inclined to release him today, under any circumstances. »

«What if Mark refuses to talk and Foltrigg presents him with a grand jury subpoena? »

«I won't allow him to go. »

Reggie's appetite was gone. She sipped her tea from the paper cup and closed her eyes. «This is so unfair to this boy, Harry. He deserves more from the system. »

«I agree. I'm open to suggestions. »

«What if I don't put him on the stand? »

«I'm not going to release him, Reggie. At least not today. Maybe tomorrow. Maybe the next day. This is happening awfully fast, and I suggest we

take the safest route and see what happens in New Orleans. »

«You didn't answer my question. What if I don't put him on the stand?»

«Well, based on the proof I've heard, I'll have no choice but to find him to be a delinquent, and I'll send him back to Doreen. Of course, could reverse myself tomorrow. Or the next day. »

«He's not a delinquent. »

«Maybe not. But if he knows something, and he refuses to tell, then he's obstructing justice. » There was a long pause. «How much does he know, Reggie? If you tell me, I'll be in a better position to help him. »

«I can't tell you, Harry. It's privileged. »

«Of course it is, » he said with a smile. «But it's rather obvious he knows plenty.»

«Yes, I guess it is.»

He leaned forward and touched her arm. «Listen to me, dear. Our little pal is in a world of trouble. So let's get him out of it. I say we take it one day at a time, keep him in a safe place where we call the shots, and in the meantime start talking to the Feds about their witness protection program. If that falls into place for the kid and his family, then he can tell these awful secrets and be protected. »

«I'll talk to him.»

WORDS AND WORD COMBINATIONS

subpoena *n* – вызов в суд

be incarcerated – быть заключенным в тюрьму

crucial *adj* – решающий, роковой; crucial questions – решающие вопросы

withstand *v* – выдержать

pressure *n* – давление

Juvenile detention center – СИЗО для детей

thug *n* – убийца, головорез

brass *n* – высший военный чин, начальство

spill *v* – разболтать

gut – ценное, существенная часть

find a delinquent – признать виновным

pal *n* – парень, товарищ

recess *n* – уединенное место

get in (out of) trouble – попасть в неприятность, (избавиться от неприятности)

blame *v* – обвинять

be in (out of) danger – быть в (вне) опасности

deserve *v* – заслуживать

route *n* – незаконное собрание

reverse *v* – изменить круто, дать задний ход, аннулировать

EXERCISES

1. Study the text carefully and answer the questions.

1. What made the judge angry?
2. Why did not the judge want Mark to be put on the stand?
3. Why did Mark tell many lies?
4. What or who are the Feds?
5. What solution did Ms. Love and Harry find?
6. Did Reggie know what Mark hid? Prove your point of view?

2. Choose what you consider to be the culminating scene of the trial and act it out.

PETER TWO by Irwin Shaw

Part 1

It was Saturday night and people were killing each other by the hour on the small screen. Policemen were shot in the line of duty, gangsters were thrown off roofs, and an elderly lady was slowly poisoned for her pearls, and her murderer brought to justice by a cigarette company after a long series of discussions in the office of a private detective. Brave, unarmed actors leaped at villains holding forty-fives, and ingenues were saved from death by the knife by the quick thinking of various handsome and fearless young men.

Peter sat in the big chair in front of the screen, his feet up over the arm, eating grapes. His mother wasn't at home, so he ate the seeds and all as he stared critically at the violence before him. When his mother was around the fear of appendicitis hung in the air and she watched carefully to see that each seed was neatly extracted and placed in an ashtray. Too, if she were at home, there would be irritated little lectures on the quality of television entertainment for the young and quick-tempered fiddling with the dials to find something that was vaguely defined as educational. Alone, daringly awake at eleven o'clock, Peter ground the seeds between his teeth, enjoying the impolite noise and the solitude and freedom of the empty house. During the television commercials Peter closed his eyes and imagined himself hurling bottles at large unshaven men with pistols and walking slowly up dark stairways toward the door behind which everyone knew the Boss was waiting, the bulge of his shoulder holster unmistakable under the cloth of his flannel jacket.

Peter was thirteen years old. In his class there were three other boys

with the same given name, and the history teacher, who thought he was a funny man, called them Peter One, Peter Two (now eating grapes, seeds and all), Peter Three, and Peter the Great. Peter the Great was, of course, the smallest boy in the class. He weighed only sixty-two pounds, and he wore glasses, and in games he was always the last one to be chosen. The class always laughed when the history teacher called out "Peter the Great" and Peter Two laughed with them, but he didn't think it was so awfully funny.

He had done something pretty good for Peter the Great two weeks ago, and now they were what you might call friends. All the Peters were what you might call friends, on account of that comedian of a history teacher. They weren't real friends, but they had something together, something the other boys didn't have. They didn't like it, but they had it, and it made them responsible for each other. So two weeks ago, when Charley Blaisdell, who weighed a hundred and twenty, took Peter the Great's cap at recess and started horsing around with it, and Peter the Great looked as if he was going to cry, he, Peter Two, grabbed the cap and gave it back and faced Blaisdell. Of course, there was a fight, and Peter thought it was going to be the third defeat of the term, but a wonderful thing happened. In the middle of the fight just when Peter was hoping one of the teachers would show up (they sure showed up plenty of times when you didn't need them), Blaisdell let a hard one go. Peter ducked and Blaisdell hit him on the top of the head and broke his arm. You could tell right off he broke his arm, because he fell to the ground yelling, and his arm just hung like a piece of string. Walters, the gym teacher, finally showed up and carried Blaisdell off, yelling all the time, and Peter the Great came up and said admiringly, "Boy, one thing you sure have to admit, you sure have a hard head."

Blaisdell was out of class two days, and he still had his arm in the sling and every time he was excused from writing on the blackboard because he had a broken arm, Peter had a nice warm feeling all over. Peter the Great hung around him all the time, doing things for him and buying him sodas, because Peter the Great's parents were divorced and gave him all the money he wanted, to make up to him. And that was O.K.

But the best thing was the feeling he'd had since the fight. It was like what the people on the television must feel after they'd gone into a room full of enemies and come out with the girl or with the papers or with the suspect, leaving corpses and desolation behind them.

Blaisdell weighed one hundred and twenty pounds but that hadn't stopped Peter any more than the fact the spies all had two guns apiece ever stopped the F.B.I. men on the screen. They saw what they had to do and they went in and did it, that was all. Peter couldn't phrase it for himself, but for the first time in his life he had a conscious feeling of confidence and pride in himself.

"Let them come," he muttered obscurely, munching grape seeds and watching the television set through narrowed eyes, "just let them come."

He was going to be a dangerous man, he felt, when he grew up, but one to whom the weak and the unjustly hunted could safely turn. He was sure he was going to be six feet tall, because his father was six feet tall, and all his uncles, and that would help. But he would have to develop his arms. They were just too thin. After all, you couldn't depend on people breaking their bones on your head every time. He had been doing pushups each morning and night the past month. He could only do five and a half at a time so far, but he was going to keep at it, until he had arms like steel bars. Arms like that could really mean the difference between life and death later on, when you had to dive under the gun and disarm somebody. You had to have quick reflexes, too, of course, and be able to feint to one side with your eyes before the crucial moment. And, most important of all, no matter what the odds, you had to be fearless. One moment of hesitation and it was a case for the morgue. But now, after the battle of Peter the Great's cap, he didn't worry about that part of it, the fearless part. From now on, it would just be a question of technique.

Comedians began to appear all over the dial, laughing with a lot of teeth, and Peter went into the kitchen and got another bunch of grapes and two tangerines from the refrigerator. He didn't put on the light in the kitchen and it was funny how mysterious a kitchen could be near midnight when nobody else was at home, and there was only the beam of the light from the open refrigerator, casting shadows from the milk bottles onto the linoleum. Until recently he hadn't liked the dark too much and he always turned on lights wherever he went, but you had to practice being fearless, just like anything else.

He ate the two tangerines standing in the dark in the kitchen, just for practice. He ate the seeds, too, to show his mother. Then he went back into the living room, carrying the grapes.

The comedians were still on and still laughing. He fiddled with the dial, but they were wearing funny hats and laughing and telling jokes about the income tax on all the channels. If his mother hadn't made him promise to go to sleep by ten o'clock, he'd have turned off the set and gone to bed. He decided not to waste his time and got down on the floor and began to do pushups, trying to be sure to keep his knees straight. He was up to four and slowing down when he heard the scream. He stopped in the middle of a pushup and waited, just to make sure. The scream came again. It was a woman and it was real loud. He looked up at the television set. There was a man there, talking about floor wax, a man with a mustache and a lot of teeth, and it was a cinch he wasn't doing any screaming.

The next time a scream came there was moaning and talking at the end of it, and the sound of fists beating on the front door. Peter got up and turned off the television, just to be sure the sounds he was hearing weren't somehow being broadcast.

The beating on the door began again and a woman's voice cried "Please, please, please..." and there was no doubt about it any more.

Peter looked around him at the empty room. Three lamps were lit and the room was nice and bright and the light was reflected off the grapes and off the glass of the picture of the boats on Cape Cod that his Aunt Martha painted the year she was up there. The television set stood in the corner, like a big blind eye now that the light was out. The cushions of the soft chair he had been sitting in to watch the programs were pushed in and he knew his mother would come and plump them out before she went to sleep, and the whole room looked like a place in which it was impossible to hear a woman screaming at midnight and beating on the door with her fists and yelling "Please, please, please..."

The woman at the door yelled, "Murder, murder, he's killing me" and for the first time Peter was sorry his parents had gone out that night.

"Open the door," the woman yelled. "Please, please open the door." You could tell she wasn't saying please just to be polite by now.

Peter looked nervously around him. The room, with all its lights, seemed strange, and there were shadows behind everything. Then the woman yelled again, just noise this time. Either a person is fearless, Peter thought coldly, or he isn't fearless. He started walking slowly toward the front door. There was a long mirror in the foyer and he got a good look at himself. His arms looked very thin.

The woman began hammering once more on the front door and Peter looked at it closely. It was a big steel door, but it was shaking minutely, as if somebody with a machine was working on it. For the first time he heard another voice. It was a man's voice, only it didn't sound quite like a man's voice. It sounded like an animal in a cave, growling and deciding to do something unreasonable. In all the scenes of threat and violence on the television set, Peter had never heard anything at all like it. He moved slowly toward the door, feeling the way he had felt when he had the flu, remembering how thin his arms looked in the mirror, regretting that he had decided to be fearless.

"Oh, God!" the woman yelled. "Oh, God, don't do it!"

Then there was some more hammering and the low animal sound of the beast in the cave that you never heard over the air, and he threw the door open.

WORDS AND WORD COMBINATIONS

bring to justice – привлечь к суду
in the line of duty – при исполнении обязанностей на посту
be around – быть дома
bulge *n* – выпуклость
comedian *n* – шутник
recess *n* – перемена
horse *v* – скакать галопом, носиться
face Blaisdell – смотреть в лицо без страха
let a hard one go – как дал ему, как размахнулся
hung around sb – таскаться за кем-нибудь, ходить по пятам
make up to sb – заискивать перед кем-либо, подлизываться
do pushups – отжиматься
keep at – упорно заниматься где-либо
villain *n* – злодей, негодяй
forty-fives – 45 калибр
fiddle *v* – бездельничать, шататься
defeat *v* – побеждать
term *n* – семестр, четверть
duck *v* – нырять, присесть
yell *v* – кричать пронзительно
hesitation *n* – сомнение, колебание
regret *v* – сожалеть

EXERCISES

1. Find in the text English equivalents for the following and use them in sentences of your own:

включить телевизор; смотреть телевизор; передавали довольно хорошую программу; переводить на другую программу (вертеть регулятор); рекламные передачи; была одна и та же передача по всем программам (каналам); выключить телевизор; оставить свет; вопить; сломать руку; рука на перевязи; освободить от чего-либо; не сгибать колени; быть бесстрашным; просто ради практики; вопрос техники; револьвер; пуля; целиться (в); угрожать; застрелить.

2. Answer the following questions using words and expressions from the text.

1. What was happening on the screen Peter was watching?
2. How did Peter behave in his mother's absence? Why did he behave the

way he did?

3. Why had Peter the Great become Peter's friend?
4. What sort of man was Peter going to be when he grew up? How did he practise being fearless?
5. What sounds did Peter hear in the middle of a pushup? What two voices could he clearly distinguish?

3. Retell the following episodes from the story using the given words and expressions.

- a) **Describe television programs:** to kill each other; to be shot; thrown off the roof; slowly poisoned; to be brought to justice; private detective; death by the knife; spy; two guns apiece; the FBI men; to leave corpses behind; television commercials; educational programs; comedians; all over the dial; to fiddle with the dial; on all the channels; to turn on (off) the set; to broadcast; there was a program on; scenes of threat and violence on the television set
- b) **Describe the episode that gave Peter a conscious feeling of confidence and pride in himself:** to weigh ... pounds; to wear glasses; to be the last one to be chosen; to call out; so awfully funny; to do something pretty good for; on account of; responsible for each other; at recess; as if he was going to; to grab the cap; defeat; to show up; to duck; to hit on the top of the head; to fall to the ground yelling; to carry off; admiringly; you have to admit; in the sling; to be excused from; to hang around; divorced; to make up to; a feeling of confidence; was going to be a dangerous man; six feet tall; to develop his arms; to do pushups; to keep at it; to dive under the gun; to have quick reflexes; from now on; to practise being fearless; in the dark; just for practice.

4. Topics for discussion.

1. Discuss the television programmes Peter used to watch and their effect on his mind.
2. Use the story as an illustration to the fact that grownups – parents and teachers – sometimes fail to understand the psychology of the children they have got to bring up.
3. Speak on the peculiarities of a teenager.
4. Discuss the advantages and disadvantages of the television.
5. Tell a story in which a boy in his teens plays a considerable part.
6. Speak about a film the hero of which is a boy.

Part 2

Mrs. Chalmers was there in the vestibule, on her knees, facing him, and behind her Mr. Chalmers was standing, leaning against the wall, with the door to his own apartment open behind him. Mr. Chalmers was making that funny sound and he had a gun in his hand and he was pointing it at Mrs. Chalmers.

The vestibule was small and it had what Peter's mother called Early American wall-paper and a brass lamp. There were only the two doors opening on the vestibule, and the Chalmers had a mat in front of theirs with "*Welcome*" written on it. The Chalmers were in their midthirties and Peter's mother always said about them, "One thing about our neighbours, they are quiet." She also said that Mrs. Chalmers put a lot of money on her back.

Mrs. Chalmers was kind of fat, and her hair was a pretty blond and her complexion was soft and pink and she always looked as though she had been in the beauty parlor all afternoon. She always said, "My, you're getting to be a big boy" to Peter when she met him in the elevator, in a soft voice, as though she was just about to laugh. She must have said that fifty times by now. She had a good, strong smell of perfume on her all the time, too.

Mr. Chalmers wore pince-nez glasses most of the time and he was getting bald and he worked late at his office a good many evenings of the week. When he met Peter in the elevator he would say, "It's getting colder," or "It's getting warmer," and that was all, so Peter had no opinion about him, except that he looked like the principal of a school.

But now Mrs. Chalmers was on her knees in the vestibule and her dress was torn and she was crying and there were black streaks on her cheeks and she didn't look as though she'd just come from the beauty parlor. And Mr. Chalmers wasn't wearing a jacket and he didn't have his glasses on and what hair he had was mussed all over his head and he was leaning against the Early American wallpaper making this animal noise, and he had a big, heavy pistol in his hand and he was pointing it right at Mrs. Chalmers.

"Let me in," Mrs. Chalmers yelled, still on her knees. "You've got to let me in! He's going to kill me! Please."

"Mrs. Chalmers..." Peter began. His voice sounded as though he were trying to talk under water, and it was very hard to say the "s" at the end of her name. He put out his hands uncertainly in front of him, as though he expected somebody to throw him something.

"Get inside, you!" Mr. Chalmers said.

Peter looked at Mr. Chalmers. He was only five feet away and without his glasses he was squinting. Peter feinted with his eyes, or at least later in his life he thought he had feinted with his eyes. Mr. Chalmers didn't do anything. He just stood there, with his pistol pointed, somehow, it seemed to Peter, at

both Mrs. Chalmers and himself at the same time. Five feet was a long distance, a long, long distance.

"Good night," Peter said, and closed the door.

There was a single sob on the other side of the door and that was all.

Peter went in and put the uneaten grapes back in the refrigerator, turning on the light as he went into the kitchen and leaving it on when he went out. Then he went back to the living room and got the stems from the first bunch of grapes and threw them into the fireplace, because otherwise his mother would notice and look for the seeds and not see them and give him four table-spoons of milk of magnesia the next day.

Then, leaving the lights on in the living room, although he knew what his mother would say about that when she got home, he went into his room and quickly got into bed. He waited for the sounds of shots. There were two or three noises that might have been shots, but in the city it was hard to tell.

He was still awake when his parents came home. He heard his mother's voice, and he knew from the sound she was complaining about the lights in the living room and kitchen, but he pretended to be sleeping when she came into his room to look at him. He didn't want to start in with his mother about the Chalmers, because then she'd ask when it had happened and she would want to know what he was doing up at twelve o'clock.

He kept listening for shots for a long time, and he got hot and damp under the covers and then freezing cold. He heard several sharp, ambiguous noises in the quiet night, but nothing that you could be sure about; and after a while he fell asleep.

In the morning, Peter got out of bed early, dressed quickly, and went silently out of the apartment without waking his parents. The vestibule looked just the way it always did, with the brass lamp and the flowered wall-paper and the Chalmers doormat with "*Welcome*" on it. There were no bodies and no blood. Sometimes when Mrs. Chalmers had been standing there waiting for the elevator, you could smell her perfume for a long time after. But now there was no smell of perfume, just the dusty apartment house usual smell. Peter stared at the Chalmers' door nervously while waiting for the elevator to come up, but it didn't open and no sound came from within. Sam, the man who ran the elevator and who didn't like him, anyway, only grunted when Peter got into the elevator, and Peter decided not to ask him any questions. He went out into the chilly, bright Sunday-morning street, half expecting to see the morgue wagon in front of the door, or at least two or three prowling cars. But there was only a sleepy woman in slacks airing a boxer and a man with his collar turned up hurrying up from the corner with the newspapers under his arm.

Peter went across the street and looked up to the sixth floor, at the windows of the Chalmers' apartment. The Venetian blinds were pulled shut in

every room and all the windows were closed.

A policeman walked down the other side of the street, heavy, blue and purposeful, and for a moment Peter felt close to arrest. But the policeman continued on toward the avenue and turned the corner and disappeared and Peter said to himself: 'They never know anything'.

He walked up and down the street, first on one side, then on the waiting, although it was hard to know what he was waiting for. He saw a hand come out through the blinds in his parents' room and slam the window shut, and he knew he ought to get upstairs quickly with a good excuse for being out, but he couldn't face them this morning, and he would invent an excuse later. Maybe he would even say he had gone to the museum, although he doubted that his mother would swallow that. Some excuse. Later.

Then, after he had been patrolling the street for almost two hours, and just as he was coming up to the entrance of his building, the door opened and Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers came out. He had on his pince-nez and a dark-gray hat, and Mrs. Chalmers had on her fur coat and a red hat with feathers on it. Mr. Chalmers was holding the door open politely for his wife, and she looked, as she came out the door, as though she looked, as she came out the door, as though she had just come from the beauty parlor.

It was too late to turn back or avoid them, and Peter just stood still, five feet from the entrance.

"Good morning," Mr. Chalmers said as he took his wife's arm and they started walking past Peter.

"Good morning, Peter," said Mrs. Chalmers in her soft voice, smiling at him. "Isn't a nice day today?"

"Good morning," Peter said and he was surprised that it came out and sounded good morning.

The Chalmers walked down the street toward Madison Avenue, two married people, arm in arm, going to church or to hotel for Sunday breakfast. Peter watched them, ashamed. He was ashamed of Mrs. Chalmers for looking the way she did the night before, down on her knees, and yelling like that and being so afraid. He was ashamed of Mrs. Chalmers for looking the way she did the night before, down on her knees, and yelling like that and being so afraid. He was ashamed of Mrs. Chalmers for making the noise that was not like the noise of a human being, and for threatening to shoot Mrs. Chalmers and not doing it. And he was ashamed for himself because he had been fearless when he opened the door, but had not been fearless when he opened the door, with Mr. Chalmers five feet away with the gun. He was ashamed of himself for not taking Mrs. Chalmers into his apartment, ashamed because he was not lying now with a bullet in his heart. But most of all he was ashamed because they all had said good morning to each other and the Chalmers were

walking quietly together, arm in arm, in the windy sunlight, toward Madison Avenue.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when Peter got back to the apartment, but his parents had gone back to sleep. There was a pretty good program on at 11, about counterspies in Asia, and he turned it on automatically, while eating an orange. It was pretty exciting, but then there was a part in which an Oriental held a ticking bomb in his hand in a roomful of Americans, and Peter could tell what was coming. The hero, who was fearless and who came from California, was beginning to feint with his eyes, and Peter reached over and turned the set off. It closed down with a shivering, collapsing pattern. Blinking a little, Peter watched the blind screen for a moment.

Ah, he thought in sudden, permanent disbelief, after the night in which he had faced the incomprehensible, shameless, weaponed grown-up world and had failed to disarm it, ah, they can have that, that's for kids.

WORDS AND WORD COMBINATIONS

lean against *v* – облокотиться

point *v* – направлять, указывать

put a lot of money on her back – тратить на одежду

beauty parlor – салон красоты

the principal of the school – директор школы

sob *v* – рыдать

start in *v* – заводить разговор

pretend *v* – претвориться

swallow *v* – поверить; проглотить

avoid *v* – уклониться

threaten *v* – угрожать

air *v* – проветрить, вывести прогулять

EXERCISES

1. Describe the Chalmers before, after and during the night incident using the given words and expressions:

a scream came; the sound of fists beating (hammering) on the front door; to yell; a man's voice; like an animal (beast) in a cave; to growl; unreasonable; on her knees; to lean against; to point a gun (at); kind of fat; a pretty blond; soft and pink complexion; beauty parlor; soft voice; was about to laugh; strong smell of perfume; to wear pince-nez glasses; to be getting bald; would say; torn dress; black streaks; hair mussed all over his head; heavy pis-

tol; to point at; get inside; to have on (a fur coat, a red hat with feathers); to hold open; to start walking past; arm in arm.

2. Describe Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers. Imagine what happened before and after the scene in the vestibule.

3.

- a) Give a summary of the story.**
- b) Retell the text as if you were Peter, one of the Chalmers.**

4. Make up conversations:

- a) between Peter and one of his friends; they discuss that strange night.
- b) between Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers; in the morning after the incident.

ONE DOLLAR'S WORTH by O Henry

The judge of the United States court of the district lying along the Rio Grande border found the following letter one morning in his mail:

JUDGE:

When you sent me up for four years you made a talk. Among other hard things, you called me a rattlesnake. Maybe I am one – anyhow, you hear me rattling now. One year after I got to the pen, my daughter died of — well, they said it was poverty and the disgrace together. You've got a daughter, Judge, and I'm going to make you know how it feels to lose one. And I'm going to bite that district attorney that spoke against me. I'm free now, and I guess I've turned to rattlesnake all right. I feel like one. I don't say much, but this is my rattle. Look out when I strike.

Yours respectfully,
RATTLESNAKE.

Judge Derwent threw the letter carelessly aside. It was nothing new to receive such epistles from desperate men whom he had been called upon to judge. He felt no alarm. Later on he showed the letter to Littlefield, the young district attorney, for Littlefield's name was included in the threat, and the judge was punctilious in matters between himself and his fellow men.

Littlefield honoured the rattle of the writer, as far as it concerned himself, with a smile of contempt; but he frowned a little over the reference to the Judge's daughter, for he and Nancy Derwent were to be married in the fall.

Littlefield went to the clerk of the court and looked over the records with him. They decided that the letter might have been sent by Mexico Sam, a

half-breed border desperado who had been imprisoned for manslaughter four years before. Then official duties crowded the matter from his mind, and the rattle of the revengeful serpent was forgotten.

Court was in session at Brownsville. Most of the cases to be tried were charges of smuggling, counterfeiting, post-office robberies, and violations of Federal laws along the border. One case was that of a young Mexican, Rafael Ortiz, who had been rounded up by a clever deputy marshal in the act of passing a counterfeit silver dollar. He had been suspected of many such deviations from rectitude, but this was the first time that anything provable had been fixed upon him. Ortiz languished cozily in jail, smoking brown cigarettes and waiting for trial. Kilpatrick, the deputy, brought the counterfeit dollar and handed it to the district attorney in his office in the courthouse. The deputy and a reputable druggist were prepared to swear that Ortiz paid for a bottle of medicine with it. The coin was a poor counterfeit, soft, dull-looking, and made principally of lead. It was the day before the morning on which the docket would reach the case of Ortiz, and the district attorney was preparing himself for trial.

"Not much need of having in high-priced experts to prove the coin's queer, is there, Kil?" smiled Littlefield, as he thumped the dollar down upon the table, where it fell with no more ring than would have come from a lump of putty.

"I guess the Greaser's as good as behind the bars," said the deputy, easing up his holsters. "You've got him dead. If it had been just one time, these Mexicans can't tell good money from bad; but this little yaller rascal belongs to a gang of counterfeiters, I know. This is the first time I've been able to catch him doing the trick. He's got a girl down there in them Mexican jacals on the river bank. I seen her one day when I was watching him. She's as pretty as a red heifer in a flower bed."

Littlefield shoved the counterfeit dollar into his pocket, and slipped his memoranda of the case into an envelope. Just then a bright, winsome face, as frank and jolly as a boy's, appeared in the doorway, and in walked Nancy Derwent.

"Oh, Bob, didn't court adjourn at twelve today until tomorrow?" she asked of Littlefield.

"It did," said the district attorney, "and I'm very glad of it. I've got a lot of rulings to look up, and —"

"Now, that's just like you. I wonder you and father don't turn to law books or rulings or something! I want you to take me out plover-shooting this afternoon. Long Prairie is just alive with them. Don't say no, please! I want to try my new twelve-bore hammerless. I've sent to the livery stable to engage Fly and Bess for the buckboard; they stand fire so nicely. I was sure you would go."

They were to be married in the fall. The glamour was at its height. The plovers won the day – or, rather, the afternoon – over the calf-bound authorities. Littlefield began to put his papers away.

There was a knock at the door. Kilpatrick answered it. A beautiful, dark-eyed girl with a skin tinged with the faintest lemon color walked into the room. A black shawl was thrown over her head and wound once around her neck.

She began to talk in Spanish, a voluble, mournful stream of melancholy music. Littlefield did not understand Spanish. The deputy did, and he translated her talk by portions, at intervals holding up his hand to check the flow of her words.

"She came to see you, Mr. Littlefield. Her name's Joya Trevicas. She wants to see you about well, she's mixed up with that Rafael Ortiz. She's his – she's his girl. She says he's innocent. She says she made the money and got him to pass it. Don't you believe her, Mr. Littlefield. That's the way with these Mexican girls; they'll lie, steal, or kill for a fellow when they get stuck on him. Never trust a woman that's in love!"

"Mr. Kilpatrick!"

Nancy Derwent's indignant exclamation caused the deputy to flounder for a moment in attempting to explain that he had misquoted his own sentiments, and then he went on with the translation:

"She says she's willing to take his place in the jail if you'll let him out. She says she was down sick with the fever, and the doctor said she'd die if she didn't have medicine. That's why he passed the lead dollar on the drug store. She says it saved her life. This Rafael seems to be her honey, all right; there's a lot of stuff in her talk about love and such things that you don't want to hear."

It was an old story to the district attorney.

"Tell her," said he, "that I can do nothing. The case comes up in the morning, and he will have to make his fight before the court."

Nancy Derwent was not so hardened. She was looking with sympathetic interest at Joya Trevicas and at Littlefield alternately. The deputy repeated the district attorney's words to the girl. She spoke a sentence or two in a low voice, pulled her shawl closely about her face, and left the room.

"What did she say then?" asked the district attorney.

"Nothing special," said the deputy. "She said: 'If the life of the one' – let's see how it went – 'Si la vida de ella a quien tu amas – if the life of the girl you love is ever in danger, remember Rafael Ortiz.'"

Kilpatrick strolled out through the corridor in the direction of the marshal's office.

"Can't you do anything for them, Bob?" asked Nancy. "It's such a little thing – just one counterfeit dollar – to ruin the happiness of two lives! She was

in danger of death, and he did it to save her. Doesn't the law know the feeling of pity?"

"It hasn't a place in jurisprudence, Nan," said Littlefield, "especially in re the district attorney's duty. I'll promise you that the prosecution will not be vindictive; but the man is as good as convicted when the case is called. Witnesses will swear to his passing the bad dollar which I have in my pocket at this moment as 'Exhibit A.' There are no Mexicans on the jury, and it will vote Mr. Greaser guilty without leaving the box."

The plover-shooting was fine that afternoon, and in the excitement of the sport the case of Rafael and the grief of Joya Trevicas was forgotten. The district attorney and Nancy Derwent drove out from the town three miles along a smooth, grassy road, and then struck across a rolling prairie toward a heavy line of timber on Piedra Creek. Beyond this creek lay Long Prairie, the favorite haunt of the plover. As they were nearing the creek they heard the galloping of a horse to their right, and saw a man with black hair and a swarthy face riding toward the woods at a tangent, as if he had come up behind them.

"I've seen that fellow somewhere," said Littlefield, who had a memory for faces, "but I can't exactly place him. Some ranchman, I suppose, taking a short cut home."

They spent an hour on Long Prairie, shooting from the buckboard. Nancy Derwent, an active, outdoor Western girl, was pleased with her twelve-bore. She had bagged within two brace of her companion's score.

They started homeward at a gentle trot. When within a hundred yards of Piedra Creek a man rode out of the timber directly toward them.

"It looks like the man we saw coming over," remarked Miss Derwent.

As the distance between them lessened, the district attorney suddenly pulled up his team sharply, with his eyes fixed upon the advancing horseman. That individual had drawn a Winchester from its scabbard on his saddle and thrown it over his arm.

"Now I know you, Mexico Sam!" muttered Littlefield to himself. "It was you who shook your rattles in that gentle epistle."

Mexico Sam did not leave things long in doubt. He had a nice eye in all matters relating to firearms, so when he was within good rifle range, but outside of danger from No. 8 shot, he threw up his Winchester and opened fire upon the occupants of the buckboard.

The first shot cracked the back of the seat within the two-inch space between the shoulders of Littlefield and Miss Derwent. The next went through the dashboard and Littlefield's trouser leg.

The district attorney hustled Nancy out of the buckboard to the ground. She was a little pale, but asked no questions. She had the frontier instinct that accepts conditions in an emergency without superfluous argument. They kept

their guns in hand, and Littlefield hastily gathered some handfuls of cartridges from the pasteboard box on the seat and crowded them into his pockets

"Keep behind the horses, Nan," he commanded. "That fellow is a ruffian I sent to prison once. He's trying to get even. He knows our shot won't hurt him at that distance."

"All right, Bob," said Nancy steadily. "I'm not afraid. But you come close, too. Whoa, Bess; stand still, now!"

She stroked Bess's mane. Littlefield stood with his gun ready, praying that the desperado would come within range.

But Mexico Sam was playing his vendetta along safe lines. He was a bird of different feather from the plover. His accurate eye drew an imaginary line of circumference around the area of danger from birdshot, and upon this line he rode. His horse wheeled to the right, and as his victims rounded to the safe side of their equine breastwork he sent a ball through the district attorney's hat. Once he miscalculated in making a *détour*, and overstepped *Ms* margin. Littlefield's gun flashed, and Mexico Sam ducked his head to the harmless patter of the shot. A few of them stung his horse, which pranced promptly back to the safety line.

The desperado fired again. A little cry came from Nancy Derwent. Littlefield whirled, with blazing eyes, and saw the blood trickling down her cheek.

"I'm not hurt, Bob – only a splinter struck me. I think he hit one of the wheel-spokes."

"Lord!" groaned Littlefield. "If I only had a charge of buckshot!"

The ruffian got his horse still, and took careful aim. Fly gave a snort and fell in the harness, struck in the neck. Bess, now disabused of the idea that plover were being fired at, broke her traces and galloped wildly away – Mexican Sam sent a ball neatly through the fullness of Nancy Derwent's shooting jacket.

"Lie down – lie down!" snapped Littlefield. "close to the horse – flat on the ground – so." He almost threw her upon the grass against the back of the recumbent Fly. Oddly enough, at that moment the words of the Mexican girl returned to his mind:

"If the life of the girl you love is ever in danger, remember Rafael Ortiz."

Littlefield uttered an exclamation.

"Open fire on him, Nan, across the horse's back. Fire as fast as you can! You can't hurt him, but keep him dodging shot for one minute while I try to work a little scheme."

Nancy gave a quick glance at Littlefield, and saw him take out his pocket-knife and open it. Then she turned her face to obey orders, keeping up

a rapid fire at the enemy.

Mexico Sam waited patiently until this innocuous fusillade ceased. He had plenty of time, and he did not care to risk the chance of a birdshot in his eye when could be avoided by a little caution. He pulled his heavy Stetson low down over his face until the shots ceased.

Then he drew a little nearer, and fired with careful aim at what he could see of his victims above the fallen horse. Neither of them moved. He urged his horse a few steps nearer. He saw the district attorney rise to one knee and deliberately level his shotgun. He pulled his hat down and awaited the harmless rattle of the tiny pellets.

The shotgun blazed with a heavy report. Mexico Sam sighed, turned limp all over, and slowly fell from his horse – a dead rattlesnake.

At ten o'clock the next morning court opened, and the case of the United States versus Rafael Ortiz was called. The district attorney, with his arm in a sling, rose and addressed the court.

"May it please your honour," he said, "I desire to enter a *nolle prosequi* in this case. Even though the defendant should be guilty, there is not sufficient evidence in the hands of the government to secure a conviction. The piece of counterfeit coin upon the identity of which the case was built is not now available as evidence. I ask, therefore, that the case be stricken off."

At the noon recess Kilpatrick strolled into the district attorney's office.

"I've just been down to take a squint at old Mexico Sam," said the deputy. "They've got him laid out. Old Mexico was a tough outfit, I reckon. The boys was wonderin' down there what you shot him with. Some said it must have been nails. I never see a gun carry anything to make holes like he had."

"I shot him," said the district attorney, "with Exhibit A of your counterfeiting case. Lucky thing for me – and somebody else – that it was as bad money as it was! It sliced up into slugs very nicely. Say, Kil, can't you go down to the jacals and find where that Mexican girl lives? Miss Derwent wants to know."

WORDS AND WORD COMBINATIONS

rattlesnake *n* – гремучая змея

rattle *v* – трещать

pen *n* – помещение для арестованных при полицейском участке

district attorney – окружной прокурор

epistles *n* – послания

alarm *n* – тревога

punctilious *adj* – пунктуальный

contempt *n* – презрение
 frown *v* – хмурить брови, быть недовольным чем-л.
 half-breed - метис
 desperado *n* – головорез
 manslaughter *n* – непредумышленное убийство
 revengeful serpent – мстительная змея
 charges of smuggling – обвинения в контрабанде
 counterfeiting – подделывание
 round up *v* – провести облаву
 deputy marshal *n* – помощник начальника полицейского участка
 deviation from rectitude – отклонение от закона
 languish *v* – томиться, изнывать
 lead *n* – свинец
 docket *n* – реестр судебных дел
 queer – фальшивость
 a lump of putty – кусок оконной замазки
 as good as – фактически, все равно что
 holster *n* – кобура
 tell good money from bad – отличать фальшивые деньги от настоящих
 yaller *n* – сленг. жулик
 rascal *n* – мошенник
 do the trick – обмануть
 jacal – испанск. хижина, лачуга
 heifer *n* – телка (sl)
 chove *v* – разг. совать
 memoranda *n* – записи
 adjourn *v* – объявить перерыв
 take smb plover-shooting – повезти кого-л. пострелять ржанок
 bore *n* – калибр
 hammerless – бескурковый, безударный (оруж.)
 livery stable – платная конюшня
 engage for the buckboard – запрячь экипаж
 calf-bound authorities – авторитетные книги в переплете из телячьей кожи
 skin tinged with the faintest lemon colour – кожа с нежнейшим лимонным оттенком
 voluble, mournful stream – речистый, скорбный поток
 get stuck on smb – влюбиться в кого-л.
 flounder for a moment – немного запутаться
 misquote *v* – неверно процитировать
 alternately *adv* – попеременно
 stroll *v* – прогуливаться

in re – в деле, по делу
 vindictive *adj* – карательный
 timber *n* – пиленный лес
 creek *n* – река
 haunt *n* – убежище
 swarthy *adj* – смуглый
 at a tangent – по касательной
 short cut – краткий путь
 bag *v* – убить дичь
 brace *n* – пара дичи
 trot *n* – рысь
 team *n* – упряжка
 scabbard *n* – ножны
 saddle *n* – седло
 range *n* – досягаемость
 dashboard *n* – крыло экипажа
 hustle out *v* – вытолкнуть
 superfluous *adj* – излишний, ненужный
 hastily *adv* – поспешно
 handful *n* – пригоршня
 cartridge *n* – патрон
 pasteboard box – картонная коробка
 ruffian *n* – бандит
 get even – свести счета
 mane *n* – грива
 vendetta *n* – кровная месть
 circumference *n* – окружность
 equine *adj* – лошадиный
 ball *n* – пуля
 duck one's head – нагнуть голову
 patter *n* – стук, хлопок
 prance *v* – становиться на дыбы
 splinter *n* – осколок
 wheel-spoke *n* – спица колеса
 buckshot *n* – крупная дробь
 dive a snort – фыркнуть
 harness *n* – упряжь
 recumbent *adj* – лежащий
 utter *v* – издать, произнести
 dodge *v* – увертываться, уклоняться
 innocuous *adj* – безобидный

fusillade *n* – стрельба
 cease *v* – прекращать; останавливать; приостанавливать
 pellets *n* – дробинки
 turn limp all over – начать медленно передвигаться
 sling *n* – подвеска для руки
 nolle prosequi – *лат.* прекращение производства дела, отказ истца от предъявленного им иска или части его
 recess *n* – перерыв в заседании
 take a squint – взглянуть
 slug *n* – пуля (неправильной формы)

EXERCISES

1. Find equivalents in the text for these word combinations and sentences:

попасть в полицию; умереть от бедности и бесчестия; окружной прокурор; превратиться в гремучую змею; не чувствовать тревоги; пунктуальный в делах, касающихся его самого и его близких; быть недовольным, что упомянута дочь судьи; собираться пожениться осенью; заключен в тюрьму за убийство; за выполнением должностных обязанностей, дело забылось; мстительная змея; обвинения в контрабанде; его подозревали во многих нарушениях закона; фальшивый доллар; почтенный фармацевт; в реестре судебных дел следующим было дело Ортиза; он, фактически, уже за решеткой; отличить настоящие деньги от фальшивых; банда фальшивомонетчиков; суд объявил перерыв в работе; шаль обвиняла ее шею; поднимая руку, останавливал поток слов; они солгут, украдут или убьют для любимого парня; немного запутался, пытаюсь объяснить, что неверно выразил свое мнение; ему придется отвечать перед судом; находиться в смертельной опасности; среди присяжных нет мексиканцев; ехать домой кратчайшим путем; она убила дичи на две пары больше, чем ее спутник; это ты гремел своими змеиными кольцами в том нежном послании; находиться на расстоянии выстрела; соглашаться со всеми условиями в случаях опасности без лишних споров; доставал пригоршни патронов и набивал ими карманы; однажды он просчитался, делая крюк, и заступил за Госпожу грань; вести стрельбу по врагу; безобидный стук крошечных дробинки; дело, возбужденное Соединенными Штатами против Рафаэля Ортиза; я заявляю об отказе истца от иска.

2. Study the text carefully and answer the questions.

- What did the letter say, that Judge Derwent found in his mail?
- Why did he show the letter to Littlefield?

- What did Littlefield find about the author of the letter?
- What kind of cases did the district attorney deal with?
- Who was the accused at the trial Littlefield was preparing for?
- What made the deputy believe that Ortiz was as good as behind the bars?
- How was Nancy Derwent planning to spend the afternoon with her fiancé?
- Why did Joya Trevas come to see Littlefield?
- Did her explanations affect the district attorney? Why?
- Who did Littlefield and Nancy see while driving towards Long Prairie?
- How lucky plover-shooters were they?
- What happened when they started homeward?
- How close did Mexico Sam approach them?
- How did Littlefield try to hide Nancy from Mexico Sam's shooting?
- What happened to their horses?
- Whose words came to Littlefield's mind?
- How did Littlefield manage to kill Mexico Sam?
- Why was the case of Ortiz stricken off the next morning?
- Why did Nancy want to find Joya Trevas?

3. Retell the story as it would be told by Joya Trevas (Rafael Ortiz, Nancy Derwent).

4. Make up conversations:

- between Rafael Ortiz, the druggist and the deputy, when Ortiz paid for medicine with a counterfeit dollar;
- between Nancy Derwent and Joya Trevas, when they met after Ortiz had been released.

THE COP AND THE ANTHEM by O Henry

On his bench in Madison Square Soapy moved uneasily. When wild geese honk high of nights, and when women without sealskin coats grow kind to their husbands, and when Soapy moves uneasily on his bench in the park, you may know that winter is near at hand.

A dead leaf fell in Soapy's lap. That was Jack Frost's card. Jack is kind to the regular denizens of Madison Square, and gives fair warning of his annual call. At the corners of four streets he hands his pasteboard to the North Wind, footman of the mansion of All Outdoors, so that the inhabitants thereof may make ready.

Soapy's mind became cognisant of the fact that the time had come for

him to resolve himself into a singular Committee of Ways and Means to provide against the coming rigour. And therefore he moved uneasily on his bench.

The hibernatorial ambitions of Soapy were not of the highest. In them there were no considerations of Mediterranean cruises, of soporific Southern skies drifting in the Vesuvian Bay. Three months on the Island was what his soul craved. Three months of assured board and bed and congenial company, safe from Boreas and bluecoats, seemed to Soapy the essence of things desirable.

For years the hospitable Blackwell's had been his winter quarters. Just as his more fortunate fellow New Yorkers had bought their tickets to Palm Beach and the Riviera each winter, so Soapy had made his humble arrangements for his annual hegira to the Island. And now the time was come. On the previous night three Sabbath newspapers, distributed beneath his coat, about his ankles and over his lap, had failed to repulse the cold as he slept on his bench near the spurting fountain in the ancient square. So the Island loomed big and timely in Soapy's mind. He scorned the provisions made in the name of charity for the city's dependents. In Soapy's opinion the Law was more benign than Philanthropy. There was an endless round of institutions, municipal and eleemosynary, on which he might set out and receive lodging and food accordant with the simple life. But to one of Soapy's proud spirit the gifts of charity are encumbered. If not in coin you must pay in humiliation of spirit for every benefit received at the hands of philanthropy. As Caesar had his Brutus, every bed of charity must have its toll of a bath, every loaf of bread its compensation of a private and personal inquisition. Wherefore it is better to be a guest of the law, which though conducted by rules, does not meddle unduly with a gentleman's private affairs.

Soapy, having decided to go to the Island, at once set about accomplishing his desire. There were many easy ways of doing this. The pleasantest was to dine luxuriously at some expensive restaurant; and then, after declaring insolvency, be handed over quietly and without uproar to a policeman. An accommodating magistrate would do the rest.

Soapy left his bench and strolled out of the square and across the level sea of asphalt, where Broadway and Fifth Avenue flow together. Up Broadway he turned, and halted at a glittering cafe, where are gathered together nightly the choicest products of the grape, the silkworm and the protoplasm.

Soapy had confidence in himself from the lowest button of his vest upward. He was shaven, and his coat was decent and his neat black, ready-tied four-in-hand had been presented to him by a lady missionary on Thanksgiving Day. If he could reach a table in the restaurant unsuspected success would be his. The portion of him that would show above the table would raise no doubt

in the waiter's mind. A roasted mallard duck, thought Soapy, would be about the thing – with a bottle of Chablis, and then Camembert, a demitasse and a cigar. One dollar for the cigar would be enough. The total would not be so high as to call forth any supreme manifestation of revenge from the cafe management; and yet the meat would leave him filled and happy for the journey to his winter refuge.

But as Soapy set foot inside the restaurant door the head waiter's eye fell upon his frayed trousers and decadent shoes. Strong and ready hands turned him about and conveyed him in silence and haste to the sidewalk and averted the ignoble fate of the menaced mallard.

Soapy turned off Broadway. It seemed that his route to the coveted island was not to be an epicurean one. Some other way of entering limbo must be thought of.

At a corner of Sixth Avenue electric lights and cunningly displayed wares behind plate-glass made a shop window conspicuous. Soapy took a cobblestone and dashed it through the glass. People came running around the corner, a policeman in the lead. Soapy stood still, with his hands in his pockets, and smiled at the sight of brass buttons.

"Where's the man that done that?" inquired the officer excitedly.

"Don't you figure out that I might have had something to do with it?" said Soapy, not without sarcasm, but friendly, as one greets good fortune.

The policeman's mind refused to accept Soapy even as a clue. Men who smash windows do not remain to parley with the law's minions. They take to their heels. The policeman saw a man half way down the block running to catch a car. With drawn club he joined in the pursuit. Soapy, with disgust in his heart, loafed along, twice unsuccessful.

On the opposite side of the street was a restaurant of no great pretensions. It catered to large appetites and modest purses. Its crockery and atmosphere were thick; its soup and napery thin. Into this place Soapy took his accusive shoes and telltale trousers without challenge. At a table he sat and consumed beefsteak, flapjacks, doughnuts and pie. And then to the waiter he betrayed the fact that the minutest coin and himself were strangers.

"Now, get busy and call a cop," said Soapy. "And don't keep a gentleman waiting."

"No cop for youse," said the waiter, with a voice like butter cakes and an eye like the cherry in a Manhattan cocktail. "Hey, Con!"

Neatly upon his left ear on the callous pavement two waiters pitched Soapy. He arose, joint by joint, as a carpenter's rule opens, and beat the dust from his clothes. Arrest seemed but a rosy dream. The Island seemed very far away. A policeman who stood before a drug store two doors away laughed and walked down the street.

Five blocks Soapy traveled before his courage permitted him to woo capture again. This time the opportunity presented what he fatuously termed to himself a "cinch." A young woman of a modest and pleasing guise was standing before a show window gazing with sprightly interest at its display of shaving mugs and inkstands, and two yards from the window a large policeman of severe demeanour leaned against a water plug.

It was Soapy's design to assume the role of the despicable and execrated "masher." The refined and elegant appearance of his victim and the contiguity of the conscientious cop encouraged him to believe that he would soon feel the pleasant official clutch upon his arm that would insure his winter quarters on the right little, tight little isle.

Soapy straightened the lady missionary's readymade tie, dragged his shrinking cuffs into the open, set his hat at a killing cant and sidled toward the young woman. He made eyes at her, was taken with sudden coughs and "hems," smiled, smirked and went brazenly through the impudent and contemptible litany of the "masher." With half an eye Soapy saw that the policeman was watching him fixedly. The young woman moved away a few steps, and again bestowed her absorbed attention upon the shaving mugs. Soapy followed, boldly stepping to her side, raised his hat and said:

"Ah there, Bedelia! Don't you want to come and play in my yard?"

The policeman was still looking. The persecuted young woman had but to beckon a finger and Soapy would be practically en route for his insular haven. Already he imagined he could feel the cozy warmth of the station-house. The young woman faced him and, stretching out a hand, caught Soapy's coat sleeve.

Sure, Mike," she said joyfully, "if you'll blow me to a pail of suds. I'd have spoke to you sooner, but the cop was watching."

With the young woman playing the clinging ivy to his oak Soapy walked past the policeman overcome with gloom. He seemed doomed to liberty.

At the next corner he shook off his companion and ran. He halted in the district where by night are found the lightest streets, hearts, vows and librettos.

Women in furs and men in greatcoats moved gaily in the wintry air. A sudden fear seized Soapy that some dreadful enchantment had rendered him immune to arrest. The thought brought a little of panic upon it, and when he came upon another policeman lounging grandly in front of a transplendent theatre he caught at the immediate straw of "disorderly conduct."

On the sidewalk Soapy began to yell drunken gibberish at the top of his harsh voice. He danced, howled, raved and otherwise disturbed the welkin.

The policeman twirled his club, turned his back to Soapy and remarked to a citizen.

"This is one of them Yale lads celebratin' the goose egg they give to the Hartford College. Noisy; but no harm. We've instructions to lave them be."

Disconsolate, Soapy ceased his unavailing racket. Would never a policeman lay hands on him? In his fancy the Island seemed an unattainable Arcadia. He buttoned his thin coat against the chilling wind.

In a cigar store he saw a well-dressed man lighting a cigar at a swinging light. His silk umbrella he had set by the door on entering. Soapy stepped inside, secured the umbrella and sauntered off with it slowly. The man at the cigar light followed hastily.

"My umbrella," he said, sternly.

"Oh, is it?" sneered Soapy, adding insult to petit larceny. "Well, why don't you call a policeman? I took it. Your umbrella! Why don't you call a cop? There stands one on the corner."

The umbrella owner slowed his steps. Soapy did likewise, with a presentiment that luck would again run against him. The policeman looked at the two curiously.

"Of course," said the umbrella man – "that is – well, you know how these mistakes occur – I – if it's your umbrella I hope you'll excuse me – I picked it up this morning in a restaurant – If you recognise it as yours, why – I hope you'll –"

"Of course it's mine," said Soapy, viciously.

The ex-umbrella man retreated. The policeman hurried to assist a tall blonde in an opera cloak across the street in front of a street car that was approaching two blocks away.

Soapy walked eastward through a street damaged by improvements. He hurled the umbrella wrathfully into an excavation. He muttered against the men who wear helmets and carry clubs. Because he wanted to fall into their clutches, they seemed to regard him as a king who could do no wrong.

At length Soapy reached one of the avenues to the east where the glitter and turmoil was but faint. He set his face down this toward Madison Square, for the homing instinct survives even when the home is a park bench.

But on an unusually quiet corner Soapy came to a standstill. Here was an old church, quaint and rambling and gabled. Through one violet-stained window a soft light glowed, where, no doubt, the organist loitered over the keys, making sure of his mastery of the coming Sabbath anthem. For there drifted out to Soapy's ears sweet music that caught and held him transfixed against the convolutions of the iron fence.

The moon was above, lustrous and serene; vehicles and pedestrians were few; sparrows twittered sleepily in the eaves – for a little while the scene might have been a country churchyard. And the anthem that the organist played cemented Soapy to the iron fence, for he had known it well in the days when his life contained such things as mothers and roses and ambitions and friends and immaculate thoughts and collars.

The conjunction of Soapy's receptive state of mind and the influences about the old church wrought a sudden and wonderful change in his soul. He viewed with swift horror the pit into which he had tumbled, the degraded days, unworthy desires, dead hopes, wrecked faculties and base motives that made up his existence.

And also in a moment his heart responded thrillingly to this novel mood. An instantaneous and strong impulse moved him to battle with his desperate fate. He would pull himself out of the mire; he would make a man of himself again; he would conquer the evil that had taken possession of him. There was time; he was comparatively young yet; he would resurrect his old eager ambitions and pursue them without faltering. Those solemn but sweet organ notes had set up a revolution in him. Tomorrow he would go into the roaring downtown district and find work. A fur importer had once offered him a place as driver. He would find him tomorrow and ask for the position. He would be somebody in the world. He would –

Soapy felt a hand laid on his arm. He looked quickly around into the broad face of a policeman.

"What are you doin' here?" asked the officer.

"Nothing'," said Soapy.

"Then come along," said the policeman.

"Three months on the Island," said the Magistrate in the Police Court the next morning.

WORDS AND WORD COMBINATIONS

move uneasily – ерзать

sealskin coats – котиковые манто

Jack Frost – Дед Мороз

denizen *n* – обитатель

pasteboard *n* – визитная карточка

cognisant *adj* – осознавший

resolve oneself into smth – превращаться во что-л.

rigour – суровость

hibernator – зимовка

soporific *adj* – усыпляющий, наркотический

drift *v* – нести по ветру

Vesuvian Bay – Неаполитанский залив

crave *v* – требовать, жаждать

board *n* – питание; board and bed – еда и кров

Boreas – *поэт.* Борей, северный ветер

bluecoat *n* – полицейский

humble *adj* – несложный

hegira *n* – паломничество

Sabbath – день отдыха, воскресенье

ankle *n* – лодыжка

spurt *v* – бить струей

loom *v* – неясно вырисовываться

timely – своевременный

scorn *v* – презирать

dependent *n* – иждивенец; city's dependents – городская беднота

benign *adj* – милостивый

eleemosynary – благотворительный

lodging – кров

encumbered – обременительный, тягостный

humiliation *n* – унижение

inquisition *n* – пытка, мучение

meddle unduly – вмешиваться бесцеремонно

insolvency *n* – несостоятельность

uproar *n* – шум, гам

accommodating – сговорчивый

stroll *v* – прогуливаться, пройтись

halt *v* – останавливаться

glitter – мигающий свет; glittering cafe – залитое огнями кафе

vest *n* – жилет

four-in-hand – *амер.* галстук-самовяз, завязывающийся свободным узлом с двумя длинными концами

mallard *n* – дикая утка

demitasse *n* – чайная чашка

call forth *v* – вызывать, требовать

refuge *n* – убежище

frayed *adj* – потертый

decadent *adj* – стоптанные

convey *v* – выставить

haste *n* – спешка, торопливость

avert *v* – отвернуть, отвести

ignoble fate – печальная судьба

menace *v* – угрожать, грозить

covet *v* – жаждать недоступного

limbo *n* – заточение, тюрьма

cunningly *adv* – хитро

wares *n* – товары

conspicuous *adj* – заметный, привлекающий внимание

cobblestone *n* – булыжник
 lead *n* – руководство, первое место; in the lead – впереди всех
 brass *n* – медь
 clue *n* – улика
 parley *v* – вести переговоры
 minion *n* – подчиненный; law's minions – представители закона
 heel *n* – пятка; take to one's heels – пускаться наутек
 club *n* – дубинка
 pursuit *n* – преследование
 cater *v* – организовывать питание
 crockery *n* – фаянсовая посуда
 napery *n* – столовое белье
 flapjacks *n* – оладьи
 doughnuts *n* – пончики
 callous *adj* – бесчувственный
 pitch *v* – уложить
 joint *n* – сустав
 woo capture – попытать счастья
 fatuously *adv* – бессмысленно
 cinch *n* – пустяк
 guise *n* – вид
 sprightly – живой, бодрый
 mugs *n* – кружки
 demeanour *n* – манера поведения
 plug *n* – пробка; water plug – пожарный кран
 despicable *adj* – презренный
 execrated – всеми ненавидимый
 masher *n* – грубо пристающий к женщине мужчина
 contiguity *n* – близость
 conscientious *adj* – добросовестный
 clutch *n* – хватка
 shrinking cuffs – непослушные манжеты
 set one's hat at a killing cant – сдвинуть шляпу набекрень
 sidle *v* – подходить
 hem – произнесение "гм"; покашливание
 brazenly *adv* – бесстыже
 impudent *adj* – наглый
 contemptible *adj* – презренный
 litany *n* – *церк.* литания
 bestow *v* – одаривать
 absorbed – поглощенный

persecuted – преследуемый
 beckon *v* – манить
 en route – на пути
 haven *n* – гавань, убежище; insular haven – тихая гавань
 suds – *амер., сл.* пиво
 cling *v* – цепляться
 ivy *n* – плющ
 doomed – обреченный, осужденный
 halt *v* – останавливаться
 vow *n* – обет; клятва
 enchantment *n* – чары
 transplendent *adj* – *редк.* блистательный; великолепный
 gibberish *n* – тарабарщина
 howl *v* – выть, реветь
 rave *v* – бесноваться, бушевать
 welkin *n* – *редк.* небеса
 goose egg – "ноль" (счёт в спортивной игре)
 lave them be – не трогать их
 disconsolate *adj* – безутешный
 unavailing – бесполезный; напрасный; тщетный; бесплодный
 racket *n* – шум
 swinging light – газовый рожок
 saunter *v* – медленно двинуться
 sternly *adv* – строго
 sneer *v* – посмеиваться
 larceny *n* – кража, похищение имущества
 presentiment *n* – предчувствие
 viciously *adv* – сердито
 retreat *v* – отступить
 opera cloak – манто
 improvements – ремонт
 hurl *v* – швырнуть
 turmoil *n* – шум, суматоха
 faint *adj* – слабый
 quaint *adj* – старомодный, причудливый
 rambling – беспорядочно выстроенный
 gabled – с остроконечной крышей
 glow *v* – ярко гореть
 loiter *v* – задерживаться, запаздывать
 anthem *n* – *церк.* церковный хорал; гимн
 transfix *v* – приковать к месту, парализовать

convolutions – изгибы, завитки
 lustrous *adj* – блестящий
 serene *adj* – ясный, спокойный
 eave *n* – нижний край крыши
 immaculate *adj* – чистый, непорочный
 conjunction *n* – связь, соединение
 wring (wrought) *v* – выжимать
 pit *n* – яма
 tumble *v* – падать, бросаться
 degrade *v* – унижать
 faculties *n* – способности
 instantaneous *n* – мгновенный
 mire *n* – грязь, трясина
 resurrect *v* – воскрешать
 falter *v* – колебаться
 solemn *adj* – торжественный

EXERCISES

1. Find equivalents in the text for these word combinations and sentences:

ерзать; комитет для изыскания средств и путей к защите от надвигающегося холода; верная еда и кров; предел желаний; тягостные дары благотворительности; дары, полученные из рук филантропов; никто не вмешивается в личные дела джентльмена; объявить себя несостоятельным; сговорчивый судья; побудить к особо жестоким актам мщения; быстро повернуть кого-л. и бесшумно выставить на тротуар; искусно разложенные товары; бросить булыжник в стекло; вести переговоры с представителями закона; пускаться наутек; он был рассчитан на большие аппетиты и скромные кошельки; предосудительные сапоги и красноречивые брюки; он и самая мелкая монета не имеют между собой ничего общего; он поднялся, сустав за суставом, как складная плотничья линейка; попытать счастья; сыграть роль презренного и всеми ненавидимого уличного ловеласа; подмигнуть; нахально стать рядом с кем-л.; стоило только поднять пальчик; тихая гавань; быть осужденным наслаждаться свободой; злые чары сделали его неуязвимым для полиции; хулиганство в публичном месте; прибавить оскорбление к мелкой краже; осыпать проклятиями людей в шлемах и с дубинками; загубленные способности и низменные побуждения; выкарабкаться из грязи; воскресить прежние честолюбивые мечты.

2. Study the text carefully and answer the questions.

1. Where did Soapy live?
2. What was situated on the Island that Soapy was dreaming of?
3. What did the Island mean for him?
4. Why did he decide it was the right time to set off to the Island?
5. Why did he consider the gifts of charity to be encumbered?
6. What was the pleasantest way for Soapy to accomplish his desire?
7. How did Soapy look when he went to the restaurant?
8. Why did his attempt to enter the restaurant end in failure?
9. What happened after Soapy dashed a cobblestone through the shop's glass?
10. Why did he enter another restaurant without challenge?
11. Did the waiters call the police after Soapy told he couldn't pay? Why?
12. Where did he try his luck next?
13. What did the woman in the street reply after he spoke to her?
14. Did the policeman arrest him when Soapy began to yell in front of the theatre? Why?
15. Did he succeed in his attempt to steal an umbrella? Why?
16. How did he find himself near an old church?
17. Why did he stop at the church?
18. Why did the anthem cement him to the fence?
19. How did he suddenly see his life standing by the church?
20. What change did the anthem bring to his mind?
21. What interrupted Soapy's intentions to make a man of himself again?

3.

- a) Give a summary of the story.
- b) Express your opinion on how Soapy became an unemployed homeless criminal and why he had no desire "to pull himself out of the mire".

4. Comment on the following:

- a) The gifts of charity are encumbered. If not in coin you must pay in humiliation of spirit for every benefit received at the hands of philanthropy.
- b) The homing instinct survives even when the home is a park bench.

5. Continue the story telling about Soapy's life after he is released from prison.

THE GREAT RUBY ROBBERY: A DETECTIVE STORY

by Grant Allen

Part 1

PERSIS REMANET was an American heiress. As she justly remarked, this was a commonplace profession for a young woman nowadays; for almost everybody of late years has been an American and an heiress. A poor Californian, indeed, would be a charming novelty in London society. But London society, so far, has had to go without one.

Persis Remanet was on her way back from the Wilcoxes' ball. She was stopping, of course, with Sir Everard and Lady Maclure at their house at Hampstead. I say "of course" advisedly; because if you or I go to see New York, we have to put up at our own expense (five dollars a day, without wine or extras) at the Windsor or the Fifth Avenue; but when the pretty American comes to London (and every American girl is ex officio pretty, in Europe at least; I suppose they keep their ugly ones at home for domestic consumption) she is invariably the guest either of a dowager duchess or of a Royal Academician, like Sir Everard, of the first distinction. Yankees visit Europe, in fact, to see, among other things, our art and our old nobility; and by dint of native persistence they get into places that you and I could never succeed in penetrating, unless we devoted all the energies of a long and blameless life to securing an invitation.

Persis hadn't been to the Wilcoxes with Lady Maclure, however. The Maclures were too really great to know such people as the Wilcoxes, who were something tremendous in the City, but didn't buy pictures; and Academicians, you know, don't care to cultivate City people – unless they're customers. ("Patrons," the Academicians more usually call them; but I prefer the simple business word myself, as being a deal less patronizing.) So Persis had accepted an invitation from Mrs. Duncan Harrison, the wife of the well-known member for the Hackness Division of Elmetshire, to take a seat in her carriage to and from the Wilcoxes. Mrs. Harrison knew the habits and manners of American heiresses too well to offer to chaperon Persis; and indeed, Persis, as a free-born American citizen, was quite as well able to take care of herself, the wide world over, as any three ordinary married Englishwomen.

Now, Mrs. Harrison had a brother, an Irish baronet, Sir Justin O'Byrne, late of the Eighth Hussars, who had been with them to the Wilcoxes, and who accompanied them home to Hampstead on the back seat of the carriage. Sir Justin was one of those charming, ineffective, elusive Irishmen whom every-

body likes and everybody disapproves of. He had been everywhere, and done everything – except to earn an honest livelihood. The total absence of rents during the sixties and seventies had never prevented his father, old Sir Terence O'Byrne, who sat so long for Connemara in the unreformed Parliament, from sending his son Justin in state to Eton, and afterwards to a fashionable college at Oxford. "He gave me the education of a gentleman," Sir Justin was wont regretfully to observe "but he omitted to give me also the income to keep it up with."

Nevertheless, society felt O'Byrne was the sort of man who must be kept afloat somehow and it kept him afloat accordingly in those mysterious ways that only society understands, and that you and I, who are not society, could never get to the bottom of if we tried for a century. Sir Justin himself had essayed Parliament, too, where he sat for a while behind the great Parnell without for a moment forfeiting society's regard even in those early days when it was held as a prime article of faith by the world that no gentleman could possibly call himself a Home-Ruler. 'Twas only one of O'Byrne's wild Irish tricks, society said, complacently with that singular indulgence it always extends to its special favourites, and which is, in fact, the correlative of that unsparing cruelty it shows in turn to those who happen to offend against its unwritten precepts. If Sir Justin had blown up a Czar or two in a fit of political exuberance, society would only have regarded the escapade as "one of O'Byrne's eccentricities." He had also held a commission for a while in a cavalry regiment, which he left, it was understood, owing to a difference of opinion about a lady with the colonel; and he was now a gentleman of at-large on London society, supposed by those who know more about everyone than one knows about oneself, to be on the look-out for a nice girl with a little money.

Sir Justin had paid Persis a great deal of attention that particular evening; in point of fact, he had paid her a great deal of attention from the very first whenever he met her; and on the way home from the dance he had kept his eyes fixed on Persis's face to an extent that was almost embarrassing. The pretty Californian leaned back in her place in the carriage and surveyed him languidly. She was looking her level best that night in her pale pink dress, with the famous Remanet rubies in a cascade of red light setting off that snowy neck of hers. 'Twas a neck for a neck for a painter. Sir Justin let his eyes fall regretfully more than once on the glittering rubies. He liked and admired Persis, oh! quite immensely. Your society man who has been through seven or eight London seasons could hardly be expected to go quite so far as falling in love with any woman; his habit is rather to look about him critically among all the nice girls trotted out by their mammas for his lordly inspection, and to reflect with a faint smile that this, that, or the other one might perhaps really suit him – if it were not for – and there comes in the inevitable but of all human commendation. Still, Sir Justin admitted with a sigh to himself that he

liked Persis ever so much; she was so fresh and original! and she talked so cleverly! As for Persis, she would have given her eyes (like every other American girl) to be made "my lady"; and she had seen no man yet, with that auxiliary title in his gift, whom she liked half so well as this delightful wild Irishman.

At the Maclures' door the carriage stopped. Sir Justin jumped out and gave his hand to Persis. You know the house well, of course; Sir Everard Maclure's; it's one of those large new artistic mansions, in red brick and old oak, on the top of the hill; and it stands a little way back from the road, discreetly retired, with a big wooden porch, very convenient for leave-taking. Sir Justin ran up the steps with Persis to ring the bell for her; he had too much of the irrepressible Irish blood in his veins to leave that pleasant task to his sister's footman. But he didn't ring it at once; at the risk of keeping Mrs. Harrison waiting outside for nothing, he stopped and talked a minute or so with the pretty American. "You looked charming tonight, Miss Remanet," he said, as she threw back her light opera wrap for a moment in the porch and displayed a single flash of that snowy neck with the famous rubies; "those stones become you so.

Persis looked at him and smiled. "You think so?" she said, a little tremulous, for even your American heiress, after all, is a woman. "Well, I'm glad you do. But it's good-bye tonight, Sir Justin, for I go next week to Paris."

Even in the gloom of the porch, just lighted by an artistic red and blue lantern in wrought iron, she could see a shade of disappointment pass quickly over his handsome face as he answered, with a little gulp, "No! you don't mean that? Oh, Miss Remanet, I'm so sorry!" Then he paused and drew back: "And yet.... after all," he continued, "perhaps –," and there he checked himself. Persis looked up at him hastily. "Yet, after all, what?" she asked, with evident interest.

The young man drew an almost inaudible sigh. "Yet, after all – nothing," he answered, evasively.

"That might do for an Englishwoman," Persis put in, with American frankness, "but it won't do for me. You must tell me what you mean by it." For she reflected sagely that the happiness of two lives might depend upon those two minutes; and how foolish to throw away the chance of a man you really like (with a my-ladyship to boot), all for the sake of a pure convention!

Sir Justin leaned against the woodwork of that retiring porch. She was a beautiful girl. He had hot Irish blood.... Well, yes; just for once – he would say the plain truth to her.

"Miss Remanet," he began, leaning forward, and bringing his face close to hers, "Miss Remanet – Persis – shall I tell you the reason why? Because I like you so much. I almost think I love you!"

Persis felt the blood quiver in her tingling cheeks. How handsome he was – and a baronet!

"And yet you're not altogether sorry," she said, reproachfully, "that I'm going to Paris!"

"No, not altogether sorry," he answered, sticking to it; "and I'll tell you why, too, Miss Remanet. I like you very much, and I think you like me. For a week or two, I've been saying to myself, 'I really believe I must ask her to marry me.' The temptation's been so strong I could hardly resist it."

"And why do you want to resist it?" Persis asked, all tremulous.

Sir Justin hesitated a second; then with a perfectly natural and instinctive movement (though only a gentleman would have ventured to make it) he lifted his hand and just touched with the tips of his fingers the ruby pendants on her necklet. "This is why," he answered simply, and with manly frankness. "Persis, you're so rich! I never dare ask you."

"Perhaps you don't know what my answer would be," Persis murmured very low, just to preserve her own dignity.

"Oh yes, I think I do," the young man replied, gazing deeply into her dark eyes. "It isn't that; if it were only that, I wouldn't so much mind it. But I think you'd take me." There was moisture in her eye. He went on more boldly: "I know you'd take me, Persis, and that's why I don't ask you. You're a great deal too rich, and these make it impossible."

"Sir Justin," Persis answered, removing his hand gently, but with the moisture growing thicker, for she really liked him, "it's most unkind of you to say so; either you oughtn't to have told me at all, or else – if you did – " She stopped short. Womanly shame overcame her.

The man leaned forward and spoke earnestly. "Oh, don't say that!" he cried, from his heart. "I couldn't bear to offend you. But I couldn't bear, either, to let you go away – well – without having ever told you. In that case you might have thought I didn't care at all for you, and was only flirting with you. But, Persis, I've cared a great deal for you – a great, great deal – and had hard work many times to prevent myself from asking you. And I'll tell you the plain reason why I haven't asked you. I'm a man about town, not much good, I'm afraid, for anybody or anything; and everybody says I'm on the look-out for an heiress which happens not to be true; and if I married you, everybody's say, 'Ah, there! I told you so!' Now, I wouldn't mind that for myself; I'm a man, and I could snap my fingers at them; but I'd mind it for you, Persis, for I'm enough in love with you to be very, very jealous, indeed, for your honour. I couldn't bear to think people should say, 'There's that pretty American girl, Persis Remanet that was, you know; she's thrown herself away upon that good-for-nothing Irishman, Justin O'Byrne, a regular fortune-hunter, who's married her for her money.' So for your sake, Persis, I'd rather not ask you; I'd rather leave you for some better man to marry."

"But I wouldn't," Persis cried aloud. "Oh, Sir Justin, you must believe

me. You must remember –"

At that precise point, Mrs. Harrison put her head out of the carriage window and called out rather loudly – "Why, Justin, what's keeping you? The horses'll catch their deaths of cold; and they were clipped this morning. Come back at once, my dear boy. Besides, you know, *les convenances!*"

"All right, Nora," her brother answered; "I won't be a minute. We can't get them to answer this precious bell. I believe it don't ring! But I'll try again, anyhow." And half forgetting that his own words weren't strictly true, for he hadn't yet tried, he pressed the knob with a vengeance.

"Is that your room with the light burning, Miss Remanet?" he went on, in a fairly loud official voice, as the servant came to answer. "The one with the balcony, I mean? Quite Venetian, isn't it? Reminds one of Romeo and Juliet. But most convenient for a burglar, too! Such nice low rails! Mind you take good care of the Remanet rubies!"

"I don't want to take care of them," Persis answered, wiping her dim eyes hastily with her lace pocket-handkerchief, "if they make you feel as you say, Sir Justin. I don't mind if they go. Let the burglar take them!"

And even as she spoke, the Maclure footman, immutable, sphinx-like, opened the door for her.

WORDS AND WORD COMBINATIONS

heiress *n* – наследница

novelty *n* – новизна

advisedly *adv* – обдуманно, намеренно

put up *v* – устраиваться (в гостинице)

ex officio – по должности

invariably *adv* – неизменно

dowager *n* – вдова (высокопоставленного лица)

distinction *n* – отличие, различие, знатность, известность;

a man of distinction – знаменитый, известный человек

nobility *n* – дворянство

by dint of – посредством, путем

persistence *n* – упорство

blameless *adj* – безупречный

secure *v* – достать, получить

tremendous *adj* – потрясающий, ужасный

cultivate *v* – поддерживать знакомство, ценить

patron *n* – постоянный клиент, покупатель, посетитель

chaperon *v* – сопровождать (молодую девушку)

baronet *n* – баронет (титул)

disapprove *v* – не одобрять, неодобрительно относиться к

wont – *книжн., уст.* имеющий обыкновение

afloat *adv* – на плаву, в (полном) разгаре деятельности;

keep afloat – держаться на поверхности; не тонуть

essay *v* – пытаться, пробовать

forfeit *v* – поплатиться, потерять право (на что-л.)

Home-Ruler *n* – сторонник автономии (в Шотландии, Уэльсе)

complacently *adv* – благодушно

indulgence *n* – снисходительность, поблажка

unsparing – беспощадный

precept *n* – правило, заповедь, предписание

exuberance *n* – изобилие, избыток, богатство

escapade *n* – веселая, смелая проделка

eccentricity *n* – странность

cavalry *n* – кавалерийский полк

colonel *n* – полковник

look-out – бдительность; настороженность; вид; шансы; наблюдательный пост

on the look-out for smb. – в поисках (кого-л.)

embarrassing – смущающий

survey *v* – осматривать, изучать

languidly *adv* – томно, вяло

glittering – блестящий, сверкающий

trot out *v* – выводить напоказ

lordly – высокомерный

faint *adj* – слабый

inevitable *adv* – неизбежный; неминуемый; неизменный

commendation *n* – похвала, рекомендация

retired – уединенный

porch *n* – крыльцо

irrepressible *adj* – неунывающий

tremulous *adj* – трепещущий, взволнованный

gloom *n* – мрак

wrought – кованый; wrought iron – кованое железо

gulp *n* – глоток

hastily *adv* – поспешно

inaudible *adj* – неслышный

evasively *adv* – уклончиво

sagely *adv* – мудро; дальновидно; проницательно

ladyship *n* – звание/титул леди, светлость (титулование леди)

boot *n* – выигрыш; выгода; трофеи; добыча; ценное приобретение;

to boot – в придачу; вдобавок
 convention *n* – обычай, общее согласие, условность
 woodwork *n* – деревянные части (строения)
 quiver *v* – дрожать, трепетать
 tingle *v* – слегка окрашивать
 reproachfully *adv* – укоризненно
 venture *v* – отважиться, решиться
 pendant *n* – подвеска
 manly – мужественный
 dignity *n* – достоинство
 preserve dignity – сохранить достоинство
 moisture *n* – влажность
 earnestly *adv* – пылко, серьезно
 bear *v* – терпеть, выносить
 snap *v* – вцепиться
 clip *v* – стричь (шерсть)
 les convenances – *франц.* приличия, обычаи
 vengeance *n* – месть; мщение; возмездие
 with a vengeance – с лихвой; с удвоенной силой
 rails *n* – перила
 dim – затуманенный (слезами)
 lace *n* – кружево
 immutable *adj* – неизменный

EXERCISES

1. Find equivalents in the text for these word combinations and sentences:

привычная профессия для девушки; устроиться за свой счет; первая знаменитость; посредством природного упорства; достать приглашение; жить честным трудом; отправить сына торжественно в Итон; как он обыкновенно с сожалением замечал; добаться до сути дела; снисходительность, которую общество проявляет к своим особым фаворитам, одновременно обращаясь беспощадно жестоко с теми, кто нарушил его неписанные заповеди; иметь офицерский чин; зайти так далеко, что влюбиться в женщину; с титулом в придачу; крыльцо, удобное для прощальных речей; заставлять ждать напрасно; эти камни так вам идут; вздохнуть чуть слышно; с титулом леди вдобавок; все ради простого приличия; я едва мог устоять против соблазна; рубиновые подвески на ожерелье; сохранить достоинство; заботиться о чести; нажать на кнопку с удвоенной силой; довольно громким официальным голосом.

2. Study the text carefully and answer the following questions.

- Who was Persis stopping with in London?
- Why did guests from America like to visit Europe?
- Where was Persis going from in the carriage with Mrs. Duncan Harrison and her brother Sir Justin O'Byrne?
- Why didn't the Maclures care to cultivate the Wilcoxes?
- Why did Mrs. Duncan Harrison offer to chaperon Persis?
- Why was Sir Justin liked but disapproved by the society?
- Did Sir Justin speak to Persis in the carriage on the way home?
- How did Sir Justin use to look at the nice girls "trotted out by their mammas for his lordly inspection"?
- What did Sir Justin and Persis feel about each other?
- What was the Maclures' house like?
- Why was Sir Justin disappointed when he knew Persis was going to Paris next week?
- Why didn't he dare ask Persis to marry him?
- What interrupted their talk in the porch?
- Why did Sir Justin describe her room with the balcony as most convenient for a burglar?
- Why did Persis say she didn't mind if her rubies were taken by a burglar?

3. Retell the passage as it would be told by

- Persis;
- Sir Justin.

4. Give your impression of the main characters: Persis and Sir Justin.

5. What do you believe will happen next? Prove your choice.

- Sir Justin will come next morning to propose Persis to marry him;
- a burglar will steal the rubies from her room at night;
- Persis will not leave for Paris;
- Persis will leave her rubies for Sir Justin before her trip to Paris;
- give your own version.

Part 2

PERSIS sat long in her own room that night before she began undressing. Her head was full of Sir Justin and these mysterious hints of his. At last,

however, she took her rubies off, and her pretty silk bodice. "I don't care for them at all," she thought, with a gulp, "if they keep from me the love of the man I'd like to marry."

It was late before she fell asleep; and when she did, her rest was troubled. She dreamt a great deal; in her dreams, Sir Justin, and dance music, and the rubies, and burglars were incongruously mingled. To make up for it, she slept late next morning; and Lady Maclure let her sleep on, thinking she was probably wearied out with much dancing the previous evening — as though any amount of excitement could ever weary a pretty American! About ten o'clock she woke with a start. A vague feeling oppressed her that somebody had come in during the night and stolen her rubies. She rose hastily and went to her dressing-table to look for them. The case was there all right; she opened it and looked at it. Oh, prophetic soul! the rubies were gone, and the box was empty!

Now, Persis had honestly said the night before the burglar might take her rubies if he chose, and she wouldn't mind the loss of them. But that was last night, and the rubies hadn't then as yet been taken. This morning, somehow, things seemed quite different. It would be rough on us all (especially on politicians) if we must always be bound by what we said yesterday. Persis was an American, and no American is insensible to the charms of precious stones; 'tis a savage taste which the European immigrants seem to have inherited obliquely from their Red Indian predecessors. She rushed over to the bell and rang it with feminine violence. Lady Maclure's maid answered the summons, as usual. She was a clever, demure-looking girl, this maid of Lady Maclure's; and when Persis cried to her wildly, "Send for the police at once, and tell Sir Everard my jewels are stolen!" she answered, "Yes, miss," with such sober acquiescence that Persis, who was American, and therefore a bundle of nerves, turned round and stared at her as an incomprehensible mystery. No Mahatma could have been more unmoved. She seemed quite to expect those rubies would be stolen, and to take no more notice of the incident than if Persis had told her she wanted hot water.

Lady Maclure, indeed, greatly prided herself on this cultivated imperturbability of Bertha's; she regarded it as the fine flower of English domestic service. But Persis was American, and saw things otherwise; to her, the calm repose with which Bertha answered, "Yes, miss; certainly miss; I'll go and tell Sir Everard," seemed nothing short of exasperating.

Bertha went off with the news, closing the door quite softly; and a few minutes later Lady Maclure herself appeared in the Californian's room, to console her visitor under this severe domestic affliction. She found Persis sitting up in bed, in her pretty French dressing jacket (pale blue with revers of fawn color), reading a book of verses. "Why, my dear!" Lady Maclure exclaimed,

"then you've found them again, I suppose? Bertha told us you'd lost your lovely rubies!"

"So I have, dear Lady Maclure," Persis answered, wiping her eyes; "they're gone. They've been stolen. I forgot to lock my door when I came home last night, and the window was open; somebody must have come in, this way or that, and taken them. But whenever I'm in trouble, I try a dose of Browning. He's splendid for the nerves. He's so consoling, you know; he brings one to anchor."

She breakfasted in bed; she wouldn't leave the room, she declared, till the police arrived. After breakfast she rose and put on her dainty Parisian morning wrap — Americans have always such pretty bedroom things for these informal receptions — and sat up in state to await the police officer. Sir Everard himself, much disturbed that such a mishap should have happened in his house, went round in person to fetch the official. While he was gone, Lady Maclure made a thorough search of the room, but couldn't find a trace of the missing rubies.

"Are you sure you put them in the case, dear?" she asked, for the honor of the household.

And Persis answered: "Quite confident, Lady Maclure; I always put them there the moment I take them off; and when I came to look for them this morning, the case was empty."

"They were very valuable, I believe?" Lady Maclure said, inquiringly.

"Six thousand pounds was the figure in your money, I guess," Persis answered, ruefully. "I don't know if you call that a lot of money in England, but we do in America."

There was a moment's pause, and then Persis spoke again — "Lady Maclure," she said abruptly, "do you consider that maid of yours a Christian woman?"

Lady Maclure was startled. That was hardly the light in which she was accustomed to regard the lower classes.

"Well, I don't know about that," she said slowly; "that's a great deal, you know, dear, to assert about anybody, especially one's maid. But I should think she was honest, quite decidedly honest."

"Well, that's the same thing, about, isn't it?" Persis answered, much relieved. "I'm glad you think that's so; for I was almost half afraid of her. She's too quiet for my taste, somehow; so silent, you know, and inscrutable."

"Oh, my dear," her hostess cried, "don't blame her for silence; that's just what I like about her. It's exactly what I chose her for. Such a nice, noiseless girl; moves about the room like a cat on tiptoe; knows her proper place, and never dreams of speaking unless she's spoken to."

"Well, you may like them that way in Europe," Persis responded

frankly; "but in America, we prefer them a little bit human."

Twenty minutes later the police officer arrived. He wasn't in uniform. The inspector, feeling at once the gravity of the case, and recognizing that this was a Big Thing, in which there was glory to be won, and perhaps a promotion, sent a detective at once, and advised that if possible nothing should be said to the household on the subject for the present, till the detective had taken a good look round the premises. That was useless, Sir Everard feared, for the lady's-maid knew; and the lady's maid would be sure to go down, all agog with the news, to the servants' hall immediately. However, they might try; no harm in trying; and the sooner the detective got round to the house, of course, the better.

The detective accompanied him back – a keen-faced, close-shaven, irreproachable-looking man, like a vulgarized copy of Mr. John Morley. He was curt and business-like. His first question was, "Have the servants been told of this?"

Lady Maclure looked inquiringly across at Bertha. She herself had been sitting all the time with the bereaved Persis, to console her (with Browning) under this heavy affliction.

"No, my lady," Bertha answered, ever calm (invaluable servant, Bertha!), "I didn't mention it to anybody downstairs on purpose, thinking perhaps it might be decided to search the servants' boxes."

The detective pricked up his ears. He was engaged already in glancing casually round the room. He moved about it now, like a conjurer, with quiet steps and slow. "He doesn't get on one's nerves," Persis remarked approvingly, in an undertone to her friend; then she added, aloud: "What's your name, please, Mr. Officer?"

The detective was lifting a lace handkerchief on the dressing-table at the side. He turned round softly. "Gregory, madam," he answered, hardly glancing at the girl, and going on with his occupation.

"The same as the powders!" Persis interposed, with a shudder. "I used to take them when I was a child. I never could bear them."

"We're useful, as remedies," the detective replied, with a quiet smile; "but nobody likes us." And he relapsed contentedly into his work once more, searching round the apartment.

"The first thing we have to do," he said, with a calm air of superiority, standing now by the window, with one hand in his pocket, "is to satisfy ourselves whether or not there has really, at all, been a robbery. We must look through the room well, and see you haven't left the rubies lying about loose somewhere. Such things often happen. We're constantly called in to investigate a case, when it's only a matter of a lady's carelessness."

At that Persis flared up. A daughter of the great republic isn't accus-

tomed to be doubted like a mere European woman. "I'm quite sure I took them off," she said, "and put them back in the jewel case. Of that I'm just confident. There isn't a doubt possible."

Mr. Gregory redoubled his search in all likely and unlikely places. "I should say that settles the matter," he answered blandly. "Our experience is that whenever a lady's perfectly certain, beyond the possibility of doubt, she put a thing away safely, it's absolutely sure to turn up where she says she didn't put it."

Persis answered him never a word. Her manners had not that repose that stamps the caste of Vere de Vere; so, to prevent an outbreak, she took refuge in Browning.

Mr. Gregory, nothing abashed, searched the room thoroughly, up and down, without the faintest regard to Persis's feelings; he was a detective, he said, and his business was first of all to unmask crime, irrespective of circumstances. Lady Maclure stood by, meanwhile, with the imperturbable Bertha. Mr. Gregory investigated every hole and cranny, like a man who wishes to let the world see for itself he performs a disagreeable duty with unflinching thoroughness. When he had finished, he turned to Lady Maclure. "And now, if you please," he said blandly, "we'll proceed to investigate the servants' boxes."

Lady Maclure looked at her maid. "Bertha," she said, "go downstairs, and see that none of the other servants come up, meanwhile, to their bedrooms." Lady Maclure was not quite to the manner born, and had never acquired the hateful aristocratic habit of calling women servants by their surnames only.

But the detective interposed. "No, no," he said sharply. "This young woman had better stop here with Miss Remanet – strictly under her eye – till I've searched the boxes. For if I find nothing there, it may perhaps be my disagreeable duty, by-and-by, to call in a female detective to search her."

It was Lady Maclure's turn to flare up now. "Why, this is my own maid," she said, in a chilly tone, "and I've every confidence in her."

"Very sorry for that, my lady," Mr. Gregory responded, in a most official voice; "but our experience teaches us that if there's a person in the case whom nobody ever dreams of suspecting, that person's the one who has committed the robbery."

"Why, you'll be suspecting myself next!" Lady Maclure cried, with some disgust.

"Your ladyship's just the last person in the world I should think of suspecting," the detective answered, with a deferential bow – which, after his previous speech, was to say the least of it equivocal.

Persis began to get annoyed. She didn't half like the look of that girl Bertha, herself; but still, she was there as Lady Maclure's guest, and she

couldn't expose her hostess to discomfort on her account.

"The girl shall not be searched," she put in, growing hot. "I don't care a cent whether I lose the wretched stones or not. Compared to human dignity, what are they worth? Not five minutes' consideration."

"They're worth just seven years," Mr. Gregory answered, with professional definiteness. "And as to searching, why, that's out of your hands now. This is a criminal case. I'm here to discharge a public duty."

"I don't in the least mind being searched," Bertha put in obligingly, with an air of indifference. "You can search me if you like – when you've got a warrant for it."

The detective looked up sharply; so also did Persis. This ready acquaintance with the liberty of the subject in criminal cases impressed her unfavorably. "Ah! we'll see about that," Mr. Gregory answered, with a cool smile. "Meanwhile, Lady Maclure, I'll have a look at the boxes."

WORDS AND WORD COMBINATIONS

hint *n* – намек
bodice *n* – корсаж, лиф (платья)
incongruously *adv* – неуместно, нелепо
mingle *v* – смешивать
wear out *v* – измучить, утомить
prophetic *adj* – пророческий
rough *adj* – тяжелый, трудный
bind (bound, bound) *v* – вязать, связывать, привязывать
savage *adj* – дикий, первобытный
obliquely *adv* – косвенно
demure *adj* – скромный, серьезный, притворно застенчивый
acquiescence *n* – согласие, уступчивость
bundle *n* – комок; bundle of nerves – комок нервов
imperturbability *n* – невозмутимость, спокойствие
repose *n* – передышка, тишина
exasperating – раздражающий, изводящий
affliction *n* – огорчение, горе, несчастье
revers *n* – отворот, лацкан
fawn *adj* – желтовато-коричневый
console *v* – утешать
anchor *n* – утешение, надежда
dainty – элегантный, изящный
mishap *n* – неудача, несчастье
ruefully *adv* – печально, с сожалением

abruptly *adv* – внезапно, резко

startle *v* – испугать, сильно удивить

assert *v* – утверждать, заявлять; предъявлять претензии

inscrutable *adj* – загадочный, непостижимый

premises *n* – помещение, дом (с прилегающими постройками и участком)

agog – в напряженном ожидании, в возбуждении

irreproachable *adv* – безукоризненный, безупречный

curt *adv* – краткий

conjurer *n* – фокусник

interpose *v* – вставлять, прерывать

relapse *v* – (снова) впадать, предаваться;

relapse into work – вновь предаться работе

blandly *adv* – вежливо, мягко

abash *v* – смущать, приводить в замешательство

unflinching – неотступный

by-and-by – вскоре

equivocal *adj* – сомнительный, двусмысленный

account *n* – причина, основание; on her account – из-за нее, ради нее

wretched – несчастный, жалкий

obligingly *adv* – услужливо, вежливо

EXERCISES

1. Find equivalents in the text for these word combinations and sentences:

чтобы прийти в себя, она спала долго на следующее утро; она бы не переживала за потерю; нам всем было бы нелегко, если бы приходилось отвечать за сказанное накануне; ответить на вызов; утешать гостя; тщательный осмотр комнаты; несомненно честная; слишком тихая на мой вкус; как кот на цыпочках; пытаться не грешно; бесценный слуга; наострить уши; здесь она пришла в ярость; усилить поиск; найти убежище (в чтении); раскрыть преступление независимо от обстоятельств; неприятная обязанность; прирожденный, привыкший с пеленок; почтительный поклон; ставить хозяйку в неудобное положение; сейчас это не в вашей власти; выполнять общественный долг; вы можете обыскивать меня при наличии ордера.

2. Study the text carefully and answer the following questions.

1. How soon did Persis fall asleep after the talk with Sir Justin?
2. What did she see in her dreams?
3. What did she discover when she woke up late next day?

4. Was she indifferent to the fact that her rubies had disappeared? Why?
5. How did Bertha take the news about the stolen rubies?
6. How did Lady Maclure treat her maid Bertha?
7. What was Persis doing when Lady Maclure came herself to console her guest?
8. How valuable were the rubies?
9. Who seemed as the main suspect to Persis?
10. Why did Lady Maclure like her maid being silent?
11. Did the police officer start the investigation himself?
12. What was the first thing they had to do investigating the robbery according to the detective?
13. Why did the detective tell Bertha to stay in the room while he was going to investigate the servants' boxes?
14. Why did Persis ask the detective not to search Bertha?
15. Did the detective agree with her request? Why?

3. Give a summary of Chapter II.

4. Speak on the following. Prove your statement quoting the text.

- a) "It would be rough on us all (especially on politicians) if we must always be bound by what we said yesterday."
- b) How do American and English women differ from each other?

Part 3

THE search (strictly illegal) brought out nothing. Mr. Gregory returned to Persis's bedroom, disconsolate. "You can leave the room," he said to Bertha; and Bertha glided out. "I've set another man outside to keep a constant eye on her," he added in explanation.

By this time Persis had almost made her mind up as to who was the culprit; but she said nothing overt, for Lady Maclure's sake, to the detective. As for that immovable official, he began asking questions – some of them, Persis thought, almost bordering on the personal. Where had she been last night? Was she sure she had really worn the rubies? How did she come home? Was she certain she took them off? Did the maid help her undress? Who came back with her in the carriage?

To all these questions, rapidly fired off with cross-examining acuteness, Persis answered in the direct American fashion. She was sure she had the rubies on when she came home to Hampstead, because Sir Justin O'Byrne,

who came back with her in his sister's carriage, had noticed them the last thing, and had told her to take care of them.

At mention of that name the detective smiled meaningly. (A meaning smile is stock-in-trade to a detective.) "Oh, Sir Justin O'Byrne!" he repeated, with quiet self-constraint. "He came back with you in the carriage, then? And did he sit the same side with you?"

Lady Maclure grew indignant (that was Mr. Gregory's cue). "Really, sir," she said angrily, "if you're going to suspect gentlemen in Sir Justin's position, we shall none of us be safe from you."

"The law," Mr. Gregory replied, with an air of profound deference, "is no respecter of persons."

"But it ought to be of characters," Lady Maclure cried warmly. "What's the good of having a blameless character, I should like to know, if – if –"

"If it doesn't allow you to commit a robbery with impunity?" the detective interposed, finishing her sentence his own way. "Well, well, that's true. That's perfectly true – but Sir Justin's character, you see, can hardly be called blameless."

"He's a gentleman," Persis cried, with flashing eyes, turning round upon the officer; "and he's quite incapable of such a mean and despicable crime as you dare to suspect him of."

"Oh, I see," the officer answered, like one to whom a welcome ray of light breaks suddenly through a great darkness. "Sir Justin's a friend of yours! Did he come into the porch with you?"

"He did," Persis answered, flushing crimson; "and if you have the insolence to bring a charge against him –"

"Calm yourself, madam," the detective replied coolly. "I do nothing of the sort – at this stage of the proceedings. It's possible there may have been no robbery in the case at all. We must keep our minds open for the present to every possible alternative. It's – it's a delicate matter to hint at; but before we go any further – do you think, perhaps, Sir Justin may have carried the rubies away by mistake, entangled in his clothes? – say, for example, his coat-sleeve?"

It was a loophole of escape; but Persis didn't jump at it.

"He had never the opportunity," she answered, with a flash. "And I know quite well they were there on my neck when he left me, for the last thing he said to me was, looking up at this very window: 'That balcony's awfully convenient for a burglary. Mind you take good care of the Remanet rubies.' And I remembered what he'd said when I took them off last night; and that's what makes me so sure I really had them."

"And you slept with the window open!" the detective went on, still smiling to himself. "Well, here we have all the materials, to be sure, for a first-class mystery!"

Part 4

FOR some days more, nothing further turned up of importance about the Great Ruby Robbery. It got into the papers, of course, as everything does nowadays, and all London was talking of it. Persis found herself quite famous as the American lady who had lost her jewels. People pointed her out in the park; people stared at her hard through their opera-glasses at the theatre. Indeed, the possession of the celebrated Remanet rubies had never made her half so conspicuous in the world as the loss of them made her. It was almost worth while losing them, Persis thought, to be so much made of as she was in society in consequence. All the world knows a young lady must be somebody when she can offer a reward of five hundred pounds for the recovery of gewgaws valued at six thousand. Sir Justin met her in the Row one day. "Then you don't go to Paris for awhile yet – until you get them back?" he inquired very low.

And Persis answered, blushing, "No, Sir Justin; not yet; and – I'm almost glad of it."

"No, you don't mean that!" the young man cried, with perfect boyish ardour. "Well, I confess, Miss Remanet, the first thing I thought myself when I read it in The Times was just the very same: 'Then, after all, she won't go yet to Paris!'"

Persis looked up at him from her pony with American frankness. "And I," she said, quivering, "I found anchor in Browning. For what do you think I read?"

*'And I learn to rate a true man's heart
Far above rubies.'*

The book opened at the very place; and there I found anchor!"

But when Sir Justin went round to his rooms that same evening his servant said to him, "A gentleman was inquiring for you here this afternoon, sir. A close-shaven gentleman. Not very prepossessin'. And it seemed to me somehow, sir, as if he was trying to pump me."

Sir Justin's face was grave. He went to his bedroom at once. He knew what that man wanted; and he turned straight to his wardrobe, looking hard at the dress coat he had worn on the eventful evening. Things may cling to a sleeve, don't you know – or be entangled in a cuff – or get casually into a pocket! Or some one may put them there.

Part 5

FOR the next ten days or so Mr. Gregory was busy, constantly busy. Without doubt, he was the most active and energetic of detectives. He carried out so fully his own official principle of suspecting everybody, from China to Peru, that at last poor Persis got fairly mazed with his web of possibilities. Nobody was safe from his cultivated and highly trained suspicion – not Sir Everard in his studio, nor Lady Maclure in her boudoir, nor the butler in his pantry, nor Sir Justin O'Byrne in his rooms in St. James's. Mr. Gregory kept an open mind against everybody and everything. He even doubted the parrot, and had views as to the intervention of rats and terriers. Persis got rather tired at last of his perverse ingenuity; especially as she had a very shrewd idea herself who had stolen the rubies. When he suggested various doubts, however, which seemed remotely to implicate Sir Justin's honesty, the sensitive American girl "felt it go on her nerves," and refused to listen to him, though Mr. Gregory never ceased to enforce upon her, by precept and example, his own pet doctrine that the last person on earth one would be likely to suspect is always the one who turns out to have done it.

A morning or two later, Persis looked out of her window as she was dressing her hair. She dressed it herself now, though she was an American heiress, and, therefore, of course, the laziest of her kind; for she had taken an unaccountable dislike, somehow, to that quiet girl Bertha. On this particular morning, however, when Persis looked out, she saw Bertha engaged in close, apparently very intimate, conversation with the Hampstead postman. This sight disturbed the unstable equilibrium of her equanimity not a little. Why should Bertha go to the door to the postman at all? Surely it was no part of the duty of Lady Maclure's maid to take in the letters! And why should she want to go prying into the question of who wrote to Miss Remanet? For Persis, intensely conscious herself that a note from Sir Justin lay on top of the postman's bundle — she recognized it at once, even at that distance below, by the peculiar shape of the broad rough envelope – jumped to the natural feminine conclusion that Bertha must needs be influenced by some abstruse motive of which she herself, Persis, was, to say the very least, a component element. 'Tis a human fallacy. We're all of us prone to see everything from a personal standpoint; indeed, the one quality which makes a man or woman into a possible novelist, good, bad, or indifferent, is just that special power of throwing himself or herself into a great many people's personalities alternately. And this is a power possessed on an average by not one in a thousand men or not one in ten thousand women.

Persis rang the bell violently. Bertha came up all smiles: "Did you want anything, miss?" Persis could have choked her. "Yes," she answered, plainly, taking the bull by the horns, "I want to know what you were doing down there, prying into other people's letters with the postman?"

Bertha looked up at her, ever bland; she answered at once, without a second's hesitation: "The postman's my young man, miss; and we hope before very long now to get married."

"Odious thing!" Persis thought. "A glib lie always ready on the tip of her tongue for every emergency."

But Bertha's full heart was beating violently. Beating with love and hope and deferred anxiety.

A little later in the day Persis mentioned the incident casually to Lady Maclure – mainly in order to satisfy herself that the girl had been lying. Lady Maclure, however, gave a qualified assent: – "I believe she's engaged to the postman," she said. "I think I've heard so; though I make it a rule, you see, my dear, to know as little as I can of these people's love affairs. They're so very uninteresting. But Bertha certainly told me she wouldn't leave me to get married for an indefinite period. That was only ten days ago. She said her young man wasn't just yet in a position to make a home for her."

"Perhaps," Persis suggested grimly, "something has occurred meanwhile to better her position. Such strange things crop up. She may have come into a fortune!"

"Perhaps so," Lady Maclure replied languidly. The subject bored her. "Though, if so, it must really have been very sudden; for I think it was the morning before you lost your jewels she told me so."

Persis thought that odd, but she made no comment.

Before dinner that evening she burst suddenly into Lady Maclure's room for a minute. Bertha was dressing her lady's hair. Friends were coming to dine – among them Sir Justin. "How do these pearls go with my complexion, Lady Maclure?" Persis asked rather anxiously; for she specially wished to look her best that evening, for one of the party.

"Oh, charming!" her hostess answered, with her society smile. "Never saw anything suit you better, Persis."

"Except my poor rubies!" Persis cried rather ruefully, for coloured gewgaws are dear to the savage and the woman. "I wish I could get them back! I wonder that man Gregory hasn't succeeded in finding them."

"Oh! my dear," Lady Maclure drawled out, "you may be sure by this time they're safe at Amsterdam. That's the only place in Europe now to look for them."

"Why to Amsterdam, my lady?" Bertha interposed suddenly, with a quick side-glance at Persis.

Lady Maclure threw her head back in surprise at so unwonted an intrusion. "What do you want to know that for, child?" she asked, somewhat curtly. "Why, to be cut, of course. All the diamond-cutters in the world are concentrated in Amsterdam; and the first thing a thief does when he steals big jewels is to send them across, and have them cut in new shapes so that they can't be identified."

"I shouldn't have thought," Bertha put in, calmly, "they'd have known who to send them to."

Lady Maclure turned to her sharply. "Why, these things," she said, with a calm air of knowledge, "are always done by experienced thieves, who know the ropes well, and are in league with receivers the whole world over. But Gregory has his eye on Amsterdam, I'm sure, and we'll soon hear something."

"Yes, my lady," Bertha answered, in her acquiescent tone, and relapsed into silence.

WORDS AND WORD COMBINATIONS

disconsolate *adj* – неутешный, печальный

glide out *v* – бесшумно выйти, выскользнуть

culprit *n* – преступник

overt *adj* – открытый, явный

fire off *v* – выпалить

acuteness *n* – проницательность

stock-in-trade – арсенал средств, которым располагают представители профессии

constraint *n* – принуждение; скованность; стеснение; напряжённость; давление

indignant *adj* – негодующий, возмущенный

cue *n* – намек

suspect *v* – подозревать, сомневаться в истинности; suspect gentlemen – сомневаться в порядочности

impunity *n* – безнаказанность

mean *adj* – низкий, подлый

despicable *adj* – презренный

flush *v* – приливать к лицу

crimson *n* – румянец

insolence *n* – дерзость, наглость

entangle *v* – запутаться

loophole *n* – лазейка

jump at smth – ухватиться за что-л.

opera-glasses – театральный бинокль

celebrated – знаменитый

conspicuous *adj* – видный, заметный
 gewgaws *n* – безделушки
 ardour *n* – пыл, рвение
 pony - небольшой автомобиль
 quiver *v* – дрожать мелкой дрожью
 prepossessing – располагающий, приятный
 pump *v* – выведывать; выпрашивать; допытываться
 cling *v* – цепляться
 maze *v* – приводить в замешательство
 pantry *n* – буфетная
 ingenuity *n* – изобретательность
 cease *v* – перестать, прекратить
 unaccountable *adj* – необъяснимый, странный
 equilibrium *n* – равновесие, спокойствие
 equanimity *n* – самообладание, хладнокровие
 pry (into) *v* – подсматривать, совать нос
 intensely *adv* – сильно, напряженно
 abstruse *adj* – трудный для понимания
 cut *v* – гранить, шлифовать

EXERCISES

1. Find equivalents in the text for these word combinations and sentences:

следить за кем-л.; многозначительная улыбка присуща детективам; с выражением глубокого уважения; как тот, к кому желанный луч света вдруг пробивается сквозь тьму; предъявлять обвинение; спасительная лазейка; мальчишеский пыл; запутаться в манжете; упорная изобретательность; навязывать свою доктрину; необъяснимая нелюбовь; хорошо ориентироваться в чем-л.

2. Study the text carefully and answer the following questions.

- Did the detective find any evidence while searching the servants' boxes?
- What questions was Persis asked by the detective?
- Why did the detective smile meaningfully at mention of Sir Justin's name?
- Did Lady Maclure and Persis support the detective when he suspected Sir Justin? Why?
- Why was Persis sure that Sir Justin couldn't have carried the rubies?
- How did the loss of the rubies make Persis conspicuous?
- What reward was offered for recovery of the lost rubies?
- How did Sir Justin take the news that Persis didn't go to Paris?
- What did Sir Justin do after he learned a gentleman was inquiring for

him?

- How did the detective investigating the case carry out his principle of suspecting everybody?
- What did Persis see one morning looking out her window and watching Bertha?
- How did Bertha explain the incident to Persis?
- Did the incident surprise Lady Maclure?
- Why did Persis come to Lady Maclure's room when she was dressing for dinner with friends?
- What did Bertha learn about Amsterdam that evening?

3. Retell the passage as it would be told by:

- Lady Maclure;
- Bertha

4. Make up a dialogue between Bertha and the postman when Persis saw them talking in the yard.

5. Comment on the following:

- lines by Browning:
 "And I learn rate a true man's heart
 Far above rubies."
- dialogue between Gregory and Lady Maclure:
 - The Law is no respecter of persons.
 - But it ought to be of characters.

6. Express your opinion on the following: Who do you think stole the rubies?

Part 6

FOUR days later, about nine at night, that hard-worked man, the posty on the beat, stood loitering outside Sir Everard Maclure's house, openly defying the rules of the department, in close conference with Bertha.

"Well, any news?" Bertha asked, trembling over with excitement, for she was a very different person outside with her lover from the demure and imperturbable model maid who waited on my lady.

"Why, yes," the posty answered, with a low laugh of triumph. "A letter from Amsterdam! And I think we've fixed it!"

Bertha almost flung herself upon him. "Oh, Harry!" she cried, all eagerness, "this is too good to be true! Then in just one other month we can really get married!"

There was a minute's pause, inarticulately filled up by sounds unrepresentable through the art of the type-founder. Then Harry spoke again. "It's an awful lot of money!" he said, musing. "A regular fortune! And what's more, Bertha, if it hadn't been for your cleverness we never should have got it!"

Bertha pressed his hand affectionately. Even ladies' maids are human.

"Well, if I hadn't been so much in love with you," she answered frankly, "I don't think I could ever have had the wit to manage it. But, oh! Harry, love makes one do or try anything!"

If Persis had heard those singular words, she would have felt no doubt was any longer possible.

Part 7

NEXT morning, at ten o'clock, a policeman came round, post haste, to Sir Everard's. He asked to see Miss Remanet. When Persis came down, in her morning wrap, he had but a brief message from head-quarters to give: "Your jewels are found, miss. Will you step round and identify them?"

Persis drove back with him, all trembling. Lady Maclure accompanied her. At the police-station they left their cab, and entered the anteroom.

A little group had assembled there. The first person Persis distinctly made out in it was Sir Justin. A great terror seized her. Gregory had so poisoned her mind by this time with suspicion of everybody and everything she came across, that she was afraid of her own shadow. But next moment she saw clearly he wasn't there as prisoner, or even as witness; merely as spectator. She acknowledged him with a hasty bow, and cast her eye round again. The next person she definitely distinguished was Bertha, as calm and cool as ever, but in the very centre of the group, occupying as it were the place of honour which naturally belongs to the prisoner on all similar occasions. Persis was not surprised at that; she had known it all along; she glanced meaningly at Gregory, who stood a little behind, looking by no means triumphant. Persis found his dejection odd; but he was a proud detective, and perhaps someone else had effected the capture!

"These are your jewels, I believe," the inspector said, holding them up; and Persis admitted it.

"This is a painful case," the inspector went on. "A very painful case. We grieve to have discovered such a clue against one of our own men; but as he owns to it himself, and intends to throw himself on the mercy of the Court, it's no use talking about it. He won't attempt to defend it; indeed, with such evidence, I think he's doing what's best and wisest."

Persis stood there, all dazed. "I – I don't understand," she cried, with a swimming brain. "Who on earth are you talking about?"

The inspector pointed mutely with one hand at Gregory; and then for the first time Persis saw he was guarded. She clapped her hand to her head. In a moment it all broke in upon her. When she had called in the police, the rubies had never been stolen at all. It was Gregory who stole them!

She understood it now, at once. The real facts came back to her. She had taken her necklet off at night, laid it carelessly down on the dressing-table (too full of Sir Justin), covered it accidentally with her lace pocket-handkerchief, and straightway forgotten all about it. Next day she missed it, and jumped at conclusions. When Gregory came, he spied the rubies askance under the corner of the handkerchief – of course, being a woman, she had naturally looked everywhere except in the place where she had laid them – and knowing it was a safe case he had quietly pocketed them before her very eyes, all unsuspected. He felt sure nobody could accuse him of a robbery which was committed before he came, and which he had himself been called in to investigate.

"The worst of it is," the inspector went on, "he had woven a very ingenious case against Sir Justin O'Byrne, whom we were on the very point of arresting today, if this young woman hadn't come in at the eleventh hour, in the very nick of time, and earned the reward by giving us the clue that led to the discovery and recovery of the jewels. They were brought over this morning by an Amsterdam detective."

Persis looked hard at Bertha. Bertha answered her look. "My young man was the postman, miss," she explained, quite simply; "and after what my lady said, I put him up to watch Mr. Gregory's delivery for a letter from Amsterdam. I'd suspected him from the very first; and when the letter came, we had him arrested at once, and found out from it who were the people at Amsterdam who had the rubies."

Persis gasped with astonishment. Her brain was reeling. But Gregory in the background put in one last word – "Well, I was right, after all," he said, with professional pride. "I told you the very last person you'd dream of suspecting was sure to be the one that actually did it."

Lady O'Byrne's rubies were very much admired at Monte Carlo last season. Mr. Gregory has found permanent employment for the next seven years at Her Majesty's quarries on the Isle of Portland. Bertha and her postman have retired to Canada with five hundred pounds to buy a farm. And everybody says Sir Justin O'Byrne has beaten the record, after all, even for Irish baronets, by making a marriage at once of money and affection.

WORDS AND WORD COMBINATIONS

beat *n* – район (обхода)
loiter *v* – копаться; stand loitering – стоять без дела
defy *v* – игнорировать, пренебрегать
fling (flung) *v* – кидаться, бросаться
inarticulately *adv* – невнятно
type-founder *n* – словолитчик
muse *v* – размышлять, задумываться
wit *n* – ум, разум
anteroom *n* – приемная
come across *v* – встретиться с кем-л., натолкнуться на что-л.
acknowledge *v* – признавать
cast an eye – бросить взгляд
distinguish *v* – разглядеть, выделить
dejection *n* – подавленное настроение, уныние
daze *v* – изумить
spy smth. *v* – заметить что-л.
askance *adv* – искоса
weave (wove, woven) *v* – плести, ткать
ingenious *adv* – искусный, замысловатый
nick *n* – точный момент, критический момент
reel *v* – кружиться, вертеться
quarry *n* – каменоломня, карьер
affection *n* – любовь

EXERCISES

1. Find equivalents in the text for these word combinations and sentences:

открыто пренебрегая правилами; эмоционально сжать руку; у него было только краткое сообщение из управления; войти в приемную; ее охватил ужас; заразить подозрительностью; с быстрым поклоном; его подавленное настроение казалось странным; отдать на милость суда; пытаться защитить; головокружение; находиться под охраной; ударить себя рукой по голове; она все себе представила; обвинить в ограблении; как раз вовремя; обнаружение и возвращение драгоценностей; задыхаться от изумления; побить рекорд.

2. Study the text carefully and answer the following questions.

1. What news did the postman have for Bertha four days later?
2. What did this news mean for the couple?
3. What would Persis have felt if she had heard their conversation?
4. What information did the policeman have for Persis when he came in the morning?
5. Who accompanied Persis to the police-station?
6. What did Persis think when she saw Sir Justin at the police-station?
7. Was Persis surprised when she saw Bertha standing in the very centre as if she were the prisoner?
8. Why didn't Gregory look triumphant?
9. How had the rubies been stolen?
10. Who helped to discover and recover the jewels?
11. How did Bertha and the postman find out the truth about Gregory?
12. What phrase did Gregory use to repeat while investigating the crime? Were his words proved in practice?
13. What were the consequences of the case for Gregory, Bertha, Sir Justin, Persis?

3. Retell the passage as it would be told by:

- a) Bertha;
- b) Gregory.

4. Comment on Gregory's words:

- a) "If there's a person in the case whom nobody ever dreams of suspecting, that person is the one who has committed the robbery."
- b) "We're constantly called in to investigate a case when it's only a matter of a lady's carelessness."

5. Make up dialogues between:

- a) Persis and Sir Justin, when he proposed to marry;
- b) Persis and Bertha, after the rubies had been returned.

THE IMPOSSIBLE "IMPOSSIBLE" CRIME by Edward D. Hoch

I'm no detective. But when you are living all alone with one other man, 200 miles from the nearest settlement, and one day that only other man is murdered – well, that's enough to make a detective out of anybody.

His name was Charles Fuller, and my name is Henry Bowfort. Charlie was a full professor at Boston University when I met him, teaching an advanced course in geology while he worked on a volume concerning the effects of permafrost on mineral deposits, I was an assistant in his department, and we became friends at once. Perhaps our friendship was helped along by the fact that I was newly married to a very beautiful blonde named Grace who caught his eye from the very beginning.

Charlie's own wife divorced him some ten years earlier, and he was at the stage of his life when any sort of charming feminine companionship aroused his basic maleness.

Fuller was at his early forties at the time, a good ten years older than Grace and me, and he often talked about the project closest to his heart.

– Before I'm too old for it, he said, I want to spend a year above the permafrost line.

And one day he announced that he would be spending his sabbatical at a research post in northern Canada, near the western shore of Hudson Bay.

– I've been given a grant for eight months' study, he said. It's a great opportunity. I'll never have another like it.

– You're going up there alone? Grace asked.

– Actually, I expect your husband to accompany me.

I must have looked a bit startled.

– Eight months in the wilds of nowhere with nothing but snow?

And Charlie Fuller smiled.

– Nothing but snow. How about it, Grace? Could you give him up for eight months?

– If he wants to go, she answered loyally. She had never tried to stand in the way of anything I'd wanted to do.

We talked about it for a long time that night, but I already knew I was hooked. I was on my way to northern Canada with Charlie Fuller.

The cabin – when we reached it by plane and boat and snowmobile – was a surprisingly comfortable place, well stocked with enough provisions for a year's stay. We had two-way radio contact with the outside world, plus necessary medical supplies and a bookcase full of reading material, all provided by the foundation that was financing the permafrost study.

The cabin consisted of three large rooms – a laboratory for our study, a combination living-room-and-kitchen, and a bedroom with a bath in one corner. We'd brought our own clothes, and Fuller had brought a rifle, too, to discourage animals.

The daily routine with Charlie Fuller was great fun at first. He was surely a dedicated man, and one of the most intelligent I'd ever known. We rose early in the morning, had breakfast together and then went off in search

of ore samples. And the best of all in those early days, there was the constant radio communication with Grace. Her almost nightly messages brought a touch of Boston to the Northwest Territory.

But after a time Grace's messages thinned to one or two a week, and finally to one every other week. Fuller and I began to get on each other's nerves, and often in the mornings I was awakened by the sound of rifle fire as he stood outside the cabin door taking random shots at the occasional owl or ground squirrel that wandered near. We still had the snowmobile, but it was 200 miles to the nearest settlement at Caribou, making a trip into town out of the question.

Once, during the evening meal, Fuller said,

– Bet, you miss her, don't you, Hank?

– Grace? Sure I miss her. It's been a long time.

– Think she's sitting home nights waiting for us – for you? I put down my fork.

– What's that supposed to mean, Charlie?

– Nothing – nothing at all.

But the rest of the evening passed under a cloud. By this time we had been up there nearly five months, and it was just too long.

It was fantastic, it was unreasonable, but there began to develop between us a sort of rivalry for my wife. An unspoken rivalry, to be sure, a rivalry for a woman nearly 2000 miles away – but still a rivalry.

– What do you think she's doing now, Hank? or

– I wish Grace were here tonight. Warm the place up a bit. Right, Hank?

Finally one evening in January, when a heavy snow had made us stay in the cabin for two long days and nights, the rivalry came to a head. Charlie Fuller was seated at the wooden table we used for meals and paperwork, and I was in my usual chair facing one of the windows.

– We're losing a lot of heat out of this place, I said. Look at those icicles.

– I'll go out later and knock them down, he said.

I could tell he was in a bad mood and suspected he'd been drinking from our supply of Scotch.

– We might make the best of each other, I said. We're stuck here for another few months together.

– Worried, Hank? Anxious to be back in bed with Grace?

– Let's cut out the cracks about Grace, huh? I'm getting sick of it, Charlie.

– And I'm sick of you, sick of this place!

– Then let's go back.

– In this storm?

– We've got the snowmobile.

– No. This is one project I can't walk out on.
 – Why not? Is it worth this torture day after day?
 – You don't understand. I didn't start out life being a geologist. My field was biology, and I had great plans for being a research scientist at some major pharmaceutical house. They pay very well, you know.
 – What happened?
 – The damndest thing, Hank. I couldn't work with animals. I couldn't experiment on them, kill them. I don't think I could ever kill a living thing.
 – What about the animals and birds you shoot at?
 – That's just the point, Hank, I never hit them! I try to, but I purposely miss! That's why I went into geology. That was the only field in which I wouldn't make a fool of myself.
 – You couldn't make a fool of yourself, Charlie. Even if we went back today, the university would still welcome you. You'd still have your professorship.
 – I've got to succeed at something, Hank. Don't you understand? It's too late for another failure – too late in life to start over again!

He didn't mention Grace the rest of that day, but I had the sensation that he hadn't just been talking about his work. His first marriage had been a failure, too. Was he trying to tell me he had to succeed with Grace?

I slept poorly that night, first because Charlie had decided to walk around the cabin at midnight knocking icicles from the roof, and then because the wind had changed direction and howled in the chimney. I got up once after Charlie was in bed, to look outside, but the windows were frosted over by the wind-driven snow, and I could see nothing.

Toward morning I drifted into an uneasy sleep, broken now and then by the bird sounds which told me that the storm had ended. I heard Charlie preparing breakfast, though I paid little attention, trying to get a bit more sleep.

Then, sometime later, I sprang awake, knowing I had heard it. A shot! Could Charlie be outside again, firing at the animals? I waited for some other sound, but nothing reached my ears except the perking of the coffee pot on the gas stove. Finally I got out of bed and went into the other room.

Charlie Fuller was seated in my chair at the table, staring at the wall. A tiny stream of blood was running down his forehead and into one eye. He was dead.

It took me some moments to comprehend the fact of his death, and even after I had located the bullet wound just above his hairline, I still could not accept the reality of it. My first thought had been suicide, but then I saw this was impossible. The bullet had obviously killed him instantly, and there was no gun anywhere in sight – in fact. Fuller's rifle was missing from its usual place in the corner near the door.

But if not suicide, what?

There was no other explanation. Somehow he had killed himself. I switched on the radio and sent a message to the effect, telling them I'd bring in the body by snowmobile as soon as I could.

Then, as I was starting to pack my things, I remembered the coffee. Do men about to commit suicide start making breakfast? Do they put a pot of coffee on the stove?

And then I had to face it. Charlie Fuller had not killed himself. It seemed impossible – but there it was. I sat down opposite the body, then got up to cover it with a blanket, and then sat down again.

What were all the possibilities? Suicide, accident, murder – as simple as that. Not suicide. Not accident. He certainly hadn't been cleaning his gun at the time.

That left only one possibility.

Murder.

I walked over and crouched behind his chair, trying to see what he must have been seeing in that final moment.

And then I saw it. Directly opposite, in the center of a frosted window; there was a tiny hole. I hadn't noticed it before – the frost had effectively camouflaged the hole. A few cracks ran from it, but the snow had somehow kept the window from shattering completely.

The bullet had come from outside – the mystery was solved!

But as soon as I put on my coat and went outdoors, I realized that a greater mystery had taken its place. Though the drifting snow had left a narrow walkway under the roof of the cabin, drifts higher than my head surrounded us on all sides. No one could have approached the cabin through that snow without leaving a visible trail.

I made my way to the window and saw the butt of Fuller's rifle protruding from the snow. I pulled it out and stared at it, wondering what it could tell me. It had been recently fired, it was the murder weapon, but there was nothing more it could say.

I took it back into the cabin and sat down. Just the two of us, no one else, and somebody had murdered Charlie Fuller.

As the day passed into noon, I knew I would have to be moving soon. But could I go back under the circumstances? Charlie Fuller was dead, and I had to discover how it had happened.

Pacing the cabin, I knew that the answer must lurk here somewhere, within the walls of our temporary home. I went back in my mind over our conversations about Grace. He had loved her, he had wanted her – of that much I was certain. Could he have committed suicide in such a manner that I would be accused of his murder?

No, there were two things against that theory – it wouldn't get him

Grace, and it wouldn't get me convicted of the crime. Because even now I could change the scene any way I wanted, invent any story I liked. The police would never even make the trip to the cabin to check my story. I had already called it suicide in my radio report, but I could change it to accident. And there was no one to call it murder.

No one but myself.

I went outside again and started sifting through the snow where I'd found the rifle. But there was nothing – a few bits of icicle, but nothing more. Here and there Fuller's footprints remained undrifted, from his icicle-breaking expedition, but I could identify no other prints. If someone had stood at that window to kill Charlie Fuller.

But no one could have! The snow and crystallized frost had made the window completely opaque. Even if an invisible murderer had dropped from the sky, and somehow got Charlie's rifle out of the cabin, he could not have fired at Charlie through that window because he could not have seen him through it!

So I went back inside to the rifle, emptied it, and tried the trigger. It had been adjusted to a hair trigger – the slightest pressure of my finger was enough to click the hammer on the empty chamber.

Suddenly I felt that I almost had an answer. I stood staring at the blanket-covered figure in the chair, then went outside and looked through the bullet hole at it again. Lined up perfectly, even through an opaque window.

And then I knew who had murdered Charlie Fuller.

I was staring at his body in the chair, but it was *my* chair! Twenty minutes later, and I would have been sitting in that very chair, eating breakfast. Charlie would have called me when the coffee was ready, and I would have come out to sit in that chair, as I did every morning.

And Charlie Fuller would have killed me.

It took me five minutes of sorting through the bits of icicle in the snow under the window to find the one that was something more. It was ice, but ice encased in a tiny heat-sealed plastic pouch. We used pouches of all sizes in the lab for the rock specimens we collected. This one had served a different purpose.

Charlie had driven one of the icicles into the snow and balanced the rifle on top of it – probably freezing it to the icicle with a few drops of water. Then he had wiped away a tiny speck of frost on the window to line the gun barrel with the chair in which I would be sitting. He'd fixed the rifle with a hair trigger, and then jammed the tiny plastic pouch of water between the front of the trigger and the guard.

When the water in the pouch froze, the ice expanded against the trigger, and the rifle fired through the window at the chair. The recoil had thrown the rifle free of its icicle support, and the frozen pouch of water had dropped into the snow like a simple piece of ice.

And what had gone wrong? Charlie Fuller must have timed the freezing of the water filled pouch, but he probably hadn't timed it in subzero cold with a wind blowing. The water had simply frozen sooner than he'd planned – while he was sitting in my chair for a moment, adjusting it to the precise position facing the window.

But why had he gone to all that trouble to kill me, when we were alone? I thought about that all the way back to Caribou in the snowmobile. He'd probably feared that it would be like the animals he'd told me about, that at the final moment he wouldn't have been able to squeeze the trigger. Perhaps in the night he'd even stood over my bed with his rifle, unable to go through with it. This way had made it impersonal, like a lab experiment to be set up and observed.

So Charlie Fuller had murdered himself. But for the authorities, and for Grace. I decided to stick to the suicide story. I didn't think they'd bother too much about things like the absence of powder burns. Under the circumstances, they were stuck with my story, and I wanted to keep it simple. As I said in the beginning, I'm no detective.

WORDS AND WORD COMBINATIONS

volume *n* – том; книга

permafrost *n* – вечная мерзлота

mineral deposit – месторождение минералов

catch smb's eye – привлечь чье-либо внимание

maleness *n* – мужские инстинкты

sabbatical – годичный отпуск (для научной работы)

startled – испуганный, пораженный

cabin *n* – хижина

discourage animals – отпугивать животных

ore sample – образец руды

get on each other's nerves – действовать друг другу на нервы

rivalry *n* – соперничество

come to a head – достигнуть критической точки

torture *n* – пытка

sensation *n* – чувство, ощущение

spring (sprang; sprung) *v* – вскочить

perking *n* – шум (издаваемый водой при прохождении через фильтр кофейника)

crouch *v* – сгибаться

butt *n* – приклад (ружья)
 sift *v* – исследовать, проверять
 opaque *adj* – непрозрачный
 hair trigger – легкое нажатие
 hammer *n* – ударник (затвора)
 chamber *n* – патронник
 heat-sealed – теплонепроницаемый
 pouch *n* – мешочек
 speck *n* – пятнышко
 barrel *n* – ствол, дуло
 jam *v* – зажимать
 guard *v* – предохранитель
 recoil *n* – отдача
 stick to smth *v* – придерживаться чего-либо
 powder *n* – порох

EXERCISES

1. Find equivalents in the text for these word combinations and sentences:

он работал над книгой; он находился на том этапе своей жизни, когда общество любой очаровательной женщины пробуждало его мужские инстинкты; провести год за линией вечной мерзлоты; в хижине имелся запас продовольствия на год; он был преданным своему делу человеком; послания от Грейс сократились до одного - двух в неделю; действовать друг другу на нервы; о поездке в город не могло быть и речи; соперничество достигло критической точки; давай-ка потерпим друг друга; давай прекратим этот треп насчет Грейс; его женитьба была неудачной; не оставив видимого следа; я мог по-своему изменить место происхождения; он был отрегулирован таким образом, что требовал лишь легкого нажатия; проводить и наблюдать эксперимент в лаборатории; придерживаться версии самоубийства.

2. Study the text carefully and answer the following questions.

- 1 In what field of science did Fuller and Bowfort work?
- 2 Why did Fuller decide to spend a year above the permafrost line?
- 3 Where was their research post situated?
- 4 Who was the cause of the rivalry between the two men?
- 5 How long ago did Grace catch Fuller's eye?
- 6 Why did Fuller and Bowfort begin to get on each other's nerves?

- 7 Why didn't Fuller become a biologist?
- 8 What did Bowfort see one morning when he sprang awake hearing Fuller's rifle?
- 9 What did Bowfort say in his radio report?
- 10 What facts made Bowfort think that Fuller hadn't committed suicide?
- 11 Where did Bowfort find Fuller's rifle?
- 12 Whose footprints did Bowfort find by the cabin?
- 13 What was the last clue to reveal the "impossible" crime?

3. Write a report Henry Bowfort might have written for the police.

4. Think and answer:

1. Do you feel sympathy for Charlie Fuller? Why?
2. Why didn't Bowfort tell the truth about Fuller's death in his radio report?
3. Suppose that Fuller kills Bowfort. What would the end of the story be then?
4. Imagine that you are Fuller. Would you decide to kill your rival?

5. Work in pairs:

Act out the talk Henry might have had with the law authorities.

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Т.В. Курненкова, Л.Ф. Джафарова
ENGLISH READER FOR LAW STUDENTS

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