

**МЕЛІТОПОЛЬСЬКИЙ ДЕРЖАВНИЙ ПЕДАГОГІЧНИЙ УНІВЕРСИТЕТ
ІМЕНІ БОГДАНА ХМЕЛЬНИЦЬКОГО**

**МЕТОДИЧНІ РЕКОМЕНДАЦІЇ
З ДОМАШНЬОГО ЧИТАННЯ
“ERSKINE CALDWELL. SHORT STORIES”**

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Методичні рекомендації з домашнього читання «Erskine Caldwell. Short Stories»
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Методичні рекомендації з домашнього читання включають сім оповідань американського письменника ХХ століття Ерскіна Колдвела (1903 – 1987), кожне з яких супроводжується лексико-граматичними вправами і завданнями. Надзвичайно різноманітні за сюжетом і за тоном оповідання написані легкою, живою мовою, яка насичена розмовною лексикою. Методичні рекомендації містять як трагічні, так і гумористичні оповідання письменника. Текст оповідань рекомендується для рівня Intermediate, тобто розрахований для студентів 2-3 курсів філологічних факультетів мовних ВНЗ, а також старших курсів немовних ВНЗ, які вивчають англійську мову.

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CONTENTS

Вступ.....	4
MY OLD MAN HASN'T BEEN THE SAME SINCE.....	5
<i>Tasks</i>	10
THE CORDUROY PANTS.....	13
<i>Tasks</i>	18
HORSE THIEF.....	21
<i>Tasks</i>	27
LETTER IN THE MAIL.....	29
<i>Tasks</i>	31
RACHEL.....	34
<i>Tasks</i>	41
THE END OF CHRISTY TUCKER.....	43
<i>Tasks</i>	49
THE PEOPLE VS. ABE LATHAN, COLORED.....	51
<i>Tasks</i>	59
Список імен і географічних назв з транскрипцією.....	61

ВСТУП

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Мета методичних рекомендацій – допомогти тим, хто вивчає англійську мову краще розуміти художній текст, розвивати уміння і навички обговорення і аналізу тексту, його проблематики, збагатити лексичний запас, покращити розуміння певних граматичних явищ (використання видо-часових форм дієслова, умовних речень, модальних дієслів). Розроблені завдання і вправи є результатом ретельного опрацювання авторами тексту і націлені на максимальне використання його мовного потенціалу для розвитку мовного рівня читача. Запропоновані завдання є різними за своєю спрямованістю і містять лексичні одиниці для активного засвоєння, вправи на вибір лексичної одиниці, синонімів та антонімів, знаходження відповідників, уживання прийменників та прислівників, переклад, а також питання і тести для перевірки розуміння прочитаного. Автори роблять акцент на заохоченні студентів до висловлення особистого ставлення до проблематики оповідань, їхніх героїв. Також, студенти заохочуються до активної роботи з тлумачним словником.

Методичні рекомендації містять список імен і географічних назв, що супроводжуються транскрипцією.

MY OLD MAN HASN'T BEEN THE SAME SINCE

When I got to eat breakfast, my old man was sitting at the kitchen stove, and eating hot biscuits.

He had his mouth full when I went in, and he didn't say anything at first. He looked up at me and winked.

"Howdy², Pa," I said, awfully glad to see him. He had been away for almost a whole week that time.

He didn't say anything until he got another biscuit. He broke it open, spread butter on it, and laid it on the plate.

"How are your muscles, son?" he said, squeezing his fingers around my arm.

"All right", I said.

He felt my muscles.

I was awfully glad to see him.

Ma came in then and set my plate at the kitchen table and helped me to bread and a little bacon. She did not say a word to anybody during the whole time she was fixing my breakfast for me. She stirred around after that, making a lot of noise with the pots and pans. She was as mad as a wet hen.

Pa sat looking across the kitchen and waiting for her to say something. We never talked to her when she was like that. It only made things worse if we tried to talk to her until she was ready to be talked to. Pa sat in his chair as meek as a tramp asking for a bite to eat.

When I had almost finished eating, she came and stood at the stove, hands on hips, staring at Pa.

"Where have you been this time, Morris Stroup?" she said, suddenly raising her hand and brushing the hair back from her face.

"Now, Martha," Pa said bending his head to one side when he saw her raise her hand, "I just went around the country a little."

"Where is your good-for-nothing rooster?" she asked.

"College Boy³ is out in the chicken house," he said.

"If I ever get my hands on him"⁴, Ma said, stamping her foot, "I am going to wring his neck off."

Pa's fighting cock, College Boy, was the champion of Merry-weather County, Georgia. We had him for about six months, and when Pa brought him home the first time he said the cock was as smart as people with a college education. That's why Pa named him College Boy. He might have been the champion of the whole nation if Pa could have taken him to all the cock fights. But Pa didn't have any money to ride on trains with, and we didn't have an automobile to drive. So the only places Pa could go were the ones he could walk to. That was the reason why he had to be away from home so much.

Pa hadn't answered Ma, because he knew how much Ma hated the cock.

"If you don't think that I'm asking too big a favour of you," Ma said, "go down to Mrs. Taylor's and get her washing – if you're not ashamed for people to see you bringing home washing for me to do"⁵.

"Now, Martha," he said, "you know that's not a proper thing to say. You know I always like to help you."

She went to the kitchen door and looked out into the backyard to see how the fire was burning under the washpot."

"William," she said, turning around to me, "go out in the backyard and throw some more firewood under that washpot."

I got up and went to do what she told me to do. When I got as far as the door, she turned on Pa again.

"And when you see Mrs. Taylor, Morris Stroup, you can tell her, and everybody else in Sycamore, how I break my back doing washing while you go tramping around the country with a good-for-nothing rooster under your arm."

"Now, Martha – "

"The Lord⁶ only knows what would become of us if I didn't do any washing⁷, she said. "You haven't done an honest day's work⁸ in ten years."

Pa got up and came out in the yard where I was feeding the fire under the pot. He stood and watched me.

“Son”, he said, lowering his voice so Ma couldn’t hear, “do you know where you can find a handful of corn for College Boy?”

He didn’t wait for my answer, because he knew that I knew what to do. He went out the back gate and down the street towards Mrs. Taylor’s house. After Ma had gone back into the kitchen, I went to the hen house and got an egg out of a nest and put it into my pocket. I knew exactly what Pa wanted me to do, because he always sent me to Mr. Brown’s grocery at the corner when he needed corn for College Boy.

I took the egg to the store and traded it for a poke of corn just like Pa did when I went along with him. Mr. Brown said he had heard that Pa won three dollars at a cock-fighting. He wanted to know why we were trading an egg for the corn instead of paying some of the money Pa had made. I told him I didn’t know anything about that, because Pa hadn’t said a word about the fighting. Then I went back with the poke of corn in my shirt so Ma couldn’t see it and take it away from me.

Pa was already back from Mrs. Taylor’s with the washing, and he had come out behind the chicken house to see if I had brought the corn. The chicken house was about a hundred and fifty feet from the backyard where Ma was washing, and we could stay out there and be out of sight.

Pa was holding College Boy and wiping him off with a damp rag. College Boy had lost quite a lot of feathers, and he was very tired. His right leg was sore. Pa said for a while he was afraid that College Boy wouldn’t be able to come through, but when the cock found out he couldn’t fight with the right leg he went to work with the left one. He said he was going to let College Boy rest until his leg healed up, because he didn’t want to run any risks.

When Pa finished wiping the cock with the damp rag he let me hold College Boy in my arms. It was the first time he had ever let me touch the cock, and I asked Pa if I could go along with him the next time he would go to a fight. Pa said he wanted me to wait until I was older, but he said it wouldn’t be long.

I held College Boy in my arms he sat there just as if he never wanted to leave. He was a fine-looking cock with bright red feathers on his neck and wings. He wasn’t

bigger than a medium-sized pullet, but you could feel how strong and quick he was. Pa said there wasn't a finer cock in the whole nation.

I handed him back to Pa, and Pa told me to crack the corn. I got a flat piece of iron and a rock and cracked the corn and Pa held it in his hand for College Boy. The cock ate up the corn as fast as I could crack it.

All the time we were out behind the chicken house, Ma was in the backyard boiling the washing. She was doing Mrs. Taylor's washing. There were six or seven other washings that she did every week, too. She washed every day and ironed all night.

We stayed out there a long time watching College Boy. He had a dust-bed in one corner of the chicken house, and he liked to lie there in the shadow.

I told Pa I hoped he wasn't going away again soon, because I wanted him to stay at home and let me help him crack corn and feed College Boy every day. He said he wasn't going anywhere for a while, because he thought College Boy needed at least a week's rest.

We sat there on the ground in the shadow until noon. Then Ma called to us to come and eat.

When we had finished, she told Pa she wanted him to carry Mrs. Dolan's washing to her. Mrs. Dolan lived on the other side of town, and it was a long walk over there and back. I asked Ma if I could go along and help to carry the washing, and she said I could.

We took the washing right after we finished eating. I thought we would get back in time to go out and see College Boy again before it was too dark. But it was late when we came through town on our way back, and Pa said he wanted to stop at the post office and talk to some men for a while. We stayed there two or three hours. When we got home, it was pitch-dark. Ma heard us on the front porch and she came out and asked Pa for the money he had got for Mrs. Dolan's washing. Pa gave her the fifty cents and asked her how long before supper would be ready. She said it would be soon, and so we sat down on the porch.

“Son,” my Old Man said after a while, “as soon as you’ve had your breakfast in the morning, I want you to go down to Brown’s grocery. Get another egg out of the chicken house and take it down and trade for some more corn. I want to feed College Boy as soon as breakfast is over. I want to feed him well so he’ll get his strength back.”

“All right, Pa,” I told him. “I will.”

We were sitting in the dark and thinking about the cock.

Ma called us in a little while and we went inside and sat down at the supper table. There wasn’t much on the table to eat that night, except a big chicken pie. Pa helped me first, and then Ma. After that he took a big piece for himself.

Ma didn’t have much to say, and Pa was afraid to talk. We sat at the table eating the chicken pie and not saying anything much until the pie was all gone. Pa leaned back and looked at me, and it was easy to see that he was pleased with Ma’s cooking.

It was as quiet as inside a church after all people had gone.

“Morris,” Ma said, putting her knife and fork on her plate, “I hope this will be a lesson to you.”

She looked down at her knife and fork on the plate, moved them just a little, and then looked him straight in the face.

“I hope you’ll never bring another rooster to his house as long as you live,” she said. “I had to do something desperate – ”

“What?” he said, leaning over the table towards her.

“I made this chicken pie out of the one – ”

“College Boy! ” Pa said, pushing his chair back a little.

Ma nodded her head.

My Old Man’s face turned white and his hands dropped down beside him. He opened his mouth to say something, but he made no sound. I don’t know how long it was, but it seemed as if the night had passed before anybody moved.

Ma was the first one to say anything.

"It was a harsh thing to do⁹, Morris," she said, "but something desperate had to be done."

"That was College Boy, Ma," I said, "you shouldn't-"

"Be quiet, William," she said, turning to me.

"You shouldn't have done that, Martha," Pa said, pushing his chair back and getting to his feet. "Not to College Boy, anyway. He was –"

He did not say anything more after that. The next moment he turned around and went through the house to the front porch.

I got up and went through the house behind him. It was darker than ever on the porch and I couldn't see anything at all. I felt on all the chairs for him¹⁰, but he was not there. I hurried down the steps and ran down the street trying to catch up with him before it was too late to find him in the dark.

TASKS

1. Give Ukrainian equivalents of the following words. Learn them by heart:

A stove, a biscuit, to wink, to spread, muscles, to squeeze, awfully, a bacon, to stir, a pot, a pan, mad, wet, meek, a tramp, a hip, to bend, a rooster, to stamp, to wring off, smart, a favour, proper, a washpot, firewood, to feed, a nest, to trade, a poke, to wipe, damp, a rag, a feather, sore, to come through, to heal up, a wing, to crack, a rock, to boil, a dust-bed, pitch-dark, a porch, to lean, to lean back, to lean over, desperate, to push, to nod, hush, harsh.

2. Give synonyms to the following words and word combinations:

A cock, smart, to ride on the train, to trade, a chicken house, a nation, a rock, a college boy, a rag, cooking-dish, that's why, Lord knows.

3. Define the meanings of the following phrases. Find them in the situations given in the text. Use them in your own sentences.

To be away for a week, to be as mad as wet hen, hands on hips, good-for-nothing, to be out of sight, to come through, to heal up, to run some risks, in the whole nation, over there and back, to get one's hands on smb., to wring smb's neck off.

4. Give the four forms of the following verbs:

To leave, to lie, to pay, to heal, to run, to think, to sit, to burn, to know, to touch, to hold, to find, to catch, to bring, to say.

5. Insert the omitted prepositions or adverbs:

1. He had his mouth full when I went ..., and he didn't say anything ... first. 2. He had been away ... almost a whole week that time. 3. He said squeezing his fingers ... my arm. 4. Ma came ... and helped me ... bread and a little bacon. 5. She was ... mad ... a wet hen. 6. We never talked ... her when she was like that. 7. I just went ... the country a little. 8. If I ever get my hands ... him, I'm going to wring his neck 9. Pa didn't have any money to ride ... the trains 10. I took the egg ... the store and traded it ... a poke of corn. 11. We could stay out there and be out ... sight. 12. He was afraid that College Boy wouldn't be able to come 13. He let me hold College Boy ... my arms. 14. We sat there ... the ground ... the shadow until noon. 15. Pa leaned ... and looked ... me, and it was easy to see that he was pleased ... Ma's cooking.

6. Put the verbs in brackets into the correct tense form:

1. When I almost (to finish) eating, she (to come and stand) at the stove, hand on hips. 2. When I (to get) as far as the door, she (to turn) on Pa again. 3. When I (to get) to eat breakfast, my old man (to sit) at the kitchen stove. 4. After Ma (to go back) into the kitchen, I (to go) to the hen house. 5. Mr. Brown (to say) he (to hear) that Pa won three dollars at a cock-fighting. 6. I (to think) we (to get back) in time to go out and see College Boy. 7. He (to open) his mouth to say something, but he (to make) no sound. 8. It (to seem) as if the night (to pass) before anybody moved. 9. "Where you (to be) this time, Morris Stroup?" 10. Pa (to get up) and (to come out) in the yard where I (to feed) the fire under the pot.

7. Answer the following questions on the text:

- 1) Who is the author of the book? What do you know about him?
- 2) Who are the characters of the story?
- 3) Do you like the title of the story? What title would you suggest?
- 4) Why did Morris Stroup name the cock College Boy?
- 5) What was Morris Stroup's business?
- 6) What did Martha do every day? Did Morris and William help her?
- 7) Why did Morris send his son to Mr. Brown's grocery?
- 8) Can you describe College Boy's appearance?
- 9) Did William like the cock? Why?
- 10) Did Martha like College boy? Why?
- 11) What did Martha want Morris to do after dinner one day?
- 12) Where did Mr. Dolan live?
- 13) What did the family have for supper that night?

- 14) Were William and Morris pleased with Martha's cooking?
- 15) Why was that supper a lesson to Morris?
- 16) Are you sorry for College Boy?
- 17) What kind of story is it? Is it sad or funny?
- 18) What can you say about William? How old was he?
- 19) What kind of man was Morris Stroup?
- 20) Do you like Martha? What can you say about her?

8. Give a literary translation of the following passage :

"I held College Boy in my arms ..." up to "...there wasn't a finer cock in the whole nation".

9. Give written characteristics of the heroes of the story.

10. Prepare a passage from the text for your impressive reading.

11. Make up a plan of the story. Retell it according to your plan.

THE CORDUROY PANTS

Two weeks after he had sold his farm on the back road for twelve hundred dollars and the Mitchells had moved in and taken possession, Bert Fellows discovered that he had left his other pair of corduroy pants up attic. When he had finished hauling his furniture and clothes to his other place on the Skowhegan road, he was sure he had left nothing behind, but the morning that he went to put on his best pair of pants he could not find them anywhere. Bert thought the matter over two or three days and decided to go around on the back road and ask Abe Mitchell to let him go up attic and get the corduroys. He had known Abe all his life and he felt certain Abe would let him go into the house and look around for them.

Abe was putting a new board on the doorstep when Bert came up the road and turned into the yard. Abe glanced around but kept right on working.

Bert waited until Abe had finished planing the board before he said anything.

"How are you, Abe?" he inquired cautiously.

"Hell, I'm always well," Abe said, without looking up from the step.

Bert was getting ready to ask permission to go into the house. He waited until Abe hammered the twenty-penny into the board.

"I left a pair of corduroys in there, Abe," he stated preliminarily.

"You wouldn't mind if I went up attic and got them, would you?"

Abe let the hammer drop out of his hands and fall on the step. He wiped his mouth with his handkerchief and turned around facing Bert.

"You go in my house and I'll have the law on you. I don't care if you've left fifty pair of corduroys up attic. I bought and paid for this place and the buildings on it and I don't want nobody tracking around here. When I want you to come on my land, I'll invite you."

Bert scratched his head and looked up at the attic window. He began to wish he had not been so forgetful when he was moving his belongings down to his other house on the Skowhegan road.

“They won’t do you no good, Abe,” he said. “They are about ten sizes too big for you to wear. And they belong to me, anyway.”

“I’ve already told you what I’m going to do with them corduroys,”

Abe replied, going back to work. I’ve made my plans for them corduroys. I’m going to keep them, that’s what I’m going to do.”

Bert turned around and walked toward the road, glancing over his shoulder at the attic window where his pants were hanging on a rafter.

He stopped and looked at Abe several minutes, but Abe was busy hammering twenty-penny nails into the new step he was making and he paid no attention to Bert’s sour looks. Bert went back down the road, wondering how he was going to get along without his other pair of pants.

By the time Bert reached his house he was good and mad. In the first place, he did not like the way Abe Mitchell had ordered him away from his old farm, but most of all he missed his other pair of corduroys. And by bedtime he could not sit still. He walked around the kitchen mumbling to himself and trying to think of some way by which he could get his trousers away from Abe.

“Crusty-faced Democrats never were no good,” he mumbled to himself.

Half an hour later he was walking up the back road toward his old farm. He had waited until he knew Abe was asleep, and now he was going to get into the house and go up attic and bring out the corduroys.

Bert felt in the dark for the loose window in the barn and discovered it could be opened just as he had expected. He had had good intentions of nailing it down, for the past two or three years, and now he was glad he had left it as it was. He went through the barn and the woodshed and into the house.

Abe had gone to bed about nine o’clock, and he was asleep and snoring when Bert listened at the door. Abe’s wife had been stone-deaf for the past twenty years or more.

Bert found the corduroy pants, with no trouble at all. He struck only one match up attic, and the pants were hanging on the first nail he went to. He had taken off his shoes when he climbed through the barn window and he knew his way through the

house with his eyes shut. Getting into the house and out again was just as easy as he had thought it would be. And as long as Abe snored, he was safe.

In another minute he was out in the barn again, putting on his shoes and holding his pants under his arm. He had put over a good joke on Abe Mitchell, all right. He went home and got into bed.

The next morning Abe Mitchell drove his car up to the front of Bert's house and got out. Bert saw him from his window and went to meet Abe at the door. He was wearing the other pair of corduroys, the pair that Abe had said he was going to keep for himself.

"I'll have you arrested for stealing my pants," Abe announced as soon as Bert opened the door, "but if you want to give them back to me now I might consider calling off the charges. It's up to you what you want to do about it."

"That's all right by me," Bert said. "When we get to court I'll show you that I'm just as big a man as you think you are. I'm not afraid of what you'll do. Go ahead and have me arrested, but if they lock you up in place of me, don't come begging me to go your bail for you."

"Well, if that's the way you think about it," Abe said, getting red in the face, "I'll go ahead with the charges. I'll swear out a warrant right now and they'll put you in the county jail before bedtime tonight".

"They'll know where to find me." Bert said, closing the door. "I generally stay pretty close to home."

Abe went out to his automobile and got inside. He started the engine, and promptly shut it off again.

"Come out here a minute, Bert," he called.

Bert studied him for several minutes through the crack in the door and then went out into the yard.

"Why don't you go swear out the warrant? What you waiting for now?"

"Well, I thought I'd tell you something, Bert. It will save you and me both a lot of time and money if you'd go to court right now and save the cost of having a man

come out here to serve the warrant on you. If you'll go to court right now and let me have you arrested there, the cost won't be as much."

"You must take me for a cussed fool, Abe Mitchell " Bert said. "Do I look like a fool to pay ten dollars for a hired car to take me to a jail?"

Abe thought to himself several minutes, glancing sideways at Bert. 'I'll tell you what I'll do, Bert," he proposed. "You get in my car and I'll take you there and you won't have to pay ten dollars for a hired car."

Bert took out his pipe and tobacco. Abe waited while he thought the proposition over thoroughly. Bert could not find a match, so Abe handed him one.

"You'll do that, won't you, Bert?" he asked.

"Don't hurry me— I need plenty of time to think this over in my mind."

Abe waited, bending nervously toward Bert. The match-head crumbled off and Abe promptly gave Bert another one.

"I guess I can accommodate you that little bit, this time," he said, at length. "Wait until I lock up my house."

When Bert came back to the automobile Abe started the engine and turned around in the road toward Skowhegan. Bert sat beside him sucking his pipe. Neither of them had anything to say to each other all the time they were riding. Abe drove as fast as his old car would go, because he was in a hurry to get Bert arrested and the trial started.

When they reached the courthouse, they went inside and Abe swore out the warrant and had it served on Bert. The sheriff took them into the courtroom and told Bert to wait in a seat on the first row of benches. The sheriff said they could push the case ahead and get a hearing some time that same afternoon. Abe found a seat and sat down to wait.

It was an hour before Bert's case was called to trial. Somebody read out his name and told him to stand up. Abe sat still, waiting until he was called to give his testimony.

Bert stood up while the charge was ready to him. When it was over, the judge asked him if he wanted to plead guilty or not guilty.

“Not guilty,” Bert said.

Abe jumped off his seat and waved his arms.

“He's lying!” he shouted at the top of his voice. “He's lying – he did steal my pants!”

“Who is that man?” the judge asked somebody.

“That's the man who swore out the warrant,” the clerk said. “He's the one who claims the pants were stolen from him.”

“Well, if he yells out like that again,” the judge said, “I'll swear out a warrant against him for giving me a headache. And I guess somebody had better tell him there's such a thing as contempt of court. He looks like a Democrat, so I suppose he never heard of anything like that before.”

The judge rapped for order and bent over towards Bert.

“Did you steal a pair of corduroy pants from this man?” he asked.

“They were my pants,” Bert explained. “I left them in my house when I sold it to Abe Mitchell and when I asked him for them he wouldn't turn them over to me. I didn't steal them. They belonged to me all the time.”

“He's lying!” Abe shouted again, jumping up and down. “He stole my pants – he's lying!”

“Ten dollars for contempt of court, whatever your name is,” the judge said, aiming his gavel at Abe, “and case dismissed for lack of evidence.”

Abe's face sank into his head. He looked fn. -r at the judge and then around the courtroom at the strange people.

“You're not going to make me pay ten dollars, are you?” he demanded angrily.

“No,” the judge said, standing up again. “I made a mistake. I forgot that you are a Democrat. I meant to say twenty-five dollars”

Bert went outside and waited at the automobile until Abe paid his fine. In a quarter of an hour Abe came out of the courthouse.

“Well, I guess I'll have to give you a ride back home,” he said, getting under the steering-wheel and starting the engine. “But what I ought to do is leave you here and let you ride home in a hired car.”

Bert said nothing at all. He sat down beside Abe and they drove out of town toward home.

It was almost dark when Abe stopped the car in front of Bert's house. Bert got out and slammed shut the door.

"I'm mighty much obliged for the ride," he said. "I've been wanting to take a trip over Skowhegan way for a year or more. I'm glad you asked me to go along with you, Abe, but I don't see how the trip was worth twenty-five dollars to you."

Abe shoved his automobile into gear and jerked down the road toward his place. He left Bert standing beside the mailbox rubbing his hands over the legs of his corduroy pants.

Abe Mitchell ought to have better sense than to be a Democrat," Bert said, going into his house.

TASKS

1. Give Ukrainian equivalents of the following words. Learn them by heart:

Corduroy pants, an attic, up attic, to haul, to inquire, cautiously, a door-step, permission, to hammer, a nail, to scratch, forgetful, belongings, to glance, to mumble, a barn, a match, to climb, to announce, a crack, to swear, a warrant, a pipe, trial, to plead guilty, to yell out, contempt, to dismiss, evidence, a fine, an engine, to be obliged, to rub.

2. Give the four forms of the following verbs:

To steal, to swear, to lie, to hammer, to move, to shut, to drive, to ride, to sell, to drop, to strike.

3. Give synonyms to the following words and expressions:

In place of, a jail, promptly, right now, contempt, to propose, to guess, to claim, pants, to plead, to rap, to come out of the house, to see.

4. Give antonyms to the following words and expressions:

To move in, to pay attention to, to get into the house, to tell the truth, disorder, an honest man, to buy.

5. Define the meanings of the following phrases. Find them in the situations given in the text. Use them in your own sentences:

To have the law on smb., in the first place, with one's eyes shut, to play a joke on smb., it's up to you, to get red in the face, to swear out a warrant against smb., to put smb. in a jail, to take smb. to a jail, to go out into the yard, to serve a warrant on smb., to take smb. for a fool, to go bail for smb., to think the proposition over, to start an engine, to rap for order, contempt of court, the case dismissed for lack of evidence, with no trouble at all.

6. Insert the omitted prepositions or adverbs:

1. Bert thought the matter ...two or three days and decided to go ... and ask Abe Mitchell to let him go ... attic. 2. Abe let the hammer drop ... his hands and fall ... the step. 3. Bert turned ... and walked ... the road, glancing ... his shoulder ... the attic window where his pants were hanging. 4. Bert felt The dark ... the loose window ... the barn. 5. He went ... the barn and got ... the house. 6. He had taken ... his shoes when he was climbing ... the barn window. 7. He had played a good joke ... Abe Mitchell. 8. Bert studied him ... a several minutes ... the crack ... the door and then went... ... the yard. 9. ... an hour Bert's case was called ... trial. 10. The judge rapped ... order and bent ... towards Bert.

7. Say if the following sentences are true or false:

1. Bert Fellows sold his farm for 14 hundred dollars.
2. Bert Fellows discovered that he had left his corduroys in the house immediately after he had sold it.
3. Abe Mitchell was glad to see Bert and let him come into the house.
4. Bert felt angry and irritated when he returned home.
5. Bert got into his former house through the unlocked door.
6. Bert had no difficulties getting into his house.
7. Abe was going to arrest Bert for stealing his pants.
8. Bert paid ten dollars to go to the courthouse.
9. The judge sent Bert Fellows to prison.
10. Abe Mitchell was fined for contempt of court.

8. Answer the following questions on the text:

- 1) Who are the characters of the story?
- 2) What did Bert Fellows discover one day?
- 3) What did he decide to do after that?
- 4) Did Abe Mitchell allow Bert to take a pair of corduroys? How did he explain the case?

- 5) What was Bert's plan of taking his corduroys?
- 6) How did Bert get his own corduroys? Was it difficult for him to do it?
- 7) Why did Abe visit Bert next morning?
- 8) What was Bert's opinion on this account?
- 9) What did Abe offer Bert after returning from his car?
- 10) Did Bert take his proposition?
- 11) Where did they ride to?
- 12) What did the sheriff promise them?
- 13) Why did Abe jump off his seat and wave his arms?
- 14) What was the judge's decision?
- 15) How much did Abe have to pay?
- 16) Why was the fine so high?
- 17) Who did you like more – Bert or Abe? Why?
- 18) What can you say about Bert?
- 19) How can you characterize Abe?
- 20) Who was slier – Bert Fellows or Abe Mitchell?
- 21) Do you like the title of the story?
- 22) What title can you suggest?
- 23) What genre does this story belong to?

9. Give a literary translation of the following passage:

“Half an hour later he was walking up the road...” up to “He went home and got into bed”.

10. Give written characteristics of the heroes of the story.

11. Make up a plan of your story. Retell it according to your plan.

HORSE THIEF

I didn't steal Lud Moseley's calico horse.

People all over have been trying to make me out a thief, but anybody who knows me at all will tell you that I've never been in trouble like this before in all my life. Mr. John Turner will tell you all about me. I've worked for him, off and on, for I don't know exactly how many years. I reckon I've worked for him just about all my life, since I was a boy. Mr. John knows I wouldn't steal a horse. That's why I say I didn't steal Lud Moseley's, like he swore I did. I didn't grow up just to turn out to be a horse thief.

Night before last, Mr. John told me to ride his mare, Betsy. I said I wanted to go off a little way after something, and he told me to go ahead and ride Betsy, like I have been doing every Sunday night for going on two years now. Mr. John told me to take the Texas saddle, but I told him I didn't care about riding saddle. I like to ride with a bridle and reins, and nothing else. That's the best way to ride, anyway. And where I was going I didn't want to have « squeaking saddle under me. I wasn't up to no mischief. It was just a little private business of my own that nobody has got a right to call me down about.

I nearly always rode saddle Sunday nights, but night before last was Thursday night, and that's why I didn't have a saddle when I went.

Mr. John Turner will tell you I'm not the kind to go off and get into trouble. Ask Mr. John about me. He has known me all my life, and I've never given him or anybody else trouble.

When I took Betsy out of the stable that night after supper, Mr. John came out to the barnyard and asked me over again if I didn't want to take the Texas saddle. That mare, Betsy, is a little rawboned, but I didn't mind that. I told Mr. John I'd just ride bareback.

He said it was all right with him if I wanted to get sawn in two, and for me to go ahead and do like I pleased about it. He was standing right there all the time, rubbing Betsy's mane, and trying to find out where I was going, without coming right

out and asking me. But he knew all the time where I was going, because he knows all about me. I reckon he just wanted to have a laugh at me, but he couldn't do that if I didn't let on where I was headed. So he told me it was all right to ride his mare without a saddle if I didn't want to be bothered with one, and I opened the gate and rode off down the road towards Bishop's crossroads.

That was night before last—Thursday night. It was a little after dark then, but I could see Mr. John standing at the barnyard gate, leaning on it a little, and watching me ride off. I'd been plowing that day, over in the new ground, and I was dog-tired. That's one reason why I didn't gallop off like I always did on Sunday nights. I rode away slow, letting Betsy take her own good time, because I wasn't in such a big hurry, after all. I had about two hours' time to kill, and only a little over three miles to go. That's why I went off like that.

Everybody knows I've been going to see Lud Moseley's youngest daughter, Naomi. I was going to see her again that night. But I couldn't show up there till about nine-thirty. Lud Moseley wouldn't let me come to see her but once a week, on Sunday nights, and night before last was Thursday. I'd been there to see her three or four times before on Thursday nights that Lud Moseley didn't know about.

Naomi told me to come to see her on Thursday nights. That's why I had been going there when Lud Moseley said I couldn't come to his house but once a week. Naomi told me to come anyway, and she had been coming out to the swing under the trees in the front yard to meet me.

I haven't got a thing in the world against Lud Moseley. Mr. John Turner will tell you I haven't. I don't especially like him, but that's to be expected, and he knows why. Once a week isn't enough to go to see a girl you like a lot, like I do Naomi. And I reckon she likes me a little, or she wouldn't tell me to come to see her on Thursday nights, when Lud Moseley told me not to come. Lud Moseley thinks if I go to see her more than once a week that maybe we'll take it into our heads to go get married without giving him a chance to catch on.

That's why he said I couldn't come to his house but once a week, on Sunday nights.

He's fixing to have me sent to the penitentiary for twenty years for stealing his calico horse, Lightfoot. I reckon he knows good and well I didn't steal the horse, but he figures he's got a good chance to put me out of the way till he can get Naomi married to somebody else. That's the way I figure it all out, because everybody in this part of the country who ever heard tell of me knows I'm not a horse thief.

Mr. John Turner will tell you that about me. Mr. John knows me better than that. I've worked for him so long he even tried once to make me out as one of the family, but I wouldn't let him do that.

So, night before last, Thursday night, I rode off from home bareback, on Betsy. I killed a little time down at the creek, about a mile down the road from where we live, and when I looked at my watch again, it was nine o'clock sharp. I got on Betsy and rode off towards Lud Moseley's place. Everything was still and quiet around the house and barn. It was just about Lud's bedtime then. I rode right up to the barnyard gate, like I always did on Thursday nights. I could see a light up in Naomi's room, where she slept with her older sister, Mary Lee. We had always figured on Mary Lee's being out with somebody else, or maybe being ready to go to sleep by nine-thirty. When I looked up at their window, I could see Naomi lying across her bed, and Mary Lee was standing beside the bed talking to her about something. That looked bad, because when Mary Lee tried to make Naomi undress and go to bed before she did it always men it that it would take Naomi another hour or more to get out of the room, because she had to wait for Mary Lee to go to sleep before she could leave. She had to wait for Mary Lee to go to sleep, and then she had to get up and dress in the dark before she could come down to the front yard and meet me in the swing under the trees.

I sat there on Betsy for ten or fifteen minutes, waiting to see how Naomi was going to come out with her sister.

After a while I saw Naomi get up and start to undress. I knew right away that that meant waiting another hour or longer for her to be able to come and meet me. The moon was starting to rise, and it was getting to be as bright as day out there in the barnyard. I'd been in the habit of opening the gate and turning Betsy loose in the

yard, but I was scared to do it night before last. If Lud Moseley should get up for a drink of water or something, and happen to look out toward the barn and see a horse standing there, he would either think it was one of his and come out and lock it in the stalls, or else he would catch on it was me out there. Anyway, as soon as he saw Betsy, he would have known it wasn't his mare, and there would have been the mischief to pay right there and then. So I opened the barn door and led Betsy inside and put her in the first empty stall I could find in the dark. I was scared to strike a light, because I didn't know but what Lud Moseley would be looking out the window just at that time and see the flare of the match. I put Betsy in the stall, closed the door, and came back outside to wait for Naomi to find a chance to come out and meet me in the swing in the yard.

It was about twelve-thirty or one o'clock when I got ready to leave for home. The moon had been clouded, and it was darker than everything in the barn. I couldn't see my hand in front of me, it was that dark. I was scared to strike a light that time, too, and I felt my way ill and opened the stall door and stepped inside to lead Betsy out. I couldn't see a thing, and when I found her neck, I thought she must have slipped her bridle like she was always doing when she had to stand too long to suit her. I was afraid to try to ride her home without a lead of some kind, because I was scared she might shy in the barnyard and start tearing around out there and wake up Lud Moseley.

I felt around on the ground for the bridle, but I couldn't find it anywhere. Then I went back to the stall door and felt on it, thinking I might have taken it off myself when I was all excited at the start, and there was a filter hanging up. I slipped it over her head and led her out. It was still so dark I couldn't see a thing, and I had to feel my way outside and through the barnyard gate. When I got to the road, I threw a leg over her, and started for home without wasting any more time around Lud Moseley's place. I thought she trotted a little funny, because she had a swaying swing that made me slide from side to side, and I didn't have a saddle pommel to hold on to. I was all wrought up about getting away from there without getting caught up with, and I

didn't think a thing about it. But I got home all right and slipped the halter off and put her in her stall. It was around one or two o'clock in the morning then.

The next morning after breakfast, when I was getting ready to start plowing in the new ground again, Lud Moseley and three or four other men, including the sheriff, came riding lickety-split up the road from town and hitched at the rack. Mr. John came out and slapped the sheriff on the back and told him a funny story. They carried on like that for nearly half an hour, and then the sheriff asked Mr. John where I was. Mr. John told him I was getting ready to go off to the new ground, where we had planted a crop of corn that spring, and then the sheriff said he had a warrant for me. Mr. John asked him what for, a joke or something? And the sheriff told him it was for stealing Lud Moseley's calico horse, Lightfoot. Mr. John laughed at him, because he still thought it just a joke, but the sheriff pulled out the paper and showed it to him. Mr. John still wouldn't believe it, and he told them there was a mix-up somewhere, because, he told them, I wouldn't steal a horse. Mr. John knows I'm not a horse thief. I've never been in any kind of trouble before in all my life.

They brought me to town right away and put me in the cellroom at the sheriff's jail. I knew I hadn't stole Lud Moseley's horse, and I wasn't scared a bit about it. But right after they brought me to town, they all rode back and the sheriff looked in the barn and found Lud Moseley's calico horse, Lightfoot, in Betsy's stall. Mr. Johit said things were all mixed up, because he knew I didn't steal the horse, and he knew I wouldn't do it. But the horse was there, the calico one, Lightfoot, and his halter was hanging on the stall door. After that they went back to Lud Moseley's and measured my foot tracks in the barnyard, and then they found Betsy's bridle. Lud Moseley said I had rode Mr. John's mare over there, turned her loose, and put the bridle on his Lightfoot and rode him off. They never did say how come the halter came to get to Mr. John's stable, then. Lud Moseley's stall door was not locked, and it wasn't broken down. It looks now like I forgot to shut it tight when I put Betsy in, because she got out someway and came home of her own accord sometime that night.

Lud Moseley says he's going to send me away for twenty years where I won't have a chance to worry him over his youngest daughter, Naomi. He wants her to

marry a widowed farmer over beyond Bishop's crossroads who runs twenty plows and who's got a big white house with fifteen rooms in it. Mr. John Turner says he'll hire the best lawyer in town to take up my case, but it don't look like it will do much good, because my footprints are all over Lud Moseley's barnyard, and his Lightfoot was in Mr. John's stable.

I reckon I could get out of it someway, if I made up my mind to do it. But I don't like to do things like that. It would put Naomi in a bad way, because if I said I was there seeing her, and had put Betsy in the stall to keep her quiet, and took Lightfoot out by mistake in the dark when I got ready to leave – well, it would just look bad, that's all. She would have to say she was in the habit of slipping out of the house to see me after everybody had gone to sleep, on Thursday nights, and it would just look bad all around. She might take it into her head some day that she'd rather marry somebody else than me, and by that time she'd have a bad name for having been mixed up with me – and slipping out of the house to meet me after bedtime.

Naomi knows I'm no horse thief. She knows how it all happened – that I rode Lud Moseley's calico horse, Lightfoot, off by mistake in the dark, and left the stall door unfastened, and Betsy got out and came home of her own accord.

Lud Moseley has been telling people all around the courthouse as how he is going to send me away for twenty years so he can get Naomi married to that widowed farmer who runs twenty plows. Lud Moseley is right proud of it, it looks like to me, because he's got me cornered in a trap, and maybe he will get me sent away sure enough before Naomi gets a chance to tell what she knows is true.

But, somehow, I don't know if she'll say it if she does get the chance. Everybody knows I'm nothing but a hired man at Mr. John Turner's, and I've been thinking that maybe Naomi might not come right out and tell what she knows, after all.

I'd come right out and explain to the sheriff how the mix-up happened, but I sort of hate to mention Naomi's name in the mess. If it had been a Sunday night, instead of night before last, a Thursday, I could – well, it–would just sound too bad, that's all.

If Naomi comes to town and tells what she knows, I won't say a word to stop her, because that'll mean she's willing to say it and marry me.

But if she stays at home, and lets Lud Moseley and that widowed farmer send me away for twenty years, I'll just have to go, that's all.

I always told Naomi I'd do anything in the world for her, and I reckon this will be the time when I've got to prove whether I'm a man of my word, or not.

TASKS

1. Give the Ukrainian equivalents of the following words, learn them by heart:

To reckon, to steal, to ride, a mare, a saddle, a bridle, reins, to squeak, mischief, a stable, raw-boned, gate, to lean, to plow, dog-tired, a reason, swing, penitentiary, to figure out, loose, to lock, stall, to lead (led, led), to slip, to waste time, to trot, to slide, to slap, a warrant, a mix-up, a cell room, a jail, to measure, foot tracks, tight, a widow, to run (the business), to hire, a case, footprints, to unfasten, to mention, to sound bad, to prove.

2. Define the meanings of the following expressions. Find them in the situations given in the text. Use them in your own sentences:

Night before last, to be up to smth., to get into trouble, to have a laugh at smb., to let smb. into one's secrets, to be dog-tired, to put smb. out of the way, to be in the habit of doing smth., to waste time, to be scared, of one's own accord, to do good, to be willing to do smth., to be a man of one's word, by mistake.

3. Explain the difference between the following words:

A thief, a robber, a burglar, a mugger, a pickpocket, a shoplifter, a smuggler.

4. Put the verbs in brackets into the correct tense form:

1. I never (to be) in trouble like this before. 2. I (to work) for him just about all my life, since I (to be) a boy. 3. I (to be) there to see her three or four times before on

Thursday nights that Lud Moseley (not to know) about. 4. He (to try) to have me sent to the penitentiary for twenty years. 5. When I (to look up) at their window, Mary Lee (to stand) beside the bed. 6. I (to feel) my way and (to step) inside to lead Betsy out. 7. When I (to get) to the road, I (to throw) a leg over the horse and (to start) for home. 8. I (to think) she (to trot) a little funny. 9. I (to know) I (not to steal) Lud Moseley's horse. 10. I always (to tell) Naomi I (to do) anything in the world for her.

5. Say if the following sentences are true or false:

1. The narrator works for Lud Moseley.
2. The narrator goes to see his girlfriend every Friday night.
3. The narrator is in love with Lud Moseley's eldest daughter.
4. Naomi asked the narrator to see her on Thursday nights.
5. The narrator was blamed for stealing Lud Moseley's horse.
6. Naomi had a talk with her father on Thursday night.
7. The narrator left the horse under a tree.
8. The narrator noticed that Betsy trotted in a funny way.
9. Lud Moseley was going to send the narrator to prison for ten years.
10. The narrator hopes that Naomi will come to town and tells the truth.

6. Give a literary translation of the following passage:

"I haven't got a thing in the world against Lud Moseley..." up to "on Sunday nights".

7. Give written characteristics of the heroes of the story.

8. Make up a plan of your story. Retell it according to your plan.

LETTER IN THE MAIL

Almost everybody likes to receive mail. And perhaps nobody in Stillwater liked to get letters more than Ray Buffin. But unfortunately Ray received fewer letters in his box at the post-office than anybody else.

Guy Hodge and Ralph Barnhill were two young men in town who liked to play jokes on people. But they never meant anything bad. One afternoon, after watching Ray Buffin waiting for a letter at the post-office, they decided to play a joke on him. Their plan was to ask a girl in town to send Ray a love letter without signing it and then tell everybody in the post-office to watch Ray read the letter; and then somebody was to ask him if he had received a love letter from a girl. After that somebody was to take the letter out of his hand and read it aloud for everybody to hear.

After buying a box of pale blue envelopes and writing-paper Guy and Ralph went round the corner to the office of the telephone company where Grace Brooks worked as a night telephone operator.

Grace was a pretty fair elderly girl with a fine figure. She had begun working for the telephone company many years ago, after she had finished school. She had remained unmarried all those years, and because she worked at night and slept in the daytime it was very difficult for her now, she knew, to find a husband.

At first, after Guy Hodge and Ralph Barnhil had explained to her what they wanted to do and asked her to write the letter to Ray, Grace refused to do it.

“Now, be a good girl, Gracie. Do us a favour and write the letter,” said Ralph. “We won’t tell Ray or anybody else that you wrote it. You won’t have to worry about that.”

Suddenly she turned away. She didn’t want the young men to see her crying. She remembered the time she had got acquainted with Ray and the letter she had soon received from him. Ray wanted to marry her. But she had just finished school then and had started to work for the telephone company; she was very young then and didn’t want to marry anybody yet; and so Ray never got a reply. Time passed. During all those years she had seen him a few times but rarely more than a polite word had

passed between them, and each time he looked sadder and sadder. There had been moments when she wanted to run to Ray, throw her arms round him and tell him she had made a mistake in those days.

“Please, Gracie,” said Guy Hodge, “write the letter for us. If you refuse we’ll have to find somebody else to write it.”

“No,” she said quickly. “Don’t do that! I want to write it! I don’t want anybody else to do it!”

“Fine,” Ralph said. “Now let’s decide what you say in it.”

“I think I know what to say,” she told them. “I’ll write the letter tonight and send it early tomorrow morning.”

“Good. That’s just what we want.”

After they left the telephone office Grace thought about Ray and cried. Late at night she wrote the letter.

The next day Guy and Ralph were in the post-office at four o’clock. By that time there was a large crowd in the post-office. When Ray came in and saw a letter in his box he looked at it in surprise. He couldn’t believe his eyes. He opened the box, took out the blue envelope and went to the corner of the room to read it.

When he finished he behaved like mad. He smiled happily and ran out of the room before the people there had time to say anything to stop him.

The moment Guy and Ralph understood what had happened they ran after him trying to stop him. But it was too late. Ray hurried round the corner to the telephone office.

When Guy and Ralph ran into the room where Grace worked they saw Ray Buffin standing near the girl with the widest and happiest smile they had ever seen on his face. It was clear they hadn’t spoken a word yet. They just stood in silence, too happy to worry about Guy and Ralph watching them.

TASKS

1. Give Ukrainian equivalents of the following words, learn them by heart:

To droop, disappointment, deep, a tax bill, to correspond, an exception, highway, to toss, a mailbag, to contain, a package, a repair shop, a rifle, anxiously, to distribute, to complain, to gossip, to mutter, to hunch, to harm, to snatch, a switchboard operator, plump, feminine handwriting, to conceal, to plead, to beg, to pat, mutual, wink, nudge, to blink, a palm, to stuff, to dash out, to snuggle, bashful, to bet, deed.

2. Give synonyms to the following words:

Bashful, to wink, to mail, to receive, plump, a scheme, to graduate from school, an opportunity, to conceal, to mind, to object.

3. Define the meaning of the following expressions. Use them in your own sentences:

To receive mail, to run for, to have no chance, to make a living doing something, regardless of, to think up smth., to be a good sport, from now on, once in a while, somehow or other, to have nothing to do with.

4. Give the literary translation of the following extract:

“Suddenly turning around and hiding her face...” up to “... would be lonely now”.

5. Translate the following sentences using new words and phrases:

- 1) Отримавши пошту, я проглянув кореспонденцію та вирішив відразу відповісти на всі листи.
- 2) Я не хочу, щоб він балотувався на пост мера міста. Це не принесе нічого, крім зайвого клопоту.
- 3) Джун нарешті має можливість зайнятися альпінізмом, і, хоча її чоловік проти, вона не відступить від свого наміру.
- 4) Меггі не мала можливості попередити своїх далеких родичів про свій приїзд, але вона була впевнена, що вони не відмовлять їй у гостинності.
- 5) Оскільки дружина Бена хвора, а діти надто малі, йому одному доводиться працювати. Він заробляє на життя тим, що продає різні дерев'яні речі, але це не приносить їм багато грошей і вони ледве зводять кінці з кінцями.
- 6) Так, чи інакше їй доведеться закінчити цю статтю. У іншому випадку вона може втратити роботу.
- 7) Діана дала знати батькам, що вона одружиться з Джастіном не звертаючи уваги на його соціальний статус.
- 8) З цієї миті я збираюся подбати про твоє здоров'я.
- 9) Всім подобаються невинні жарти час від часу.

10) Кошенята притиснулися одне до одного, щоб було тепліше.

6. Translate the following sentences. Explain the grammar in each case:

- 1) Ray would say with a sad expression on his long face.
- 2) Once a month he did get a bill from the gas and electric company.
- 3) He would stand there anxiously watching the little glass window.
- 4) Ray would take one last look at his box and then walk slowly across the square.
- 5) If she had answered his letter, they probably would have been married all those years and neither of them would be lonely now.
- 6) If you don't we'll have to find somebody else to write it.
- 7) By that time a larger crowd than usual had gathered in the post office.
- 8) I'll bet, they never would have done anything about it if we hadn't thought up this letter-writing joke.
- 9) His hand shaking more than ever, he opened the pink envelope.
- 10) If it hadn't been for us, he never would have got the letter he must have been waiting for most of his life.

7. Insert the omitted prepositions or adverbs:

1. ... a time like that his whole tall bony body drooped ... disappointment. 2. The bus from New Orleans stopped ... the town square ... front of the post office and the driver tossed ... two or three mailbags. 3. There were two men ... town who were always thinking ... some jokes to play ... people. 4. Gracie tried to keep her eyes ... filling ... tears. 5. She had just graduated... high school and started to work ... the telephone company. 6. His eyes blinking he stared ... it ... the little glass window ... a long time. 7. They ran ... him, calling .. him to come ... to the post office. 8. How ... the world did the joke turn ... like it did? 9. Then, suddenly stuffing the letter ... his pocket, he dashed the post office. 10. Do you suppose Grace Brooks signed her own name ... mistake?

8. Answer the following questions:

1. Where did the action of the story take place?
2. What is the name of the main character? What did he do?
3. What did Ray Buffin look like?
4. Did Ray have any relatives? Did anyone write letters to him?
5. Did Ray write letters himself?
6. How often did people in Stillwater receive mail?
7. Why did Ray always lock up his repair shop at four o'clock?
8. How did Ray feel when the mail was distributed?
9. Who are Guy Hodge and Ralph Barnhill? What were they like?

10. What joke did they think up?
11. Who is Gracie Brooks? What did she look like?
12. What did Guy Hodge and Ralph Barnhill ask her to do?
13. Did Gracie agree to help them?
14. What did Ray do when he saw a letter in his box?
15. Did Guy Hodge and Ralph Barnhill understand what had happened?
16. Were Guy Hodge and Ralph Barnhill glad that everything turned out the way it did?

9. Retell the text as if you were:

- a) Ray Buffin
- b) Grace Brooks
- c) Guy Hodge

RACHEL

Every evening she came down through the darkness of the alley, emerging in the bright light of the street like the sudden appearance of a frightened child far from home. I knew that she had never reached the end of the alley before eight o'clock, and yet there were evenings when I ran there two hours early and waited beside the large green and red hydrant until she came. During all those months I had known her she had been late only two or three times, and then it was only ten or fifteen minutes past eight when she came.

Rachel had never told me where she lived, and she would never let me walk home with her. Where the alley began at the hydrant, was the door through which she came at eight and the door which closed behind her at ten. When I had begged her to let me walk with her, she always pleaded with me, saying that her father did not allow her to be with boys and that if he should see us together he would either beat her unmercifully or make her leave home. For that reason I kept the promise I had given, and I never went any farther than the entrance to the alley with her.

"I'll always come down to see you in the evening, Frank," she said and added hastily, "as long as you wish me to come. But you must remember your promise never to try to find where I live, or to walk home with me."

I promised again and again.

"Perhaps some day you can come to see me," she whispered, touching my arm, "but not now. You must never go beyond the hydrant until I tell you that you may."

Rachel had told me that almost every time I saw her, as if she wished to impress upon me the realization of some sort of danger that lay in the darkness of the alley. I knew there was no physical danger, because around the corner was our house and I was as familiar with the neighbourhood as anyone else. And besides, during the day I usually walked through the alley to our back gate on my way home, because it was a short cut when I was late for supper.

I knew Rachel and her family were poor, because she had been wearing the same dress for nearly a year. It was a worn and fragile thing of faded blue cotton. I

had never seen it soiled and I knew she washed it every day. It had been mended time after time; carefully and neatly. I wished to offer to buy her a dress with the few dollars I had saved in my bank, but I was afraid to even suggest such a thing to her. I knew she would not have allowed me to give her the money, and I did not know what we would do when the dress became completely worn out. I was certain that it would mean the end of my seeing her. It was only the constant attention that she gave it and the care with which she laundered it each day that could have kept the dress whole as it had been.

Each evening when she came out of the black alley I met her there, and together we walked down the brightly lighted street to the corner where there was a drugstore. On the opposite corner there was a moving-picture theatre. To one or the other we went each evening. I should have liked to have taken her to both the show and to the drugstore, but I was never able to earn enough money for both in the same evening. The twenty cents I received every day for delivering the afternoon paper on a house-to-house route was not enough to buy ice cream at the drugstore and seats at the picture show, too. We had to take our choice between them.

When we stood on the corner across from the drugstore and across from the theatre we could never decide at first whether to see the show or to eat ice cream. The good times we had there on the corner were just as enjoyable to me, as anything else we did. Rachel would always try to make me tell her which I would rather do before she would commit herself and of course I wished to do that which would please her the most.

"I'm not going a step in either direction until you tell me which you would rather do," I would say to her. "It doesn't matter because being with you is everything I want."

"I'll tell you what let's do, Frank" she said touching my arm, and pretending not to be serious. "You go to the drugstore and I'll go to the movies,"

That was Rachel's way of telling me which she preferred, although I didn't believe she ever suspected that I knew. But when she suggested that I go to the movies while she went to the drugstore, I knew it to mean that she would much rather

have a dish of ice cream that evening. The enjoyment of the show lasted for nearly two hours, while the ice cream could never be prolonged for more than half an hour, so all but two or three evenings a week we went to the theatre across the street.

There was where I always wished to go, because in the semidarkness we sat close together and I held her hand. And if the house was not filled, we always found two seats near the rear, in one of the two corners, and there I kissed her when we were sure no one was looking at us.

After the show was over, we went out into the bright street and walked slowly towards the green and red hydrant in the middle of the block. There at the entrance to the alley we stopped awhile. If here were no other people in the street, I always put my arm around Rachel's waist while we walked slowly to the dark entrance. Neither of us spoke then, but I held her tighter to me, and she squeezed my fingers. When at last, after delaying as long as possible the time for her to go, we walked together a few steps into the darkness of the alley and stood in each other's arms; when she was about to disappear into the darkness of the alley I ran to her and caught her hands in mine.

"I love you, Rachel," I told her squeezing her fingers tighter as she withdrew them.

"And I love you, too, Frank," she said turning and running into the alley out of sight for another day.

After waiting awhile and listening until she had gone beyond hearing distance, I turned and walked slowly up the street towards home. Our house was only a block away: half a block to the corner, and another half block from there. When I had reached my room, I went to the window and stood there looking out into the night and listening for some sound of her. My window faced the alley behind the house and the street lights cast a dim glow over the house tops, but I could never see down into the darkness of the alley. After waiting at the window for an hour or more I undressed and went to bed. Many times I thought I heard the sound of her voice in the darkness, but after I had sprung from bed and had listened intently at the window for a long time I knew it was some other sound I had heard.

Near the end of summer I received five dollars as a birthday present from my aunt. As soon as I got it, I began making plans for Rachel and me. I wanted to surprise her that evening with the money, and then to take her downtown on a streetcar. First we would go to a restaurant, and afterwards to one of the large theatres. We had never been downtown together, and it was the first time I had more than fifty cents at one time. That afternoon as soon as I could deliver all the papers on my route I ran home and began thinking about the plans I had made for the evening.

Just before dark I went downstairs from my room to wait on the front porch for the time to come when I could meet Rachel. I sat on the porch steps, not even remembering to tell my mother that I was going downtown. She had never allowed me to go that far away from the house without my first telling her where I was going, with whom and at what time I would come back. I had been sitting on the porch for nearly an hour when my older sister came to the door and called me, "We have a job for you, Frank," Nancy said. "Mother wants you to come to the kitchen before you leave the house. Now, don't forget and go away."

I told her I would come right away. I was thinking then how much the surprise would mean to Rachel, and I did forget about the job waiting for me in the kitchen for nearly half an hour. It was then almost time for me to meet Rachel at the hydrant, and I jumped up and ran to the kitchen to finish the task as quickly as I could. When I reached the kitchen Nancy handed me a small round box and told me to open it and sprinkle the powder in the garbage can. I had heard my mother talking about the way rats were getting into the garbage so I went down to the back gate with the box without stopping to talk about it. As soon as I had sprinkled the powder on the refuse I ran back into the house, found my cap, and ran down the street. I was angry with my sister for causing me to be late in meeting Rachel, even though the fault was my own for not having done the task sooner. I was certain though, that Rachel would wait for me, even if a few minutes late in getting to the hydrant. I could not believe that she would come to the hydrant and leave immediately.

I had gone a dozen yards or more when I heard my mother calling me. I stopped unsteadily in my tracks.

"I'm going to the movies," I told her. "I'll be back soon."

"All right, Frank," she said. "I was afraid you were going downtown or somewhere like that. Come home as soon as you can."

I ran a few steps and stopped. I was so afraid that she would make me stay at home if I told her that I was going downtown that I did not know what to do. I had never told her a lie, and I could not make myself start then. I looked back and she was standing on the steps looking at me.

"Mother, I am going downtown," I pleaded, "but I'll be back early."

Before she could call me again, I ran with all my might down the street, around the corner, and raced to the hydrant at the alley. Rachel was not within sight until I had reached it and had stood for a moment panting and blowing with excitement and exertion.

She was there though, waiting for me beside the fence, and she said she had just got there the second before. After we had started towards the corner where the drugstore was, I took the money from my watch pocket and showed it to her. She was even more excited than I had been when I first saw it.

After she had looked at it awhile, and had felt it in the palm of her hand, I told her what I had planned for us to do that evening.

We heard a streetcar coming and we ran to the corner just in time to get aboard. The ride downtown was too fast, even though it took us nearly half an hour to get there. We got off near the theatre.

First I had planned for us to go to a small restaurant, and later to a show. Just as we were passing a drugstore Rachel touched my arm.

"Please, Frank," she said. "I'm awfully thirsty. Won't you take me into that drugstore and get me a glass of water?"

"If you must have a drink right away, I will," I said, "but can't you wait a minute more? There's a restaurant a few doors below here, and we can get a glass of water there while we're waiting for our supper to be served. If we lose much time we won't have the chance to see a complete show."

"I'm afraid I can't wait, Frank," she said, clutching my arm. "Please – please get me a glass of water. Quick!" We went into the drugstore and stood in front of the soda fountain. I asked the clerk for a glass of water, Rachel waited close beside me, clutching my arm tighter and tighter.

In front of us, against the wall, there was a large mirror, I could see ourselves plainly, but there was something about our reflection, especially Rachel's that I had never been aware of before. It's true that we had never stood before a mirror until then, but I saw there something that had escaped me for a whole year. Rachel's beauty was revealed in a way that only a large mirror can show. The curve of her cheeks and lips was beautiful as ever and the symmetrical loveliness of her neck and arms was the same beauty I had worshipped hundreds of times before; but now for the first time I saw in the mirror before us a new and unrevealed charm.

"Quick, Frank!" Rachel cried clutching me desperately. "Water, please!"

She clutched my arm again breaking as one would a mirror, the reflection of my thoughts. The clerk had filled the glass with water and was handing it to her but before he could place it in her hands, she had reached for it and jerked it away from him. He looked as surprised as I was. Rachel had never before acted like that. Everything she did had always been perfect.

She grasped the glass as if she were squeezing it, and she swallowed the water in one gulp. Then she thrust the glass toward the clerk holding her throat with one hand, and screaming for more water. Before he could refill the glass, she had screamed again, even louder than before. People passing the door paused, and ran inside to see what was taking place. Others in the store ran up to us and stared at Rachel.

"What's the matter, Rachel?" I begged her catching her wrist and shaking her. "Rachel, what's the matter?"

Rachel turned and looked at me. Her eyes were turned almost upside down, and her lips were swollen and dark. The expression on her face was horrible to see.

A prescription clerk came running towards us. He looked quickly at Rachel, and ran back to the rear of the store. By that time she had fallen forward against the marble fountain, and I caught her and held her to keep her from falling to the floor.

The prescription clerk again came running towards us, bringing a glass filled with a kind of milk-white fluid. He placed the glass to Rachel's lips and forced the liquid down her throat.

"I'm afraid it's too late," he said. "If we had known ten minutes sooner we could have saved her."

"Too late?" I asked him. "Too late for what? What's the matter with her?"

"She's poisoned. It looks like rat poison to me. It's probably that, though it may be some other kind."

I could not believe anything that was being said nor could I believe that what I saw was real.

Rachel did not respond to the antidote. She lay still in my arms, and her face was becoming more contorted and darker each moment.

"Quick! Back here!" the clerk said, shaking me.

Together we lifted her and ran with her to the rear of the store. The clerk had reached for a stomach pump, and was inserting the tube in her throat. Just as he was about to have the pump started, a physician ran between us and quickly examined Rachel. He stood up a moment later motioning the other man and myself aside.

"It's too late now," he said, "we might have been able to save her an hour ago, but there is no heart action now, and breathing has stopped. She must have taken a whole box of poison –rat poison, I guess. It has already reached her heart and blood."

We attempted to revive her by means of artificial respiration. During all of that time the doctor behind us was saying: "No, no. It's of no use. She's too far gone now. She'll never live again. She has enough rat poison in her system to kill ten men."

Some time later the ambulance came and took her away. I did not know where she was taken and I did not try to find out. I sat in the little brown paneled room surrounded by white-labeled bottles, looking at the prescription clerk who had tried hard to save her. When at last I got up to go, the drugstore was empty save for one

clerk who looked at me disinterestedly. Outside in the street there was no one except a few taxi drivers who never looked my way.

In a daze I started home through the deserted streets. The way was lonely and tears blinded my eyes and I could not see the streets I walked on. I could not see the lights and shadows of the streets, but I could see with a painful clarity the picture of Rachel, in a huge mirror, bending over our garbage can, while the reflection of her beauty burned in my brain and in my heart.

TASKS

1. Translate the following words into Ukrainian and learn them by heart:

To reach, hydrant, alley, to beat unmercifully, entrance, to keep a promise, to find out, to whisper, to be familiar with smth., gate, fear, to discover, to attempt, the short cut, a worn dress, faded cotton, to mend, neatly, cloth, to save money, to pretend, semi-darkness, to be over, waist, to hold tight, to squeeze, porch, to sprinkle, powder, garbage can, refuse, immediately, to tell a lie, fence, reflection, a flash of lightning, to swallow, throat, to scream, to stare at, wrist, poison, to respond, antidote, physician, artificial respiration, to be of (no) use, ambulance, tear.

2. Use the following word combinations in the sentences of your own:

To keep a promise, to find out, to save money, to hold tight, to tell a lie, to stare at, to be of (no) use, to be over, to reach smth., to be familiar with smth., to have smth. on, to take a choice between smth., to be about to do smth., to be thirsty, to swallow in a gulp.

3. Insert the omitted prepositions or adverbs:

1. ... the opposite corner there was a moving picture theatre. 2. I went ... the window and stood there looking ... the night and listening ... some sound of her. 3. Every evening she came ... the dark and stepped ... the bright light of the street. 4. Then one evening she had ... a pair of black silk ones (stockings). 5. I was angry ... my sister ... causing me to be late ... meeting Rachel. 6. I looked ... and she was standing ... the steps looking ... me. 7. Rachel was not ... sight until I had reached it. 8. We went ... the drugstore and stood ... front of the soda fountain. 9. The clerk had filled the glass ... water and was handing it ... her. 10. I started home ... the deserted streets.

4. Translate the following sentences:

1. Я знав, що вона ніколи не досягала кінця алеї раніше восьмої години. 2. Якби її батько побачив нас, він би побив її жорстоко, або змусив би піти з дому. 3. Я знав, що Рейчел та її родина бідні, тому що вона носила ту саму сукню майже впродовж року. 4. Рейчел ніколи не казала мені, де вона живе і не дозволяла мені проводити її додому. 5. Нам доводилося обирати між кафе та кіно. 6. Саме у такий спосіб Рейчел казала мені, чому вона надає перевагу. 7. Задоволення від шоу тривало майже дві години. 8. Жоден з нас нічого не говорив, але я притискав її міцніше до себе, а вона стискала мої пальці. 9. Наш будинок знаходився лише в одному кварталі звідти. 10. Проте, вона була там і чекала на мене біля огорожі.

5. Match the words from A with the words in B:

A	B
1. to beat somebody	a) with the neighbourhood
2. to add	b) the powder
3. to be familiar	c) hastily
4. to mend	d) with all my might
5. to cast	e) carefully and neatly
6. to sprinkle	f) the beauty
7. to run	g) a dim glow
8. to reveal	h) desperately
9. to clutch	i) to the antidote
10. to respond	j) unmercifully

6. Use the phrases from the table in the sentences below:

- Unfortunately, the patient who had been bitten by a snake
- When we saw Claud Monet's paintings their to us.
- His father promised to ... him ... if he broke another window at school.
- He realized that he could miss the train if he didn't hurry, so he had to ...
- He could find the way to the market easily as was ...
- A little child was scared when she saw the lion and ... her mum's hand ...
- The street lights over the house tops.
- After he had torn up his new jacket, mother it ...
- "Join us in the conference hall", he running down the stairs.
- Grandmother asked me to ... some ... around the plants to protect them from ants.

7. Give the literary translation of the following passage:

"There was where I always wished to go..." up to "...we drew apart".

8. Prepare the following passage for your impressive reading:

"In front of us, against the wall..." up to "... unrevealed charm".

9. Give the summary of the story.

THE END OF CHRISTY TUCKER

Christy TUCKER rode into the plantation town on muleback late in the afternoon, whistling all the way. He had been hewing new pickets for the fence around his house all morning, and he was feeling good for having got so much done. He did not have a chance to go to the plantation town very often and, when he could go, he did not lose any time in getting there.

He tied up the mule at the racks behind the row of stores, and the first thing he noticed was the way the other Negroes out there did not seem anxious to speak to him. Christy had been on friendly terms with all the colored people on the plantation ever since he and his wife had moved there three months before, and he could not understand why they pretended not to see him.

He walked slowly down the road towards the plantation office wondering why nobody spoke to him.

After he had gone a little farther, he met Froggy Miller. He caught Froggy by the arm before Froggy could dodge him.

“What’s the matter with you folks today?” he said. Froggy Miller lived only a mile from his house in a straight line across the cotton field, and he knew Froggy better than anyone else on the plantation.

“What’s the matter, anyway, Froggy?”

Froggy, a big six-foot Negro with close-cropped hair, moved away. He grabbed Froggy by the arm and shook him.

“Now, look here!” Christy said, getting worried. “Why do you and everybody else act so strange?”

“Mr. Lee Crossman sent for you, didn’t he?” Froggy said,

“Sure, he sent for me,” Christy said. “I reckon he wants to talk to me about the farming. But what’s that got to do with —”

Before he could finish, Froggy had pulled away from him and walked hurriedly up the road.

Without wasting any more time, Christy ran towards the plantation office to find out what the trouble was.

The plantation bookkeeper, Hendricks, and Lee Crossman's younger brother, Morgan, were sitting in the front office with their feet on the window sill when he ran inside. Hendricks got up when he saw Christy and went through the door into the back room. While the bookkeeper was in the other room, Morgan Crossman stared sullenly at the Negro.

"Come here, you," Hendricks said, coming through the door.

Christy turned around and saw Lee Crossman, the owner and boss of the plantation, standing in the doorway.

"Yes, sir," Christy said.

Lee Crossman was dressed in heavy gray riding breeches and tan shirt, and he wore black boots that laced to his knees. He stood aside while Christy walked into the back room, and closed the door on the outside. Christy walked to the middle of the room and stood there waiting for Lee Crossman.

Christy had moved to the Crossman plantation the first of the year, about three months before. It was the first time he had ever been in Georgia, and he had grown to like it better than Alabama, where he had always lived. He and his wife had decided to come to Georgia because they had heard that the land there was better for sharecropping cotton. Christy said he could not be satisfied merely making a living; he wanted to get ahead in life.

Lee Crossman still had not come, and Christy sat down in one of the chairs. He had no more than seated himself when the door opened. He jumped to his feet.

"Howdy, Mr. Lee," he said, smiling. "I've had a good chance to look at the land, and I'd like to be furnished with another mule and a gang plow. I figure I can raise twice as much cotton on that kind of land with a gang plow, because it's about the best I ever saw.

There's not a rock or stump on it, and it's as clear of bushes as the palm of my hand. I haven't even found a gully anywhere on it. If you'll furnish idle with another

mule and a gang plow, I'll raise more cotton for you than any two sharecroppers on your plantation."

Lee Crossman listened until he had finished, and then he slammed the door shut and strode across the room.

"I sent for you, nigger," he said. "You didn't send for me, did you?"

"That's right, Mr. Lee," he said. "You sent for me."

"Then keep your black face shut until I tell you to open it."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Lee," Christy said, backing across the room until he found himself against the wall. Lee Crossman sat down in a chair and glared at him. "Yes, sir, Mr. Lee," Christy said again.

"You're one of these biggity niggers, ain't you?" Lee said. "Where'd you come from, anyway? You ain't a Georgia nigger, are you?"

"No, sir, Mr. Lee," Christy said, shaking his head. "I was born and raised in Alabama."

"Didn't they teach you any better than this in Alabama?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Lee."

"Then why did you come over here to Georgia and start acting so biggity?"

"I don't know, Mr. Lee."

Christy wiped his face with the palm of his hand and wondered what Lee Crossman was angry with him about. He began to understand why the other Negroes had gone out of their way to keep from talking to him. They knew he had been sent for, and that meant he had done something to displease Lee Grossman. They did not wish to be seen talking to anyone who was in disfavor with the plantation owner and boss.

"Have you got a radio?" Lee asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Where'd you get it?"

"I bought it on time."

"Where'd you get the money to pay on it?"

"I had a little, and my wife raises a few chickens."

“Why didn’t you buy it at the plantation store?”

“I made a better bargain at the other place. I got it a little cheaper.”

“Niggers who live on my plantation buy what they need at my plantation store,” Lee said.

“I didn’t want to go into debt to you, Mr. Lee,” Christy said. “I wanted to come out ahead when the accounts are settled at the end of the year.”

Lee Crossman leaned back in the chair, crossed his legs, and took out his pocketknife. He began cleaning his fingernails.

There was silence in the room for several minutes. Christy leaned against the wall.

“Stand up straight, nigger!*” Lee shouted at him.

“Yes, sir,” Christy said, jumping erect.

“Did you split up some of my wood to hew pickets for the fence around the house where you live?”

“Yes, sir, Mr. Lee.”

“Why didn’t you ask me if I wanted you to do it?”

“I figured the fence needed some new pickets to take the place of some that had rotted, and because I’m living in the house I went ahead and did it.”

“You act mighty big, don’t you?” Lee said. “You act like you own my house and land, don’t you? You act like you think you’re as good as a white man, don’t you?”

“No, sir, Mr. Lee,” Christy protested. “I don’t try to act any of those ways. I just naturally like to hustle and get things done, that’s all. I just can’t be satisfied unless I’m fixing a fence or cutting wood or picking cotton, or something. I just naturally like to get things done.”

“Do you know what we do with biggity niggers like you in Georgia?”

“No, sir.”

“We teach them to mind their own business and stay in their place.”

Lee Crossman got up and crossed the room to the closet. He jerked the door open and reached inside. When he turned around, he was holding a long leather strap

studded with heavy brass brads. He came back across the room, slapping the strap around his boot-tops.

“Who told your wife she could raise chickens on my plantation?” he said to Christy.

“Nobody told her, Mr. Lee,” Christy said. “We didn’t think you’d mind. There’s plenty of yard around the house for them, and I built a little hen house.”

“Stop arguing with me, nigger!”

“Yes, sir.”

“I don’t want chickens scratching up crops on this plantation.”

“Yes, sir,” Christy said.

“Where did you get- money to pay on a radio?”

“I snared a few rabbits and skinned them, and then I sold their hides for a little money.”

“I don’t want rabbits touched on my plantation,” Lee said.

He shook out the heavy strap and cracked it against his boots.

“Why haven’t you got anything down on the books in the plantation store?” Lee asked.

“I just don’t like to go into debt,” Christy said. “I want to come out ahead when the accounts are settled at the end of the year.”

“That’s my business whether you come out owing or owed at the end of the year,” Lee said.

He pointed to a crack in the floor.

“Take off that shirt and drop your pants and get down on your knees straddle that crack,” the white man said.

“What are you going to do to me, Mr. Lee?”

“I’ll show you what I’m going to do,” he replied. “Take off that shirt and pants and get down there like I told you.”

“Mr. Lee, I can’t let you beat me like that. No, sir, Mr. Lee. I can’t let you do that to me. I just can’t!”

“You black-skinned, dog, you!” Lee shouted, his face turning crimson with anger.

He struck Christy with the heavy, brass-studded strap. Christy backed out of reach, and when Lee struck him the second time, the Negro caught the strap and held on to it. Lee glared at him at first, and then he tried to jerk it out of his grip.

“Mr. Lee, I haven’t done anything except catch a few rabbits and raise a few chickens and things like that,” Christy protested. “I didn’t mean any harm at all. I thought you’d be pleased if I put some new pickets in your fence.”

“Shut your mouth and get that shirt and pants off like I told you,” he said, angrier than ever. “And turn that strap loose before I blast it loose from you.”

Christy stayed where he was and held on to the strap with all his might. Lee was so angry he could not speak after that. He ran to the closet and got his pistol. He swung around and fired it at Christy three times. Christy released his grip on the strap and tank to the floor.

Lee’s brother, Morgan, and the bookkeeper, Hendricks, came running into the back room.

“What happened, Lee?” his brother asked, seeing Christy Tucker lying on the floor.

“That nigger threatened me,” Lee said, blowing hard. He walked to the closet and tossed the pistol on the shelf. “You and Hendricks heard him threaten to kill me. I had to shoot him down to protect my own life.”

They left the back room and went into the front office. Several clerks from the plantation store ran in and wanted to know what all the shooting was about.

“Just a biggity nigger,” Lee said, washing his hands at the sink. “He was that Alabama nigger that came over here two or three months ago. I sent for him this morning to ask him what he meant by putting new pickets in the fence around his house without asking me first. When I got him in here, he threatened me. He was a bad nigger.”

The clerks went back to the plantation store, and Hendricks opened up his books and went to work on the accounts.

“Open up the back door,” Lee told his brother, “and let those niggers out in the back see what happens when one of them gets as biggity as that dog from Alabama got.”

His brother opened the back door. When he looked outside into the road, there was not a Negro in sight. The only living thing out there was the mule on which Christy Tucker had ridden to town.

TASKS

1. Give Ukrainian equivalents of the following words. Learn them by heart:

To whistle, fence, to tie, to pretend, a bookkeeper, a stump, a plow, a palm, to stride, to glare at smb., to wipe, to displease, to lean back, a pocketknife, to rot, a closet, a leather strap with brass brads, a hen house, to scratch, to jerk out, to sink, to threaten, to toss, accounts.

2. Define the meanings of the following phrases. Find them in the situations given in the text. Use them in your own sentences.

Look here! To be on friendly terms with smb., to dodge smb., to catch smb. by the arm, to pull away from smb., to waste time, to find out, to stare sullenly at smb., to stand aside, to make a living, to get ahead in life, to shale one's head, to be in disfavor with, to go into debt to smb., to mind one's own business, to be in sight.

3. Insert the omitted prepositions or adverbs:

1. Lee Crossman stood ... while Christy walked ... the back room and closed the door ... the outside. 2. He tied ... the mule ... the row of stores. 3. Christy had been ... friendly terms ... all the coloured people ... the plantation. 4. Before he could finish, Froggy had pulled ... from him and walked hurriedly ... the road. 5. He wanted to get ... in life. 6. He jumped ... his feet. 7. There was silence ... the room ... several minutes. 8. That's my business whether you are ... my debt or not ... the end ... the year. 9. His face turned red ... anger. 10. Lee glared ... him ... first and then he tried to jerk it [the strap] ... his hand. 11. The clerks went ... to the plantation store, and Hendricks opened ... his books and went to work ... the accounts. 12. When he looked ... into the road, there was not a Negro ... sight.

4. Match the words in A with the words in B:

1. to set	a) sullenly
2. to go	b) a fence
3. to mind	c) chickens

4. to ride	d) in the doorway
5. to work	e) into debt
6. to stand	f) time
7. to fix	g) to work
8. to stare	h) in disfavor
9. to be	i) one's own business
10. to waste	j) cotton
11. to raise	k) on muleback
12. to pick	l) on the accounts

5. Answer the following questions on the text:

- 1) Who are the characters of the story?
- 2) Do you like the title of the story? What title would you suggest?
- 3) What mood was Christy Tucker in when he rode into town?
- 4) What was the first thing he noticed?
- 5) Was Christy Tucker in good terms with other coloured people?
- 6) How did Froggy Miller behave when he met Christy Tucker?
- 7) Who did Christy Tucker meet in the plantation office?
- 8) When did Christy Tucker move to the Crossman plantation?
- 9) Did he like Georgia?
- 10) How did Christy Tucker greet Lee Crossman?
- 11) Was Lee Crossman in a good mood?
- 12) What questions was Christy Tucker asked by Lee Crossman?
- 13) Why was Lee Crossman so angry with Christy Tucker?
- 14) What was Lee Crossman going to do to punish Christy Tucker?
- 15) Did Christy Tucker protest?
- 16) What was the end of the story?
- 17) What kind of story is it? Is it sad or funny?

6. Give a literary translation of the following passage :

“The plantation bookkeeper, Hendricks, and Lee Crossman’s younger brother ...” up to “...and stood there waiting for Lee Crossman”.

7. Give written characteristics of the heroes of the story (Christy Tucker, Lee Crossman).

8. Prepare a passage from the text for your impressive reading.

9. Make up a plan of the story. Retell it according to your plan.

THE PEOPLE VS. ABE LATHAN, COLORED

UNCLE Abe was working in the barn when Luther Bolick came down from the big white house on the hill and told him to pack up his household goods and move off the farm. Uncle Abe had grown a little deaf and he did not hear what Luther said the first time.

“These old ears of mine are bothering again, Air. Luther,” Uncle Abe said. “I can’t seem to hear as good as I used to.” Luther looked at the Negro and scowled. Uncle Abe had got up and was standing the crib door where he could hear better.

“I said, I want you and your family pack up your furniture and anything that really belongs to you, and move off.”

Uncle Abe reached out and clutched at the door for support.

“Move off?” Uncle Abe said.

He looked into his landlord’s face unbelievably.

“Mr. Luther, you don’t mean that, you?” Uncle Abe asked, his voice shaking. “You must be joking, ain’t you, Air. Luther?” “You heard me right, even if you pretend to be half deaf,” Luther said angrily, turning around and walking several steps. “I want you off the place by the end of week. I’ll give you that much time if you don’t try to make any trouble. And when you pack up your things, take care you don’t pick up anything that belongs to me. Or, I’ll have the law on you.”

Uncle Abe grew weak so quickly that he barely managed to keep from falling.

He turned a little and slid down the side of the door and sat on the crib floor. Luther looked around to see what he was doing.

“I’m past sixty,” Uncle Abe said slowly, “but me and my family works hard for you, Air. Luther. We work as hard as anybody on your whole place.

You know that’s true, Air. Luther. I’ve lived here, working for you, and your daddy before you, for all of forty years.

I never mentioned to you about the shares, no matter how big the crop was that I raised for you. I’ve never asked much, just enough to eat and a few clothes, that’s

all. I raised up a houseful of children to help work, and none of them ever made any trouble for you, did they, Air. Luther?"

Luther waved his arm impatiently indicating that he wanted the Negro to stop arguing. He shook his head, showing that he did not want to listen to anything Uncle Abe had to say.

"That's all true enough," Luther said, "but I've got to get rid of half the tenants on my place. I can't afford to keep eight or ten old people like you here any longer. All of you will have to move off and go somewhere else."

"Ain't you going to farm this year, and raise cotton, Mr. Luther?" Uncle Abe asked. "I can still work as good and hard as anybody else. It may take me a little longer sometimes, but I get the work done."

"I haven't got time to stand here and argue with you," Luther said nervously. "My mind is made up, and that's all there is to it. Now, you go on home as soon as you finish feeding the mules and start packing the things that belong to you like I told you."

Luther turned away and started walking down the path towards the barn. When he got as far as the barnyard gate, he turned around and looked back. Uncle Abe had followed him.

"Where can me and my family move to, Air. Luther?" Uncle Abe said. "The boys are big enough to take care of themselves. But I and my wife have grown old. You know how hard it is for an old colored man like me to go out and find a house and land to work on shares. It doesn't cost you much to keep us, and me and my boys raise as much cotton as anybody else. The last time I mentioned to you about the shares has been a long way in the past, thirty years or more. I'm just content to work like I do and get some rations and a few clothes. You know that's true, Air. Luther. I've lived in my little shanty over there for all of forty years, and it's the only home I've got. Mr. Luther, me and my wife is both old now, and I can't hire out to work by the day, because I don't have the strength any more. But I can still grow cotton as good as any other colored man in the country." Luther opened the barnyard gate and

walked through it. He shook his head as though he was not even going to listen any longer. He turned his back on Uncle Abe and walked away.

Uncle Abe did not know what to say or do after that. When he saw Luther walk away, he became shaky all over. He clutched at the gate for something to hold on to.

"I just can't move away, Air. Luther," he said desperately. "I just can't do that. This is the only place I've got to live in the world. I just can't move off, Air. Luther."

Luther walked out of sight around the corner of the barn. He did not hear Uncle Abe after that.

The next day, at a little after two o'clock in the afternoon, a truck drove up to the door of the three-room house where Uncle Abe, his wife, and their three grown sons lived. Uncle Abe and his wife were sitting by the fire trying to keep warm in the winter cold. They were the only ones at home then.

Uncle Abe heard the truck drive up and stop, but he sat where he was, thinking it was his oldest boy, Henry, who drove a truck sometimes for Luther Bolick.

After several minutes had passed, somebody knocked on the door, and his wife got up right away and went to see who it was.

There were two strange white men on the porch when she opened the door. They did not say anything at first, but looked inside the room to see who was there. Still not saying anything, they came inside and walked to the fireplace where Uncle Abe sat hunched over the hearth.

"Are you Abe Lathan?" one of the men, the oldest, asked.

"Yes, sir, I'm Abe Lathan," he answered, wondering who they were, because he had never seen them before. "Why do you want to know that?"

The man took a bright metal disk out of his pocket and held it in the palm of his hand before Uncle Abe's eyes.

"I'm serving a paper and a warrant on you," he said. "One is an eviction, and the other is for threatening to do bodily harm."

He unfolded the eviction notice and handed it to Uncle Abe. The Negro shook his head bewilderedly, looking first at the paper and finally up at the two strange white men.

"I'm a deputy," the older man said, "and I've come for two things—to evict you from this house and to put you under arrest."

"What does that mean—evict?" Uncle Abe asked.

The two men looked around the room for a moment. Uncle Abe's wife had come up behind his chair and put trembling hands on his shoulder.

"We are going to move your furniture out of this house and carry it off the property of Luther Bolick. Then, besides that, we're going to take you down to the county jail. Now, come on and hurry up, both of you."

Uncle Abe got up, and he and his wife stood on the hearth not knowing what to do.

The two men began gathering up the furniture and carrying it out of the house. They took the beds, tables, chairs, and everything else in the three rooms except the cook-stove, which belonged to Luther Bolick. When they got all the things outside, they began piling them into the truck.

Uncle Abe went outside in front of the house as quickly as he could.

"White folks, please don't do that," he begged. "Just wait a minute while I go find Mr. Luther. He'll set things straight. Mr. Luther is my landlord, and he won't let you take all my furniture away like this. Please, sir, just wait while I go find him."

The two men looked at each other. "Luther Bolick is the one who signed these papers," the deputy said, shaking his head. "He was the one who got these court orders to carry off the furniture and put you in jail. It wouldn't do you a bit of good to try to find him now."

"Put me in jail?" Uncle Abe said. "What did he say to do that for?"

"For threatening bodily harm," the deputy said. "That's for threatening to kill him. Hitting him with a stick or shooting him with a pistol."

The men threw the rest of the household goods into the truck and told Uncle Abe and his wife to climb in the back. When they made no effort to get in, the deputy pushed them to the rear and prodded them until they climbed into the truck.

While the younger man drove the truck, the deputy stood beside them in the body so they could not escape. They drove out the lane, past the other tenant houses,

and then down the long road that went over the hill through Luther Bolick's land to the public highway. They passed the big white house where he lived, but he was not within sight.

"I never threatened to harm Mr. Luther," Uncle Abe protested. "I never did a thing like that in my whole life. I never said a mean thing about him, either. Mr. Luther is my boss, and I've worked for him ever since I was twenty years old. Yesterday he said he wanted me to move off his farm, and all I did was say that I thought he ought to let me stay. I won't have much longer to live, anyway. I told him I didn't want to move off. That's all I said to Mr. Luther. I ain't never said I was going to try to kill him. Mr. Luther knows that as well as I do. You ask Mr. Luther if that ain't so."

They had left Luther Bolick's farm, and had turned down the highway towards the county seat, eleven miles away.

"For more than forty years I've lived here and worked for Mr. Luther," Uncle Abe said, "and I ain't never said a mean thing to his face or behind his back in all that time. He furnishes me with rations for me and my family, and a few clothes, and me and my family raise cotton for him, and I been doing that ever since I was twenty years old. I moved here and started working on shares for his daddy first, and then when he died, I kept right on like I have up to now. Mr. Luther knows I've worked hard and never answered him back, and only asked for rations and a few clothes all this time. You ask Mr. Luther."

The deputy listened to all that Uncle Abe said, but he did not say anything himself. He felt sorry for the old Negro and his wife, but there was nothing he could do about it. Luther Bolick had driven to the courthouse early that morning and secured the papers for eviction and arrest. It was his job to serve the papers and execute the court orders. But even if it was his job, he could not keep from feeling sorry for the Negroes. He didn't think that Luther Bolick ought to throw them off his farm just because they had grown old.

When they got within sight of town, the deputy told the driver to stop. He drew the truck up beside the highway when they reached the first row of houses. There were fifteen or eighteen Negro houses on both sides of the road.

After they had stopped, the two white men began unloading the furniture and stacking it beside the road. When it was all out of the truck, the deputy told Uncle Abe's wife to get out. Uncle Abe started to get out, too, but the deputy told him to stay where he was. They drove off again, leaving Uncle Abe's wife standing in a dazed state of mind beside the furniture.

"What you going to do with me now?" Uncle Abe asked, looking back at his wife and furniture in the distance.

"Take you to the county jail and lock you up," the deputy said.

"What's my wife going to do?" he asked.

"The people in one of those houses will probably take her in."

"How long will you keep me in jail locked up?"

"Until your case comes up for trial."

They drove through the dusty streets of the town, around the courthouse square, and stopped in front of a brick building with iron bars across the windows.

"Here's where we get out," the deputy said.

Uncle Abe was almost too weak to walk by that time, but he managed to move along the path to the door. Another white man opened the door and told him to walk straight down the hall until he was told to stop.

Just before noon Saturday, Uncle Abe's eldest son, Henry, stood in Ramsey Clark's office, hat in hand. The lawyer looked at the Negro and frowned. He chewed his pencil for a while, then swung around in his chair and looked out the window into the courthouse square. Presently he turned around and looked at Uncle Abe's son.

"I don't want the case," he said. "I don't want to touch it."

The boy stared at him helplessly. It was the third lawyer he had gone to see that morning, and all of them had refused to take his father's case.

"There's no money in it," Ramsey Clark said, still frowning. "I'd never get a dime out of you niggers if I took this case. And, besides, I don't want to represent any

more niggers at court. Better lawyers than me have been ruined that way. I don't want to get the reputation of being a 'nigger lawyer.' ”

Henry shifted the weight of his body from one foot to the other and bit his lips. He did not know what to say. He stood in the middle of the room trying to think of a way to get help for his father.

“My father never said he was going to kill Mr. Luther,” Henry protested. “He’s always been on friendly terms with Mr. Luther. None of us have ever given Mr. Luther any trouble. Anybody will tell you that. All the other tenants on Mr. Luther’s place will tell you my father has always stood up for Mr. Luther. He never said he would try to hurt Mr. Luther in any way.”

The lawyer waved for him to stop. He had heard all he wanted to listen to.

“I told you I wouldn’t touch the case,” he said angrily, snatching up papers and slamming them down on his desk. “I don’t want to go into court and waste my time arguing a case that won’t make any difference one way or the other, anyway. It’s a good thing for you niggers to get a turn on the ’gang every once in a while. It doesn’t make any difference whether Abe Lathan threatened Mr. Bolick, or whether he didn’t threaten him. Abe Lathan said he wasn’t going to move off the farm after Mr. Bolick had told him to, didn’t he? Well, that’s enough to convict him in court. When the case comes up for trial, that’s all the judge will want to hear. He’ll be sent to the ’gang quicker than a flea can hop. No lawyer is going to spend a lot of time preparing a case when he knows how it’s going to end. If there was money in it, it might be different. But you niggers don’t have a thin dime to pay me with. No, I don’t want the case. I wouldn’t touch it with a ten-foot pole.”

Henry backed out of Ramsey Clark’s office and went to the jail. He secured permission to see his father for five minutes.

Uncle Abe was sitting on his bunk in the cage looking through the bars when Henry entered. The jailer came and stood behind him at the cage door.

“Did you see a lawyer and tell him I never said anything like that to Mr. Luther?” Uncle Abe asked the first thing.

Henry looked at his father, but it was difficult for him to answer. He shook his head, dropping his gaze until he could see only the floor.

“You tried, didn’t you, Henry?” Uncle Abe asked.

Henry nodded.

“But when you told the lawyers how I never said a mean thing about Mr. Luther, or his daddy before him, in all my whole life, didn’t they say they would help me get out of jail?”

Henry shook his head.

“What did the lawyers say, Henry? When you told them how respectful I’ve always been to Mr. Luther, and how I’ve always worked hard for him all my life, and never mentioned to him about the shares, didn’t they say they would help me then?”

Henry looked up at his father, moving his head sideways in order to see him between the bars of the cage. He had to swallow hard several times before he could speak at all.

“I’ve already been to see three lawyers,” he said finally. “All of them said they couldn’t do anything about it, and to just go ahead and let it come up for trial. They said there wasn’t anything they could do, because the judge would give you a term on the ’gang, anyway.”

He stopped for a moment, looking down at his father’s feet through the bars.

“If you want me to, I’ll go see if I can try to find some other lawyers to take the case. But it won’t do much good. They just won’t do anything.”

Uncle Abe sat down on his bunk and looked at the floor. He could not understand why none of the lawyers would help him.

Presently he looked up through the bars at his son. His eyes were fast filling with tears that he could not control.

“Why did the lawyers say the judge would give me a term on the ’gang, anyway, Henry?” he asked.

Henry gripped the bars, thinking about all the years he had seen his father and mother working in the cotton fields for Luther Bolick and being paid in rations, a few clothes, and a house to live in, and nothing more.

“Why did they say that, Henry?” his father insisted.

“I reckon because we are colored folks,” Henry said at last. “I don’t know why else they would say things like that.”

The jailer moved up behind Henry, prodding him with his stick. “Hurry along,” the jailer kept saying. “Time’s up! Time’s up!” Henry walked down the hall between the rows of cages towards the door that led to the street. He did not look back.

TASKS

1. Give Ukrainian equivalents of the following words. Learn them by heart:

Barn, deaf, to frown, unbelievably, to pretend, impatiently, to indicate, tenants, to afford, to be content, a cabin, to hire out, strength, shaky, desperately, a truck, a porch, to hunch over, an eviction notice, to unfold, bewilderedly, to pile, to beg, to sign papers, the rear, to escape, highway, courthouse, row of houses, to unload, dusty streets, iron bars, to chew, to refuse, penitentiary, to convict, a bunk, a cage, to nod, respectful, to reckon.

2. Define the meanings of the following phrases. Find them in the situations given in the text. Use them in your own sentences.

To grow deaf, to clutch at the door for support, to have the law on someone, to grow weak, to slide down, to wave an arm, to get rid of, to make up one’s mind, to grow old, to knock at the door, to serve a warrant on smb., to put under arrest, to take to the jail, to do good, to threaten bodily harm, to make no effort, to be within sight, to execute court orders, to feel sorry for, to come up for trial (a case), hat in hand, to bite lips, to give trouble, to make difference, to drop a gaze, to fill with tears, to grip smth..

3. Translate the sentences using the words and expressions from the text:

1. Хлопець дивився на нього безпомічно. 2. Старий трохи оглух і спочатку не почув, що хазяїн сказав йому. 3. Лютер подивися на негра і насупився. 4. Він недовірко подивися у вічі хазяїну. 5. Ви, напевно, жартуєте, містер Лютер? 6. Містер Лютер пообіцяв подати на старого до суду. 7. Він нетерпляче махнув рукою, вказуючи, що хотів би припинити суперечку. 8. Я маю позбутися половини пожильців на моїй землі. 9. Старий схопився за хвіртку, щоб не впасти. 10. Старий почув, як вантажівка під’їхала і зупинилася. 11. Тобі зовсім ні до чого (не принесе жодної користі) намагатися знайти його. 12. Шерифові було шкода старого та його дружину, але він нічого не міг зробити. 13. Після того як вони зупинилися, двоє білих чоловіків почали розвантажувати меблі.

14. Вони зупинилися перед цегляною будівлею, де на вікнах було залізне пруття. 15. Він не міг зрозуміти, чому жоден з адвокатів не хоче йому допомогти.

4. Match the words in A with the words in B:

1. to clutch	a) out of sight
2. to shake	b) under arrest
3. to raise	c) a warrant
4. to say	d) the eviction notice
5. to walk	e) desperately
6. to serve	f) into the truck
7. to unfold	g) to jail
8. to put	h) an effort
9. to take down	i) one's head
10. to pile	j) bodily harm
11. to threaten	k) at the gate
12. to make	l) children

5. Insert the omitted prepositions or adverbs:

1. He looked ... his landlord's face unbelievably. 2. I want you ... the place ... the end of the week. 3. Luther turned ... and started walking ... the path ... the barn. 4. Luther opened the barnyard and walked ... it. 5. He clutched ... the gate ... support. 6. There were two strange men ... the porch. 7. The man took a bright metal disk ... his pocket. 8. I've come ... two things – to evict you ... the house and to put you ... arrest. 9. To hit him ... a stick or to shoot him ... a pistol. 10. When they made no effort to get ..., the sheriff pushed them to the rear and made them climb ... the truck. 11. He felt sorry ... the old Negro and his wife, but he could do nothing ... it. 12. The boy stared ... him helplessly. 13. He stood ... the middle of the room trying to think ... a way to help his father. 14. I don't want to go ... the court and waste my time ... it [the case]. 15. Uncle Abe was sitting ... his bunk ... the cage looking ... the bars when Henry entered.

6. Give a literary translation of the following passage :

“The sheriff listened to all that Uncle Abe said ...” up to “...leaving Uncle Abe's wife standing beside the furniture”.

7. Give written characteristics of the heroes of the story (Abe Lathan, Luther Bolick).

8. Prepare a passage from the text for your impressive reading.

9. Make up a plan of the story. Retell it according to your plan.

Список імен і географічних назв з транскрипцією

Abe Lathan ['eɪb 'lɑːθn]
Abe Mitchel ['eɪb 'mɪʃəl]
Alabama [ˌælə'baːmə]
Bert Fellows ['bɜːt 'felʒuz]
Christy Tucker ['krɪstɪ 'tʌkə]
Georgia ['dʒɔːdʒɪə]
Grace Brooks ['greɪs 'bruks]
Guy Hodge ['gaɪ 'hɒdʒ]
Hendricks ['hendrɪks]
John Turner ['dʒɒn 'tuːnə]
Lightfoot ['laɪtfʊt]
Lud Moseley ['lʌd 'məʊzli]
Luther Bolick ['luːθɜː 'bɒlɪk]
Martha ['mɑːθə]
Merryweather County ['merɪ 'weðə 'kaʊntɪ]
Morris Stroup ['mɒrɪs 'straʊp]
Myrtle ['mɜːtl]
New Orleans ['njuː 'ɔːliənz]
Rachel ['reɪʃəl]
Ralph Barnhill ['rɑːlf 'bɑːnhɪl]
Ray Buffin ['rei 'bʌfɪn]
Sycamore ['sɪkəməː]
Taylor ['teɪlə]