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Оскар Уайльд СКАЗКИ ● Oscar Wilde FAIRY TALES

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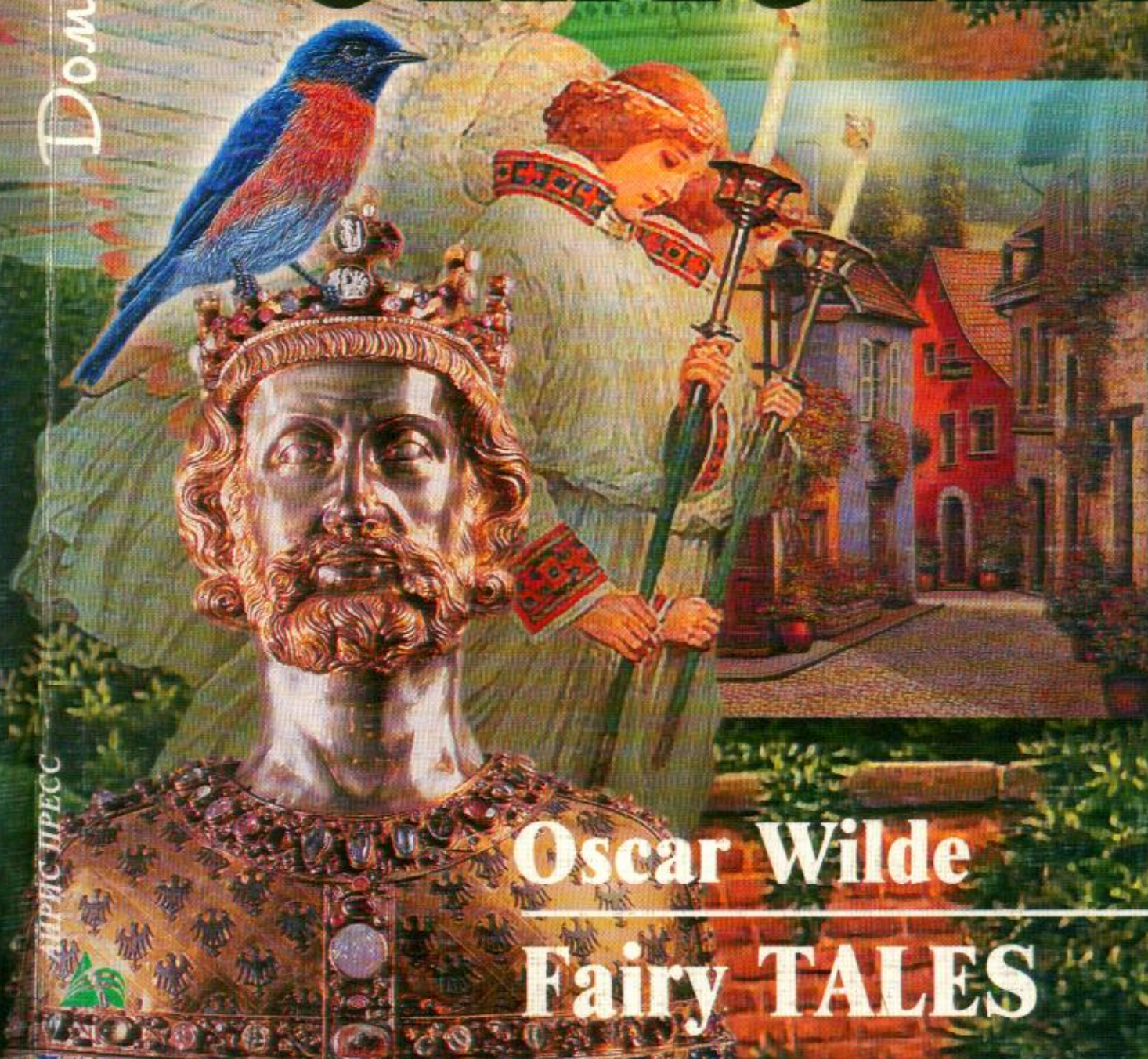


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Oscar Wilde

Fairy TALES

Advanced



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Оскар Уайльд СКАЗКИ

*Книга для чтения на английском языке
в старших классах средних школ, гимназий,
лицеев, на II—III курсах неязыковых вузов*

*Адаптация текста, упражнения, словарь
Л. В. Холхоевой*

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Сборник предназначен для учащихся старших классов средних школ, гимназий, лицеев, студентов II–III курсов неязыковых вузов, а также широкого круга лиц, изучающих английский язык самостоятельно. Издание сопровождается аудиозаписью.

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Though Oscar Wilde is known today primarily as a playwright and as the author of *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (1891) — his only novel — he also wrote poetry, fairy tales, essays and criticism, all of which express his aesthetic approach to life and art. Indeed, he was the most popular spokesman in the late XIXth century advocating the doctrine of aestheticism, which insisted that art should be primarily concerned with “art for art’s sake,” not with politics, religion, science, bourgeois morality.

Oscar Wilde (Fingal O’Flahertie Wills) was born in Dublin on October 16, 1854 to parents who were prominent in Ireland’s social life. His father (William Ralph Wills) was a leading ear and eye surgeon who had founded a hospital a year before Wilde’s birth and who had received the appointment of Surgeon Oculist in Ordinary to the Queen, and honorary position especially created for him in recognition of his international reputation. Wilde’s mother (Francesca Elgee Wilde), nine years younger than her husband, was known in literary and political circles as “Speranza”, a name she adopted in the 1840s to give hope to Irish nationalists and activists in the woman’s rights movement.

Wilde received an education appropriate to his station in life. When he was ten, he was sent to Portora Royal School (founded by King Charles II) in Enniskillen, Ulster. In October 1871, he entered Trinity College in Dublin, where he distinguished himself by winning various prizes and medals, particularly for his learning in the classics. In June 1874, he won a scholarship, the classical Demyship, to Magdalen College, Oxford University, after completing his third year at Trinity College. At Oxford, Wilde developed the manner of poseur and was widely recognised by his fellow students as a brilliant talker.

On May 29, 1884 he married Constance Lloyd. She came from a respectable legal family in Ireland. They had two children — Cyril and Vyvyan. Probably, his happy family life inspired him to write stories for children. *The Happy Prince and Other Tales* was published in 1888, *A House of Pomegranates* — in 1891–1892.



In October 1900, following his trip to Rome, Wilde was ill with an ear infection that developed into encephalitis. On October 10, he underwent an operation. Thus, he died on 10 November at the age of forty-six. His tomb, sculpted by Sir Jacob Epstein, is in Père-Lachaise Cemetery, Paris.



THE HAPPY PRINCE

High above the city, on a tall column, stood the statue of the Happy Prince. He was covered with thin leaves of fine gold¹, for eyes he had two bright sapphires, and a large red ruby shone brightly on his sword-hilt.

He was very much admired indeed. "He is as beautiful as a weathercock," said one of the Town Councillors, who wished to gain a reputation for having artistic tastes. "Only not quite so useful," he added because he was afraid that people may think him unpractical, which he really was not.

"Why can't you be like the Happy Prince?" asked a sensible mother of her little boy who was crying for the moon. "The Happy Prince never dreams of crying for anything."

"I am glad there is someone in the world who is quite happy," said a disappointed man as he looked at the wonderful statue.

"He looks just like an angel," said the Charity Children² as they came out of the cathedral.

"How do you know?" said the Mathematical Master. "You have never seen one."

"Ah! But we have, in our dreams," answered the children; and the Mathematical Master frowned and looked at them angrily, because he did not approve of children dreaming.

One night there flew over the city a little Swallow. His friends went away to Egypt six weeks before. But he stayed behind, because he was in love with the most beautiful Reed. He saw her early in the spring as he was flying down the river after a big yellow moth. He was so attracted by her slender waist that he stopped to talk to her.

"Shall I love you?" asked the Swallow, who liked to come to the point at once, and the Reed made him a low bow. So he flew round and round her, touching the water with his wings. This was his courtship, and it lasted all through the summer.

"It is a ridiculous attachment," twittered the other Swallows, "she has no money and far too many relations;" and, indeed, the river was quite full of Reeds. Then, when the autumn came, they all flew away.

After they had gone, the Swallow felt lonely and began to think of his lady-love. "She has no conversation," he said, "and I am afraid that she is a coquette, for she is always flirting with the wind." And certainly, whenever the wind blew, the Reed made the most graceful curtseys. "I admit that she is domestic," he continued, "but I love travelling, and my wife should also love travelling."

"Will you come away with me?" he said finally to her, but the Reed shook her head, she was so attached to her home.

"You have been trifling with me," he cried. "I am off to the Pyramids.³ Good-bye!" and he flew away.

All day long he flew, and at night-time he arrived at the city. "Where shall I stay?" he thought. "I hope the town has made preparations."

Then he saw the statue on the tall column.

"I will stay there," he cried, "it is a fine position, with plenty of fresh air." So he settled just between the feet of the Happy Prince.

"I have a golden bedroom," he said softly to himself as he looked round, and he prepared to go to sleep. But just as he was putting his head under his wing, a large drop of water fell on him. "What a curious thing!" he cried. "There is not a single cloud in the

sky, the stars are quite clear and bright, and yet it is raining. The climate in the north of Europe is really dreadful. The Reed used to like the rain, but there was only her selfishness."

Then another drop fell.

"What is the use of a statue if it cannot keep the rain off?" he said. "I must look for a good chimney-cap," and he decided to fly away.

But before he had spread his wings, a third drop fell, he looked up, and saw — Ah! What did he see?

The eyes of the Happy Prince were filled with tears, and the tears were running down his golden cheeks. His face was so beautiful in the moonlight that the little Swallow was filled with pity.

"Who are you?" he said.

"I am the Happy Prince."

"Why are you weeping then?" asked the Swallow. "You have made me thoroughly wet."

"When I was alive and had a human heart," answered the statue, "I did not know what tears were, for I lived in the Palace of Sans-Souci,⁴ where sorrow is not allowed to enter. In the daytime I played with my companions in the garden, and in the evening I led the dance in the Great Hall. Round the garden ran a very high wall, but I never cared to ask what lay beyond it. Everything about me was so beautiful. My courtiers called me the Happy Prince, and happy, indeed, I was, if pleasure be happiness.⁵ So I lived, and so I died. And now that I am dead, they have put me up here so high that I can see all the ugliness and all the misery of my city. Though my heart is made of lead yet I cannot choose but weep.⁶"

"What! Is he not solid gold?"⁷ said the Swallow to himself. He was too polite to make any personal remarks out loud.

"Far away," continued the statue in a low musical voice, "far away in a little street there is a poor house. One of the windows is open, and through it I can see a woman seated at a table. Her face is thin and worn. She has coarse, red hands, all pricked by the needle, for she is a seamstress. She is embroidering passionflowers on a satin gown for the loveliest of the Queen's maids-of-honour to wear at the next Court-ball. In a bed in the corner of the room her little boy is lying ill. He has a fever, and is asking for oranges. His mother has nothing to give him but river water, so he is crying. Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow, will you not bring her the ruby out of my sword-hilt? My feet are fixed to this pedestal and I cannot move."

"I am waited for in Egypt," said the Swallow. "My friends are flying up and down the Nile, and talking to the large lotus-flowers. Soon they will go to sleep in the tomb of the great King. The King is there himself in his painted coffin."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "can't you stay with me for one night, and be my messenger? The boy is so thirsty, and the mother is so sad."

"I don't think I like boys," answered the Swallow. "Last summer, when I was staying on the river, there were two rude boys, the miller's sons, who were always throwing stones at me. They never hit me, of course; we, swallows, fly far too well for that, but still it was a mark of disrespect."

But the Happy Prince looked so sad that the little Swallow was sorry. "It is very cold here," he said, "but I will stay with you for one night, and be your messenger."

"Thank you, little Swallow," said the Prince.

So the Swallow picked out the great ruby from the Prince's sword, and flew away with it over the roofs of the town.

He passed by the cathedral tower, where the white marble angels were sculptured. He passed by the palace and heard the sound of dancing. A beautiful girl came out on the balcony with her lover. "How wonderful the stars are," he said to her, "and how wonderful is the power of love!"

"I hope my dress will be ready in time for the Court-ball," she answered. "I have ordered passionflowers to be embroidered on it; but the seamstresses are so lazy."

The Swallow passed over the river, and saw the lanterns hanging on the masts of the ships. He passed over the Ghetto, and saw the old Jews bargaining with each other, and weighing out money in copper scales. At last he reached the poor house and looked in. The boy was lying ill in bed. The mother was sleeping, she was so tired. The Swallow laid the great ruby on the table. Then he flew gently round the bed, fanning the boy's forehead with his wings. "How cool I feel!" said the boy. "I must be getting better," and he fell asleep.

Then the Swallow flew back to the Happy Prince, and told him what he had done. "It is curious," he said, "but I feel quite warm now, although it is so cold."

"This is because you have done a good action," said the Prince. And the little Swallow began to think, and then he fell asleep. Thinking always made him sleepy.

When day broke, he flew down to the river and had a bath. "What a remarkable phenomenon!" said the Professor of Ornithology, as he was passing over the bridge. "A swallow in winter!" And he wrote a long letter about it to the local newspaper. Every one quoted it, it was full of so many words that they could not understand.

"Tonight I go to Egypt," said the Swallow, and he was in a good mood at the prospect. He visited all the public monuments, and sat a long time on the top of the church. Wherever he went, the Sparrows said to each other, "What a distinguished stranger!" So he enjoyed himself very much.

When the moon rose, he flew back to the Happy Prince. "Have you any messages for Egypt?" he cried. "I am just starting."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "can't you stay with me one night longer?"

"I am waited for in Egypt," answered the Swallow. "Tomorrow my friends will fly up to the Second Cataract. The river-horse sits there among the bulrushes, and on a great granite throne sits the God Memnon.⁸ All night long he watches the stars, and when the morning star shines, he utters one cry of joy, and then he is silent. At noon the yellow lions come down to the water's edge to drink. They have eyes like green beryls, and their roar is louder than the roar of the cataract."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "far away across the city I see a young man in a small room. He is leaning over a desk covered with papers, and by his side there is a bunch of violets. His hair is brown and crisp, and his lips are as red as a pomegranate, and he has large dreamy eyes. He is trying to finish a play for the Director of the Theatre, but he is too cold to write any more. There is no fire in the grate, and hunger has made him weak."

"I will wait with you one night longer," agreed the Swallow, who really had a good heart. "Shall I take him another ruby?"

"Alas! I have no ruby now," sighed the Prince, "my eyes are all that I have left. They are made of rare sapphires, which were brought out of India a thousand years ago. Pluck out one of them and take it to him. He will sell it to the jeweller and buy firewood, and finish his play."

"Dear Prince," said the Swallow, "I cannot do that," and he began to weep.

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I command you."

So the Swallow plucked out the Prince's eye, and flew away to the Student's small room. It was easy enough to get in, as there was a hole in the roof. Through this he quickly flew, and came into the room. The young man had his head buried in his hands, so he did not hear the flutter of the bird's wings. When he looked up, he found the beautiful sapphire lying on the faded violets.

"I am beginning to be appreciated," he cried, "this is from some great admirer. Now I can finish my play," and he looked quite happy.

The next day the Swallow flew down to the harbour. He sat and watched the sailors hauling big boxes out of the hold with ropes. "Heave a-hoy!"⁹ they shouted as each box came up. "I am going to Egypt!" cried the Swallow, but nobody paid much attention. When the moon rose, he flew back to the Happy Prince.

"I have come to say good-bye to you," he cried.

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," pleaded the Prince, "can't you stay with me one night longer?"

"It is winter," answered the Swallow, "and the chill snow will soon be here. In Egypt the sun is warm on the green palm-trees, and the crocodiles lie in the mud and look lazily about them. My companions are building a nest in the Temple of Baalbec,¹⁰ and the pink and white doves are watching them, and cooing to each other. Dear Prince, I must leave you, but I will never forget you. Next spring I will bring you back two beautiful jewels to replace those you have given away. The ruby shall be redder than a red rose, and the sapphire shall be as blue as the great sea."

"In the square below," said the Happy Prince, "there stands a little girl who sells matches. She has let her matches fall in the gutter, and they are all spoiled. Her father will beat her, if she does not bring home some money, and she is crying. She has no shoes or stockings, and her little head is bare. Pluck out my other eye, and her father will not beat her."

"I will stay with you one night longer," whispered the Swallow, "but I cannot pluck out your eye. You would be completely blind then."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I command you."

So he plucked out the Prince's other eye, and flew with it. He found the match-girl, and slipped the jewel into her hand. "What a lovely bit of glass!" cried the little girl, and she ran home, laughing.

Then the Swallow came back to the Prince. "You are blind now," he said, "so I will stay with you always."

"No, little Swallow," answered the Poor Prince, "you must go away to Egypt."

"I will stay with you always," said the Swallow, and he slept at the Prince's feet.

All the next day he sat on the Prince's shoulder, and told him stories of what he had seen in strange lands. He told him of the red ibises who stand in long rows on the banks of the Nile, and catch goldfish; of the Sphinx who is as old as the world itself, and lives in the desert, and knows everything; of the merchants who walk slowly by the side of their camels and carry amber beads in their hands; of the King of the Mountains of the Moon who is as black as ebony, and worships a large crystal; of the great green snake that sleeps in a palm-tree, and has twenty priests to feed it with honey cakes; and of the pigmies who sail over a big lake on large flat leaves, and are always at war with the butterflies.

"Dear little Swallow," said the Prince, "you tell me of marvellous things, but the most marvellous thing of all is the suffering of men and women. There is no Mystery so great as Misery. Fly over my city, little Swallow, and tell me what you see there."

So the Swallow flew over the great city, and saw the rich making merry in their beautiful houses, while the beggars were sitting at the gates. He flew into dark lanes, and saw the white faces of starving children looking out at the black streets. Under a bridge two little boys were lying in one another's arms to try and keep themselves warm. "How hungry we are!" they said. "You must not lie here," shouted the watchman, and they went out into the rain.

Then he flew back and told the Prince what he had seen.

"I am covered with fine gold," said the Prince, "you must take it off, leaf by leaf, and give it to the poor; people always think that gold can make them happy."¹¹

So the Swallow took off leaf after leaf of the fine gold, till the Happy Prince looked quite dull and grey. He brought leaf after leaf of the fine gold to the poor, and the children's faces grew rosier, and they laughed and played games in the street. "We have bread now!" they cried.

Then the snow came, and after the snow was the frost. The streets looked as if they were made of silver, they were so bright and

glistening; everybody walked about in furs, and the little boys wore scarlet caps and skated on the ice.

The poor little Swallow grew colder and colder, but he would not leave the Prince, he loved him too much. He picked up crumbs outside the baker's door, when the baker was not looking, and tried to keep himself warm by flapping his wings.

But at last he knew that he was going to die. He had just enough strength to fly up to the Prince's shoulder once more. "Good-bye, dear Prince!" he said. "Will you let me kiss your hand?"

"I am glad that you are going to Egypt at last, little Swallow," said the Prince. "You have stayed too long here; but you must kiss me on the lips, for I love you."

"It is not to Egypt that I am going," said the Swallow. "I am going to the House of Death. Death is the brother of Sleep, is he not?"

And he kissed the Happy Prince on the lips and fell down dead at his feet.

At that moment a curious crack sounded inside the statue as if something had broken. The fact was that the leaden heart had broken in two.¹² It certainly was a dreadfully hard frost.

Early the next morning the Mayor was walking in the square below with the Town Councillors. As they passed the column, he looked up at the statue: "Dear me! How shabby the Happy Prince looks!" he said.

"How shabby, indeed!" cried the Town Councillors who always agreed with the Mayor, and they went up to look at it.

"The ruby has fallen out of his sword, his eyes are gone, and he is golden no longer," said the Mayor, "in fact, he is little better than a beggar!"

"Little better than a beggar," echoed the Town Councillors.

"And here is actually a dead bird at his feet!" continued the Mayor. "We must issue a proclamation that birds are not to be allowed to die here." And the Town Clerk made a note of the suggestion.

So they pulled down the statue of the Happy Prince.

"As he is no longer beautiful, he is no longer useful," said the Art Professor at the University.

Then they melted the statue in a furnace, and the Mayor held a meeting of the Corporation to decide what was to be done with the metal. "We must have another statue, of course," he said, "and it shall be a statue of myself."

"Of myself," repeated each of the Town Councillors, and they quarrelled. When I last heard of them, they were still quarrelling.

"What a strange thing!" said the supervisor of the workmen. "This broken lead heart will not melt in the furnace. We must throw it away." So they threw it in a pile of dust where the dead Swallow was also lying.

"Bring me the two most precious things in the city," said God to one of His Angels, and the Angel brought Him the leaden heart and the dead bird.

"You have rightly chosen," said God, "for in my garden of Paradise this little bird shall sing for evermore, and in my city of gold the Happy Prince shall praise me."

Commentary

¹ *fine gold* — золото высокой пробы

² *Charity Children* — приютские дети; их обучали в школе для бедных детей, которая содержалась на благотворительные средства

³ *I am off to the Pyramids.* — Я лечу к пирамидам. (Имеются в виду пирамиды в Египте.)

⁴ *the Palace of Sans-Souci* (*sans souci* (фр.) — беззаботный) — Сан-Суси, дворец в стиле барокко, построенный в Потсдаме в 1747 году прусским королем Фридрихом, которого называли философом из Сан-Суси

⁵ *and happy, indeed, I was, if pleasure be happiness* — и я действительно был счастлив, если только в наслаждениях счастье

⁶ *I cannot choose but weep* — зд. я не могу удержаться от слез

⁷ *What! Is he not solid gold?* — А, так он не весь золотой?

⁸ *Memnon* — Мемнон, согласно древнегреческой мифологии, царь Эфиопии в Троянской войне, сражался против греков и был убит Ахиллесом. Его мать Эос, богиня утренней зари, вымолила у Зевса бессмертие для Мемнона. Именем Мемнона греки называли статую Египетского фараона Аменхотепа III в Фивах; при восходе солнца она издавала жалобный звук, напоминающий человеческий голос; считалось, что так Мемнон приветствует Эос.

⁹ *Heave a-hoy!* (мор.) — Взяли!

¹⁰ *the Temple of Baalbec* — храм в Баальбеке. Баальбек — известный в древности город в Ливане, который приобрел особое значение во времена римского владычества; в нем сохранились остатки замечательных сооружений, среди них развалины огромного храма Юпитера.

¹¹ *people always think that gold can make them happy* — зд. люди всегда думают, что золото может сделать их счастливыми

¹² *The fact was that the leaden heart had broken in two.* — Дело было в том, что оловянное сердце расколосось.

Exercises

Reading Comprehension

1 Re-arrange the sentences from the tale in the right order.

- 1 The statue of the Happy Prince was much admired in the city.
- This time the Happy Prince wanted to help the poor young poet.
- The Swallow promised the Happy Prince to return in spring and bring back from Egypt two beautiful jewels to replace those the Prince had given away.
- But the Happy Prince asked the Swallow to stay one night longer.
- The Swallow agreed to stay and be his messenger.
- All the day the Swallow flew, and at night he arrived at the city and decided to settle between the feet of the Happy Prince.
- When they saw the dead bird at the feet of the statue they issued a proclamation that birds were not allowed to die there.
- But at last he knew he was going to die.
- The poor little Swallow grew colder and colder, but he would not leave the Prince.
- They melted the statue in a furnace.
- He kissed the Happy Prince on the lips and fell down dead at his feet.

- When the Mayor and the Town Councillors saw the shabby-looking statue of the Prince, they decided to pull it down.
- The leaden heart would not melt in the furnace; so they threw it in the dust.
- The Happy Prince asked the Swallow to stay one night longer and be his messenger.
- The Happy Prince asked the Swallow to pick out the great ruby from his sword and pass it to the boy and his mother.
- The Happy Prince asked the Swallow to stay with him one night longer and the Swallow agreed again.
- The Happy Prince asked him to pluck out one of his eyes which were made of rare sapphires.
- He asked him to pluck out his other eye and bring it to the girl who sold matches.
- The little Swallow agreed again and flew with it to the girl.
- The little Swallow stayed behind his friends.

2 Answer the following questions.

- 1) What remarks did the people make about the statue of the Happy Prince?
- 2) Why did the Swallow stay behind while his friends flew away to Egypt?
- 3) Where did the Swallow decide to stay for the night and what did he think about the place?
- 4) What kind of story did the Happy Prince tell the Swallow about himself?
- 5) Who gave the statue the name of the Happy Prince and why?
- 6) Why was the Happy Prince weeping?
- 7) Why did the Happy Prince ask the Swallow to be his messenger?
- 8) Whom did the Happy Prince want to give away his ruby and why?
- 9) Whom did the Happy Prince have to give away his sapphires?
- 10) Why didn't the Swallow hurry to leave the Happy Prince?
- 11) What did the Swallow see in strange lands?
- 12) What did the Swallow see when he flew over the great city?

- 13) Why did the Mayor and the Town Councillors decide to pull down the statue?
 14) What did the Angel choose as the most precious things in the city and why?

Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

1 Find in the tale the English for:

прекрасный как флюгер-петух; прослыть за тонкого ценителя искусств; требовать невозможного; увлечься кем-либо, кем-либо; низко поклониться; ухаживание; странная привязанность; возлюбленная; приготовиться к чему-либо; чистое золото; делать замечание; проявление непочтительности; алый как гранат; старый как мир; черный как черное дерево; сражаться с кем-либо; издать постановление; согреться чем-либо; занести предложение в книгу

2 Complete the chart of the nationality words in the following order: country — adjective — person — nation.

Russia	Russian	a Russian	the Russians
Egypt			
England			
Ireland			
Wales			
Scotland			
France			
Greece			
Spain			

3 Complete the words in each sentence by adding the correct prefix meaning "not": un-, in-, il-, im-, ir-.

- It is most ___fortunate that I was not informed about it earlier.
- We've been very ___lucky with that car — it's always breaking down.
- He may come, but it's very ___likely.
- It's ___legal to park your car here.
- Using other people for your own profit is ___moral.
- It was rather ___polite of you not to write and thank the hosts.
- You are asking me to do the ___possible.
- It was a detail which seemed ___significant at the time but later proved to be crucial.
- India became ___dependent of Britain in 1947.
- She dislikes working such ___regular hours.

4 Write in the plural form of the nouns in brackets.

- They have got five _____. (child)
- When he fell over, he broke two of his _____. (tooth)
- We need some more _____. (knife)
- The cat is hunting for two _____ at once. (mouse)
- You should have written _____ about it for our staff. (memorandum)
- What are the main _____ in nature? (phenomenon)
- We caught three little _____ there. (fish)
- These _____ are too small for me. They hurt my _____. (shoe; foot)
- Do you know these _____ over there? (person)
- _____ are thought of as rather silly animals. (Sheep)
- The gown was embroidered for the loveliest of the Queen's _____. (maid-of-honour)

5 Identify the kind of phrase. Write "C" if the italicised phrase is a comparative, "S" if the phrase is a superlative, and "E" if the phrase is an expression of equality or inequality.

- 1) The Swallow was in love with *the most beautiful Reed*.
- 2) He is *as beautiful as a weathercock*.
- 3) The Reed made *the most graceful curtseys*.
- 4) The satin gown is for *the loveliest of the Queen's maids-of-honour* to wear.
- 5) The sapphire shall be *as blue as the great sea*.
- 6) The ruby shall be *redder than a rose*.
- 7) The children's faces grew *rosier*.
- 8) He told him of the Sphinx who is *as old as the world itself*.
- 9) He told him of the King of the Mountains of the Moon who is *as black as ebony*.
- 10) There is no Mystery *so great as Misery*.
- 11) The poor little Swallow grew *colder and colder*.
- 12) In fact he is *little better than a beggar*.
- 13) Bring me the *the two most precious things* in the city.

6 Fill in the blanks with correct prepositions.

- 1) The Mathematical Master didn't approve _____ children dreaming.
- 2) All the day the Swallow flew, and _____ night he arrived _____ the city.
- 3) As he was putting his head _____ his wing, a large drop of water fell _____ him.
- 4) The little Swallow was filled _____ pity.
- 5) _____ Egypt the sun is warm, and the crocodiles lie _____ the mud and look lazily.
- 6) All the day he sat _____ the Prince's shoulder, and told him stories _____ what he had seen _____ strange lands.
- 7) He kissed the Happy Prince _____ the lips and fell down dead _____ his feet.
- 8) Early next morning the Mayor was walking _____ the square below _____ Town Councillors.

- 9) The Town Clerk made a note _____ the suggestion.
- 10) They melted the statue _____ a furnace, and the Mayor held a meeting _____ the Corporation.

7 Find these words and phrases in the text, and notice the way in which they are used. In each case circle a), b) or c) to show which one you think is the best equivalent of the italicised word.

- 1) "*the flutter* of the bird's wings"
 - a) agitation
 - b) tremble
 - c) motion
- 2) "*hauling* big boxes out"
 - a) dragging out
 - b) carrying on
 - c) pulling out
- 3) "*pluck out* my other eye"
 - a) take off
 - b) pull out
 - c) gather
- 4) "*starving* children"
 - a) hungry and thirsty
 - b) sick
 - c) dying of hunger
- 5) "*issue a proclamation*"
 - a) write a regulation
 - b) produce an official statement
 - c) give a public order
- 6) "*pulled down* the statue"
 - a) remove
 - b) destroy
 - c) ruin
- 7) "*have been trifling* with me"
 - a) have been neglecting
 - b) have been joking
 - c) have been playing the fool

- 8) "cooing to each other"
a) taking care
b) making soft lovely noises
c) consoling

- 3) Who do you feel most sorry for at the end of the tale: the Happy Prince or the Swallow? Why?
4) Discuss the moral of the tale.

8 Translate the following sentences into English.

- 1) Городской Советник жаждал прослыть за тонкого ценителя искусств.
- 2) Пролетая над городскими трущобами, Ласточка увидела старых евреев, которые заключали между собой сделки и взвешивали монеты на медных весах.
- 3) Профессор орнитологии напечатал об увиденном пространное письмо в местной газете.
- 4) Ласточка пробралась в каморку и положила рубин на стол рядом с наперстком швеи.
- 5) Ласточка посетила все памятники и долго сидела на шпиле соборной колокольни.
- 6) Глаза Счастливого Принца были сделаны из редкостных сапфиров, привезенных из Индии тысячу лет назад.
- 7) Ласточка пообещала Принцу вернуться весной и принести из Египта два драгоценных камня вместо тех, которые он отдал.
- 8) Целый день Ласточка сидела у него на плече и рассказывала о том, что видела в далеких странах.
- 9) Бедная Ласточка мерзла все сильнее и сильнее, но не хотела покинуть Принца, так как очень любила его.
- 10) Городской Совет решил издать указ, запрещающий птицам умирать на этом месте.

 **Discussion Tasks**

1 Discuss the following.

- 1) Prove that the Happy Prince was compassionate and understood the needs of the poor.
- 2) Find some facts in the tale to show that the Swallow loved the Happy Prince.



THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE

“She said that she would dance with me, if I brought her red roses,” cried the young Student, “but in all my garden there is no red rose.”

From her nest in the Oak-tree the Nightingale heard him, and she looked out through the leaves and wondered.

“Not a single red rose in all my garden!” the young man cried, and his beautiful eyes filled with tears. “Ah, on what little thing does my happiness depend! I have read all the books the wise men have written, and all the secrets of philosophy are mine, but I feel unhappy because I cannot find a red rose for my love.”

“Here is a true lover at last,” thought the Nightingale. “Night after night I sang of him, though I knew him not; night after night I told his story to the stars, and now I see him. His hair is dark as the hyacinth-blossom, and his lips are red as the rose of his desire;

but passion has made his face like pale ivory, and sorrow has set her seal upon his brow.”

“The Prince gives a ball tomorrow night,” said the young Student, “and my love will be there. If I bring her a red rose she will dance with me till dawn. If I bring her a red rose I shall hold her in my arms, and she will lean her head upon my shoulder, and her hand will be clasped in mine. But there is no red rose in my garden, so I shall sit lonely, and she will pass me by. She will take no notice of me, and my heart will break.”

“Here, indeed, is a true lover,” said the Nightingale. “What I sing of, he suffers;¹ what is joy to me, to him is pain. Surely love is a wonderful thing. It is more precious than emeralds and dearer than fine opals. Pearls and rubies cannot buy it, nor is it sold in the market place. It may not be bought from merchants, nor can it be exchanged for gold.”

“The musicians will sit in their gallery,” continued the young Student, “and play upon their stringed instruments, and my love will dance to the sound of the harp and the violin. She will dance so lightly that her feet will not touch the floor, and she will be surrounded by courtiers in their fine dresses. But with me she will not dance, for I have no red rose to give her,” and he fell down on the grass, buried his face in his hands and began to cry.

“Why is he weeping?” asked a little Green Lizard, as he ran past the Student with his tail in the air.

“Why, indeed?” said a Butterfly, who was fluttering about after a sunbeam.

“Why, indeed?” whispered a Daisy to his neighbour in a soft, low voice.

“He is weeping because of a red rose,” said the Nightingale.

“A red rose?” they cried. “How very ridiculous!” And the little Lizard, who was something of a cynic, burst out laughing.

But the Nightingale understood the secret of the Student’s sorrow, and she sat silent in the Oak-tree, and thought about the mystery of Love.

Suddenly she spread her brown wings for flight, and flew into the air. She passed through the grove like a shadow, and like a shadow she sailed across the garden.

In the centre of the grass-plot there was a beautiful Rose-tree, and, when she saw it, she flew over towards it.

“Give me a red rose,” she cried, “and I will sing you my sweetest song.”

But the Tree shook its head.

"My roses are white," it answered, "as white as the foam of the sea, and whiter than the snow upon the mountain. But go to my brother who grows round the old sundial, and, perhaps, he will give you what you want."

So the Nightingale flew over to the Rose-tree that was growing round the sundial.

"Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will sing you my sweetest song."

"My roses are yellow," it answered, "yellow as the hair of the mermaid, who sits upon an amber throne; and yellower than the daffodil that blooms in the meadow before the mower comes with his scythe. But go to my brother who grows beneath the Student's window, and, perhaps, he will give you what you want."

So the Nightingale flew over to the Rose-tree that was growing beneath the Student's window.

"Give me a red rose," she pleaded, "and I will sing you my sweetest song."

But the Tree shook its head.

"My roses are red," it answered, "as red as the feet of doves, and redder than the great fans of coral in the ocean cavern. But the winter has chilled my veins, and the frost has nipped my buds, and the storm has broken my branches, and I shall have no roses at all this year."

"One red rose is all I want," cried the Nightingale, "only one red rose! Is there any way by which I can get it?"

"There is a way," answered the Tree, "but it is so terrible that I dare not tell it to you."

"Tell it to me," said the Nightingale, "I am not afraid."

"If you want a red rose," said the Tree, "you must build it out of music by moonlight, and stain it with your own heart-blood. You must sing to me with your breast against a thorn. All night long you must sing to me, and the thorn must reach your heart, and your lifeblood must flow into my veins, and become mine."

"Death is a great price to pay for a red rose," cried the Nightingale, "and Life is very dear to all. It is pleasant to sit in the green wood, and to watch the Sun in his chariot of gold, and the Moon in her chariot of pearl. Sweet is the scent of the hawthorn,² and sweet are the bluebells³ that hide in the valley, and the heather⁴ that blows on the hill. Yet Love is better than Life, and what is the heart of a bird compared to the heart of a man?"

So she spread her brown wings for flight, and flew into the air. She swept over the garden like a shadow, and like a shadow she sailed through the grove.

The young Student was still lying on the grass, where she had left him, and the tears were not yet dry in his beautiful eyes.

"Be happy," cried the Nightingale, "be happy; you shall have your red rose. I will build it out of music by moonlight, and stain it with my own heart-blood. All that I ask of you in return is that you will be a true lover. For Love is wiser than Philosophy, though he is wise, and mightier than Power, though he is mighty. His wings are flame-coloured, and his body is coloured like a flame. His lips are sweet as honey, and his breath is like frankincense."

The Student looked up from the grass, and listened, but he could not understand what the Nightingale was saying to him, for he only knew the things that are written down in books.

But the Oak-tree understood, and felt sad, for he was very fond of the little Nightingale, who had built her nest in his branches.

"Sing me one last song," he whispered. "I shall feel lonely when you are gone."

So the Nightingale sang to the Oak-tree, and her voice was like bubbling water.

When she finished her song, the Student got up, and pulled a notebook and a lead pencil out of his pocket.

"She is graceful," he said to himself, as he walked away through the grove, "that cannot be denied; but has she got feeling? I am afraid not. In fact, she is like most artists; she is all style without any sincerity. She only thinks of music, and everybody knows that the arts are selfish. Still, it must be admitted that she has some beautiful notes in her voice. What a pity it is that they do not mean anything, or do any practical good!" And he went into his room, and lay down on his little pallet-bed, and began to think of his love; and, after a time he fell asleep.

And when the moon shone in the sky the Nightingale flew to the Rose-tree, and set her breast against the thorn. All night long she sang, with her breast against the thorn, and the cold crystal moon leaned down and listened. All night long she sang, and the thorn went deeper and deeper in her breast, and her lifeblood ebbed away from her.

She sang first of the birth of love in the heart of a boy and a girl. And on the top of the Rose-tree blossomed a marvellous rose,

petal following petal, as song followed song. Pale was it, at first, as the mist that hangs over the river; pale as the feet of the morning, and silver as the wings of the dawn. Pale as the shadow of a rose in a mirror of silver, as the shadow of a rose in a water-pool, so was the rose that blossomed on the top of the Tree.

But the Tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer against the thorn. "Press closer, little Nightingale," cried the Tree, "or the Day will come before the rose is finished."

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and louder and louder grew her song, for she sang of the birth of the passion in the soul of a man and a young woman.

And a delicate flush of pink came into the leaves of the rose, like the flush in the face of the bridegroom, when he kisses the lips of the bride. But the thorn had not yet reached her heart, so the rose's heart remained white, for only the blood from a Nightingale's heart can crimson the heart of a rose.

And the Tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer against the thorn. "Press closer, little Nightingale," cried the Tree, "or the Day will come before the rose is finished."

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and the thorn touched her heart, and a sudden feeling of pain shot through her. Bitter, bitter was the pain, and wilder and wilder grew her song, for she sang of the Love that is perfected by Death, of the Love that dies not in the tomb.

And the marvellous rose became crimson, like the rose of the eastern sky. Crimson was the girdle of petals, and crimson as a ruby was the heart.

But the Nightingale's voice grew fainter, and her little wings began to beat, and her eyes grew dim. Fainter and fainter grew her song, and she felt that could no longer breathe.

Then she gave one last burst of music. The white Moon heard it, and she forgot the dawn, and still remained in the sky. The red rose heard it, and it trembled all over with ecstasy, and opened its petals to the cold morning air. Echo carried it to her purple cavern in the hills, and woke the sleeping shepherds from their dreams. It floated through the reeds of the river, and they carried its message to the sea.

"Look, look!" cried the Tree. "The rose is finished now," but the Nightingale made no answer, for she was lying dead in the long grass, with the thorn in her heart.

And at noon the Student opened his window and looked out.

"Why, what a wonderful piece of luck!" he cried. "Here is a red rose! I have never seen any rose like it in all my life. It is so beautiful that I am sure it has a long Latin name," and he leaned down and plucked it.

Then he put on his hat, and ran up to the Professor's house with the rose in his hand.

The daughter of the Professor was sitting in the doorway, winding blue silk on a reel, and her little dog was lying at her feet.

"You said you would dance with me if I brought you a red rose," cried the Student. "Here is the reddest rose in all the world. You will wear it tonight next to your heart, and as we dance together, it will tell you how I love you."

But the girl frowned.

"I am afraid, it will not go with my dress,"⁵ she answered, "and, besides, the Chamberlain's nephew has sent me some real jewels, and everybody knows that jewels cost far more than flowers."

"Well, upon my word, you are very ungrateful," said the Student angrily; and he threw the rose into the street, where it fell into the gutter, and a cartwheel went over it.

"Ungrateful!" cried the girl. "I tell you what, you are very rude; and, after all, who are you? Only a Student. Why, I don't believe you have even got silver buckles to your shoes, unlike the Chamberlain's nephew," and she got up from her chair and went into the house.

"What a silly thing Love is!" said the Student as he walked away. "It is not half as useful as Logic, for it does not prove anything. It is always telling one of things that are not going to happen, and making one believe things that are not true. In fact, it is quite unpractical, and, in this age to be practical is everything, I shall go back to Philosophy and study Metaphysics."

So he returned to his room and pulled out a great dusty book, and began to read.

Commentary

¹ *what I sing of, he suffers* — то, о чем я лишь пою, он переживает на деле

² *hawthorn* (бот.) — боярышник

³ bluebell (бom.) — колокольчик

⁴ heather (бom.) — вереск

⁵ I am afraid, it will not go with my dress — Боюсь, она (роза) не подойдет к моему платью

Exercises

Reading Comprehension

1 Read the tale again and complete the following sentences.

- 1) There is no rose in my garden, so _____
- 2) I feel unhappy because _____
- 3) The winter has chilled my veins, the storm has broken my branches, and _____
- 4) The Student couldn't understand what the Nightingale was saying, for _____
- 5) The Nightingale made no answer, for _____
- 6) When the Student ran to the Professor's house with the rose, his ladylove _____
- 7) The Student threw the rose into the gutter, because _____
- 8) Love is not half as useful as Logic, for _____

2 Answer the following questions.

- 1) What did the Nightingale hear from her nest in the Oak-tree?
- 2) Where did the Nightingale fly to look for the red rose?

- 3) What did the Rose-tree ask the Nightingale for the red rose?
- 4) What did the Nightingale sacrifice to help the Student and why?
- 5) What did the Nightingale sing of and how did she sing?
- 6) How did his ladylove meet the Student when he came to her with the red rose?
- 7) Where did the Student throw the red rose and what happened to it?
- 8) Why did the Student go back to Philosophy?

Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

1 Find in the text the English for:

давать бал; не замечать; струнный музыкальный инструмент; быть окруженной придворными; нарядные одежды; несколько склонный к цинизму; таинство любви; расправить крылья для полета; кровь в моих жилах застыла от зимней стужи; мороз побил мои почки; дорогая цена за красную розу; просить взамен; ярко-алого цвета; сидеть у порога; эта роза не подойдет к моему платью; вытащить большую запыленную книгу

2 Complete the following adjectives by adding the correct prefix (*un-*, *in-* or *im-*) and put them in the appropriate column below.

___happy, ___practical, ___true, ___definite, ___different,
___clear, ___common, ___fair, ___kind, ___pleasant,
___patient, ___proper, ___attentive, ___correct, ___constant,
___grateful, ___lucky, ___convenient, ___personal, ___sincere

un-	in-	im-

3 Sometimes uncountable nouns are preceded by such noun phrases as *a bit of, a piece of, etc.* Match the words on right side with those on the left side as in the example.

- | | |
|----------------|--------------------|
| 1) a bar of | ___ advice |
| 2) a bit of | ___ bread |
| 3) a cake of | ___ cake |
| 4) a drop of | <u>1</u> chocolate |
| 5) a grain of | ___ glass |
| 6) a loaf of | ___ jam |
| 7) a lump of | ___ luck |
| 8) a pane of | ___ news |
| 9) a piece of | ___ oil |
| 10) a piece of | ___ paper |
| 11) a piece of | ___ sand |
| 12) a pot of | ___ soap |
| 13) a sheet of | ___ sugar |

4 Fill in the blanks with correct prepositions.

- 1) She will take no notice _____ me.
- 2) His beautiful eyes were filled _____ tears.
- 3) She will be surrounded _____ courtiers _____ their fine dresses.
- 4) The Nightingale spread her brown wings _____ flight.
- 5) You must sing _____ me with your breast _____ the thorn.
- 6) Death is a great price to pay _____ a red rose.
- 7) Life is dear _____ all.
- 8) All that I ask you _____ return you will be a true lover.
- 9) Her little dog was lying _____ her feet.
- 10) He threw the rose _____ the street.

5 Use the verbs in brackets in the Past Simple.

- 1) The Nightingale _____ the secret of Student's sorrow. (understand)
- 2) The Nightingale _____ over the Rose-tree that _____ round the sundial. (fly; grow)
- 3) The Young Student _____ still on the grass, when she _____ him. (lie; leave)
- 4) He _____ into his room, and _____

down on his bed, and after a time he _____ asleep. (go; lie; fall)

- 5) When the Moon _____ in the sky, the Nightingale _____ to the Rose-tree. (shine; fly)
- 6) She _____ first of the birth of love in the heart of a boy and a girl. (sing)
- 7) The white Moon _____ it, and she _____ the dawn, and still _____ in the sky. (hear; forget; remain)
- 8) The Nightingale _____ no answer, for she _____ dead in the long grass. (make; lie)
- 9) The daughter of the Professor _____ in the doorway, _____ blue silk on a reel, and her little dog _____ at her feet. (sit; wind; lie)
- 10) He _____ the rose into the street, where it _____ into the gutter, and a cartwheel _____ over it. (throw; fall; go)

6 Study the following comparative phrases, translate them into Russian. Find out the sentences in the tale in which they are used. Make up your own sentences.

dark as the hyacinth blossom; as red as the rose of desire; more precious; dearer than fine opals; as white as the foam of the sea; the sweetest song; as yellow as the hair of the mermaid; as red as the feet of doves; redder than the great fans of coral; Love is wiser than Philosophy; Love is mightier than Power; as sweet as honey; deeper and deeper in her breast; as pale as the shadow of the rose; press closer; louder and louder; wilder and wilder; fainter and fainter; the reddest rose

7 Explain the meanings of the italicised phrasal verbs in the following sentences, use a dictionary if necessary.

- 1) She *looked out* through the leaves.
- 2) She *passed through* the grove like a shadow.
- 3) You must *build it out of* music by moonlight.
- 4) The Student *looked up* from the grass and listened.
- 5) The Student *got up*, and *pulled* a notebook and a pencil *out of* his pocket.

- 6) Her lifeblood *ebbed away* from her.
- 7) He *put on* his hat, and *ran up* to the Professor's house.
- 8) I am afraid, it will not *go with* my dress.

8 Translate the following sentences into English.

- 1) Его волосы были темны, как темный гиацинт, а губы его красны, как та роза, которую он искал.
- 2) «Если я принесу красную розу, она будет танцевать со мной до рассвета», — шептал Студент.
- 3) «В моем саду нет красной розы, и мне придется сидеть в одиночестве», — думал он.
- 4) Один только Соловей понимал страдания Студента; он тихо сидел на дубе и думал о таинстве любви.
- 5) Соловей расправил свои темные крылья и взвился в воздух.
- 6) Соловей решил принести себя в жертву ради любви.
- 7) Всю ночь Соловей пел, прижавшись грудью к шипу, и холодная луна, склонив свой лик, слушала эту песню.
- 8) И стала алой великолепная роза, подобно утренней заре на востоке.
- 9) «Боюсь, что эта роза не подойдет к моему платью», — ответила она.
- 10) «В любви и наполовину нет той пользы, какая есть в логике», — размышлял Студент.



Discussion Tasks

1 Discuss the following.

- 1) Describe the Student's feelings to his ladylove.
- 2) Agree or disagree with the Nightingale: "Death is a great price for the rose."
- 3) Prove that the Student's ladylove was selfish and didn't deserve such a sacrifice.
- 4) Speak about the Nightingale and her great deed.
- 5) Discuss the moral of the tale.



THE SELFISH GIANT

Every afternoon, as they were coming home from school, the children used to go and play in the Giant's garden. It was a large lovely garden, with soft green grass. Here and there over the grass stood beautiful flowers which were like stars. There were twelve peach-trees that in the springtime broke out into delicate blossoms of pink and pearl; and in the autumn they gave rich fruit. The birds sat on the trees and sang so sweetly that the children used to stop their games in order to listen to them. "How happy we are here!" they cried to each other.

One day the Giant came back. He had been to visit his friend, and had stayed with him for seven years. After the seven years were over, he made up his mind to return to his own castle. When he arrived, he saw the children playing in the garden.

"What are you doing here?" he cried angrily, and the children ran away.

“My own garden is my own garden,” said the Giant, “any one can understand that, and I will allow nobody to play in it but myself.” So he built a high wall all round it, and put up a notice-board:

TRESPASSERS
WILL BE
PROSECUTED

He was a very selfish Giant.

The poor children had now nowhere to play. They tried to play on the road, but the road was very dusty and full of hard stones, and they did not like it. They used to wander round the high walls, when their lessons were over, and talk about the beautiful garden inside. “How happy we were there!” they said to each other.

Then the Spring came, and all over the country there were little blossoms and little birds. Only in the garden of the Selfish Giant it was still winter. The birds did not want to sing in it,¹ as there were no children, and the trees forgot to blossom.² Once a beautiful flower put its head out from the grass. When it saw the notice-board, it was so sorry for the children that it slipped back into the ground again and went off to sleep. The only creatures who were pleased were the Snow and the Frost. “Spring has forgotten this garden,” they cried, “so we will live here all the year round.” The Snow covered the grass with his great white cloak, and the Frost painted all the trees silver. Then they invited the North Wind to stay with them, and he came. He was wrapped in furs, and he roared all day about the garden, and blew the chimneys down. “This is a delightful place,” he said, “we must ask the Hail on a visit.” So the Hail came. Every day for three hours he rattled on the roof of the castle till he broke most of the slates, and then he ran round and round the garden as fast as he could go. He was dressed in grey, and his breath was as cold as ice.

“I cannot understand why the Spring is so late in coming,” said the Selfish Giant, as he sat at the window and looked out at his cold, white garden. “I hope there will be a change in the weather.”

But the Spring never came, nor did the Summer. The Autumn gave golden fruit to every garden, except for the Giant’s garden. “He is too selfish,” she said. So it was always winter there, and the North Wind and the Hail, and the Frost, and the Snow danced about through the trees.

One morning the Giant was lying awake in bed, when he heard some lovely music. It sounded so sweet to his ears that he thought it must be the King’s musicians passing by. It was really only a little linnet singing outside his window. But it was so long, since he had heard a bird sing in his garden that it seemed to him to be the most beautiful music in the world. Then the Hail stopped dancing over his head, and the North Wind stopped roaring, and a delicious perfume came to him through the open window. “I believe the Spring has come at last,” said the Giant; and he jumped out of bed and looked out.

What did he see?

He saw a most wonderful sight. Through a little hole in the wall the children had crept in, and they were sitting in the branches of the trees. In every tree that he could see there was a little child. And the trees were so glad to have the children back again that they had covered themselves with blossoms, and were waving their branches gently above the children’s heads. The birds were flying about and twittering with delight. The flowers were looking up through the green grass and laughing. It was a lovely scene. Only in one corner it was still winter. It was the farthest corner of the garden, and in it was standing a little boy. He was so small that he could not reach up to the branches of the tree. He was wandering all round it, crying bitterly. The poor tree was still covered with frost and snow. The North Wind was blowing and roaring above it. “Climb up, little boy!” said the Tree, and it bent its branches down as low as it could; but the boy was too tiny.

And the Giant’s heart melted³ as he looked out.

“How selfish I have been!” he said. “Now I know why the Spring would not come here. I will put that poor little boy on the top of the tree. Then I will knock down the wall. My garden shall be the children’s playground for ever and ever.”⁴ He was really very sorry for what he had done.

So he opened the front door quite softly, and went out into the garden. But when the children saw him, they were so frightened that they all ran away. And winter came again. Only the little boy did not run, because his eyes were so full of tears that he did not see the Giant coming. And the Giant came up behind him and took him gently in his hand, and put him up into the tree. And the tree broke at once into blossom. The birds came and sang on it. The

little boy stretched out his two arms and flung them round the Giant's neck and kissed him. And the other children, when they saw that the Giant was not wicked any longer, came running back. With them came the Spring.

"It is your garden now, little children," said the Giant, and he knocked down the wall.

And when the people were going to market, they found the Giant playing with children in the most beautiful garden they had ever seen.

All day long they played, and in the evening they came to the Giant to say good-bye to him.

"But where is your little companion?" he said. "The boy I put into the tree." The Giant loved him the best, because he had kissed him.

"We don't know," answered the children, "he has gone away."

"You must tell him to be sure and come tomorrow," said the Giant. But the children said that they did not know where he lived, and had never seen him before; and the Giant felt very sad.

Every afternoon, when school was over, the children came and played with the Giant. But the little boy whom the Giant loved was never seen again. The Giant was very kind to all the children, yet he longed for his first little friend, and often spoke of him.

"How I would like to see him!" he used to say.

Years went over, and Giant grew very old and feeble. He could not play with children any more, so he sat in a big armchair, and watched the children at their games, and admired his garden. "I have many beautiful flowers," he said, "but the children are the most beautiful flowers of all."

One winter morning he looked out of his window, as he was dressing. He did not hate the Winter now, for he knew that it was merely the Spring asleep, and that the flowers were resting.

Suddenly he rubbed his eyes in surprise and looked and looked. It certainly was a marvellous sight. In the farthest corner of the garden there was a tree quite covered with lovely white blossoms. Its branches were golden, and silver fruit hung down from them, and underneath it stood the little boy he loved.

Downstairs ran the Giant in great joy, and out into the garden. He hurried across the grass, and came near to the child. And when he came quite close his face grew red with anger, and he said, "Who

has dared to wound you?" For on the palms of the child's hands were marks from two nails, and the marks from two nails were on the little feet.

"Who has dared to wound you?" cried the Giant. "Tell me, that I may take my big sword and kill him."

"No," answered the child, "but these are the wounds of Love."

"Who are you?" said the Giant, and a strange feeling fell on him, and he knelt before the little child.

And the child smiled on the Giant, and said to him, "You let me play once in your garden, today you shall come with me to my garden, which is Paradise."

And when the children ran in that afternoon, they found the Giant lying dead under the tree, all covered with white blossoms.

Commentary

¹ *The birds did not want to sing in it* — Птицы не хотели распевать там своих песен

² *the trees forgot to blossom* — зд. деревья так и не распустились

³ *the Giant's heart melted* — сердце Великана растаяло

⁴ *My garden shall be the children's playground for ever and ever.* — Мой сад на веки вечные станет местом детских игр.

Exercises

Reading Comprehension

1 Answer the following questions.

- 1) Where did the children go on their way back home from school?
- 2) What did the Giant see when he came back home from his friend?
- 3) Why did the Giant get so angry and what measures did he take?

- 4) Why were the children so unhappy when the Giant had forbidden them to play in his garden?
- 5) Why did the Spring come all over the country except the Giant's garden?
- 6) What did the Giant hear lying awake in bed and what did he see through the open window one morning?
- 7) Why was he awfully sorry for what he had done?
- 8) Why were the children frightened at first when they saw the Giant and when did they run back to his garden?
- 9) Why did the Giant long for his first little friend?
- 10) What did the Giant see in the farthest corner of the garden?

Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

1 Find in the text the English for:

повесить объявление; правонарушитель; наказывать; проползти; быть закутанным в меха; град; грохотать, греметь; расцвести; щебетать, чирикать (о птицах); протянуть руки; его сердце растаяло; злой, нехороший; протереть глаза; ладонь

2 Insert articles if necessary.

- 1) It was _____ large lovely garden.
- 2) In _____ autumn _____ trees gave _____ rich fruit.
- 3) When he arrived, he saw _____ children playing in _____ garden.
- 4) I hope there will be _____ change in _____ weather.
- 5) I believe _____ Spring has come at _____ last.
- 6) _____ children were sitting in _____ branches of _____ trees.
- 7) When _____ people were going to _____ market, they found _____ Giant playing with _____ children.
- 8) It was _____ most beautiful garden they had ever seen.
- 9) _____ Giant loved his little companion _____ best.
- 10) _____ Giant sat in _____ big armchair, and watched _____ children at their games.

3 Complete these sentences by adding *like* or *as*.

- 1) The house is beautiful. It's _____ a palace.
- 2) Bob failed his driving test _____ we expected.
- 3) Kate looks _____ her mother.
- 4) _____ I said yesterday, I'm thinking of going to Canada.
- 5) He works in a bank, _____ most of his friends.
- 6) We did _____ he suggested.
- 7) I never know what to do in situations _____ this.
- 8) I'll ring you up tomorrow evening _____ usual.
- 9) She is an excellent swimmer. She swims _____ a fish.
- 10) Everybody is ill at home. Our house is _____ a hospital.
- 11) She has just found a job _____ a secretary.
- 12) Why do you behave _____ a child?

4 Complete these sentences by adding pronouns with *-self* (*-selves*) or *each other*.

- 1) People give _____ presents at Christmas.
- 2) Did you enjoy _____ when you were on holiday in Spain?
- 3) Mary looked at _____ in the mirror.
- 4) Linda and Tom are happy together. They love _____ very much.
- 5) They quarrelled last week. They are still not speaking to _____.
- 6) Men are very selfish. They only think of _____.
- 7) Mary and I don't see _____ very often these days.
- 8) You'll hurt _____ if you play with the scissors.
- 9) The bride and the bridegroom held _____'s hands.
- 10) Let's go and wash _____.
- 11) The students in the class told _____ about their own countries.
- 12) Are you very tired? You don't seem _____ today.
- 13) How long have Jane and John known _____?

5 Choose the right word — adjective or adverb.

- 1) The music sounds _____ to my ears. (sweet, sweetly)

- 2) Drive _____ . (careful, carefully)
- 3) This soup tastes _____ . (nice, nicely)
- 4) Tom cooks very _____ . (good, well)
- 5) Don't go up the ladder. It doesn't look _____ . (safe, safely)
- 6) We were relieved that he arrived _____ . (safe, safely)
- 7) Do you feel _____ before the examinations? (nervous, nervously)
- 8) Hurry up! You're always so _____ . (slow, slowly)
- 9) He looked at me _____ when I interrupted him. (angry, angrily)
- 10) The children behaved very _____ . (good, well)
- 11) I tried _____ to remember his name but I couldn't. (hard, hardly)
- 12) The company's financial situation is not _____ at present. (well, good)
- 13) Jack has started his own business. Everything is going quite _____ . (good, well)
- 14) Don't walk so fast! Can't you walk more _____ ? (slow, slowly)
- 15) What beautiful flowers! They smell _____ . (nice, nicely)

6 a) Find in the tale sentences with *used to* and translate them into Russian.

b) Complete the sentences with *used to* + a verb.

- 1) The baby doesn't cry so much, but she _____ every night.
- 2) She _____ my best friend but we are not friends any longer.
- 3) We live in Moscow now but we _____ in Kiev.
- 4) Now there is only one shop in the village but there _____ three.
- 5) When I was a child I _____ ice cream, but I don't like it now.
- 6) Now Tom has got a car. He _____ a motorcycle.
- 7) These days he doesn't go away very often but he _____ a lot.

- 8) Jane _____ long hair but she cut it some time ago.
- 9) The building is now a supermarket, but it _____ a cinema.
- 10) Jack doesn't dance these days but _____ a lot.
- 11) He _____ beer. Now he drinks wine.
- 12) She does not work here now, but she _____
- 13) I _____ to the cinema a lot, but I never get the time now.
- 14) It _____ that the Earth is flat.

7 Recall the situations in which these modal verbs were used. Translate the sentences into Russian.

- 1) He *had been* to visit his friend.
- 2) Anyone *can* understand that, I will allow nobody to play in it but myself.
- 3) We *must* ask the Hail on a visit.
- 4) I *cannot* understand why the Spring is so late in coming.
- 5) He thought it *must* be the King's musicians passing by.
- 6) Who *has dared* to wound you?

8 Can you fill in the missing words?

- 1) He put up a notice-board: " _____ will be prosecuted."
- 2) The Snow covered the grass with great white _____, and the Frost _____ all the trees _____ silver.
- 3) The North Wind was _____ in furs, and he _____ all day about the garden.
- 4) The Hail _____ on the roof of the castle till it broke most of the _____.
- 5) The Giant's heart _____ as he looked out.
- 6) It was really only a little _____ singing outside his window.
- 7) Through a little hole in the wall the children had _____ in.
- 8) The birds were flying about and _____ with delight.
- 9) The little boy _____ his two arms and flung round the Giant's neck.

10) Years went over, the Giant grew very old and _____.

9 **Translate the following sentences into English.**

- 1) Каждый день, возвращаясь из школы, дети, как повелось, заходили в сад Великана поиграть.
- 2) Великан обнес свой сад высокой стеной и повесил объявление: «Вход воспрещен. Нарушители будут наказаны».
- 3) Мальчик был так мал, что не мог дотянуться до ветвей дерева и только ходил вокруг него и горько плакал.
- 4) Я сломаю стену, и мой сад станет на веки вечные местом для детских игр.
- 5) Великан теперь был очень добр ко всем детям, но он тосковал о своем маленьком друге и часто о нем вспоминал.
- 6) Год проходил за годом, и Великан состарился и одряхлел.
- 7) В самом укромном уголке сада стояло дерево, сплошь покрытое восхитительным белым цветом.
- 8) На другой день, когда дети прибежали в сад, они нашли Великана мертвым.



THE DEVOTED FRIEND

One morning the old Water Rat put his head out of his hole. He had bright beady eyes and stiff grey whiskers, and his tail was like a long bit of black India-rubber.¹ The little ducks were swimming about in the pond, looking just like a lot of yellow canaries. Their mother, who was pure white with real red legs, was trying to teach them how to stand on their heads in the water.

“You will never be in the best society unless you can stand on your heads,” she kept saying to them; every now and then she showed them how it was done. But the little ducks paid no attention to her. They were so young that they did not know what an advantage it is to be in society at all.

“What disobedient children!” cried the old Water Rat. “They really deserve to be drowned.”

 **Discussion Tasks**

1 **Discuss the following.**

- 1) Describe the Giant's garden.
- 2) Speak about the Giant. How does his character in the story develop and change as the story progresses?
- 3) Agree or disagree with the statement from the tale: “The children are the most beautiful flowers of all.”
- 4) Comment on the title of the story.
- 5) Discuss the moral of the tale.

"Nothing of the kind," answered the Duck, "every one must make a beginning, and parents cannot be too patient."

"Ah! I know nothing about the feelings of parents," said the Water Rat. "I am not a family man. In fact, I have never been married, and never intend to be. Love is all very well in its way, but friendship is much higher. Indeed, I know of nothing in the world that is either nobler or rarer than a devoted friendship."

"And what is your idea of the duties of a devoted friend?" asked a green Linnet, who was sitting on a willow-tree² nearby, and heard the conversation.

"Yes, that is just what I want to know," said the Duck; and she swam away to the end of the pond, and stood upon her head, in order to give her children a good example.

"What a silly question!" cried the Water Rat. "I should expect my devoted friend to be devoted to me, of course."

"And what would you do in return?" said the little bird, flapping his tiny wings.

"I don't understand," answered the Water Rat.

"Let me tell you a story on the subject," said the Linnet.

"Is the story about me?" asked the Water Rat. "If so, I will listen to it. You know I am extremely fond of fiction."

"It may be about you as well," answered the Linnet; and he flew down and began to tell the story of The Devoted Friend.

"Once upon a time," began the Linnet, "there was an honest little fellow named Hans."

"Was there something special about him?" asked the Water Rat.

"No," answered the Linnet, "I don't think there was something special about him, except for his kind heart, and funny, round, good-humoured face. He lived in a tiny cottage all by himself, and every day he worked in his garden. In all the countryside there was no garden so lovely as his. All kinds of flowers bloomed or blossomed in their proper order as the months went by, one flower taking another flower's place. So there were always beautiful things to look at, and pleasant odours to smell.

"Little Hans had a great many friends. But the most devoted friend of all was big Hugh the Miller. Indeed, so devoted was the rich Miller to Little Hans, that he would never go by his garden without leaning over the wall and plucking a large nosegay.³ He would never go by his garden without having a handful of sweet

herbs or filling his pockets with plums and cherries, if it was the fruit season.

"Real friends should have everything in common," the Miller used to say. Little Hans nodded and smiled. He felt very proud of having a friend with such noble ideas.

"Sometimes, indeed, the neighbours thought it strange that the rich Miller never gave Little Hans anything in return. All knew that the Miller had a hundred sacks of flour stored in his mill, and six milch cows,⁴ and a large flock of woolly sheep. But Hans never troubled his head about these things. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than to listen to all the wonderful things the Miller used to say about the unselfishness of true friendship.

"So Little Hans worked hard in his garden. During the spring, the summer, and the autumn he was very happy. But when the winter came, and he had no fruit or flowers to bring to the market, he suffered a good deal from cold and hunger. Often he had to go to bed without any supper but a few dried pears or some hard nuts. In the winter, also, he was extremely lonely, as the Miller never came to see him then.

"There is no good in my going to see Little Hans as long as the snow lasts," the Miller used to say to his wife. "When people are in trouble, they should be left alone and not be bothered by visitors. At least, that is my idea about friendship, and I am sure I am right. So I shall wait till the spring comes, and then I shall pay him a visit. And he will be able to give me a large basket of primroses,⁵ and that will make him so happy."

"You are certainly very thoughtful about others," answered the Wife, as she sat in her comfortable armchair by the big pinewood fire. "Very thoughtful, indeed. I am so delighted to hear you talk about friendship. I am sure the clergyman himself could not say such beautiful things as you do, though he does live in a three-storied house, and does wear a golden ring on his little finger."

"But could not we ask Little Hans up here?" said the Miller's youngest son. "If poor Hans is in trouble, I will give him half my porridge, and show him my white rabbits."

"What a silly boy you are!" cried the Miller. "I really don't know what is the use of sending you to school. You seem to learn nothing. Why, if Little Hans came up here, and saw our warm fire, and good supper, and a cask of red wine, he might get envious. Envy is a terrible thing and can spoil anybody's nature. I certainly

will not allow Hans' nature to be spoiled. I am his best friend, and I will always watch over him, and see that he is not led into any temptation. Besides, if Hans came here, he might ask me to let him have some flour on credit, and that I could not do. Flour is one thing, and friendship is another, and they should not be confused. Why, the words are spelt differently, and mean quite different things. Everybody can understand that.'

"How well you talk!" said the Miller's Wife, pouring herself out a large glass of warm ale. 'Really I feel quite drowsy. It is like being in church.'

"Lots of people act well," answered the Miller, "but very few people talk well. It shows that talking is the more difficult thing of the two, and a much finer thing also," and he looked sternly across the table at his little son. The boy felt so ashamed of himself that he hung his head down, and grew quite scarlet and began to cry into his tea. However, he was so young that you must excuse him."

"Is that the end of the story?" asked the Water Rat.

"Certainly not," answered the Linnet, "that is the beginning.

"As soon as the winter was over, and the primroses began to open their yellow stars, the Miller said to his wife that he would go down and see Little Hans.

"Why, what a good heart you have!" cried his Wife, 'You are always thinking of others. And be sure to take the big basket with you for the flowers.'

"So the Miller went down to the hill with the basket on his arm.

"Good morning, Little Hans," said the Miller.

"Good morning," answered Hans, smiling from ear to ear.

"And how have you been all the winter?" said the Miller.

"Well, really," cried Hans, 'it is very good of you to ask, very good, indeed. I am afraid I had rather a hard time of it. But now the spring has come, and I am quite happy, and all my flowers are doing well.'

"We often talked of you during the winter, Hans," said the Miller, 'and wondered how you were getting on.'

"That was kind of you," said Hans. 'I was half afraid, you had forgotten me.'

"Hans, I am surprised at you," said the Miller. 'Friendship never forgets. That is the wonderful thing about it, but, I am afraid, you don't understand the poetry of life. How lovely your primroses are looking, by the way!'

"They are certainly very lovely," said Hans, 'and it is a most lucky thing for me that I have so many. I am going to bring them into market and sell them to the Burgomaster's daughter, and buy back my wheelbarrow with the money.'

"Buy back your wheelbarrow? You don't mean to say you have sold it? What a very stupid thing to do!"

"Well, the fact is," said Hans, 'that I had to. You see, the winter was a very bad time for me, and I really had no money at all to buy bread with. So I first sold the silver buttons of my Sunday coat, and then I sold my silver chain, and then I sold my big pipe, and at last I sold my wheelbarrow. But I am going to buy them all back again now.'

"Hans," said the Miller, 'I will give you my wheelbarrow. It is not in very good condition; indeed, one side is gone, and there is something wrong with the wheel-spokes; but in spite of that I will give it to you. I know it is very generous of me. A great many people would think me extremely foolish for parting with it, but I am not like the rest of the world. I think that generosity is the essence of friendship. Besides, I have got a new wheelbarrow myself. Yes, you may set your mind at ease, I will give you my wheelbarrow.'

"Well, really, that is generous of you," exclaimed Little Hans, and his funny round face shone all over with pleasure. 'I can easily repair it, as I have a plank of wood in the house.'

"A plank of wood!" said the Miller. 'Why, that is just what I want for the roof of my barn. There is a very large hole in it, and the corn will all get damp if I don't mend the roof. How lucky you mentioned it! It is quite remarkable how one good action always breeds another. I have given you my wheelbarrow, and now you are going to give me your plank. Of course, the wheelbarrow is worth far more than the plank, but true friendship never notices things like that. Please get it at once, and I will set to work at my barn this very day.'

"Certainly," cried Little Hans, and he ran and brought the plank.

"It is not a very big plank," said the Miller, looking at it, 'and I am afraid that after I have mended my barn-roof, there won't be any left for you to mend the wheelbarrow with; but, of course, that is not my fault. And, as I have given you my wheelbarrow, I am sure, you would like to give me some flowers in return. Here is the basket, and be sure you fill it quite full.'

“‘Quite full?’ whispered Little Hans, rather sorrowfully, as it was really a very big basket. He knew that if he filled it, he would have no flowers left for the market. He was very anxious to get his silver buttons back.

“‘Well, really,’ answered the Miller, ‘as I have given you my wheelbarrow, I don’t think that it is much to ask you for a few flowers. I may be wrong, but I should have thought that friendship, true friendship, was quite free from selfishness of any kind.’

“‘My dear friend, my best friend,’ cried Little Hans, ‘you are welcome to all the flowers in my garden. I would rather have your opinion than my silver buttons, anyway!’ and he ran and plucked his pretty primroses, and filled the Miller’s basket.

“‘Good-bye, Little Hans,’ said the Miller, and he went up the hill with the plank on his shoulder, and the big basket in his hand.

“‘Good-bye,’ answered Little Hans, happily; he was so pleased about the wheelbarrow.

“The next day he was nailing up some honeysuckle⁶ against the porch, when he heard the Miller’s voice calling him from the road. So he jumped off the ladder, and ran down the garden, and looked over the wall.

“There was the Miller with a large sack of flour on his back.

“‘Dear Little Hans,’ said the Miller, ‘would you mind carrying this sack of flour for me to market?’

“‘Oh, I am so sorry,’ said Hans, ‘but I am really very busy today. I have got all my creepers⁷ to nail up, and all my flowers to water, and all my grass to roll.’

“‘Well, really,’ said the Miller, ‘I think, that considering that I am going to give you my wheelbarrow, it is rather unfriendly of you to refuse.’

“‘Oh, don’t say that,’ cried Little Hans, ‘I wouldn’t be unfriendly for the whole world,’ and he ran in for his cap, and lifted the big sack on to his shoulders, and carried it away.

“It was a very hot day, and the road was terribly dusty. Before Hans had reached the sixth milestone, he was so tired that he had to sit down and rest. However, he went on bravely, and at last he reached the market. After he had been there for some time, he sold the sack of flour for a very good price. Then he returned home at once, because he was afraid that if he stayed too late, he might meet some robbers on the way.

“‘It has certainly been a hard day,’ said Little Hans to himself as he was going to bed, ‘but I am glad I did not refuse the Miller. He is my best friend, and besides, he is going to give me his wheelbarrow.’

“Early the next morning the Miller came down to get the money for his sack of flour. Little Hans was so tired that he was still in bed.

“‘Upon my word,’ cried the Miller, ‘you are very lazy. Really, considering that I am going to give you my wheelbarrow, I think you might work harder. Idleness is a great sin, and I certainly don’t like any of my friends to be idle or slow. You must not mind my speaking quite plainly to you. Of course, I should not dream of doing so, if I were not your friend. But what is a good friendship, if one cannot say exactly what one means? Anybody can say charming things and try to please and flatter, but a true friend always says unpleasant things, and does not mind giving pain. Indeed, if he is a really true friend he prefers it, for he knows that then he is doing good.’

“‘I am very sorry,’ said Little Hans, rubbing his eyes and taking off his night-cap, ‘but I was so tired that I thought I would lie in bed for a little time, and listen to the birds singing. Don’t you know that I always work better after hearing the birds sing?’

“‘Well, I am glad of that,’ uttered the Miller, clapping Little Hans on the back. ‘I want you to come up to the mill as soon as you are dressed and mend my barn-roof for me.’

“Poor Little Hans was very anxious to go and work in the garden, for his flowers had not been watered for two days. But he did not want to refuse the Miller, as he was such a good friend to him.

“‘Do you think it would be unfriendly of me, if I said I was busy?’ he asked in a shy and timid voice.

“‘Well, really,’ answered the Miller, ‘I do not think it is much to ask of you, considering that I am going to give you my wheelbarrow; but, of course, if you refuse, I will go and do it myself.’

“‘Oh! On no account,⁸’ cried Little Hans; and he jumped out of bed, and dressed himself, and went up to the barn.

“He worked there all day long, till sunset. At sunset the Miller came to see how he was getting on.

“‘Have you mended the hole in the roof yet, Little Hans?’ cried the Miller cheerfully.

“‘It is quite mended,’ answered Little Hans, coming down the ladder.

“Ah!” said the Miller, ‘there is no work so delightful as the work one does for others.’

“It is certainly a great privilege to hear you talk,’ answered Little Hans, sitting down and wiping his forehead, ‘a very great privilege. But I am afraid I shall never have such beautiful ideas as you have.’

“Oh! They will come to you,’ said the Miller, ‘but you must make more effort. At present you have only the practice of friendship; some day you will also have the theory.’

“Do you really think I shall?” asked Little Hans.

“I have no doubt of it,’ answered the Miller, but now you have mended the roof, you had better go home and rest, because I want you to take my sheep to the mountain tomorrow.’

“Poor Little Hans was afraid to say anything against this. Early the next morning the Miller brought his sheep round to the cottage, and Hans started off with them to the mountain. It took him the whole day to get there and back. When he returned he was so tired that he went off to sleep in his chair, and did not wake up till it was broad daylight.

“What a delightful time I shall have in my garden!’ he thought, and he went to work at once.

“But somehow he was never able to look after his flowers at all, as his friend the Miller was always coming round and giving him tasks, or getting to help at the mill. Little Hans was very much distressed at times, as he was afraid his flowers would think that he had forgotten them. But he consoled himself with the reflection that the Miller was his best friend. ‘Besides,’ he used to say, ‘he is going to give me his wheelbarrow, and that is an act of pure generosity.’

“So Little Hans worked hard for the Miller, and the Miller said all kinds of beautiful things about friendship, which Hans used to take down in a notebook and read over at night. Hans was a very good scholar.

“Now it happened that one evening Little Hans was sitting by his fireside when he heard a loud knock at the door. It was a very wild night, and the wind was blowing and roaring round the house so terribly that at first he thought it was only the storm. But a second knock came, and then a third, louder than any of the others.

“It is some poor traveller,’ said Little Hans to himself, and ran to the door.

“There stood the Miller with a lantern in one hand and a big stick in the other.

“Dear Little Hans,’ cried the Miller, ‘I am in great trouble. My little boy has fallen off a ladder and hurt himself. And I am going for the Doctor, but he lives so far away. And it is such a bad night, that it has just occurred to me that it would be much better if you went instead of me. You know I am going to give you my wheelbarrow, and so it is only fair that you should do something for me in return.’

“Certainly,’ answered Little Hans, ‘I take it quite as a compliment your coming to me, and I will start off at once. But you must lend me your lantern, as the night is so dark that, I am afraid, I might fall into the ditch.’

“I am very sorry,’ answered the Miller, ‘but it is my new lantern, and it would be a great loss to me, if anything happened to it.’

“Well, never mind, I will do without it,’ cried Little Hans. He took down his great fur coat, and his warm scarlet cap, and tied a muffler round his throat, and started off.

“What a dreadful storm it was! The night was so black that Little Hans could hardly see. The wind was so strong that he could hardly stand. However, he was very courageous, and after he had been walking about three hours, he arrived at the Doctor’s house, and knocked at the door.

“Who is there?” cried the Doctor, putting his head out of his bedroom window.

“Little Hans, Doctor.’

“What do you want, Little Hans?”

“The Miller’s son has fallen from the ladder, and has hurt himself. The Miller wants you to come at once.’

“All right!’ said the Doctor, and ordered his horse, and his big boots, and his lantern. He came downstairs and rode off in the direction of the Miller’s house. Little Hans, with heavy legs, followed slowly on behind.

“But the storm grew worse and worse, and it was raining so heavily. Little Hans could not see where he was going, or keep up with the horse. At last he lost his way, and wandered off on the moor. The moor was a very dangerous place, as it was full of deep holes. And poor Little Hans was drowned there. His body was found the next day by some goatherds, floating in a great pool of water, and was brought back by them to the cottage.

“Everybody went to Little Hans’ funeral, as he was so popular, and the Miller was the chief mourner.

“As I was his best friend,’ said the Miller, ‘it is only fair that I should have the best place.’ So he walked at the head of the procession in a long black cloak, and every now and then he wiped his eyes with a big handkerchief.

“Little Hans is certainly a great loss to everyone,’ said the Blacksmith, when the funeral was over, and they were all seated comfortably in the inn, drinking wine and eating sweet cakes.

“A great loss to me at any rate,’ answered the Miller. ‘Why, I had given him my wheelbarrow, and now I really don’t know what to do with it. It is very much in my way at home, and it is in such bad condition that I could not get anything for it if I sold it. I will certainly take care not to give away anything again. One certainly suffers from being generous.’”

“Well?” said the Water Rat, after a long pause.

“Well, that is the end,” said the Linnet.

“But what became of the Miller?” asked the Water Rat.

“Oh! I really don’t know,” answered the Linnet, “and I am sure that I don’t care.”

“It is quite evident then that you have no sympathy in your nature,” said the Water Rat.

“I am afraid you don’t quite see the moral of the story,” noticed the Linnet.

“The what?” screamed the Water Rat.

“The moral.”

“Do you mean to say that the story has a moral?”

“Certainly,” said the Linnet.

“Well, really,” said the Water Rat, in a very angry manner, “I think you should have told me that before you began. If you had done so, I certainly would not have listened to you. In fact, I should have said ‘Pooh,’ like the critic. However, I can say it now,” so he shouted out “Pooh”, at the top of his voice, and went back into his hole.

“And how do you like the Water Rat?” asked the Duck, who came some minutes afterwards. “He has a great many good points. But for my own part, I have mother’s feelings. I can never look at a confirmed bachelor without the tears coming into my eyes.”

“I am rather afraid that I have annoyed him,” answered the Linnet. “The fact is that I told him a story with a moral.”

“Ah! That is always a very dangerous thing to do,” said the Duck.

And I quite agree with her.

Commentary

¹ *his tail was like a long bit of black India-rubber* — хвост его походил на длинный черный резиновый шнур

² *willow-tree (бот.)* — ива

³ *nosegay* — букетик цветов

⁴ *milch cows* — дойные коровы

⁵ *primrose (бот.)* — первоцвет, примула

⁶ *honeysuckle (бот.)* — жимолость

⁷ *creeper (бот.)* — вьюнок

⁸ *on no account* — ни в коем случае

Exercises

Reading Comprehension

1 Are the following statements about the tale *true* or *false*? If there is not enough information, write *don't know*.

1) Little Hans had a great many friends but the most devoted friend of all was the Miller. _____

2) The neighbours thought Hans to be a very strange person. _____

3) During all the seasons Hans was very happy, but when winter came, he suffered from cold and hunger. _____

4) The Miller wanted to visit Hans in winter but his wife was against it. _____

5) Hans had to sell his wheelbarrow in winter, because he needed money to buy bread with. _____

6) The Miller gave his own wheelbarrow to Hans, because he felt sorry for him. _____

- 7) Hans refused to give his flowers to the Miller because he was stingy. _____
- 8) The Miller always came to Hans and gave him various tasks and Hans had no time to do something about his own house. _____
- 9) When the Miller sent Hans for the Doctor on that stormy evening, the Miller even did not give him his lantern. _____
- 10) Hans got lost on his way back from the doctor and was drowned in the moor. _____
- 11) The Miller understood his guilt and was the chief mourner at the funeral. _____

2 Answer the following questions.

- 1) What kind of person was Hans? How does the author describe his appearance?
- 2) Where did Hans live and what did he grow in his garden?
- 4) How many friends did Hans have and who was his best friend?
- 5) Why was winter the worst season for Hans?
- 6) Why didn't the Miller visit Hans in winter and what sort of arguments did he give to his son?
- 7) What are the Miller's ideas about friendship?
- 8) What tasks did the Miller give to Hans?
- 9) Had Hans ever refused the Miller? How did Hans feel at times?
- 10) What happened to Hans on his way back from the Doctor?
- 11) Where was poor Little Hans found?
- 12) How did the chief mourner behave at the funeral?

 Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

1 Find in the text the English for:

подавать хороший пример; рассказать одну историю по этому поводу; забавное круглое лицо; один-единешенок; сорвать букетик цветов; стадо длинношерстных овец; терпеть холод и голод; заботиться о других; подвергаться

соблазну; мы относимся друг к другу с большой симпатией; улыбаться во все лицо; оценить поэзию жизни; находиться в хорошем состоянии; без щедрости нет дружбы; не беспокоиться; его забавное круглое лицо прямо засияло от радости; чинить крышу; продать муку за хорошие деньги; нерадивость — большой порок; ни в коем случае; отправиться; давать поручения; приходить в отчаяние; утешать себя мыслью; это удивительная щедрость с его стороны; быть большой утратой для кого-либо; поспевать за лошадью; идти во главе погребальной процессии; много говорить; завопить во всю глотку; что касается меня; убежденный холостяк

2 a) Here are some sentences from the tale. Define the difference between the meanings of italicised words.

- 1) One flower takes *another* flower's place.
- 2) Flour is one thing, and friendship is *another*.
- 3) You are always thinking of *others*.
- 4) It is quite remarkable how one good action always breeds *another*.
- 5) There is no work so delightful as the work one does for *others*.

b) Complete the sentences by adding one of these words: *other, others, another*.

- 1) She is cleverer than the _____.
- 2) He finished his sausage and asked for _____ one.
- 3) We go to Europe every _____ year.
- 4) Are there any _____ problems?
- 5) If you want a double room that will cost _____ \$15.
- 6) I saw John with some _____ boys.
- 7) A few of them are red, the _____ are brown.
- 8) There must be _____ way of doing it.
- 9) There are plenty _____ ways of getting there than by car.
- 10) He came here for _____ reason.

- 11) I'm in a hurry; I'll do it _____ time.
 12) You can park your car on the _____ side of the road.

3 Choose the right word: either or neither.

- 1) Have a cup of coffee or tea. — I can have _____ .
 2) He _____ drinks, smokes nor eats meat.
 3) Take _____ of the books.
 4) _____ my brother nor I were there.
 5) It's _____ blue or red. I can't remember.
 6) _____ of the roads is very good.
 7) She's one of those people that _____ love or hate.
 8) Will you have tea or coffee? No, _____ thanks.
 9) If _____ David or Jane comes, she or he will want a drink.
 10) I have not read this book, my brother hasn't read _____ .

4 Circle the letter of the verb that correctly completes the sentence.

- 1) Rachel had to get used to _____ on the left.
 a) drive
 b) driving
- 2) When I was a child, I used to _____ chocolate every day.
 a) eat
 b) eating
- 3) It took me a long time to get used to _____ glasses.
 a) wearing
 b) wear
- 4) There used to _____ a restaurant at this corner.
 a) being
 b) be
- 5) I'm the chief. I'm not used to _____ told what to do.

- a) be
 b) being

- 6) You'll have to get used to _____ less if you want to lose weight.
 a) eating
 b) eat
- 7) I used to _____ John but now I dislike him.
 a) like
 b) liking
- 8) Jill got tired very quickly. She wasn't used to _____ so fast.
 a) run
 b) running
- 9) Ann used to _____ a lot of coffee when she was a student.
 a) drinking
 b) drink
- 10) Bob used to _____ very fit. Now he's in bad shape.
 a) be
 b) being

5 Put the verbs in brackets in the correct form in the following conditional sentences from the tale.

- 1) If poor Hans _____ in trouble, I will _____ him half my porridge. (be; give)
 2) If Little Hans _____ up here, and _____ our warm fire, he might _____ envious. (come; see; get)
 3) If Hans _____ here, he might _____ me have some flour on credit. (come; ask)
 4) The corn will all _____ damp, if I _____ the roof. (get; not mend)
 5) If he _____ it, he would _____ no flowers left for the market. (fill; have)

- 6) If he _____, he might _____ some robbers on the way. (stop; meet)
- 7) I should not _____ of doing so, if I _____ your friend. (dream; not be)
- 8) It would _____ much better if you _____ instead of me. (be; go)
- 9) If you _____ so, I certainly would _____ to you. (do; not listen)

6 Translate the following sentences into English.

- 1) У Ганса было доброе сердце и забавное круглое веселое лицо.
- 2) Жил он один-одинешенек в своей маленькой избушке и день-деньской копался у себя в саду.
- 3) Ганс гордился, что у него есть друг с такими благородными идеями.
- 4) Соседи иногда удивлялись, почему богатый Мельник никогда ничем не отблагодарит Ганса.
- 5) Зимой он терпел холод и голод и частенько ложился в постель без ужина.
- 6) Скоро он продал муку за хорошие деньги и тут же пустился в обратный путь.
- 7) Но как-то все время выходило, что ему не удавалось заняться своими цветами.
- 8) Друг его Мельник то и дело являлся к нему и отсылал его куда-нибудь с поручением или уводил с собой помочь на мельнице.
- 9) Мельник говорил красивые слова о дружбе, которые Ганс записывал в тетраточку и перечитывал по ночам, потому что он был очень прилежный ученик.
- 10) Мельник пришел к Гансу однажды ночью, чтобы попросить его сходить за доктором, когда его сынишка упал с лестницы и расшибся.
- 11) Ветер все крепчал, а дождь лил как из ведра.
- 12) Маленький Ганс не поспевал за лошастью и брел наугад.
- 13) Он сбился с дороги и попал в болото, там бедный Ганс и утонул в глубокой трясине.
- 14) Мельник шел во главе погребальной процессии и время

от времени вытирал глаза большим носовым платком.

- 15) «Смерть Маленького Ганса — большая утрата для всех нас», — сказал Кузнец.



Discussion Tasks

1 Discuss the following.

- 1) Agree or disagree with the Miller's ideas about friendship:
 - I know nothing in the world that is either nobler or rarer than a devoted friendship.
 - Real friends should have everything in common.
 - When people are in trouble, they should be left alone and not be bothered by visitors.
 - Envy is a terrible thing and can spoil anybody's nature.
 - Generosity is the essence of friendship.
 - True friendship is free from selfishness of any kind.
 - A true friend always says unpleasant things, and does not mind giving pain.
- 2) Speak about the Miller and his ideas about friendship. Find some facts in the tale which prove that his ideas contrasted his actions.
- 3) Speak about Hans and his actions. Prove that Hans was a devoted friend.
- 4) Discuss the moral of the story.



THE REMARKABLE ROCKET

The King's son was going to be married, so the whole court was happy to hear the news. He waited a whole year for his bride, and at last she arrived. She was a Russian Princess, and drove all the way from Finland in a sledge. The sledge was shaped like a great golden swan, and between the swan's wings lay the little Princess herself. Her long cloak reached down to her feet, on her head was a tiny cap of silver tissue. And she was as pale as the Snow Palace, in which she had always lived. So pale was she that as she drove through the streets, all the people wondered. "She is like a white rose!" they cried, and they threw down flowers on her from the balconies.

At the gate of the Castle the Prince was waiting to receive her. He had dreamy violet eyes, and his hair was like fine gold. When he saw her, he sank upon one knee, and kissed her hand.

"Your picture was beautiful," he said, "but you are more beautiful than your picture," and the little Princess blushed.

"She was like a white rose before," said a young page to his neighbour, "but she is like a red rose now," and the whole Court was delighted.

For the next three days everybody went about saying, "White rose, Red rose, Red rose, White rose," and the King gave orders that the Page's salary was to be doubled. As he received no salary at all, this was not of much use to him. But it was considered a great honour, and was duly published in the Court Gazette.¹

When the three days were over, the marriage was celebrated. It was a magnificent ceremony. The bride and the bridegroom walked hand in hand under a canopy of purple velvet embroidered with little pearls. Then there was a banquet which lasted for five hours. The Prince and the Princess sat at the top of the Great Hall and drank out of a cup of clear crystal. Only true lovers could drink out of this cup. If false lips touched it, it grew grey, dull and cloudy.

"It is quite clear that they love each other," said the Little Page, "as clear as crystal!" and the King doubled his salary a second time.

"What an honour!" cried all the courtiers.

After the banquet there was to be a ball. The bride and the bridegroom were to dance the Rose-dance together, and the King had promised to play the flute. He played very badly, but no one had even dared to tell him so, because he was the King. Indeed, he knew only two airs,² and was never quite certain which one he was playing; but it made no matter, for, whatever he did, everybody cried out, "Charming! Charming!"

The last item on the programme was a grand display of fireworks, to be let off exactly at midnight. The little Princess had never seen a firework in her life, so the King gave orders that the Royal Pyrotechnist should be in attendance on the day of her marriage.

"What are fireworks like?" she asked the Prince, as she was walking on the terrace.

"They are like the aurora borealis,³" said the King, who always answered questions that were addressed to other people, "only much more natural. I prefer them to stars myself, as you always know when they are going to appear, and they are as delightful as my own flute-playing. You must certainly see them."

So at the end of the King's garden a great stand had been set

up. And as soon as the Royal Pyrotechnist had put everything in its proper place, the fireworks began to talk to each other.

"The world is certainly very beautiful," cried a little Squib. "Just look at those yellow tulips. Why! If they were real crackers, they could not be lovelier.⁴ I am very glad I have travelled. Travel improves the mind wonderfully, and does away with all one's prejudices."

"The King's garden is not the world, you foolish Squib," said the Roman Candle. "The world is an enormous place, and it would take you three days to see it thoroughly."

"Any place you love is the world to you," exclaimed the pensive Catherine Wheel, who had been attached to an old deal box in early life, and prided herself on her broken heart, "but love is not fashionable any more, the poets have killed it. They wrote so much about it that nobody believed them, and I am not surprised. True love suffers, and is silent. I remember myself once... But no matter now. Romance is a thing of the past."

"Nonsense!" said the Roman Candle. "Romance never dies. It is like the moon, and lives forever. The bride and bridegroom, for instance, love each other very dearly. I heard all about them this morning from a brown paper cartridge, who happened to be staying in the same drawer as myself, and he knew the latest Court news."

But the Catherine Wheel shook her head. "Romance is dead, Romance is dead, Romance is dead," she repeated. She was one of those who think that, if you say the same thing over and over a great many times, it becomes true in the end.

Suddenly, a sharp, dry cough was heard, and they all looked round.

It came from a tall, haughty Rocket, who was tied to the end of a long stick. He always coughed before he said anything, so as to attract attention.

"Ahem! Ahem!" he said, and everybody listened, except the poor Catherine Wheel, who was still shaking her head, and repeating, "Romance is dead."

"Order! Order!" cried out a Cracker. He was something of a politician, and always took a prominent part in the local elections, so he knew the proper parliamentary expressions to use.

"Quite dead," whispered the Catherine Wheel, and she went off to sleep.

As soon as there was perfect silence, the Rocket coughed a third time and began. He spoke with a very slow, distinct voice, as if he were dictating his memoirs. He always looked over the shoulder of the person, to whom he was talking. In fact, he had a most distinguished manner.

"How fortunate it is for the King's son," he said, "that he is to be married on the very day, on which I am to be let off! Really, if it had not been arranged beforehand, it could not have turned out better for him. But Princes are always lucky."

"Dear me!" said the Squib, "I thought it was quite the other way, and that we were to be let off in the Prince's honour."

"It may be so with you," he answered, "indeed, I have no doubt that it is, but with me it is different. I am a very remarkable Rocket, and come of remarkable parents. My mother was the most celebrated Catherine Wheel of her day, and was famous for her graceful dancing. When she made her great public appearance,⁵ she turned round nineteen times before she went out. And each time that she did so, she threw into the air seven pink stars. She was three feet and a half in diameter, and made of the very best gunpowder. My father was a Rocket like myself, and of French extraction. He flew so high that the people were afraid that he would never come down again. He did, though, for he was a kind-hearted person, and he made a most brilliant descent in a shower of golden rain. The newspapers wrote about his performance in very flattering terms. Indeed, the Court Gazette called him a triumph of Pylotechnic art."

"Pyrotechnic, Pyrotechnic, you mean," said a Bengal Light. "I know it is Pyrotechnic. I saw it written on my own canister."

"Well, I said Pylotechnic," answered the Rocket angrily. And the Bengal Light felt so crushed that he began at once to bully the little squibs, in order to show that he was still a person of some importance.

"I was saying," continued the Rocket, "I was saying... What was I saying?"

"You were talking about yourself," replied the Roman Candle.

"Of course, I knew I was discussing some interesting subject, when I was so rudely interrupted. I hate rudeness and bad manners of every kind, because I am extremely sensitive. No one in the whole world is so sensitive as I am. I am quite sure of that."

"What is a sensitive person?" said the Cracker to the Roman Candle.

"A person who, because he has corns himself, always treads on the other people's toes,"⁶ answered the Roman candle in a low whisper; and the Cracker nearly exploded with laughter.

"Pray, what are you laughing at?" inquired the Rocket, "I am not laughing."

"I am laughing because I am happy," answered the Cracker.

"That is a very selfish reason," said the Rocket angrily. "What right have you to be happy? You should be thinking about others. In fact, you should be thinking about me. I am always thinking about myself, and I expect everybody else to do the same. That is what is called sympathy. It is a beautiful virtue, and I possess it in a high degree. Suppose, for instance, anything happened to me tonight, what a misfortune that would be for everyone! The Prince and Princess would never be happy again, their whole married life would be spoiled. As for the King, I know he would not get over it. Really, when I begin to reflect on the importance of my position, I am almost moved to tears."

"If you want to give pleasure to others," cried the Roman Candle, "you had better keep yourself dry."

"Certainly," exclaimed the Bengal Light, who was now in better spirits; "that is only common sense."

"Common sense, indeed!" said the Rocket indignantly, "You forget that I am very uncommon, and very remarkable. Why, anybody can have common sense, if they have no imagination. I never think of things as they really are. I always think of them as being quite different. But none of you have any hearts. Here you are laughing and making merry just as if the Prince and the Princess had not just been married."

"Well, really," exclaimed a small Fire-balloon⁷. "Why not? It is a most joyful occasion. When I fly up into the air, I intend to tell the stars all about it. You will see them twinkle when I talk to them about the pretty bride."

"Ah! What a trivial view of life!" said the Rocket. "But it is only what I expected. There is nothing in you. You are hollow and empty. Why, perhaps, the Prince and the Princess may go to live in a country where there is a deep river. Perhaps, they may have only one son, a little fair-haired boy with violet eyes like the Prince himself. Perhaps, some day he may go out to walk with his nurse. Perhaps, the nurse may go to sleep under a great elder-tree.⁸ And, perhaps, the little boy may fall into the deep river and be drowned.

What a terrible misfortune! Poor people, to lose their only son! It is really too dreadful! I shall never get over it."

"But they have not lost their only son," said the Roman Candle, "no misfortune has happened to them at all."

"I never said that they had," answered the Rocket. "I said they might. If they had lost their only son, there would be no use in saying any more about the matter. I hate people who cry over spilt milk. But when I think they might lose their only son, I am very much affected," and he actually burst into real tears, which flew down his stick like raindrops.

"He must have a truly romantic nature," said the Catherine Wheel. "He weeps when there is nothing at all to weep about," and she made a deep sigh and thought about the deal box.

Then the moon rose, and the stars began to shine, and a sound of music came from the palace.

The Prince and Princess were leading the dance. They danced so beautifully that the tall white lilies peeped in at the window and watched them. And the great red poppies⁹ nodded their heads and beat time.

Then ten o'clock struck, and then eleven, and then twelve, and at the last stroke of midnight every one came out on the terrace. And the King sent for the Royal Pyrotechnist.

"Let the fireworks begin," said the King; and the Royal Pyrotechnist made a low bow, and marched down to the end of the garden. He had six attendants with him, each of whom carried a lighted torch at the end of a long pole.

It was certainly a magnificent display.

Whizz! Whizz! went the Catherine Wheel, as she turned round and round. Boom! Boom! went the Roman Candle. Then the Squibs danced all over the place, and the Bengal Lights made everything look scarlet. "Good-bye," cried the Fire-balloon, as he flew away, dropping tiny blue sparks. Bang! Bang! answered the Crackers, who were enjoying themselves immensely. Every one was a great success except the Remarkable Rocket. He was so wet with crying that he could not go off at all. The best thing in him was the gunpowder, and that was so wet with tears that it was of no use. All his poor relations, to whom he would never speak, except with a sneer, shot up into the sky like wonderful golden flowers with blossoms of fire. Huzza! Huzza! cried the Court; and the Princess laughed with pleasure.

"I suppose they are reserving me for some grand occasion," said the Rocket, "no doubt that is what it means," and he looked more arrogant than ever.

The next day the workmen came to put everything tidy. "This is evidently a deputation," said the Rocket. "I will receive them with becoming dignity," so he put his nose in the air, and began to frown severely, as if he were thinking about some important subject. But they took no notice of him at all till they were just going away. Then one of them caught sight of him. "Hallo!" he cried. "What a bad rocket!" and he threw him over the wall into the ditch.

"*Bad rocket? Bad rocket?*" he said, as he moved round and round very fast through the air. "Impossible! *Grand rocket*, that is what the man said. *Bad* and *grand* sound very much the same, indeed, then they often are the same," and he fell into the mud.

"It is not comfortable here," he said, "but no doubt it is some fashionable watering-place, and they have sent me away to recruit my health. My nerves are certainly very much affected, and I need rest."

Then a little Frog with bright jewelled eyes, and a green coat, swam up to him.

"A new arrival, I see!" said the Frog. "Well, after all there is nothing like mud. Give me rainy weather and a ditch, and I am quite happy. Do you think it will be a wet afternoon? I am sure, I hope so, but the sky is quite blue and cloudless. What a pity!"

"Ahem! Ahem!" said the Rocket, and began to cough.

"What a delightful voice you have!" cried the Frog. "Really it is quite like a croak. Croaking is, of course, the most musical sound in the world. You will hear our glee-club this evening.¹⁰ We sit in the old duck-pond close by the farmer's house, and as soon as the moon rises we begin. It is so charming that everybody lies awake to listen to us. In fact, it was only yesterday that I heard the farmer's wife say to her mother that she could not get a wink of sleep at night on account of us. It is most gratifying to find oneself so popular."

"Ahem! Ahem!" said the Rocket angrily. He was very much annoyed that he could not get a word in.

"A delightful voice, certainly," continued the Frog. "I hope you will come over to the duck-pond. I am off to look for my daughters. I have six beautiful daughters. I am so afraid the Pike may

meet them. He is a perfect monster, and would have no hesitation in breakfasting off them. Well, good-bye; I have enjoyed our conversation very much, I assure you."

"Conversation, indeed!" said the Rocket. "You have talked the whole time yourself. That is not a conversation."

"Somebody must listen," answered the Frog, "and I like to do all the talking myself. It saves time, prevents arguments."

"But I like arguments," uttered the Rocket.

"I hope not," said the Frog. "Arguments are extremely vulgar, because everybody in good society has exactly the same opinions. Good-bye a second time; I see my daughters in the distance," and the Frog swam away.

"You are a very irritating person," said the Rocket, "and very ill-bred. I hate people, who talk about themselves, as you do, when one wants to talk about oneself, as I do. It is what I call selfishness. Selfishness is the most hateful thing, especially to anyone with my temperament, because I am well-known for my sympathetic nature. In fact, you should take example by me; you could not possibly have a better model. Now that you have the chance you had better avail yourself of it. You know, I am going back to Court almost immediately. I am a great favourite at Court. In fact, the Prince and the Princess were married yesterday in my honour. Of course, you know nothing of these matters, for you are a provincial."

"There is no good talking to him," remarked a Dragon-fly, who was sitting on the top of a large brown bulrush, "no good at all, because he has gone away."

"Well, that is his loss, not mine," answered the Rocket. "I am not going to stop talking to him merely, because he pays no attention. I like hearing myself talk. It is one of my greatest pleasures. I often have long conversations all by myself, and I am so clever that sometimes I don't understand a single word of what I am saying."

"Then you should certainly lecture on Philosophy," said the Dragon-fly. He spread a pair of lovely wings and flew away into the sky.

"How very silly of him not to stay here!" cried the Rocket. "I am sure that he has not often got such a chance of improving his mind. However, I don't care a bit. Genius like mine is sure to be appreciated some day," and he sank down a little deeper into the mud.

After some time a large White Duck swam up to him. She had yellow legs, and webbed feet, and was considered a great beauty on account of her waddle.

"Quack, quack, quack," she said. "What a curious shape you are! May I ask were you born like that, or is it the result of an accident?"

"It is quite evident that you have always lived in the country," answered the Rocket, "otherwise you would know who I am. However, I excuse your ignorance. It would be unfair to expect other people to be as remarkable as oneself. You will no doubt be surprised to hear that I can fly up into the sky, and come down in a shower of golden rain."

"I don't think much of that," said the Duck, "as I cannot see what use it is to anyone. Now, if you could plough the fields like the ox, or draw a cart like the horse, look after the sheep like the collie-dog, that would be something."

"My good creature," cried the Rocket, "I see that you belong to the lower orders. A person of my position is never useful. We have certain merits, and that is more than sufficient. I have no sympathy myself with industry of any kind, least of all with such industries as you seem to recommend. Indeed, I have always been of the opinion that hard work is simply the refuge of people, who have nothing whatever to do."

"Well, well," said the Duck, who was a very peaceful creature, and never quarrelled with anyone, "everybody has different tastes. I hope, at any rate, that you are going to take up your residence here."

"Oh! Dear no," cried the Rocket. "I am merely a visitor. The fact is that I find this place tiring. There is neither society here, nor solitude. I shall probably go back to Court, for I know that I am destined to make a sensation in the world."

"I had thoughts of entering public life once myself," said the Duck. "There are so many things that need reforming. Indeed, I took the chair at a meeting some time ago, and we passed resolutions criticising everything that we did not like. However, they did not seem to have much effect. Now I prefer domesticity, and look after my family."

"I am made for public life," said the Rocket, "and so are all my relations, even the humblest of them. Whenever we appear we attract great attention. I have not actually appeared myself, but

when I do so, it will be a magnificent sight. As for domesticity, it ages one quickly, and distracts one's mind from higher things."

"Ah! the higher things of life, how fine they are!" said the Duck. "And that reminds me of how hungry I feel," and she swam away down the stream, saying, "Quack, quack, quack."

"Come back! Come back!" screamed the Rocket, "I have a great deal to say to you!" but the Duck paid no attention to him. "I am glad that she has gone," he said to himself, "she has a decidedly middle-class mind." And he sank a little deeper still into the mud, and began to think about the loneliness of genius, when suddenly two little boys in white smocks came running down the bank, with a kettle and some faggots.

"This must be the deputation," said the Rocket, and he tried to look very dignified.

"Hallo!" cried one of the boys, "look at this old stick; I wonder how it came here," and he picked the rocket out of the ditch.

"*Old stick!*" said the Rocket. "Impossible! *Gold stick*, that is very complimentary. In fact, he mistakes me for one of the Court dignitaries!"

"Let us put it into the fire!" said the other boy, "it will help to boil the kettle."

So they piled the faggots together, and put the Rocket on top, and lit the fire.

"This is magnificent," cried the Rocket, "they are going to let me off in broad daylight, so that everyone can see me."

"We will go to sleep now," they said, "and when we wake up, the kettle will be boiled," and they lay down on the grass, and shut their eyes.

The Rocket was very damp, so he took a long time to burn. At last, however, the fire caught him.

"Now I am going off!" he cried, and he made himself very stiff and straight. "I know I shall go much higher than the stars, much higher than the moon, much higher than the sun. In fact, I shall go so high that!.."

Fizz! Fizz! Fizz! and he went straight into the air.

"Delightful!" he cried. "I shall go on like this for ever. What a success I am!"

But nobody saw him.

Then he began to feel a curious sensation all over him.

"Now I am going to explode," he cried. "I shall set the whole

world on fire, and make such a noise that nobody will talk about anything for a whole year." And he certainly did explode. Bang! Bang!

Bang! went the gunpowder. There was no doubt about it.

But nobody heard him, not even the two little boys, because they were sound asleep.

Then all that was left of him was the stick, and this fell down on the back of a Goose, who was taking a walk by the side of the ditch.

"Good heavens!" cried the Goose. "It is going to rain sticks,"¹¹ and she rushed into the water.

"I knew I should create a great sensation," said the Rocket, and he went out.

Commentary

¹ *was duly published in the Court Gazette* — и об этом было своевременно сообщено в Придворной Газете

² *indeed, he knew only two airs* — в сущности, он знал только две песенки

³ *aurora borealis* — северное полярное сияние

⁴ *If they were real crackers, they could not be lovelier.* — Даже если бы это были настоящие фейерверочные огни, и тогда они не могли бы быть прелестней.

⁵ *when she made her great public appearance* — во время своего знаменитого выступления перед публикой

⁶ *A person who, because he has corns himself, always treads on the other people's toes.* — Это тот, кто непременно будет отдавливать другим мозоли, если он сам от них страдает.

⁷ *Fire-balloon* — специальный баллончик, посылаемый с цветными огнями (фейерверком) в воздух, который воспламеняется на заданной высоте.

⁸ *elder-tree (bot.)* — бузина

⁹ *red poppies* — красные маки

¹⁰ *You will hear our glee-club this evening.* — Сегодня вечером вы услышите выступление нашего многоголосого хора.

¹¹ *It is going to rain sticks.* — С небес начинают падать палки.

Exercises



Reading Comprehension

1 Are the following statements about the tale *true or false*? If there is not enough information in the tale write *don't know*.

- 1) The King's son was going to be married, so the whole court was preparing for the occasion. _____
- 2) The State Banquet lasted for a week. _____
- 3) The King played the flute very well and everybody enjoyed listening to him. _____
- 4) The King always answered questions that were not addressed to him. _____
- 5) Catherine Wheel, the Rocket's mother, was famous for her graceful dancing. _____
- 6) The son of the Prince and the Princess was drowned in a deep river. _____
- 7) The King had seven attendants with him, each of whom carried a torch. _____
- 8) The Duck was a very peaceful creature and never quarrelled with anyone. _____

2 Answer the following questions.

- 1) Why did everybody in the court look forward to seeing the Princess?
- 2) How did the Kingdom celebrate the marriage and why did the author call it "a magnificent ceremony"?
- 3) What was the last item on the programme that followed the ball?
- 4) What were the fireworks talking about when the Rocket interrupted them?
- 5) How did the Rocket speak and what did he say about his parents and himself?
- 6) When and how did the fireworks begin?
- 7) Why didn't the Rocket explode and why was the Rocket thrown into the ditch?
- 8) What did the Rocket think of the Frog and what did he want to talk about?

- 9) What did the Rocket say about himself to the Duck?
- 10) Why did the Rocket understand the words "Bad Rocket" as "Grand Rocket" and "Old Stick" as "Gold Stick"?
- 11) What happened to the Rocket in the end?

Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

1 Find in the text the English for:

идти, держась за руки; ясно, как ясен хрусталь; присутствовать; развивать умственные способности; освободиться от предрассудков; отрицательно качать головой; принять деятельное участие; умело пользоваться всеми парламентскими выражениями; диктовать мемуары; подготовить что-либо заранее; прославиться грациозной манерой танцевать; французского происхождения; отозваться с большой похвалой; отдавливать мозоли другим; постарайтесь не отсыреть; быть в лучшем настроении; горевать о непоправимом; сделать глубокий вздох; приберегать что-либо для особо торжественного случая; укреплять здоровье; не сомкнуть глаз всю ночь; не заметить; оказаться где-либо; не моргнуть и глазом; это экономит время и предупреждает разногласия; брать пример с кого-либо; поселиться; произвести сенсацию; принимать резолюции

2 Write the correct forms of the male or female nouns.

Male	Female
son	_____
_____	aunt
_____	widow
husband	_____
gentleman	_____
_____	woman
_____	bride
_____	mother
nephew	_____
king	_____
prince	_____

actor	_____
waiter	_____
hero	_____
steward	_____

3 Complete the sentences using these words: *each other, other* or *others*.

- 1) It is quite clear that they love _____.
- 2) I thought it was quite the _____ way.
- 3) You should be thinking about _____.
- 4) "Let us put it into the fire!" said the _____ boy.
- 5) The fireworks began to talk to _____.
- 6) The King always answered questions that were addressed to _____ people.
- 7) The bride and bridegroom, for instance, love _____ dearly.
- 8) It would be unfair to expect _____ people to be as remarkable as oneself.

4 Complete these words by adding the proper form of the reflexive pronoun with *-self*.

- 1) Catherine the Wheel prided _____ self on her broken heart.
- 2) I remember _____ self once.
- 3) My father was a Rocket like _____ self, and of French extraction.
- 4) You were talking about _____ self.
- 5) I'm always thinking about _____ self.
- 6) You had better keep _____ self dry.
- 7) They may have a little fair-haired boy with violet eyes like the Prince _____ self.
- 8) The crackers were enjoying _____ selves immensely.
- 9) It is most gratifying to find _____ self so popular.
- 10) You have talked the whole time _____ self.
- 11) I like to do all the talking _____ self.
- 12) I hate people, who talk about _____ selves, as you do, when one wants to talk about _____ self, as I do.
- 13) I often have long conversations all by _____ self.
- 14) He made _____ self very stiff and straight.
- 15) Between the swan's wings lay the little Princess _____ self.

5 Fill in the blanks with correct prepositions.

- 1) The bride and bridegroom walked hand _____ hand _____ a canopy _____ purple velvet embroidered _____ little pearls.
- 2) The last item _____ the programme was a grand display _____ fireworks.
- 3) The King gave orders that the Royal Pyrotechnist should be _____ attendance _____ the day _____ her marriage.
- 4) He was something _____ a politician, and always took a prominent part _____ the local elections.
- 5) My mother was famous _____ her graceful dancing.
- 6) She was three feet and a half _____ diameter, and made _____ the very best gunpowder.
- 7) The newspapers wrote _____ his performance _____ very flattering terms.
- 8) The only thing that helps one _____ life is the consciousness _____ one's superiority.
- 9) I suppose they are reserving me _____ some grand occasion.
- 10) They took no notice _____ him _____ all.
- 11) She could not get a wink _____ sleep _____ night _____ account _____ us.
- 12) In fact, you should take example _____ me.
- 13) He spread a pair of lovely wings and flew away _____ the sky.
- 14) I have always been _____ opinion that hard work is simply the refuge _____ people who have nothing whatever to do.
- 15) That reminds me _____ how hungry I feel.

6 Choose the right word. If you are not sure check the meanings in the dictionary.

- 1) It was very _____ of you to bring your umbrella.
a) sensitive
b) sensible
- 2) I have bought these _____ shoes in the shop near you.
a) comfortable
b) convenient

- 3) The news of his death will deeply _____ her.
a) effect
b) affect
- 4) Don't mention that she's put on weight — she is very _____ about it.
a) sensible
b) sensitive
- 5) Are you _____ on that hard stool?
a) comfortable
b) convenient
- 6) Smoking and drinking _____ health.
a) affect
b) effect
- 7) She is very _____ about money.
a) sensitive
b) sensible
- 8) They met in a mutually _____ place.
a) comfortable
b) convenient
- 9) The advertising campaign didn't have much _____ on sales.
a) affect
b) effect
- 10) Don't be so _____ — I wasn't criticising you.
a) sensible
b) sensitive
- 11) Will three o'clock be _____ to you?
a) comfortable
b) convenient
- 12) Her new dress produced quite an _____ on everyone.
a) affect
b) effect

7 Can you fill in the missing words?

- 1) The _____ was shaped like a great golden swan.
- 2) The king had promised to play the _____.
- 3) Travel does away with all one's _____.
- 4) He always _____ before he said anything.
- 5) He always took a _____ part in the local elections.
- 6) He spoke with a very slow, distinct voice, as if he were dictating _____.
- 7) My father was a Rocket like myself, and of French _____.
- 8) The newspapers wrote about the performance in very _____ terms.
- 9) I hate people who cry over _____ milk.
- 10) They have sent me away to _____ my health.
- 11) She was considered a great beauty on _____ of her waddle.
- 12) I hope, at any rate, you are going to take up your _____ here.
- 13) I know I am destined to make a _____ in the world.
- 14) We passed _____ criticising everything that we did not like.

8 Translate the following sentences into English.

- 1) Принц и Принцесса сидели во главе стола в Большом зале и пили из прозрачной хрустальной чаши.
- 2) Жениху и невесте предстояло протанцевать Танец розы, а Король вызвался поиграть на флейте.
- 3) Путешествия прекрасно развивают ум и помогают освободиться от предрассудков.
- 4) Ракета всегда начинала свою речь с покашливания, дабы привлечь к себе внимание.
- 5) Он увлекался политикой, всегда принимал деятельное участие в местных выборах.
- 6) Здравым смыслом может обладать кто угодно, при условии отсутствия воображения.
- 7) «Вероятно, они приберегают меня для особо торжественного случая», — сказала Ракета.
- 8) «Они отправили меня сюда для укрепления здоровья», — сказала она.

- 9) В хорошем обществе все придерживаются абсолютно одинаковых взглядов.
- 10) Мне суждено произвести сенсацию и прославиться на весь свет.
- 11) «Не так давно я даже открывала собрание, на котором мы приняли резолюцию, осуждающую все, что нам не по вкусу», — заметила Утка.

 Discussion Tasks

1 Discuss the following.

- 1) Agree or disagree with the following statements:
 - Romance is a thing of the past.
 - Travel improves the mind wonderfully, and does away with all one's prejudices.
- 2) Speak about the Rocket. Why does the author call the Rocket "remarkable"?
- 3) Discuss the moral of the tale.



THE STAR-CHILD

Once upon a time two poor Woodcutters were making their way home through a great pine forest. It was winter, and a night of bitter cold. The snow lay thick upon the ground. And upon the branches of the trees the frost kept snapping the little twigs on either side of them,¹ as they passed. And when they came to the mountain torrent, she was hanging motionless in the air, for the Ice-King had kissed her.

So cold was it that even the animals and the birds did not know what to make of it.

“Ugh!” growled the Wolf, as he ran through the wood with his tail between his legs, “this is perfectly terrible weather. Why doesn’t the Government look to it?”

“Weet! Weet! Weet!” twittered the green Linnets, “the old Earth is dead, and they have covered her with white snow.”

“The Earth is going to be married, and this is her bridal dress,” whispered the Turtledoves to each other. Their little pink feet were quite frost-bitten.² But they felt that it was their duty to take a romantic view of the situation.

“Nonsense!” said the Wolf angrily. “I tell you that it is all the fault of the Government. If you don’t believe me, I shall eat you.” The Wolf had a thoroughly practical mind, and was never at a loss for a good argument.

“Well, for my own part,” said the Woodpecker, who was a born philosopher, “I don’t care an atomic theory for explanations.³ If a thing is so, it is so. At present it is terribly cold.”

Terribly cold it certainly was. The little Squirrels, who lived inside the tall fir-tree, kept rubbing each other’s noses to keep themselves warm. The Rabbits curled themselves up in their holes, and dared not even look out of doors. The only ones who seemed to enjoy it were the great horned Owls. Their feathers got frozen, but they did not mind. They rolled their large yellow eyes and called out to each other across the forest,⁴ “Tu-whit! Tu-who! Tu-whit! Tu-who! What delightful weather we are having!”

On and on went the two Woodcutters,⁵ blowing upon their fingers, and stamping with their huge boots upon the icy snow. Once they sank into a deep drift. They came out as white as millers are, when they stand at grindstones.⁶ And once they slipped on the hard smooth ice, where the marsh water was frozen. So their faggots fell out of their bundles, and they had to pick them up and bind them together again. And once they thought they had lost their way. They were terribly frightened, because they knew that the Snow is cruel to those who sleep in her arms. But they put their trust in the good Saint Martin who watches over all travellers.⁷ They retraced their steps and went with caution. At last they reached the edge of the forest, and saw the lights of their village far down in the valley beneath them.

So happy were they, when they came out of the forest that they laughed out loud. The Earth seemed to them like a flower of silver. And the Moon like a flower of gold.

Yet, after that they had laughed they became sad, as they remembered their poverty, and one of them said to the other, “Why did we make merry, seeing that life is for the rich, and not for such as we are? Better that we had died of cold in the forest, or that some wild beast had fallen upon us and eaten us.”

"Truly," answered his companion, "much is given to some, and little is given to others."

But as they were complaining about their misery to each other, this strange thing happened. There fell from heaven a very bright and beautiful star. It slipped down the side of the sky, passing by the other stars in its course. And, as they watched it wondering, it seemed to them to sink behind the willow trees that stood near a little sheepfold, not far from them.

"There is a piece of gold for whoever finds it," they cried, and they ran, so eager were they for the gold.

And one of them ran faster than his mate, and outran him, and forced his way through the willows, and came out on the other side. And, indeed, there was a thing of gold lying on the white snow. So he hurried to it, and leaning over it placed his hands upon it. It was a cloak of golden tissue, curiously wrought with stars, and wrapped in many folds. And then he shouted to his comrade that he had found the treasure that had fallen from the sky. When his comrade had come up, they sat down in the snow, and loosened the folds of the cloak so that they might divide the pieces of gold. But no gold was in it, nor silver, nor indeed, treasure of any kind, but only a little child who was asleep.

And one of them said to the other, "This is a bitter ending to our hope. How unlucky we are! For what good does a child bring a man? Let us leave it here and go on our way. We are poor men and have children of our own whose bread we may not give to another."

But his companion answered him, "No, but it is an evil thing to leave the child to die here in the snow. Though I am as poor as you are and have many mouths to feed, yet I will bring it home with me. My wife shall take care of it."

So very tenderly he took up the child, and wrapped the cloak around it to protect it from the bitter cold. He made his way down the hill to the village. His comrade was very much surprised at his foolishness and softness of heart.

And when they came to the village, his comrade said to him, "You have the child, therefore give me the cloak, because we should share what we have found."

But he answered him, "No, the cloak is neither mine nor yours, but the child's only," and saying good-bye to him, he went to his own house and knocked.

And when his wife opened the door and saw that her husband

had returned safe to her, she put her arms round his neck and kissed him. She took from his back the bundle of faggots, and brushed the snow off his boots, and asked him to come in.

But he said to her, "I have found something in the forest, and I have brought it to you to take care of it," and he stirred not from the threshold.

"What is it?" she cried. "Show it to me. The house is bare, and we need many things." He drew the cloak back and showed her the sleeping child.

"My good, dearest husband!" she said uncertainly, "have we not enough children of our own, that you must bring the child of another? And who knows if it brings us bad fortune? And how shall we look after it?" And she got very angry with him.

"No, but it is a Star-Child," he answered; and he told her the strange way they found it.

But she would not listen, but mocked at him, and spoke angrily, and cried, "Our children have no bread, and shall we feed the child of another? Who is there who cares for us? And who gives us food?"

"No, but God cares even for the sparrows and feeds them," he answered.

"Do not the sparrows die of hunger in the winter?" she asked. "And is it not winter now?" And the man said nothing, but did not move from the threshold.

And a bitter wind from the forest came in through the open door, and made her tremble. She said to him, "Will you close the door? There comes a bitter wind into the house, and I am cold."

"Into a house, where a heart is hard, a bitter wind always comes," he said. And the woman gave no answer but moved closer to the fire.

And after a time she turned round and looked at him. Her eyes were full of tears. And he came in swiftly, and placed the child in her arms. She kissed it, and laid it in a little bed, where the youngest of their own children was lying. And on the next morning the Woodcutter took the curious cloak of gold and placed it in a big box. A chain of amber that was round the child's neck his wife took and put in the box also.

So the Star-Child was brought up with the children of the Woodcutter. He sat at the same board with them, and was their

playmate. And every year he became more beautiful to look at. All the villagers were filled with wonder, while the Woodcutter's children were dark and black-haired, he was white and delicate as sawn ivory.⁸ His curls were like the rings of the daffodil.⁹ His lips, also, were like the petals of a red flower. His eyes were like violets by a river of pure water. And his body was like the narcissus of a field, where the mower comes not.

Yet, his beauty did work evil, because he grew proud, cruel and selfish. He despised the children of the Woodcutter and the other children of the village. He said that they were common, while he was of noble birth, being sprung from a Star.¹⁰ He made himself master over them, and called them his servants. No pity had he for the poor. He would throw stones at them and drive them away, and say to them to beg their bread elsewhere. So none of them dared come twice to that village to ask for help. Indeed, he was so charmed by his beauty, and would mock at the weakly and ill-favoured, and make fun of them. Himself he loved, and in summer, when the winds were still, he would lie by the well in the priest's orchard and look down at the marvel of his own face, and laugh for the pleasure, he had in his fairness.

Often the Woodcutter and his wife said to him, "We did not treat you as you do those who are left alone, and have none to help them. Why are you so cruel to all who need pity?"

Often the old priest sent for him, and taught him the love of living things, saying to him, "The fly is your brother. Do it no harm. The wild birds that live in the forest have their freedom. Catch them not for your pleasure. God made the blind-worm and the mole, and each has its place. Who are you to bring pain into God's world?"

But the Star-Child needed not their words, but would frown and mock, go back to his companions and lead them. And his companions followed him, because he was fair, could run fast and dance, play the pipe and make music. And wherever the Star-Child led them, they followed him, and whatever the Star-Child ordered them to do, they did. And when he blinded the eyes of the mole, they laughed. And when he threw stones at the leper, they laughed also. And in all things he ruled over them, and they became hard of heart even, as he was.

One day there passed a poor beggar-woman through the village. She was in rags, and her feet were bleeding from the

rough road, on which she had travelled, and she was very poor, indeed. And being very tired, she sat down under a chestnut-tree to rest.

But when the Star-Child saw her, he said to his companions, "Look! There sits an evil beggar-woman under that fair and green-leaved tree. Let us drive her away, because she is ugly and ill-favoured."

So he came near, threw stones at her and mocked at her. She looked at him with terror in her eyes, and she could not move her gaze from him. And when the Woodcutter saw what the Star-Child was doing, he ran up and said to him, "Surely you are hard of heart and know no mercy. What evil has this poor woman done to you that you should treat her this way?"

And the Star-Child grew red with anger, and stamped his foot upon the ground, and said, "Who are you to question me what I do? I am no son of yours to obey you."

"That is true," answered the Woodcutter. "Yet, I did show you pity, when I found you in the forest."

And when the woman heard these words, she gave a loud cry and fell down in a faint.¹¹ And the Woodcutter carried her to his own house, and his wife took care of her. When she came to herself, they set meat and drink before her.

But she would neither eat nor drink, but said to the Woodcutter, "Did not you say that the child was found in the forest? And it is ten years from this day, is it not?"

And the Woodcutter answered, "Yes, it was in the forest that I found him, and it is ten years from this day."

"And what else did you find with him?" she cried. "Had not he upon his neck a chain of amber? Was not round him a cloak of gold tissue brodered with stars?"

"Truly," answered the Woodcutter, "it was even, as you say." And he took the cloak and the amber from the box, where they lay, and showed them to her.

And when she saw them she wept for joy, and said, "He is my little son, whom I lost in the forest. I pray you to send for him quickly. In search of him I have wandered over the whole world."

So the Woodcutter and his wife went out and called to the Star-Child, and said to him, "Go into the house, and there you will find your mother who is waiting for you."

So he ran in, filled with wonder and great gladness. But when he saw who was waiting there, he laughed scornfully and said, "Why, where is my mother? I see nobody here but this evil beggar-woman."

And the woman answered him, "I am your mother."

"You are mad to say so," cried the Star-Child angrily. "I am no son of yours, because you are a beggar, and ugly, and in rags. Therefore get away, and let me see your ugly face no more."

"No, but you are, indeed, my little son, to whom I gave birth in the forest," she cried, and she fell on her knees, and held out her arms to him. "The robbers stole you from me, and left you to die," she said, "but I recognised you, when I saw you, and I also recognised the cloak of golden tissue and the amber chain. Therefore, I pray you to come with me, because over the whole world I have wandered in search of you. Come with me, my son, because I need your love."

But the Star-Child did not move from his place, but shut the doors of his heart against her,¹² and there was no sound heard, except the sound of the woman weeping for pain.

And at last he spoke to her, and his voice was hard and bitter. "If in very truth you are my mother," he said, "it had been better, if you had stayed away, and had not come here to bring me to shame. I thought I was the child of some Star, and not a beggar's child, as you tell me that I am. Therefore get away, and let me see you no more."

"Oh! My son," she cried, "will you not kiss me before I go? I have suffered much to find you."

"No," said the Star-Child, "you are too ugly to look at, and I would rather kiss the adder or the toad than you."

So the woman rose up, and went away into the forest weeping bitterly. When the Star-Child saw that she had gone, he was glad, and ran back to his playmates.

But when they saw him coming, they mocked at him and said, "You are as ugly as the toad, and as disgusting as the adder.¹³ Get away, because we do not want to play with you," and they drove him out of the garden.

And the Star-Child frowned and said to himself, "What is this that they say to me? I will go to the well of water and look into it, and it shall tell me of my beauty."

So he went to the well of water and looked into it. His face

was as the face of a toad, and his body was scaled like an adder. And he threw himself down on the grass and wept, and said to himself, "Surely this has come upon me by reason of my sin. I have denied my mother, and driven her away. I have been proud and cruel to her. Therefore I will go and seek her through the whole world, nor will I rest till I have found her."

And there came to him the little daughter of the Woodcutter, and she put her hand upon his shoulder and said, "What does it matter, if you have lost your beauty? Stay with us, and I will not mock at you."

And he said to her, "No, but I have been cruel to my mother, and as a punishment this evil has been sent to me. Therefore I must go and wander through the world till I find her, and she gives me forgiveness."

So he ran away into the forest and called out to his mother to come to him, but there was no answer. All day long he called to her. When the sun set he lay down to sleep on a bed of leaves, and the birds and the animals fled from him, because they remembered his cruelty. And he was alone, except the toad that watched him, and the slow adder that crawled past.

And in the morning he rose up, and plucked some bitter berries from the trees and ate them, and took his way through the great wood, weeping bitterly. And of everything that he met he made inquiry, if they had seen his mother by chance.

He said to the Mole, "You can go beneath the earth. Tell me, is my mother there?"

And the Mole answered, "You have blinded my eyes. How should I know?"

He said to the Linnet, "You can fly over the tops of the tall trees, and can see the whole world. Tell me, can you see my mother?"

And the Linnet answered, "You have cut my wings for your pleasure. How should I fly?"

And to the little Squirrel, who lived in the fir-tree, and was lonely, he said, "Where is my mother?"

And the Squirrel answered, "You have killed mine. Do you seek to kill yours also?"

And the Star-Child wept and bowed his head, and prayed forgiveness of God's things, and went on through the forest, seeking for the beggar-woman. And on the third day he came to the other side of the forest and went down into the plain.

And when he passed through the villages the children mocked at him, and threw stones at him. The peasants would not allow him even to sleep in the byres, fearing he might bring mildew on the stored corn.¹⁴ There was none who had pity on him. Nor could he hear anywhere of the beggar-woman, who was his mother, though for the space of three years he wandered over the world. Often he seemed to see her on the road in front of him, and would call to her, and run after her till the rough stones made his feet bleed. But he could not find her, and those who lived near denied that they had seen her, and they mocked at his sorrow.

For the space of three years he wandered over the world, and in the world there was neither love nor kindness, nor charity for him. But it was just such a world as he had made for himself in the days of his great pride.

And one evening he came to the gate of a strong-walled city that stood by a river, and, though he was tired and his feet ached, he wanted to enter. But the soldiers who stood on guard dropped their halberds across the entrance,¹⁵ and said roughly to him, "What is your business in the city?"

"I am seeking for my mother," he answered, "and pray you to allow me to pass, because it may be that she is in this city."

But they mocked at him, and one of them cried, "Of a truth, your mother will not be merry when she sees you. You are more ill-favoured than the toad of the marsh, or the adder that crawls in the fen. Go away! Go away! Your mother does not live in this city."

And another who held a yellow banner in his hand said to him, "Who is your mother, and why are you looking for her?"

And he answered, "My mother is a beggar even as I am, and I have treated her evilly, and I pray you to allow me to pass that she may give me her forgiveness, if she lives in this city." But they would not.

And, as he turned away weeping, one, whose armour was inlaid with gilt flowers, and on whose helmet couched a lion that had wings,¹⁶ came up and made inquiry of the soldiers who it was, who had sought entrance. And they said to him, "It is a beggar and the child of a beggar, and we have driven him away."

"No," he cried, laughing, "but we will sell him for a slave, and his price shall be the price of a bowl of sweet wine."

And an old and evil-looking man who was passing by called out and said, "I will buy him for that price." Then he took the Star-Child by the hand and led him into the city.

And after they had gone through many streets, they came to a little door. It was set in a wall that was covered with a pomegranate tree. And the old man touched the door with a ring of graven jasper, and it opened. They went down five steps of brass into a garden filled with black poppies and green jars of burnt clay.¹⁷ Then the old man took from his turban a scarf of figured silk,¹⁸ and bound with it the eyes of the Star-Child, and pushed him in front of him. And when the scarf was taken off his eyes, the Star-Child found himself in a dungeon, that was lit by a lantern of horn.¹⁹

And the old man set before him some mouldy bread²⁰ on a plate and said, "Eat," and some brackish water²¹ in a cup and said, "Drink." And when he had eaten and drunk, the old man went out, locking the door behind him and fastening it with an iron chain.

And on the next morning the old man, who was, indeed, the subtlest of the magicians of Libya and had learned his art from one who lived in the tombs of the Nile came in to him and frowned at him, and said, "In a wood, that is near to the gate of this city of Giaours, there are three pieces of gold. One is of white gold, and another of yellow gold, and the gold of the third one is red. Today you shall bring me the piece of white gold. If you do not bring it, I will beat you with a hundred stripes. Get away quickly! At sunset I will be waiting for you at the door of the garden. See that you bring the white gold, or it shall go ill with you,²² because you are my slave. I have bought you for the price of a bowl of sweet wine." And he bound the eyes of the Star-Child with the scarf of figured silk, and led him through the house, and through the garden of poppies, and up the five steps of brass. And having opened the little door with his ring, he left him in the street.

And the Star-Child went out of the gate of the city, and came to the wood, of which the Magician had spoken to him.

Now this wood was very fair to look at from outside, and seemed full of singing birds and sweet-scented flowers. The Star-Child entered it gladly. Yet its beauty did him little good, because wherever he went harsh briars and thorns shot up²³ from the ground

and encompassed him, and evil nettles stung him,²⁴ and the thistle pierced him with her daggers.²⁵ So he was in distress. Nor could he anywhere find the piece of white gold of which the Magician had spoken, though he sought for it from morning to noon, and from noon to sunset. And at sunset he set his face towards home, weeping bitterly, because he knew what evil fate awaited him.

But when he reached the edge of the wood, he heard a cry as of someone in pain from a thicket. And forgetting his sorrow, he ran back to the place, and saw there a little Hare caught in a trap that some hunter had set for it.

And the Star-Child had pity on it, and released it, and said to it, "I am myself but a slave, yet I may give you your freedom."

And the Hare answered him, and said, "Surely you have given me freedom, and what shall I give you in return?"

And the Star-Child said to it, "I am looking for a piece of white gold, but I can not find it anywhere and if I don't bring it to my master, he will beat me."

"Come with me," said the Hare, "and I will lead you to it, because I know where it is hidden, and for what purpose."

So the Star-Child went with the Hare. In a hole in the side of a great oak-tree he saw the piece of white gold that he was seeking. And he was filled with joy, and took it, and said to the Hare, "The service that I did to you, you have rendered back again many times over, and the kindness that I showed you, you have repaid a hundredfold."

"No," answered the Hare, "but as you dealt with me, so I did deal with you," and it ran away swiftly, and the Star-Child went towards the city.

Now at the gate of the city there was seated one, who was a leper. Over his face hung a cowl of grey linen, and through the eyelet his eyes gleamed like red coals.²⁶ And when he saw the Star-Child coming, he struck upon a wooden bowl, and clattered his bell, and called out to him, and said, "Give me a piece of money, or I must die of hunger. They have driven me out of the city, and there is no one who has pity on me."

"Ah!" cried the Star-Child, "I have but one piece of money in my wallet, and if I bring it not to my master, he will beat me, because I am his slave."

But the leper entreated him, and prayed of him, till the Star-Child had pity, and gave him the piece of white gold.

And when he came to the Magician's house, the Magician opened the door to him, and brought him in, and said to him, "Have you the piece of white gold?" And the Star-Child answered, "I have not." So the Magician fell upon him, and beat him, and set before him an empty plate, and said, "Eat," and an empty cup, and said, "Drink," and put him again into the dungeon.

And on the next morning the Magician came to him, and said, "If today you do not bring me the piece of yellow gold, I will surely keep you as my slave, and give you a hundred stripes."

So the Star-Child went to the wood, and all day long he searched for the piece of yellow gold, but nowhere could he find it. And at sunset he sat down and began to weep. As he was weeping, there came to him the little Hare, he had released from the trap.

And the Hare said to him, "Why are you weeping? And what do you seek in the wood?"

And the Star-Child answered, "I am seeking for a piece of yellow gold that is hidden here, and if I find it not, my master will beat me, and keep me as a slave."

"Follow me," cried the Hare, and it ran through the wood till it came to a pool of water. And at the bottom of the pool the piece of yellow gold was lying.

"How shall I thank you?" said the Star-Child. "It is the second time that you have helped me."

"No, but you had pity on me first," said the Hare, and it ran away swiftly.

And the Star-Child took the piece of yellow gold, and put it in his wallet, and hurried to the city. But the leper saw him coming, and ran to meet him, and knelt down and cried, "Give me a piece of money, or I shall die of hunger."

And the Star-Child said to him, "I have in my wallet but one piece of yellow gold, and if I bring it not to my master, he will beat me and keep me as his slave."

But the leper entreated him, so that the Star-Child had pity on him, and gave him the piece of yellow gold.

And when he came to the Magician's house, the Magician opened the door to him, and brought him in, and asked him, "Have got you the piece of gold?" And the Star-Child said to him, "I have not." So the Magician fell upon him, and beat him, and fastened him with chains, and put him again into the dungeon.

And on the next morning the Magician came to him, and said, "If today you bring me the piece of red gold, I will set you free, but if you do not bring it, I will surely kill you."

So the Star-Child went to the wood, and all day long he searched for the piece of red gold, but nowhere could he find it. And in the evening he sat down and wept. As he was weeping, there came to him the little Hare.

And the Hare said to him, "The piece of red gold that you seek is in the cavern that is behind you. Therefore weep no more but be glad."

"How shall I thank you?" cried the Star-Child. "This is the third time you have helped me."

"No, but you had pity on me first," said the Hare, and it ran away swiftly.

And the Star-Child entered the cavern, and in its farthest corner he found the piece of red gold. So he put it in his wallet, and hurried to the city. And the leper seeing him coming, stood in the centre of the road, and cried out, and said to him, "Give me the piece of red money, or I must die," and the Star-Child had pity on him again, and gave him the piece of red gold, saying, "Your need is greater than mine."²⁷ Yet, his heart was heavy, because he knew what evil fate awaited him.

As he passed through the gate, the guards knelt down and said, "How beautiful is our lord!" A crowd of citizens followed him, and cried out, "Surely there is none so beautiful in the whole world!" so that the Star-Child wept, and said to himself, "They are mocking at me, and laughing at my misery." And so large was the crowd of the people, that he lost his way, and found himself at last in a great square, in which there was the palace of a King.

And the gate of the palace opened, and the priest and the high officers of the city ran to meet him, and they knelt down, and said, "You are our lord, for whom we have been waiting, and the son of our King."

And the Star-Child answered them, "I am no king's son, but the child of a poor beggar-woman. And how can you say that I am beautiful, because I know that I am evil to look at?"

Then he, whose armour was inlaid with gilt flowers, and on whose helmet crouched a lion that had wings, held up a shield, and cried, "Why does not my lord believe me that he is beautiful?"

And the Star-Child looked. His face was just as it had been, and his beauty had come back to him. But he noticed that there was something in his eyes which he had not seen before.

And the priests and the high officers knelt down and said to him, "It was prophesied of old²⁸ that on this day should come he who was to rule over us. Therefore, let your lord take this crown and this sceptre, and be in his justice and mercy our King over us."

But he said to them, "I am not worthy, because I have denied the mother who gave me birth. I may not rest till I have found her, and known her forgiveness. Therefore, let me go, for I must wander again over the world, and may not stay here, though yet you bring me the crown and the sceptre."

And as he spoke, he turned his face from them towards the street, that led to the gate of the city. Among the crowd that pressed round the soldiers he saw the beggar-woman who was his mother, and at her side stood the leper who had set by the road.

And a cry of joy broke from his lips,²⁹ and he ran over her, and kneeling down, he kissed the wounds on his mother's feet, and wet them with his tears. He bowed his head in the dust, and sobbing, as one whose heart might break, he said to her, "Mother, I denied you in the hour of pride. Accept me in the hour of humility. Mother, I gave you hatred. Do give me your love. Mother, I rejected you. Receive the child now." But the beggar-woman answered him not a word.

And he reached out his hands, and clasped the white feet of the leper, and said to him, "Three times I did give you my mercy. Ask my mother to speak to me once." But the leper answered him not a word.

And he sobbed again and said, "Mother, my suffering is greater than I can bear. Give me the forgiveness, and let me go back to the forest." And the beggar-woman put her hand on his head, and said to him, "Rise," and the leper put his hand on his head, and said to him, "Rise," also.

And he rose up from his feet, and looked at them. They were a King and a Queen.

And the Queen said to him, "This is your father whom you have helped."

And the King said, "This is your mother whose feet you have washed with your tears."

And they fell on his neck and kissed him, and brought him

into the palace and dressed him in beautiful clothes, and set the crown upon his head, and the sceptre in his hand. Over the city that stood by the river he ruled, and was its lord. Much justice and mercy he did show to all. The evil Magician he drove away, and to the Woodcutter and his wife he sent many rich gifts, and to their children he gave high honour. He was not cruel to birds or beasts, but taught love and kindness, and charity. To the poor he gave bread, and to the naked he gave clothes. There was peace and plenty in the land.³⁰

Yet ruled he not long, so great had been his suffering, and so bitter the fire of his testing,³¹ for after the space of three years he died. And he who came after him ruled evilly.

Commentary

¹ *And upon the branches of the trees the frost kept snapping the little twigs on either side* — Маленькие обледеневшие веточки обламывались с обеих сторон

² *Their pink feet were quite frost-bitten.* — Их маленькие розовые ножки совершенно окоченели от холода.

³ *I don't care an atomic theory for explanations.* — Я не нуждаюсь в физических законах для объяснения явлений.

⁴ *They rolled their eyes and called out to each other across the forest.* — Они тарасили свои огромные желтые глаза и перекликались друг с другом через весь лес.

⁵ *On and on went the two Woodcutters* — А двое лесорубов все шли и шли через бор

⁶ *They came out as white as millers are, when they stand at grindstones.* — Они вылезли оттуда похожими на мукомолов, когда те стоят у крутящихся жерновов.

⁷ *who watches over all travellers* — который покровительствует всем путешественникам

⁸ *He was white and delicate as sawn ivory.* — У него лицо было белое и нежное, словно выточенное из слоновой кости.

⁹ *His curls were like the rings of the daffodils.* — Золотые кудри его были как лепестки нарцисса.

¹⁰ *being sprung from a Star* — происходит от звезды

¹¹ *fell down in a faint* — упала без чувств

¹² *shut the doors of his heart against her* — он наглухо затворил свое сердце

¹³ *You are as ugly as the toad, and as disgusting as the adder.* — Да ведь ты мерзок, как жаба, и отвратителен, как гадюка.

¹⁴ *The peasants would not allow him even to sleep in the byres, fearing he might bring mildew on the stored corn.* — И крестьяне не позволяли ему даже соснуть в амбаре, боясь, что от него может сесть плесень на зерно.

¹⁵ *But the soldiers who stood on guard dropped their halberds across the entrance* — Но воины, стоявшие у ворот на страже, скрестили алебарды

¹⁶ *one, whose armour was inlaid with gilt flowers, and on whose helmet couched a lion that had wings* — некто в кольчуге, разукрашенной золотыми цветами, и в шлеме с гребнем в виде крылатого льва

¹⁷ *They went down five steps of brass into a garden filled with black poppies and green jars of burnt clay.* — И они спустились по пяти бронзовым ступеням в сад, где цвели черные маки и стояли зеленые глиняные кувшины.

¹⁸ *a scarf of figured silk* — узорчатый шелковый шарф

¹⁹ *in a dungeon, that was lit by a lantern of horn* — в темнице, которая освещалась фонарем, повешенным на крюк

²⁰ *mouldy bread* — заплесневелый хлеб

²¹ *brackish water* — солоноватая вода

²² *it shall go ill with you* — худо тебе будет

²³ *harsh briars and thorns shot up* — колючий кустарник, полный острых шипов, поднимался перед ним

²⁴ *evil nettles stung him* — злая крапива обжигала его ноги

²⁵ *the thistle pierced him with her daggers* — чертополох колот его острыми, как кинжал, колючками

²⁶ *Over his face hung a cowl of grey linen, and through the eyelet his eyes gleamed like red coals.* — Лицо его скрывал серый холщовый капюшон, и глаза его горели в прорезях, словно угли.

²⁷ *Your need is greater than mine.* — Твоя нужда больше моей.

²⁸ *It was prophesied of old* — Было давнее пророчество

²⁹ *a cry of joy broke from his lips* — крик радости сорвался с его уст

³⁰ *There was peace and plenty in the land.* — В стране его всегда царили мир и благоденствие.

³¹ *so bitter the fire of his testing* — слишком тяжкому подвергся он испытанию

Exercises

Reading Comprehension

1 Are the following statements about the tale *true* or *false*? If there is not enough information, write *don't know*.

- 1) The Woodcutters were frightened when they found out they had lost their way.
- 2) The Woodcutters found the Star-Child under the tree in the forest.
- 3) The Woodcutter's wife was happy to see that her husband had returned safe to her.
- 4) The Star-Child was an exceptionally handsome boy and a good son.
- 5) The Woodcutter and his wife disliked the way the boy treated a poor beggar-woman.
- 6) The Star-Child was glad to find his mother.
- 7) When the Star-Child passed through the villages the children mocked at him.
- 8) The Magician bought the boy for a bowl of sweet wine.
- 9) The Magician had learned his art in the tombs of Nile.
- 10) The Star-Child had pity on the Hare and released it from the trap.
- 11) The Star-Child did not have pity on the leper and didn't give him any money.
- 12) His parents rejected him and he died of suffering.

2 Read the tale again and complete the following sentences.

- 1) The mountain torrent was hanging motionless in the air, for _____.
- 2) They were terribly frightened because they knew that _____.
- 3) Though I am as poor as you are and have many mouths to feed, yet _____.
- 4) When his wife saw that her husband had returned safe, she _____.
- 5) Yet, his beauty did work evil, because _____.

- 6) And his companions followed him because _____.
- 7) I have denied my mother, I have been cruel to her. Therefore _____.
- 8) The old man took from his turban a scarf of figure silk, and _____.
- 9) Today you shall bring me the piece of white gold. If you don't bring, I _____.
- 10) But when he reached the edge of the wood, he heard from a thicket _____.
- 11) And how can you say that I am beautiful, because _____.
- 12) It was prophesied of old that _____.
- 13) I must wander again over the world, and may not stay here, though yet _____.
- 14) He was not cruel to birds or beasts, but _____.
- 15) Yet ruled he not long, _____.

3 Answer the following questions.

- 1) What did the Woodcutters come across in the forest and what did they do with it?
- 2) Why was the Woodcutter's wife angry with her husband?
- 3) Where was the Star-Child brought up and in what way was he different from other children in the village?
- 4) Whom did the Star-Child see under a chestnut-tree and how did he treat her?
- 5) What did the beggar-woman learn from the talk between the Woodcutter and the Star-Child?
- 6) How did the Star-Child behave when he learned the news?
- 7) Why did the Star-Child decide to wander through the world and how long had the boy wandered?
- 8) Whom did the Star-Child meet at the gate of the city and where was he led by him?
- 9) What did the Magician ask the Star-Child to bring first?
- 10) Where did the Star-Child search for it and who helped him?
- 11) Whom did the boy meet on his way to the city and what was he asked? Did the boy give it to him?
- 12) What was the result of the Star-Child's pity on the leper?

- 13) How was the Star-Child met in the city and what surprised him?
 14) Whom did the Star-Child see in the crowd and how did they receive the boy?

Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

1 Find in the text the English for:

пробираться; придерживаться романтического взгляда; обладать очень трезвым умом; никогда не лезть за словом в карман в споре; что касается меня; быть прирожденным философом; добраться до опушки леса; содержать большую семью; не переступить порога; приносить счастье (несчастье); быть исполненным удивления (радости); быть благородного происхождения; происходить от Звезды; стать жестокосердным; быть в лохмотьях; родить кого-либо; спрашивать (наводить справки); яшмовый перстень; протянуть руки; тяжелые испытания

2 Look at the list of adjectives from the tale and divide them into three groups: positive, negative and either, according to their meanings.

bitter, frightened, happy, terrible, practical, hard, cruel, beautiful, evil, tender, foolish, curious, proud, cruel, selfish, scornful, angry, ugly, disgusting, kind

Positive (good)	Negative (bad)	Either (not sure)

3 In the list of words from the tale below, some of the verbs have to do with sound and some with movement. Put them in the appropriate column.

snap, growl, twitter, whisper, rub, curl, blow, slip, cry, stir, scream, shiver, tremble, weep, sob, clasp

Sound	Movement

4 Fill in the blanks with correct prepositions.

- Two poor Woodcutters were making their way home _____ a great pine-forest.
- The Turtledoves felt that it was their duty to take a romantic view _____ the situation.
- The Wolf had a thoroughly practical mind, and was never _____ a loss _____ a good argument.
- At last they reached the edge _____ the forest.
- It was a cloak of golden tissue, curiously wrought _____ stars.
- Do not sparrow die _____ hunger _____ the winter?
- He said that they were common, while he was _____ noble birth, being sprung _____ a Star.
- The poor beggar-woman was _____ rags, and her feet were bleeding _____ the rough road.
- Surely this has come _____ me _____ reason _____ my sin.
- I have bought you _____ the price of a bowl _____ sweet wine.

5 Use the verbs in brackets in the Past Simple.

- The snow _____ thick upon the ground. (lie)
- Their faggots _____ out of their bundles. (fall)

- 3) The Star-Child _____ up with the children of the Woodcutter. (bring)
- 4) Often the old priest _____ for him and _____ him the love of living things. (send; teach)
- 5) Whenever the Star-Child _____ his companions, they _____ him. (lead; follow)
- 6) When he _____ stones at the leper, they _____ also. (throw; laugh)
- 7) When the woman _____ these words, she _____ a loud cry and _____ down in a faint. (hear; give; fall)
- 8) The woman _____ on her knees and _____ out her arms to him. (fall; hold)
- 9) The robbers _____ the child from his mother and _____ him to die. (steal; leave)
- 10) When the sun _____, he _____ down to sleep on a bed of leaves. (set; lie)
- 11) He _____ the eyes of the Star-Child with the scarf of figured silk. (bind)
- 12) He _____ there a little Hare _____ in a trap. (see; catch)
- 13) He _____ up from his feet, and _____ at them. (rise; look)
- 14) The priest and the high officers of the city _____ to meet him, and they _____ down before him. (run; kneel)

6 Translate the following sentences into English.

- 1) Они очень обрадовались, когда выбрались наконец из леса.
- 2) Прекрасная, необычайно яркая звезда упала с неба.
- 3) Его товарищ очень удивился про себя такой его глупости и мягкосердечию.
- 4) Но красота принесла ему только зло, ибо он вырос себялюбивым, гордым и жестоким.
- 5) «Воистину у тебя каменное сердце, и жалость тебе неведома», — сказал лесоруб.
- 6) Мальчик, исполненный радости и изумления, вбежал в дом.

- 7) И он бросился ничком на траву и заплакал.
- 8) Но когда он подходил к опушке леса, из чащи до него долетел крик — казалось, кто-то взывает о помощи.
- 9) Он был справедлив и милосерден ко всем.
- 10) Он кормил голодных и сирых и одевал нагих.
- 11) А преемник его был тираном.



Discussion Tasks

1 Discuss the following.

- 1) Give as much information as possible to prove that it was really terribly cold when the Woodcutters were returning home from the pine forest.
- 2) Find some facts in the text which show that the Woodcutter was a kind-hearted man.
- 3) Describe the Star-Child's appearance and prove that it contrasted his behaviour.
- 4) Agree or disagree with the author's statement: "For the space of three years he wandered over the world, and in the world there was neither love nor charity for him. But it was just such a world as he had made for himself in the days of his great pride."
- 5) Find examples in the text which show that the Magician was an evil man.
- 6) Agree or disagree with the following proverb: "One good turn deserves another." (Долг платежом красен.)
- 7) Speak about the Star-Child and prove the following statement from the tale: "so great had been his suffering, and so bitter the fire of his testing".
- 8) Discuss the moral of the tale.



THE BIRTHDAY OF THE INFANTA

It was the birthday of the Infanta. She was just twelve years old. The sun was shining brightly in the gardens of the palace. Although she was a real Princess and the Infanta of Spain, she had only one birthday every year, just like the children of quite poor people. So it was naturally a matter of great importance to the whole country that she should have a really fine day for the occasion. And a really fine day it certainly was. The tall striped tulips stood straight, like long rows of soldiers. They looked across the grass at the roses, and said, "We are quite as splendid as you are now." The purple butterflies fluttered about with gold dust on their wings, visiting each flower in turn. The little lizards lay in the hot sun. The pomegranates split and cracked with the heat. Even the pale yellow lemons seemed to have caught a richer colour from the wonderful sunlight. And the magnolia trees filled the air with a sweet perfume.

The little Princess walked up and down the terrace with her companions, and played hide-and-seek. On ordinary days she was only allowed to play with the children of her own rank. So she had always to play alone, but her birthday was an exception. The King allowed her to invite any of her young friends, whom she liked to come and amuse themselves with her. There was a stately grace about these slim Spanish children, but the Infanta was the most graceful of all, and the most tastefully dressed. Her robe was of grey satin, the skirt and the wide sleeves heavily embroidered with silver. Two tiny slippers with big pink roses peeped out beneath her dress, as she walked. Pink and pearl was her great fan, and in her hair, which like faded gold stood out round her pale little face, she had a beautiful white rose.

From a window in the palace the sad melancholy King watched them. Behind him stood his brother, Don Pedro of Aragon,¹ whom he hated, and his confessor, the Grand Inquisitor of Granada,² sat by his side. Sadder even than usual was the King, for as he looked at the Infanta, he thought of the young Queen, her mother. Her mother who came from the seemingly merry country of France had died six months after the birth of her child. So great had been his love for her that he had not even allowed her to be buried. She had been embalmed by a Moorish physician, who in return for this service had been granted his life. And her body was still lying in the black marble chapel of the Palace, just as the monks had put her on that windy March day nearly twelve years before. Once every month the King, wrapped in a dark cloak, went in and knelt by her side calling out, "*Mi reina! Mi reina!*"³ and sometimes, he would hold her pale hands in wild grief, and try to wake the cold face by his mad kisses.

Today he seemed to see her again, as he had seen her first at the Castle of Fontainebleau,⁴ when he was fifteen years old, and she was still younger. They had been formally engaged on that occasion by the Papal Nuncio⁵ in the presence of the French King and all the Court. Later on followed the marriage, hastily performed at Burgos, a small town on the frontier between the two countries. Then they went to Madrid, where the customary celebration of high mass⁶ at the Church of La Atocha was held, during which nearly three hundred heretics, including many Englishmen, were burned.

Certainly he had loved her madly. He hardly ever permitted her to be out of his sight. For her he had forgotten, or seemed to

have forgotten, all grave affairs of State. And, with that terrible blindness that passion brings upon its servants, he failed to notice that the elaborate ceremonies, by which he tried to please her, aggravated the strange malady from which she suffered. When she died, he was, for a time, like one who is mad. Indeed, there was no doubt that he would have given up the throne and gone to the great Trappist monastery⁷ at Granada, if he had not been afraid to leave the little Infanta at the mercy of his brother, whose cruelty even in Spain was notorious. He was suspected of having caused the Queen's death by a pair of poisoned gloves that he had presented to her on the occasion of her visiting his castle in Aragon. Even after the three years of public mourning, the King would never allow his ministers to speak about a new marriage. And when the Emperor himself offered him the hand of his niece, he asked the ambassadors to tell their master that the King of Spain was already married to Sorrow.

His whole married life, with its joys and griefs, seemed to come back to him today, as he watched the Infanta playing on the terrace. She had all the Queen's pretty manners, the same wilful way of tossing her head, the same proud beautiful mouth, the same wonderful smile, as she looked up now and then at the window, or stretched out her little hand for the stately Spanish gentlemen to kiss. But the loud laughter of the children did not please his ears, and the bright sunlight mocked at his sorrow. He buried his face in his hands, and when the Infanta looked up again, the King had already gone.

She felt upset. Surely he might have stayed with her on her birthday. What did the stupid State affairs matter? Or had he gone to that gloomy chapel, where the candles were always burning, and where she was never allowed to enter? How silly of him, when the sun was shining so brightly, and everybody was so happy! Besides, he would miss the sham bullfight for which the trumpet was already sounding, to say nothing of the puppet show and the other wonderful things. Her uncle and the Grand Inquisitor were much more sensible. They came out on the terrace, and paid her nice compliments. So she tossed her pretty head, and taking Don Pedro by the hand, she walked slowly down the steps towards a long pavilion of purple silk. The other children followed her in strict order of precedence, those who had the longest names went first.

A procession of noble boys, fantastically dressed as *toreadors*,⁸

came out to meet her. The young Count, a wonderfully handsome boy of about fourteen, led her solemnly to a little golden and ivory chair that was placed on a platform above the arena. The children grouped themselves all round, whispering to each other, and Don Pedro and the Grand Inquisitor stood laughing at the entrance. Even the Duchess — *the Camerera-Mayor*⁹ as she was called — a thin, hard-featured woman, did not look so bad-tempered as usual.

It certainly was a marvellous bullfight, and much nicer, the Infanta thought, that the real bullfight she had been brought to see at Seville¹⁰ on the occasion of the visit of the Duke of Parma to her father. Some of the boys rode richly dressed hobbyhorses; others went on foot waving their scarlet cloaks before the bull, when the bull was about to fall on them. As for the bull himself, he was just like a live bull, and sometimes insisted on running round the arena on his hind legs, which no live bull ever dreams of doing. He made a splendid fight of it too. The children got so excited that they stood up upon the benches, and waved their handkerchiefs and cried out *Bravo toro! Bravo toro!*¹¹ just as if they had been grown up people. At last, however, after a long fight, during which several hobbyhorses were killed, and their riders dismounted, the young Count brought the bull to his knees. Having got permission from the Infanta, he plunged his wooden sword into the neck of the animal with such violence that the head came right off, and disclosed the laughing face of the son of the French Ambassador at Madrid.

The arena was then cleared amidst much applause, and the dead hobbyhorses were dragged away by two Moorish pages. They acted so well, and their gestures were so extremely natural, that at the end of the play the eyes of the Infanta were quite dim with tears. Indeed, some of the children really cried, and had to be comforted.

An African juggler followed who brought in a large basket covered with a red cloth, and having placed it in the centre of the arena, he took from his turban a curious pipe, and blew through it. In a few moments the cloth began to move. As the pipe grew louder and louder, two green and gold snakes put out their strange heads and rose slowly up. The children, however, were rather frightened at them, and were much more pleased, when the juggler made a tiny orange-tree grow out of the sand and bear pretty white blossoms and real fruit. When he took the fan of the little girl, and changed it into a blue bird, that flew all round the pavilion and sang, they were very much delighted. The solemn minuet, too, performed by

the dancing boys, was charming. The Infanta had never before seen this wonderful ceremony.

A troop of handsome Egyptians — as the gipsies were called in those days — then appeared in the arena. Sitting cross-legged, in a circle, they began to play softly upon their instruments, moving their bodies to the tune. When they caught sight of Don Pedro, they frowned at him. Some of them looked terrified, for only a few weeks before he had had two of their tribe hanged in the marketplace at Seville. But the pretty Infanta charmed them, and they felt sure that one so lovely as she was could never be cruel to anybody. So they played on very gently, and their heads began to nod as though they were falling asleep. Suddenly, with a cry so loud that it startled all the children, the Egyptians jumped to their feet and whirled madly round, and sang some wild love-song in their strange language. Then at another signal they all threw themselves again to the ground and lay there quite still. After they had done this several times, they disappeared for a moment. Then they came back leading a brown bear by a chain, and carrying on their shoulders some little apes. The bear stood upon his head, and the apes played all kinds of amusing tricks with two gypsy boys who seemed to be their masters, and fought with tiny regular soldier's drill just like the King's own bodyguard. In fact, the gipsies were a great success.

But the funniest part of the whole morning's entertainment was the dancing of the little Dwarf. When he appeared in the arena on his crooked legs and with his huge misshapen head, the children burst out laughing. The Infanta herself laughed so much that the Camerera had to remind her that although there were many precedents in Spain for a King's daughter weeping before her equals, there were none for a Princess of the royal blood making so merry before those who were much lower in rank. The Dwarf, however, was really fantastic. And even at the Spanish Court such a fantastic little monster had never been seen. It was his first appearance, too. He was found only the day before by two nobles. The Dwarf was brought by them to the Palace as a gift for the Infanta. His father who was a poor man was very pleased to get rid of such an ugly and useless child. Perhaps the most amusing thing about him was that the Dwarf did not know about his ugliness. Indeed, he seemed quite happy and full of the highest spirits. When the children laughed, he laughed as freely as any of them. At the end of each dance he made them each the funniest of bows, smiling and nodding at them just as

if he was really one of themselves. As for the Infanta, she absolutely charmed him. He could not keep his eyes off her, and seemed to dance for her alone. At the end of the performance she took out of her hair a beautiful white rose, and partly for a joke and partly to tease the Camerera, threw it to him across the arena with her sweetest smile. He took the whole matter quite seriously, and pressing the flower to his rough coarse lips, he put his hand upon his heart, and sank on one knee before her, smiling from ear to ear, and his face was shining with happiness.

This so amused the Infanta that she kept on laughing after the little Dwarf had run out of the arena. She expressed a desire to her uncle that the dance should be immediately repeated. The Camerera, however, decided that it would be better that her Highness should return without delay to the Palace, where a wonderful feast had been already prepared for her. There was also a real birthday cake with her own initials worked all over it. The Infanta rose up with much dignity, and having given orders that the little Dwarf was to dance again for her after the hour of siesta,¹² she went back to her chamber. The children followed in the same order in which they had entered.

When the little Dwarf heard that he was to dance a second time before the Infanta, and by her own wish, he was so proud that he ran out into the garden kissing the white rose in an absurd ecstasy of pleasure, and making clumsy gestures of delight.

The Flowers were quite indignant, when they saw him in their beautiful home. And when they saw him jumping up and down, and waving his arms above his head in such a ridiculous manner, they could not conceal their feelings any longer.

"He is really far too ugly to be allowed to play in any place where we are," cried the Tulips.

"He should drink poppy-juice, and go to sleep for a thousand years," said the great scarlet Lilies, and they grew quite hot and angry.

"He is a perfect horror!" screamed the Cactus. "Why, his head is completely out of proportion with his legs. If he comes near me, I will sting him with my thorns."

"And he has actually got one of my best blooms," exclaimed the White Rose-Tree. "I gave it to the Infanta this morning myself, as a birthday present, and he has stolen it from her." And she called out, "Thief! Thief! Thief!" at the top of her voice.

Even the red Geraniums who were known to have a great

many poor relations themselves turned away in disgust, when they saw him.

But somehow the Birds liked him. They saw him often in the forest dancing about like an elf, or climbing up in the hollow of some old oak-tree, sharing his nuts with the squirrels. They did not mind his being ugly a bit. Why, even the nightingale herself who sang so sweetly in the orange groves at night was not much to look at after all. Besides, he had been kind to them, and during that terribly bitter winter, when there were no berries on the trees, and the ground was as hard as iron, and the wolves had come down to the very gates of the city to look for food, he had never once forgotten them, but had always given them crumbs out of his little hunch of black bread, and shared with them whatever poor breakfast he had.

So they flew round and round him, just touching his cheek with their wings, as they passed, and chattered to each other. The little Dwarf was so pleased that he could not help showing them the beautiful white rose, and telling them that the Infanta herself had given it to him, because she loved him.

The Lizards also liked him very much. When he grew tired of running about and threw himself down on the grass to rest, they played and ran all over him, and tried to amuse themselves in the best way they could. "Everyone cannot be as beautiful as a lizard," they cried, "that would be too much to expect. And he is really not so ugly after all, of course, if one shuts one's eyes, and does not look at him." The Lizards were extremely philosophical by nature, and often sat thinking for hours and hours together, when there was nothing else to do, or when the weather was too rainy for them to go out.

The Flowers, however, were very much annoyed at their behaviour and at the behaviour of the birds. "It only shows," they said, "what a vulgarising effect this rushing and flying about has. Well-bred people always stay exactly in the same place, as we do. No one ever saw us jumping up and down, or galloping madly through the grass after dragon-flies. When we do want a change, we send for the gardener, and he carries us to another bed. This is dignified, as it should be. But birds and lizards, indeed, have not even a permanent address. They are like the gipsies, and should be treated in exactly the same manner." So they put their noses in the air, and looked very arrogant, and were quite delighted, when after some time they saw the little Dwarf make his way across the terrace to the palace.

"He should certainly be kept indoors for the rest of his natural

life," they said. "Look at his hunched back, and his crooked legs," and they began to laugh.

But the little Dwarf knew nothing of all this. He liked the birds and the lizards very much, and thought that the flowers were the most marvellous things in the whole world, except, of course, the Infanta. But then she had given him the beautiful white rose, and she loved him, and that made a great difference. How he wished that he had gone back with her! She would have put him on her right hand, and smiled at him, and he would have never left her side, but would have made her his playmate, and taught her all kinds of delightful tricks. For though he had never been in a palace before, he knew a great many wonderful things. He could make little cages for the grasshoppers to sing in. He knew the cry of every bird and the sound of every animal. He knew the trail of every animal, and could track the hare by its delicate footprints. All the wild dances he knew, the mad dance in red clothes with the autumn, the light dance in blue sandals over the corn, and the blossom dance through the orchards in spring. He knew where the wood pigeons built their nests, and once when a hunter killed the parent birds, he brought up the young ones himself. They were quite tame, and they used to feed out of his hands every morning. "She would like all the animals I love," he thought. Yes, she must certainly come to the forest and play with them. He would give her his own little bed, and would watch outside the window till dawn, to see that the wild horned animals did not harm her, the wolves did not come near to her. And at dawn he would wake her, and they would go out and dance together all the day long. It was really not a bit lonely in the forest. Certainly, there was a great deal to look at in the forest. And when she was tired, he would find a soft bank of moss for her, or carry her in his arms, for he was very strong, though he knew that he was not tall. He would make her a necklace of red berries, that would be quite as pretty as the white berries that she wore on her dress, and when she was tired of them, she could throw them away, and he would find her others.

But where was she? He asked the white rose, and it made him no answer. The whole palace seemed asleep, and even where the shutters were not closed, heavy curtains were drawn across the windows to keep out the light. He wandered all round looking for some place, through which he might find an entrance, and at last he caught sight of a little private door that was lying open. He slipped through, and found himself in a splendid hall, far more splendid,

he feared, than the forest. There was so much more gold everywhere, and even the floor was made of great coloured stones, fitted together into a sort of geometrical pattern. But the little Infanta was not there, only some wonderful white statues that looked down on him from their pedestals, with sad eyes and strangely smiling lips.

At the end of the hall hung a richly embroidered curtain of black velvet, powdered with suns and stars, the King's favourite devices, and brodered on the colour he loved best. Perhaps she was hiding behind that? He would try at any rate.

So he stole quietly across, and drew it aside. No, there was only another room, though a prettier one, he thought, than the one he had just left.

The little Dwarf looked in wonder all round him, and was half-afraid to go on. He thought of the pretty Infanta, and took courage. He wanted to find her alone, and to tell her that he, too, loved her. Perhaps she was in the room beyond.

He ran across the soft Moorish carpets, and opened the door. No! She was not here either. The room was quite empty.

It was a throne room, used for the reception of foreign ambassadors, when the King agreed to give them a personal audience; the same room in which, many years before, envoys had appeared from England to make arrangements for the marriage of their Queen, then one of the Catholic sovereigns of Europe, to Emperor's eldest son. On the second step of the throne was placed the kneeling-stool¹³ of the Infanta, with its cushion of cloth of silver tissue, and below that again stood the chair for the Papal Nuncio who alone had the right to be seated in the King's presence on the occasion of any public ceremonial.

But the little Dwarf cared nothing for all this magnificence. He would not have given his rose for all the pearls, nor one white petal of his rose for the throne itself. What he wanted was to see the Infanta, before she went down to the pavilion, and ask her to come away with him, when he had finished his dance. Here, in the Palace, the air was close and heavy, but in the forest the wind blew free, and there was a lot of sunlight. There were flowers, too, in the forest, not so splendid, perhaps, as the flowers in the garden, but more sweetly scented for all that. Yes, surely she would come, if he could only find her! She would come with him to the fair forest, and all day long he would dance for her delight. A smile lit up his eyes at the thought, and he passed into the next room.

Of all the rooms this was the brightest and the most beautiful. But he was not alone. Standing under the shadow of the doorway, at the very end of the room, he saw a little figure watching him. His heart trembled, a cry of joy broke from his lips, and moved out into the sunlight. As he did so, the figure moved out also, and he saw it clearly.

It was a monster, the most grotesque monster he had ever seen. Not properly shaped as all other people were, but hunchbacked, and crooked-legged, with a huge round head and black hair. The little Dwarf frowned, and the monster frowned also. He laughed, and it laughed with him, and held its hands to its sides, just as he himself was doing. He made it a mocking bow, and it returned him a low reverence. He went towards it, and it came to meet him, copying each step that he made, and stopping when he stopped himself. He shouted with amusement, and ran forward, and reached out his hand, and the hand of the monster touched his, and it was as cold as ice. He grew afraid, and moved his hand across, and the monster's hand followed it quickly. He tried to press on, but something smooth and hard stopped him. The face of the monster was now close to his own, and seemed full of terror. He brushed his hair off his eyes. It imitated him. He struck at it, and it returned blow for blow. He hated it, and it made faces at him. He drew back, and it retreated.

What is it? He thought for a moment, and looked round at the rest of the room. It was strange, but everything seemed to have its double in this invisible wall of clear water. Yes, picture for picture was repeated, and couch for couch.

What is Echo? He called to her once in the valley, and she answered him word for word. Could she mock at the eye, as she mocked at the voice? Could she make a mimic world just like the real world? Could the shadows of things have colour and life and movement? Could it be that —?

He started and taking from his breast the beautiful white rose, he turned round, and kissed it. The monster had a rose of its own, petal for petal the same! It kissed it with like kisses, and pressed it to its heart with horrible gestures.

When he understood the truth, he gave a wild cry of despair, and fell weeping to the ground. So it was he, who was misshapen and hunchbacked, ugly to look at. He himself was the monster, and it was at him that all the children had been laughing, and the little Princess, who he thought loved him — she, too, had been merely mocking at his ugliness, and making merry over him. Why had not

they left him in the forest, where there was no mirror to tell him how ugly he was? Why had not his father killed him, rather than sell him to his shame? The hot tears poured down his cheeks, and he tore the white rose to pieces. The monster did the same. When he looked at it, it watched him with a face drawn with pain. He turned away, fearing to see it, and covered his eyes with his hands. He lay there, like some wounded thing.

And at that moment the Infanta herself came in with her companions. When they saw the ugly little Dwarf lying on the ground and beating the floor with his clenched hands in the most fantastic and exaggerated manner, they began to laugh, and stood all round him and watched him.

"His dancing was funny," said the Infanta, "but his acting is funnier still. Indeed, he is almost as good as the puppets, only, of course, not quite natural." And she applauded.

But the little Dwarf never looked up, and his sobs grew fainter and fainter, and suddenly he gave a curious gasp, and clutched his side. And then he fell back again, and lay quite still.

"That is terrific," said the Infanta, after a pause, "but now you must dance for me."

"Yes," cried all the children, "you must get up and dance, for you are as clever as the apes, and much more ridiculous."

But the little Dwarf made no answer.

And the Infanta stamped her foot, and called her uncle, who was walking on the terrace with the Chamberlain, reading some despatches that had just arrived from Mexico. "My funny little Dwarf is sulking," she cried, "you must wake him up, and tell him to dance for me."

They smiled at each other, and Don Pedro slapped the Dwarf on the cheek with his embroidered glove. "You must dance," he said, "*petit monstre*.¹⁴ You must dance. The Infanta of Spain and the Indies wishes to be amused."

But the little Dwarf never moved.

"A whipping master should be sent for," said Don Pedro wearily, and he went back to the terrace. But the Chamberlain knelt beside the little Dwarf, and put his hand upon his heart. And after a few moments he rose up, and having made a low bow to the Infanta, he said, "*Mi bella Princesa*,¹⁵ your funny little Dwarf will never dance again. It is a pity, for he is so ugly that he might have made the King smile."

"But why will he not dance again?" asked the Infanta laughing.

"Because his heart is broken," answered the Chamberlain.

And the Infanta frowned, and her rosy lips curled. "For the future let those who come to play with me have no hearts," she cried and ran out into the garden.

Commentary

¹ *Don Pedro of Aragon* — Дон Педро Арагонский. Арагон — область на северо-востоке Испании.

² *the Grand Inquisitor of Granada* — великий инквизитор Гранады, возглавлявший инквизицию в испанской провинции Гранада. Инквизиция была создана в XIII веке в странах, где господствовала католическая церковь, для расправы с так называемыми еретиками — противниками феодально-церковной идеологии. Особенно широкое распространение инквизиция получила в Испании.

³ *Mi reina!* (*исп.*) — Моя королева!

⁴ *the Castle of Fontainebleau* — замок Фонтенбло под Парижем, летняя резиденция французских королей

⁵ *the Papal Nuncio* — папский нунций, постоянный представитель римского папы в государствах, с которыми папа поддерживает официальные дипломатические отношения

⁶ *high mass* (*римск.-катол.*) — торжественное богослужение с воскурением ладана, музыкой и т. п.

⁷ *the great Trappist monastery* — трапписты, особый орден римско-католической церкви, основанный в местечке Солинья ля Трапп в 1140 г. (Франция). Его устав отличался необычайной суровостью: долгими молитвами, изнурительными постами, тяжелым физическим трудом и почти постоянным молчанием.

⁸ *toreadors* (*исп.*) — тореадоры

⁹ *the Camerera-Mayor* (*исп.*) — старшая камеристка, должность придворной дамы

¹⁰ *Seville* — Севилья, город на юге Испании

¹¹ *Bravo toro!* (*исп.*) — Bravo, тореадор!

¹² *siesta* (*исп.*) — сиеста, полуденный отдых в южных странах

¹³ *the kneeling-stool* — скамейка, на которой Инфанта преклоняла колени перед троном

¹⁴ *petit monstre* (фр.) — уродец

¹⁵ *Mi bella Princesa* (исп.) — Моя прекрасная принцесса

Exercises

Reading Comprehension

1 Are the following statements about the tale *true* or *false*? If there is not enough information in the tale, write *don't know*.

- 1) The little Princess was allowed to invite only the children of her own rank. _____
- 2) The Infanta's mother, the Queen of France, died just after her birth. _____
- 3) The Infanta had all the Queen's manners, the same wonderful smile. _____
- 4) A troop of handsome Egyptians appeared in the arena after the bullfight. _____
- 5) The dancing of the little Dwarf was the funniest part of the entertainment. _____
- 6) The Infanta expressed a desire to her uncle that the dance should be immediately repeated. _____
- 7) The Flowers liked the Dwarf and felt sorry for him. _____
- 8) The Dwarf loved the forest and dreamed of showing it to the Infanta. _____
- 9) The Dwarf liked the throne-room best in the palace. _____
- 10) The Dwarf wanted to see the Infanta because he wanted to declare his love to her. _____
- 11) When the Dwarf saw himself in the mirror, he realised the bitter truth. _____
- 12) When the Princess found the Dwarf lying on the ground and crying bitterly, she felt sorry for him. _____

2 The sentences below are all from the tale. Match parts of sentences on the left with their complementations on the right.

- | | | |
|--|----------|---|
| 1) Although she was a real Princess and the Infanta of Spain, | — | who in return for this service had been granted his life. |
| 2) The King allowed her to invite any of her young friends, | — | the King would never allow his ministers to speak about a new marriage. |
| 3) The Queen had been embalmed by a Moorish physician, | <u>1</u> | she had only one birthday every year, just like other children of quite poor people. |
| 4) The King's brother was suspected of having caused the Queen's death by a pair of poisoned gloves | — | that at the end of the play the eyes of the Infanta were quite dim with tears. |
| 5) Even after the three years of public mourning, | — | two green and gold snakes put out their strange heads and rose slowly. |
| 6) The other children followed the Infanta in strict order of precedence, | — | who was walking on the terrace with Chamberlain, reading some dispatches that had just arrived from Mexico. |
| 7) They acted so well, and their gestures were so extremely natural, | — | was happy to get rid of such an ugly and useless child. |
| 8) As the pipe grew louder and louder, | — | they began to laugh, and stood all round him and watched him. |
| 9) When the Dwarf appeared in the arena on his crooked legs and with his huge misshapen head, | — | he could not help showing them the beautiful white rose. |
| 10) The Dwarf's father who was a poor man | — | the children burst out laughing. |
| 11) The little Dwarf was so pleased that | — | that he had presented to her on the occasion of her visiting his castle in Aragon. |
| 12) When the Infanta and her companions saw the ugly little Dwarf lying on the ground and beating the floor with his clenched hands, | — | whom she liked to come and amuse themselves with her. |
| 13) And the Infanta stamped her foot, and called her uncle, | — | those who had the longest names went first |

3 Answer the following questions.

- 1) Why did the King allow his daughter to invite any of her young friends to her birthday party?
- 2) Why was the King always in grief?
- 3) How did the children amuse themselves?
- 4) What were the items on the entertainment programme?
- 5) Why was the Infanta so amused with the last item?
- 6) What did she present the Dwarf with?
- 7) What did the Flowers in the garden think about the Dwarf's success?
- 8) Why did the Dwarf want to invite the Infanta to the forest?
- 9) Where did the Dwarf go to search for her?
- 10) What did the Dwarf see in the Royal Palace?
- 11) What happened to the Dwarf in the room he liked the best?
- 12) Why was he so disappointed when he realised the truth?
- 13) Where did the Infanta and her friends find the Dwarf?
- 14) What did they all want the Dwarf to do?
- 15) What did Don Pedro say about the Dwarf?
- 16) What was the Infanta's reaction to the Chamberlain's words?

Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

1 Find in the tale the English for:

дело чрезвычайной важности; играть в прятки; дети своего круга; выглядывать из-под чего-либо; быть обрученным с кем-либо; по случаю; совершить бракосочетание; отказаться от трона; известный своей жестокостью; делать кому-либо комплименты; идти в строгой последовательности; бегать на задних ногах; сойти с лошади; вонзить шпагу в шею животного; раскачиваться в такт музыке; иметь более низкое происхождение; быть в самом прекрасном расположении духа; поклониться; не спускать глаз с кого-либо; улыбаться во все лицо; делать неуклюжие жесты восторга; скрывать свои чувства; голова у него несообразно велика по сравнению с ногами; во все горло; быть прирожденным философом; запечатать дома; это совершенно другое дело; мягкое ложе из мха; подготовиться к чему-либо; портрет в полный рост; крик радости сорвался с его уст; гримасничать

2 Group the following phrases taken from the text under the headings below. Give an example using each, to help you remember them.

like long rows of soldiers; a richer colour; the most graceful; the most tastefully dressed; like faded gold; sadder than usual; much nicer; much more sensible; the longest names; like a live bull; grew louder and louder; so lovely as she is; the funniest part; much lower in rank; the highest spirits; the most amusing thing; as freely as any of them; the funniest bows; better; best blooms; as good as understanding; the best way; as beautiful as a lizard; the most marvellous things; love best; the brightest and the most beautiful room; as cold as ice; like the real world; the most fantastic and exaggerated manner; acting was funnier; as good as the puppets; his sobs grew fainter and fainter; cleverer than the apes; much more ridiculous; as splendid as you are now; like faded gold; younger; so bad-tempered as usual; much more pleased; like the King's own bodyguard; much better taste; as pretty as the white berries; like an elf

comparative expressions	superlative expressions	expressions of equality or inequality

3 Complete the words in the sentences below by adding -able or -ible. Make any spelling changes that are needed.

- 1) A dark suit is prefer_____ to a light one for evening wear.
- 2) We spent a profit_____ day cleaning out the cupboards.
- 3) Signs of economic and social decay are clearly vis_____ in the streets of the capital.
- 4) He was a very pleasant and person_____ young man.

- 5) The weather was really so horr_____ yesterday.
- 6) Of course, this meat is not eat_____.
- 7) I do not think this work is manage_____ for one person alone.
- 8) It's no longer poss_____ to find a cheap flat in London.
- 9) My mother became comfort_____ after the operation.
- 10) She keeps an unbeliev_____ number of cats at home!
- 11) It was very sens_____ of you to bring your umbrella.
- 12) It it accept_____ to wear jeans to this reception?
- 13) I do not like change_____ weather in London.
- 14) The teacher made me respons_____ for keeping the class in order while she went out.
- 15) The damage to my car is hardly notice_____.
- 16) For me she has an irresist_____ fascination!
- 17) He is quite knowledge_____ about wines.
- 18) The island is access_____ only by boat.
- 19) Your excuse does not seem to be reason_____.
- 20) This document is comprehens_____ only for lawyers.

4 **Look at the following list of words taken from the tale. Discuss them and put into two groups: adjectives and adverbs.**

brightly, naturally, really, ordinary, stately, tastefully, heavily, tiny, windy, hastily, nearly, madly, hardly, gloomy, wonderfully, richly, softly, pretty, lovely, gently, madly, freely, absolutely, partly, seriously, immediately, clumsy, strangely, properly, funny, completely, ugly, angry, certainly, extremely, merrily, entirely, terribly, rainy, exactly, heavy

adjectives	adverbs

5 **Use the right adjective ending in *-ing* or *-ed* to complete each sentence.**

- 1) We were all _____ when we heard about the earthquake.
 - a) terrified
 - b) terrifying
- 2) Are you _____ in French literature?
 - a) interested
 - b) interesting
- 3) My son's behaviour is _____.
 - a) frightened
 - b) frightening
- 4) I was _____ with the book. I expected it to be much better.
 - a) disappointed
 - b) disappointing
- 5) I'm going to the States next week. It will be an _____ experience.
 - a) excited
 - b) exciting
- 6) I was so _____ when I heard they were getting divorced. They had always seemed so happy together.
 - a) surprised
 - b) surprising
- 7) He never stops talking and never says anything _____.
 - a) interested
 - b) interesting
- 8) He's the most _____ person I have ever met in my life.
 - a) bored
 - b) boring
- 9) To ask people for money is _____.
 - a) embarrassed
 - b) embarrassing

10) It is not _____ that he failed the exam, he had not studied hard.

- a) surprised
- b) surprising

11) I was _____ when I heard that strange sound at night.

- a) frightened
- b) frightening

12) I was really _____ when I was offered the job.

- a) amazed
- b) amazing

6 Circle the letter of the word that correctly completes the sentence.

1) The King's brother was suspected _____ caused the Queen's death.

- a) to have
- b) of having

2) The little Dwarf looked forward _____ the Infanta.

- a) to see
- b) to seeing

3) The ministers couldn't persuade the King _____ a second time.

- a) to marry
- b) marrying

4) The children couldn't help _____ when the little Dwarf appeared in the arena.

- a) to laugh
- b) laughing

5) The little Dwarf dreamed _____ in the forest with the Infanta.

- a) to dance
- b) of dancing

6) The Infanta laughed so much that the Camerera needed _____ her to behave properly.

- a) to remind
- b) reminding

7) The red Geraniums were known _____ a great many poor relations.

- a) to have
- b) having

8) The little Dwarf was so pleased that he couldn't help _____ them the beautiful white rose.

- a) to show
- b) showing

9) The little Dwarf was afraid _____ when he saw the monster.

- a) to move
- b) moving

10) When the Infanta and her companions saw the Dwarf lying and beating the floor, they began _____ and watched him.

- a) to laugh
- b) laughing

7 Translate the following sentences into English.

1) Маленькая Принцесса прогуливалась по террасе со своими подругами, играла с ними в прятки.

2) Король бы даже отрёкся от трона и удалился в монастырь, если бы только не боялся оставить маленькую Инфанту на попечение своего брата.

3) Инфанта сделала недовольную гримаску и пожала плечиками — уж мог бы он с ней побыть в день ее рождения.

4) Но самым забавным развлечением этого утра были, бесспорно, танцы маленького Карлика.

5) Карлик ввалился на арену, ковыляя на кривых, коротеньких ножках и мотая огромной безобразной головой.

6) Отец его был только рад избавиться от такого уродливого и бесполезного ребенка.

7) Самое забавное в Карлике было, может быть, то, что сам он совершенно не признавал, как уродлив и смешон.

- 8) Инфанта вынула из волос красивую белую розу и бросила ее через всю арену Карлику.
- 9) Когда Карлику сказали, что он будет еще раз танцевать перед Инфантой по ее личному особому приказу, он так обрадовался, что убежал в сад.
- 10) Ящерицы — прирожденные философы: они часами способны сидеть на одном месте и размышлять, когда им больше нечего делать.
- 11) Маленький Карлик считал, что цветы — самое удивительное, что есть на свете, конечно, за исключением Инфанты.
- 12) Маленький Карлик в изумлении озирался вокруг и даже немножко побаивался идти дальше.
- 13) Он не отдал бы своей розы за все жемчуга балдахина, не отдал бы ни одного ее белого лепестка за трон.
- 14) Когда истина вдруг открылась ему, он, рыдая, с диким воплем кинулся на пол.
- 15) Карлик никогда больше не будет плясать, потому что у него разбито сердце.



Discussion Tasks

1 Discuss the following.

- 1) Find some facts in the tale to show that the King loved the Queen madly.
- 2) Prove that the Infanta took after her mother.
- 3) Find some facts in the tale to prove that the entertainment on the occasion of the Infanta's birthday was a great success.
- 4) Describe the forest as if you were the Dwarf.
- 5) Describe the palace as if you were the Dwarf.
- 6) Agree or disagree with the statement that the Dwarf's appearance contrasted his soul.
- 7) Agree or disagree with the statement that the Infanta was a capricious Princess, hard of heart.
- 8) Compare the Dwarf and the Infanta.

THE YOUNG KING

It was the night before his coronation, and the young King was sitting alone in his beautiful chamber. His courtiers left him, bowing their heads to the ground. They went to the Great Hall of the Palace to receive a few last lessons from the Professor of Etiquette. Some of them had still quite natural manners,¹ which was a very serious offence for a courtier.

The boy — for he was only sixteen years of age — was not sorry that they had left him, and threw himself back with a deep sigh of relief on the soft couch. He lay there like some young animal of the forest newly caught by the hunters.

And, indeed, it was the hunters who had found him almost by chance. Barefoot and pipe in hand he was following the flock of the poor goatherd who had brought him up, and whose son he always thought himself to be. He was the child of the old King's

daughter by a secret marriage with someone much lower in rank. Some people said he was a stranger who made the young Princess love him by the wonderful magic of his lute-playing. Others spoke of an artist from Rimini² to whom the Princess had shown much honour, and who disappeared suddenly from the city, leaving his work in the Cathedral unfinished. When the Prince was a week old, he was stolen from his mother's side, as she slept. The child was given to a common peasant and his wife. They had no children of their own and lived in a remote part of the forest, far from the town. Sorrow, or the plague, as the court doctor said, or, as some people suggested, a swift Italian poison put into a cup of wine killed his mother within an hour of her waking. And when the messenger who carried the child across the saddle of his tired horse knocked at the door of the goatherd's house, the body of the Princess was being lowered into a grave beyond the city. It was said that another body was also lying there, that of a young man of marvellous and foreign beauty, whose hands were tied behind him with a cord, and whose breast was covered with many red wounds.

At least, such was the story that men whispered to each other. It was certain that lying on his death-bed the old King, realised his great sin and had sent for the boy, and, in the presence of the Council, had acknowledged him as his heir.

From the very first moment of his recognition the boy had shown signs of that strange passion for beauty which had great influence over his life. Those who accompanied him to his rooms often spoke of the cry of pleasure that broke from his lips, when he saw the delicate clothes and rich jewels that had been prepared for him, and of the joy with which he threw aside his rough leathern tunic and coarse sheepskin cloak. He missed at times the freedom of the forest life, and always criticised the Court ceremonies that occupied so much of each day. But the wonderful palace — Joyeuse,³ seemed to him to be a new delightful world. As soon as he could escape from the council, he would run down the great staircase and wander from room to room, and from corridor to corridor, like one who was seeking to find in beauty a remedy from sickness.

During these journeys of discovery, as he would call them, he would sometimes be accompanied by the Court pages. But more often he would be alone, feeling through a certain quick instinct

that the secrets of art should be learned in secret, and that Beauty like Wisdom loves the lonely worshipper.

Many curious stories were told about him at this period. It was said that a Burgomaster who had come to make a speech on behalf of the citizens of the town caught sight of him kneeling in real admiration before a great picture that had just been brought from Venice. On another occasion he had been missed for several hours, and after a long search had been discovered in a little chamber in one of the northern parts of the palace looking, as one in a trance, at a Greek gem carved with the figure of Adonis.⁴ He had been seen, so the tale ran,⁵ pressing his warm lips to the marble of an antique statue that had been discovered in the bed of the river on the occasion of the building of the stone bridge.

But what had occupied him most was the robe he was to wear at his coronation, the robe of gold, and the ruby crown, and the sceptre with its rows and rings of pearls. Indeed, it was of this that he was thinking tonight, as he lay on his couch. The designs which were from the hands of the most famous artists of the time had been brought to him many months before, and he gave orders that the artists were to work night and day to carry them out. And the whole world was to be searched for jewels that would be worthy of their work. He imagined himself to be standing at the high altar of the Cathedral in the fair clothes of a King, and a smile played on his boyish lips, and lit up his dark eyes.

Outside he could see the great dome of the Cathedral looming like a bubble over the shadowy houses, and the tired guard walking up and down on the terrace by the river. Far away, in an orchard, a nightingale was singing. A faint perfume of jasmine came through the open window. He brushed his brown curls back from his forehead, and taking up a lute, he began to play. His heavy eyelids trembled, and a strange faintness came over him. Never before had he felt so keenly the magic and mystery of beautiful things.

When midnight sounded from the tower clock, he touched a bell, and his pages entered and undressed him with much ceremony, pouring rose-water over his hands, and putting flowers on his pillow. A few moments after they had left the room, he fell asleep.

And as he slept he dreamed a dream, and this was his dream.⁶

He thought that he was standing in a long, low attic, among the clatter of many looms. And through the grated windows⁷ he

could see the thin figures of the weavers. Pale, sickly-looking children were working there. They seemed to be hungry and exhausted, and their thin hands trembled. Some haggard women were seated at a table sewing. A horrible odour filled the place. The air was heavy, and the walls were damp.

The young King went over to one of the weavers, and stood by him and watched him.

And the weaver looked at him angrily and said, "Why are you watching me? Are you a spy sent to us by our master?"

"Who is your master?" asked the young King.

"Our master!" cried the weaver, bitterly. "He is a man like myself. Indeed, there is but this difference between us — that he wears fine clothes while I go in rags, and that while I am weak from hunger, he suffers not a little from overfeeding."

"The land is free," said the young King, "and you are no man's slave."

"In war," answered the weaver, "the strong make slaves of the weak and in peace the rich make slaves of the poor. We must work to live, and they give us such low wages that we die. We work for them all day long, and they keep gold in their trunks, and our children die before their time, and the faces of those we love become hard and evil. We tread out the grapes, and another drinks the wine. We sow the corn, and we have no bread. We have chains, though no eye can see them; and we are slaves, though men call us free."

"Is it so with all?" asked the young King.

"It is so with all," answered the weaver, "with the young as well as with the old, with the women as well as with the men, with little children as well as with those, who are stricken in years. The merchants oppress us, and we must obey them. The priest rides by and tells his beads, and no man cares for us. Through our sunless homes creeps Poverty with her hungry eyes, and Sin follows close behind her. Misery wakes us in the morning, and Shame sits with us at night. But what are these things to you?⁸ You are not one of us. Your face is too happy." And he turned away frowning, and started the loom, and the young King saw that it was threaded with a thread of gold.⁹

And a great terror fell upon him, and he said to the weaver, "What robe is this that you are weaving?"

"It is the robe for the coronation of the young King," he answered. "What is that to you?"

And the young King gave a loud cry and woke. He was in his own chamber, and through the window he saw the great honey-coloured moon shining in the dark sky.

And he fell asleep again, and dreamed, and this was his dream.

He thought that he was lying on the deck of a large ship with a hundred slaves. On a carpet by his side the master of the ship was seated. He was black as ebony, and his turban was of crimson silk. Great ear-rings of silver dragged down the thick lobes of his ears, and in his hands he had a pair of ivory scales.

The slaves were naked, but for a ragged lion-cloth, and each man was chained to his neighbour. The sun was hot, and the negroes ran up and down the deck and beat them with whips. They stretched out their thin arms and pulled the heavy oars through the water.

At last they reached a little bay. A light wind blew from the shore, and covered the deck and the sail with fine red dust. Three Arabs on wild asses rode out and threw spears at them. The master of the ship took a painted bow in his hand and shot one of them in the throat. He fell heavily, and his companions ran away. A woman wrapped in a yellow veil followed slowly on a camel, looking back now and then at the dead body.

As soon as they had cast anchor and hauled down the sail, the negroes went into the hold and brought up a long rope-ladder, heavily weighted with lead. The master of the ship threw it over the side, making the ends fast to two iron stanchions. Then the negroes caught the youngest of the slaves and knocked his fetters off, and filled his nostrils and ears with wax, and tied a big stone round his waist. He crept down the ladder, and disappeared into the sea. A few bubbles rose where he sank.

After some time the diver rose up out of the water with a pearl in his right hand. The negroes took it from him, and thrust him back. The slaves fell asleep over their oars.

Again and again he came up, and each time that he did so he brought with him a beautiful pearl. The master of the ship weighed them, and put them into a little bag of green leather.

The young King tried to speak, but his tongue and lips would not move. The negroes chattered to each other, and began to quarrel over a string of bright beads. Two cranes flew round and round the vessel.

Then the diver came up for the last time, and the pearl that he brought with him was fairer than all the pearls of Ormuz,¹⁰ for it was shaped like the full moon, and whiter than the morning star.

But his face was strangely pale. As he fell upon the deck, the blood burst from his ears and nostrils. He trembled for a little, and then he was still. The negroes shrugged their shoulders, and threw the body overboard.

And the master of the ship laughed, and reached out, he took the pearl, and when he saw it, he pressed it to his forehead and bowed. "It shall be," he said, "for the sceptre of the young King,"¹¹ and he made a sign to the negroes to draw up the anchor.

And when the young King heard this, he gave a great cry and woke, and through the window he saw the long grey fingers of the dawn struggling with the fading stars.

And he fell asleep again, and dreamed, and this was his dream.

He thought that he was wandering through a dim wood, full of strange fruits and beautiful poisonous flowers. The adders hissed at him as he went by. The bright parrots flew screaming from branch to branch. Huge tortoises lay asleep upon the hot mud. The trees were full of apes and peacocks.

On and on he went, till he reached the edge of the wood,¹² and there he saw a great crowd of men working in the bed of a dried-up river. They swarmed up the crag like ants. They dug deep holes in the ground and went down into them. Some of them broke the rocks with great axes; others searched in the sand. They hurried about, calling to each other, and no man was idle.

From the darkness of a great cave Death and Avarice watched them, and Death said, "I am tired; give me a third of them¹³ and let me go."

But Avarice shook her head. "They are my servants," she answered.

And Death said to her, "What do you have in your hand?"

"I have three grains of corn," she answered. "What is that to you?"

"Give me one of them," cried Death, "to plant in my garden; only one of them, and I will go away."

"I will not give you anything," said Avarice, and she hid her hand in the fold of her clothes.

And Death laughed, and took a cup, and put it into a pool of water, and out of the cup rose Ague. She passed through the great crowd of men, and a third of them lay dead. A cold fog followed her, and the water snakes ran by her side.

And when Avarice saw that a third of them were dead, she

wept. She cried aloud, "You have killed a third of my servants," she cried, "get away. There is a war in the mountains of Tartary,¹⁴ and the Kings of each side are calling to you. The Afghans have killed the black ox, and are marching to battle. They have beaten upon their shields with their spears, and have put on their helmets of iron. What is my valley to you? Go away, and come here no more."

"No," answered Death, "but till you have given me a grain of corn I will not go."

But Avarice shut her hand, and clenched her teeth.

"I will not give you anything," she said.

And Death laughed, and took up a black stone, and threw it into the forest, and out of it came Fever. She passed through the crowd, and touched them, and each man that she touched died. The grass withered beneath her feet, as she walked.

And Avarice trembled, and put her ashes on her head.

"You are cruel," she cried, "you are cruel. There is famine in the walled cities of India, and the cisterns of Samarcand have run dry.¹⁵ There is famine in the walled cities of Egypt, and the locusts have come up from the desert. The Nile has not overflowed its banks, and the priests have nursed Isis and Osiris.¹⁶ Go away to those who need you, and leave me my servants."

"No," answered Death, "but till you have given me a grain of corn I will not go."

"I will not give you anything," said Avarice.

And Death laughed, and he whistled through his fingers,¹⁷ and a woman came flying through the air. She covered the valley with her wings, and no man was left alive.

And Avarice fled screaming through the forest, and Death jumped upon his red horse and galloped away. His galloping was faster than the wind.

And the young King wept, and said, "Who were these men, and for what were they seeking?"

"For rubies for a king's crown," answered one who stood behind him.

And the young King started, and turning round, he saw a man dressed as a pilgrim and holding in his hand a mirror of silver.

And he grew pale, and said, "For what King?"

And the pilgrim answered, "Look in this mirror, and you shall see him."

And he looked in the mirror, and seeing his own face, he gave

a great cry and woke. The bright sunlight was streaming into the room, and from the trees of the garden the birds were singing.

And the Chamberlain and the high officers of State came in and bowed to him, and the pages brought him the robe of gold, and set the crown and the sceptre before him.

And the young King looked at them, and they were beautiful. More beautiful were they than anything that he had ever seen. But he remembered his dreams, and he said to his lords, "Take these things away, for I will not wear them."

And the courtiers were surprised, and some of them laughed, for they thought that he was joking.

But he said sternly to them again, "Take these things away, and hide them from me. Though it may be the day of my coronation, I will not wear them. For on the loom of Sorrow, and by the white hands of Pain, has this my robe been woven. There is Blood in the heart of the ruby, and Death in the heart of pearl." And he told them his three dreams.

And when the courtiers heard them, they looked at each other and whispered, saying, "Surely he is mad; for what is a dream but a dream? They are not real things. And what have we to do with the lives of those who work for us? Shall a man not eat bread till he has seen the sower, nor drink wine till he has talked with the vinedresser?"

And the Chamberlain said to the young King, "My lord, I pray you forget these black thoughts of yours, and put on this fair robe, and set this crown upon your head. For how shall the people know that you are a king, if you have not a king's dress?"

And the young King looked at him. "Is it so, indeed?" he asked. "Will they not know me for a king,¹⁸ if I have not a king's dress?"

"They will not know you, my lord," cried the Chamberlain.

"I had thought that there had been men who were like kings," he answered, "but it may be as you say. And yet I will not wear this robe, nor will I be crowned with this crown, and I will leave the palace."

And he asked them all to leave him, except one page whom he kept as his companion, a boy a year younger than himself. Him he kept for his service, and when he had washed himself in clear water, he opened a great painted box, and from it he took the leathern tunic and rough sheepskin cloak that he had worn when he had watched on the hillside the shaggy goats of the goatherd. These he put on, and in his hand he took his rude shepherd's old stick.

And the little page opened his blue eyes in wonder, and said

smiling to him, "My lord, I see your robe and your sceptre, but where is your crown?"

And the young King picked a branch of wild briar that was climbing over the balcony, and bent it, and made a small circle of it, and set it on his own head.

"This shall be my own crown," he answered.

And dressed in these clothes he passed out of the chamber into the Great Hall, where the nobles were waiting for him.

And the nobles made merry over the young King, and some of them cried out to him, "My lord, the people wait for their king, and you show them a beggar," and others were angry and said, "He brings shame upon our state, and is unworthy to be our master." But he answered them not a word, but passed on, and went down the staircase, and out through the gates of bronze, and sat upon his horse, and rode to the cathedral, the little page running beside him.

And the people laughed and said, "It is the King's fool who is riding by," and they mocked at him.

And he stopped and said, "No, but I am the King." And he told them his three dreams.

A man came out of the crowd and spoke bitterly to him, and said, "Sir, do not you know that out of the luxury of the rich comes the life of the poor? By your pomp we are nurtured, and your vices give us bread. To work for a master is bitter, but to have no master to work for is more bitter still. Do you think that the ravens will feed us? And these things cannot be changed. Will you say to the buyer, 'You shall buy for so much,' and to the seller, 'You shall sell at this price?' I do not think you can. Therefore go back to your palace and put on your purple and fine dress. What have you to do with us, and what we suffer?"

"Are not the rich and the poor brothers?" asked the young King.

"Yes," answered the man, "and the name of the rich brother is Cain.¹⁹"

And the young King's eyes filled with tears, and he rode on through the murmurs of the people, and the little page grew afraid and left him.

And when he reached the great door of the cathedral, the soldiers asked, "What do you seek here? None enters by this door but the King."

And his face flushed with anger, and he said to them, "I am the King," and entered.

And when the old Bishop saw him coming in his goatherd's

dress, he rose up in wonder from his throne, and went to meet him, and said to him, "My son, is this a king's dress? And with what crown shall I crown you, and what sceptre shall I place in your hand? Surely this should be to you a day of joy, and not a day of humility."

"Shall Joy wear what Sorrow has fashioned?" said the young King. And he told him his three dreams. And when the Bishop had heard them, he said, "My son, I am an old man, and in the winter of my days,²⁰ and I know that many evil things are done in the world. The beggars wander through the cities, and eat their food with the dogs. Can you make these things not to be? Will you take the leper for your bedfellow, and set your beggar at your board? Is not He who made misery wiser than you are? That is why I cannot approve of what you have done, but I ask you ride back to the palace and make your face glad, and put on the king's dress. And with the crown of gold I will crown you, and the sceptre of pearl I will place in your hand. And as for your dreams, think no more of them. The burden of this world is too great for one man to bear, and the world's sorrow too heavy for one heart to suffer."

"Do you say that in this house?" said the young King, and he passed by the Bishop, and climbed up the steps of the altar, and stood before the image of Christ.

He stood before the image of Christ, and on his right hand and on his left were the marvellous vessels of gold. He knelt before the image of Christ, and the great candles burned brightly. He bowed his head in prayer, and the priests crept away from the altar.

And suddenly wild cries came from the street outside, and in entered the nobles with drawn swords. "Where is this dreamer of dreams?"²¹ they cried. "Where is this king, who is dressed like a beggar — this boy, who brings shame upon our state? Surely we will kill him, for he is unworthy to rule over us."

And the young King bowed his head again, and prayed, and when he had finished his prayer he rose up, he looked at them sadly.

And through the painted windows came the sunlight streaming upon him, and the sunbeams wove round him a fine robe that was fairer than the robe that had been fashioned for his pleasure. The dead staff blossomed, and bare lilies were whiter than pearls. The dry thorn blossomed, and bare roses were redder than rubies. Whiter than fine pearls were the lilies, and their stems were of bright silver. Redder than male rubies²² were the roses, and their leaves were of beaten gold.²³

He stood there in the king's dress, and the gates of the jewelled shrine opened, and from the crystal of the many-rayed monstrance shone a marvellous and mystical light. He stood there in the king's dress, and the Glory of God filled the place, and the saints in their carven niches seemed to move. In the fair dress of a king he stood before them, and the organ pealed out its music, and the trumpeters blew upon their trumpets, and the singing boys sang.

And the people fell upon their knees, and the nobles sheathed their swords and did homage,²⁴ and the Bishop's face grew pale, and his hands trembled. "A greater than I have crowned you," he cried, and he knelt before him.

And the young King came down from the high altar, and went to his palace through the crowd. But no man dared look upon his face, for it was like the face of an angel.

Commentary

¹ *Some of them had still quite natural manners* — Некоторые из них все еще вели себя совершенно естественно

² *Rimini* — Римини, город в Северной Италии

³ *Joyeuse (фр.)* — радостная, счастливая. В цикле легенд об Артуре, короле бриттов, Садом радости — *la Garde Joyeuse* — называется поместье рыцаря Ланселота. Английские писатели второй половины XIX века в период романтического увлечения средневековыми сюжетами часто обращались к книге «Смерть Артура» (XV век) Томаса Мэлори, в которой воспроизведена вся история короля Артура и его рыцарей.

⁴ *Adonis* — Адонис, согласно древнегреческой мифологии, прекрасный юноша, возлюбленный Афродиты

⁵ *so the tale ran* — *зд.* как рассказывали

⁶ *and this was his dream* — и вот что он увидел во сне

⁷ *grated windows* — забранные решеткой окна

⁸ *But what are these things to you?* — Что тебе до этого?

⁹ *it was threaded with a thread of gold* — на ткацком станке была натянута золотая нитка

¹⁰ *Ormuz* — Ормуз, название города в Иране, основанного еще до XIII века. Слово употреблялось великим английским поэтом Мильтоном как символ Востока.

- 11 *It shall be ... for the sceptre of the young King.* — Он будет ... украшать скипетр молодого короля.
- 12 *On and on he went, till he reached the edge of the wood* — Он шел все дальше и дальше, пока не достиг опушки леса
- 13 *give me a third of them* — дай мне каждого третьего
- 14 *Tartary* — Татария (так называли в древности огромную область между Днепром и Японским морем)
- 15 *the cisterns of Samarcand have run dry* — колодцы Самарканда высохли
- 16 *the priests have nursed Isis and Osiris* — жд. священники возносят молитвы Исиде и Осирису
- 17 *and he whistled through his fingers* — и он свистнул, засунув пальцы в рот
- 18 *Will they not know me for a king* — Разве они не признают меня королем
- 19 *Cain (библ.)* — Каин. Отвечая на слова короля о том, что богатые и бедные — братья, один из простолюдинов сказал, что имя богатого брата — Каин. Он тем самым хотел дать понять королю, что между бедняками и богачами не может быть никакой дружбы, как ее не было между Каином и убитым им его братом Авелем.
- 20 *in the winter of my days* — на склоне дней моих
- 21 *Where is this dreamer of dreams?* — Где сновидец?
- 22 *male rubies* — рубины густого темно-красного цвета
- 23 *beaten gold* — чеканное золото
- 24 *the nobles sheathed their swords and did homage* — придворные вложили свои мечи в ножны и присягнули на верность

Exercises

Reading Comprehension

- 1 Read the tale again and mark the following with D (= it happened in the dream), R (= it happened in reality).
 - 1) The young King brushed his brown curls back from his forehead, and taking up a lute, he began to play. _____

- 2) Pale, sickly-looking children were working there. _____
- 3) Some haggard women were seated at a table. _____
- 4) The young King went over to one of the weavers, and stood by him and watched him. _____
- 5) Three Arabs on wild asses rode out and threw spears at them. _____
- 6) After some time the diver rose up out of the water with a pearl in his right hand. _____
- 7) The bright parrots flew screaming from branch to branch. _____
- 8) There the young King saw a great crowd of men working in the bed of a dried-up river. _____
- 9) The negroes chattered to each other, and began to quarrel over a string of bright beads. _____
- 10) Death laughed, and took up a black stone, and threw it into the forest, and out of it came Fever. _____
- 11) The young King asked all to leave him, except one page whom he kept as his companion. _____
- 12) And dressed in these fine clothes the young King passed out of the chamber into the Great Hall, where the nobles were waiting for him. _____
- 13) The young King stood before the image of Christ, and on his right hand and on his left were the marvellous vessels of gold. _____

2 Answer the following questions.

- 1) What were the stories whispered about the young King's origin?
- 2) What did the old King confess on his death-bed?
- 3) What did other people notice in the young King's behaviour?
- 4) What kind of stories were told about him?
- 5) What had occupied the young King most of all?
- 6) What did the young King see in his first dream?
- 7) What did the young King see in his second dream?
- 8) What did the young King see in his third dream?
- 9) What did the young King refuse to wear and why?
- 10) What did the courtiers think about it?
- 11) What did the young King put on instead?
- 12) How did the nobles receive him?

- 13) How did the old Bishop persuade the young King to put the king's dress?
 14) What was the end of the story?

Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

1 Find in the tale the English for:

получить наставления профессора; откинуться назад; с глубоким вздохом облегчения; быть ниже по рождению, стоять много ниже по; оказать слишком много внимания; жить в глухом лесу; стянуть руки веревками; раскаяться в своем большом грехе; признать кого-либо наследником; сорваться с уст; средство от недуга; произнести речь от имени кого-либо; застать, найти кого-либо; как будто в трансе; распорядиться; трудиться ночью и днем; носить лохмотья; поработать кого-либо; давить виноград; мочка уха; бросить якорь; язык и губы его не слушались; нитка бус; иметь форму чего-либо; пожать плечами; русло высохшей реки; вырыть глубокую яму; сжать зубы; оставить кого-либо своим компаньоном; на склоне моих лет; склонить голову; орган зазвучал

2 Find these words and phrases in the text, and notice the way in which they are used. In each case circle a), b) or c) to show which one you think is the best equivalent.

- 1) "the tired guard"
 a) the weary guard
 b) the curious guard
 c) the working guard
- 2) "his eyelids trembled"
 a) his eyelids opened
 b) his eyelids vibrated
 c) his eyelids closed
- 3) "haggard women"
 a) wild women
 b) worn women
 c) spare women

- 4) "crept away from the altar"
 a) left the altar unnoticed
 b) crawled away from the altar
 c) stole the altar
- 5) "through the murmurs of people"
 a) through the grumble of people
 b) through the whisper of people
 c) through the mutter of people
- 6) "evil things"
 a) wicked things
 b) unfortunate things
 c) wrong things
- 7) "Death galloped away"
 a) Death fled away
 b) Death disappeared
 c) Death sent away
- 8) "The adders hissed at him"
 a) The adders sibilated
 b) The adders whistled
 c) The adders shrilled
- 9) "had a fascination for him"
 a) charmed him
 b) delighted him
 c) bewitched him
- 10) "mocked at him"
 a) laughed at him
 b) were very surprised
 c) thought he was stupid

3 Group the following words under the headings below.

whisper, hope, murmur, relief, quarrel, pleasure, sorrow, passion, joy, trance, eagerness, terror, chatter

Related to ways of speaking			Related to ways of feeling	
quiet	normal	angry	good / happy	bad / unhappy

4 Fill in the blanks with correct prepositions.

- 1) It was the hunters who had found him almost _____ chance.
- 2) They had no children _____ their own and lived _____ remote part _____ the forest.
- 3) _____ the presence _____ the Council the old King acknowledged him as his heir.
- 4) The young King showed signs _____ that strange passion _____ beauty which had great influence _____ his life.
- 5) The young King was caught kneeling _____ real admiration before a great picture that had been brought _____ Venice.
- 6) He imagined himself to be standing _____ the high altar _____ the Cathedral _____ the fair clothes of a King.
- 7) I am weak _____ hunger, and he suffers not a little _____ overfeeding.
- 8) He thought that he was lying _____ the deck _____ large ship _____ a hundred slaves.
- 9) The master of the ship weighed them, and put them _____ a little bag _____ green leather.
- 10) He thought that he was wandering _____ a dim wood, full _____ strange fruits and beautiful poisonous flowers.
- 11) There he saw a great crowd _____ men working _____ the bed _____ a dried-up river.
- 12) She passed _____ the great crowd _____ men, and a third _____ them lay dead.
- 13) He knelt _____ the image of Christ, and the great candles burnt brightly.
- 14) He stood there _____ the king's dress, and the Glory of God filled the place.

5 Insert articles if necessary.

- 1) _____ boy threw himself back with _____ deep sigh of relief on _____ soft coach.
- 2) As soon as he could escape from _____ Council, he would run down _____ great staircase and wander from _____ room to _____ room, and from _____ corridor to _____ corridor.
- 3) But more often he would be alone, feeling through _____ certain instinct that _____ Beauty like _____ Wisdom loves _____ lonely worshipper.
- 4) It was said that _____ Burgomaster who had come to make _____ speech on behalf of _____ citizens of _____ town caught _____ sight of him kneeling in _____ real admiration before _____ picture.
- 5) But what had occupied him most was _____ robe he was to wear at his coronation, _____ robe of gold, and _____ ruby crown, and _____ sceptre with its rows and _____ rings of _____ pearls.
- 6) _____ designs which were from _____ hands of _____ most famous artists of _____ time had been brought to him many months before.
- 7) Outside he could see _____ great dome of _____ Cathedral looming like _____ bubble over _____ shadowy houses, and _____ tired guard walking up and down on _____ terrace by _____ river.
- 8) And _____ Death laughed, and took _____ cup, and put it into _____ pool of _____ water, and out of _____ cup rose _____ Ague.
- 9) _____ Chamberlain and _____ high officers of _____ State came in and bowed to him, and _____ pages brought him _____ robe of gold, and set _____ crown and _____ sceptre before him.
- 10) _____ young King picked _____ branch of _____ wild briar that was climbing over _____ balcony, and bent it, and made _____ small circle of it, and set it on his own head.
- 11) And _____ young King's eyes were filled with _____ tears, and he rode on through _____ murmurs of _____ people, and _____ little page grew afraid and left him.

12) He knelt before _____ image of Christ, and _____ great candles burned brightly.

6 Complete these sentences by adding *little (a little)* or *few (a few)*.

Examples: Hurry up! We have got *little* time.
I last saw John *a few* days ago.

- 1) There is a shortage of water because there has been very _____ rain recently.
- 2) This is not the first time the car has broken down. It happened _____ times before.
- 3) The theatre was almost empty. There were very _____ people there.
- 4) I don't think Joe would be a good teacher. She's got _____ patience with children.
- 5) "Would you like some more coffee?" "Yes, please, but only _____."
- 6) This town isn't well-known and there isn't much to see, so _____ tourists come here.
- 7) Jack's mother died _____ years ago.
- 8) He doesn't speak much English. Only _____ words.
- 9) We didn't have any money but Bob had _____.
- 10) Can you describe the situation in _____ words?
- 11) The streets looked almost deserted. There were _____ people there.
- 12) "Are there many mistakes in my composition?" — "Quite _____."
- 13) I'm not pleased with him. He takes very _____ trouble with his work.
- 14) I think that a good speaker can say much in _____ words.
- 15) "Do you speak French?" — "Just _____."
- 16) The courtiers went to receive _____ lessons from the Professor of Etiquette.

7 Can you fill in the missing words?

- 1) He was the child of the old King's daughter by a

_____ marriage with someone much lower in _____.

- 2) Some people said he was a stranger who made the young Princess love him by the wonderful magic of his _____.
- 3) He missed at times the _____ of forest life, and always criticised the Court _____ that occupied so much of each day.
- 4) And the whole world was to be searched for jewels that would be _____ of their work.
- 5) The walls were hung with rich _____ representing the Triumph of Beauty.
- 6) When midnight sounded from the _____, he touched a bell, and his pages entered and undressed him with much ceremony.
- 7) The slaves were naked, but for a _____ lion-cloth, and each man was chained to his neighbour.
- 8) As soon as they had cast anchor and _____ down the sail, the negroes went into the hold and brought up a long _____, heavily weighted with lead.
- 9) The negroes chattered to each other, and began to quarrel over a _____ of bright beads.
- 10) And Avarice fled screaming through the forest, and Death jumped upon his red horse and _____ away.
- 11) He opened a great painted box, and from it he took the _____ tunic and rough _____ cloak that he had worn.
- 12) He stood there in the king's dress, and the gates of the shrine _____ opened, and from the crystal of the many-rayed _____ shone a marvellous mystical light.

8 Translate the following sentences into English.

- 1) На смертном одре старый Король раскаялся в своем грехе.
- 2) В присутствии Совета Король провозгласил юношу своим наследником.
- 3) Порою юноше не доставало свободной лесной жизни.
- 4) Молодой Король любил оставаться один для того, чтобы без помех любоваться прекрасными вещами.

- 5) «Целыми днями мы трудимся на богачей, а они набивают сундуки золотом», — отвечал ткач.
- 6) Спустя некоторое время ныряльщик показался из воды, и в правой руке он держал жемчужину.
- 7) Он шел и шел, пока не достиг опушки леса; там он увидел великое множество людей, работавших в русле высохшей реки.
- 8) Молодой Король отослал прочь всех, кроме одного пажа, которого он оставил при себе.
- 9) Молодой Король отказался облачаться в одежду короля и поведал им три своих сна.
- 10) Вместо одежды короля он облачился в одежду пастуха.
- 11) Старый епископ сказал: «Я стар и на склоне лет знаю, что много зла творится в этом мире».
- 12) Он попросил юношу надеть на себя одежду, подобающую королю.
- 13) И юноша предстал в прекрасном облачении перед людьми.



Discussion Tasks

1 Discuss the following.

- 1) Prove that the young King had a passion for beauty.
- 2) Comment on the following statement from the tale: "The burden of this world is too great for one man to bear, and the world's sorrow too heavy for one heart to suffer." Give your arguments.
- 3) Do you think there can be friendship between the rich and the poor? Give your arguments.
- 4) Discuss the moral of the tale.



THE FISHERMAN AND THE SOUL

Every evening the young Fisherman went to the sea and threw his nets into the water. When the wind blew from the land he caught nothing. But when the wind blew to the shore, the fish came in from the deep, and swam into his nets, and he took them to the marketplace and sold them.

Every evening he went out upon the sea, and one evening the net was so heavy that he could hardly draw it into the boat. And he laughed, and said to himself, "Surely I have caught all the fish that swim, or some dull monster that will be a surprise to men, or some thing of horror that the great Queen will desire," and with all his strength he pulled the coarse ropes till the net rose to the top of the water.

But no fish at all was in it, nor any monster or thing of horror, but only a little Mermaid lying fast asleep.

Her wet hair was like gold. Her body was as white as ivory,

and her tail was of silver and pearl. Like seashells were her ears, and her lips were like sea-coral.

So beautiful was she, that when the young Fisherman saw her, he was filled with wonder. He put out his hand and drew the net close to him, and leaning over it, he held her in his arms. And when he touched her, she gave a cry like a seagull, and woke, and looked at him in terror, and struggled that she might escape. But he held her tightly to him, and would not let her go.

And when she saw that she could in no way escape from him, she began to weep, and said, "I pray you let me go, for I am the only daughter of a King, and my father is old and alone."

But the young Fisherman answered, "I will not let you go till you make me a promise that whenever I call you, you will come and sing to me, for the fish delight to listen to the song of the Sea-folk, and so shall my nets be full."

"Will you let me go, if I promise you this?" cried the Mermaid.

"In very truth I will let you go," said the young Fisherman.

So she made him the promise and swore it by the oath of the Sea-folk. And he loosened his arms from about her, and she sank down into the water, trembling with a strange fear.

Every evening the young Fisherman went out upon the sea, and called to the Mermaid, and she rose out of the water and sang to him. Round and round her swam the dolphins, and the wild gulls wheeled above her head. And she sang a marvellous song.

And as she sang, all the fish came in from the deep to listen to her, and the young Fisherman threw his nets round them and caught them. And when his boat was full, the Mermaid would sink down into the sea, smiling at him.

Yet, she would never come near him that he might touch her. Often he called to her and begged her to come close, but she would not; and when he wanted to catch her, she dived into the water, and he did not see her again that day. And each day the sound of her voice became sweeter to his ears. So sweet was her voice that he forgot his nets and had no care of his craft. With lips parted and eyes dim with wonder, he sat idle in his boat and listened.

And one evening he called to her and said, "Little Mermaid, little Mermaid, I love you. Take me for your bridegroom, for I love you."

But the Mermaid shook her head, "You have a human soul,"

she answered. "If only you would send your soul away, then I could love you."

And the young Fisherman said to himself, "Of what use is my soul to me? I cannot see it. I may not touch it. I do not know it. Surely I will send it away from me, and much gladness shall be mine." And a cry of joy broke from his lips, and standing up in the painted boat, he held out his arms to the Mermaid. "I will send my soul away," he cried, "and you shall be my bride, and I will be your bridegroom, and in the depth of the sea we will live together, and all that you have sung you shall show me, and all that you desire I will do."

And the little Mermaid laughed for pleasure and hid her face in his hands.

"But how shall I send my soul from me?" cried the young Fisherman. "Tell me how I may do it."

"I do not know," said the little Mermaid, "the Sea-folk have no souls." And she sank down into the deep, looking sadly at him.

Early on the next morning the young Fisherman went to the house of the Priest and knocked three times at the door.

The novice looked out, and when he saw who it was, he opened the door and said to him, "Enter."

And the young Fisherman entered, and knelt down on the floor, and cried to the Priest, who was reading out of the Holy Book and said to him, "Father, I am in love with one of the Sea-folk, and my soul hinders me from having my desire. Tell me how I can send my soul away from me, for in truth I do not need it. Of what use is my soul to me? I cannot see it. I may not touch it. I do not know it."

And the Priest beat his breast, and answered, "Oh, you are mad, or have eaten some poisonous herb, for the soul is the noblest part of a man, and was given to us by God that we should nobly use it. There is nothing more precious than a human soul. It is worth all the gold that is in the world, and is more precious than the rubies of the kings. Therefore, my son, think not any more of this matter, for it is a sin that may not be forgiven. And as for the Sea-folk they are lost,¹ and those, who would deal with them, are lost also. They are the beasts of the field that do not understand the difference between good and evil, and for them the Lord has not died.²"

The young Fisherman's eyes filled with tears, when he heard the bitter words of the Priest, and he rose up from his knees and said

to him, "Father, the Fauns live in the forest and are glad, and on the rocks sit the Mermen with their harps of red gold. Let me be as they are, for their days are as the days of flowers. And as for my soul, what good does my soul do me, if it stands between me and the thing I love?"

"The love of the body is vile," cried the Priest, "and vile and evil are the pagan things³ God allows to wander through His world. The singers of the sea! I have heard them at night-time. They knock at the window and laugh. They whisper into my ears the tale of their joys. They tempt me with temptations, and when I pray, they make mouths at me. They are lost. I tell you, they are lost. For them there is no heaven nor hell, and neither shall they praise God's name."

"Father," cried the young Fisherman, "you do not know what you say. Once in my net I caught the daughter of a King. She is fairer than the morning star, and whiter than the moon. For her body I would give my soul, and for her love I would surrender heaven. Tell me what I ask of you, and let me go in peace."

"Away! Away!" cried the Priest. "Your leman is lost, and you shall be lost with her." And he gave him no blessing, but drove him from his door.

And the young Fisherman went to the marketplace, and he walked slowly, and with a bowed head, as one who is in sorrow.

And when the merchants saw him coming, they began to whisper to each other, and one of them came up to meet him and called him by name, and said to him, "What do you have to sell?"

"I will sell you my soul," he answered, "I pray you buy it of me, for I am very tired of it. Of what use is my soul to me? I cannot see it. I may not touch it. I do not know it."

But the merchants mocked at him, and said, "Of what use is a man's soul to us? It is not worth a clipped piece of silver.⁴ Sell us your body for a slave, and we will put on you sea-purple clothes and a ring on your finger, and make you the minion of the great Queen.⁵ But do not talk of the soul, to us it is nothing, it has no value for our service."

And the young Fisherman said to himself, "How strange a thing this is! The Priest tells me that the soul is worth all the gold in the world, and the merchants say that it is not worth a clipped piece of silver." And he left the market-place, and went down to the shore of the sea, and began to think what he should do.

And at noon he remembered how one of his companions who was a gatherer of samphire, had told him of a certain young Witch who lived in a cave at the head of the bay and was very good at her witcheries. And he set to and ran, so eager he was to get rid of his soul. The young Witch knew that he was coming, and she laughed and let down her red hair. With her red hair falling around her, she stood at the opening of the cave, and in her hand she had a spray of wild hemlock that was blossoming.⁶

"What do you lack?⁷ What do you lack?" she cried, as he came. "Fish for your net? I have a little reed pipe, and when I blow on it, the mullet come sailing into the bay. But it has a price, pretty boy, it has a price. What do you lack? What do you lack? A storm to wreck the ships? I have more storms than the wind has, for I serve one, who is stronger than the wind. I can send the great ships to the bottom of the sea. But I have a price, pretty boy, I have a price. What do you lack? What do you lack? I know a flower that grows in the valley, none knows it but I. It has purple leaves, and a star in its heart, and its juice is as white as milk. Should you touch with this flower the hard lips of the Queen, she would follow you all over the world. Out of the bed of the King she would rise, and over the whole world she would follow you. But it has a price, pretty boy, it has a price. What do you lack? What do you lack? Tell me your desire, and I will give it to you, and you shall pay me a price, pretty boy, you shall pay me a price."

"My desire is but for a little thing,"⁸ said the young Fisherman, "yet the Priest has been very angry with me, and driven me out. It is but for a little thing, and the merchants have mocked me, and denied me. Therefore I have come to you, though men call you evil, and whatever be your price I shall pay it."

"What would you do?" asked the Witch, coming near to him.

"I would send my soul away from me," answered the young Fisherman.

The Witch grew pale, and trembled, and hid her face in her blue mantle. "Pretty boy, pretty boy," she said, "that is a terrible thing to do."

He laughed. "My soul is nothing to me," he answered. "I cannot see it. I may not touch it. I do not know it."

"What will you give me, if I tell you?" asked the Witch, looking down at him with her beautiful eyes.

"Five pieces of gold," he said, "and my nets, and the house

where I live, and the painted boat in which I sail. Only tell me how to get rid of my soul, and I will give you all I possess."

She laughed mockingly at him, and struck him with the spray of hemlock. "I can turn the autumn leaves into gold," she answered. "He whom I serve is richer than all the kings of this world."

"What then shall I give you," he cried, "if your price be neither gold nor silver?"

The Witch stroke his hair with her thin white hand. "You must dance with me, pretty boy," she said, smiling at him.

"Nothing but that?" cried the young Fisherman in wonder, and he rose to his feet.

"Nothing but that," she answered, and she smiled at him again.

"Then at sunset in some secret place we shall dance together," he said, "and after we have danced, you shall tell me the thing, which I desire to know."

She shook her head. "When the moon is full, when the moon is full," she repeated. Then she looked all round, and listened. A blue bird rose screaming from its nest, and three birds whistled to each other. There was no sound, except the sound of a wave. So she reached out her hand, and drew him near to her and put her dry lips close to his ear.

"Tonight you must come to the top of the mountain," she whispered. "It is a Sabbath, and He will be there."

The young Fisherman looked at her, and she showed her white teeth and laughed. "Who is He, of whom you speak?" he asked.

"It doesn't matter," she answered. "Tonight go and stand under the branches of the hornbeam,⁹ and wait for my coming. If a black dog runs towards you, strike it with a rod of willow, and it will go away. If an owl speaks you, make it no answer. When the moon is full, I shall be with you, and we will dance together on the grass."

"But will you swear to me to tell me how I may send my soul from me?" he asked.

"By the hoofs of the goat I swear it," she answered.

"You are the best of the witches," cried the young Fisherman, "and I will surely dance with you tonight on the top of the mountain. I would not have minded if you had asked me for gold or silver. But as your price is such a trifling matter, so be it." And he took off his cap to her, and bent his head low, and ran back to the town filled with a great joy.

And the Witch watched him, as he went. And after a time

she clenched her hands in anger. "He should have been mine," she said, "I am as fair as she is."

And that evening, when the moon had risen, the young Fisherman climbed up to the top of the mountain, and stood under the branches of the hornbeam. The round sea lay at his feet, and the shadows of the fishing boats moved in the little bay. A great owl with yellow eyes, called to him by his name, but he made it no answer. A black dog ran towards him and barked. He struck it with a rod of willow, and it went away.

At midnight the witches came flying through the air. "Phew!" they cried, as they lit upon the ground, "there is someone here, we do not know!" and they sniffed about, and chattered to each other, and made signs. Last of all came the young Witch, with her red hair streaming in the wind. She wore a dress of gold tissue embroidered with peacocks' eyes, and a little cap of green velvet was on her head.

"Where is he, where is he?" cried the witches, when they saw her, but she only laughed, and ran to the hornbeam, and taking the Fisherman by the hand, she led him out into the moonlight and began to dance.

Round and round they whirled, and the young Witch jumped so high that he could see the scarlet heels of her shoes. Then right across the dancers came the sound of the galloping of a horse, but no horse was to be seen, and he felt afraid.

"Faster," cried the Witch, and she threw her arms around his neck, and her breath was hot upon his face. "Faster, faster!" she cried. The earth seemed to turn fast beneath his feet, and his brain grew troubled, and a great terror fell on him, as of some evil thing that was watching him. And at last he became aware that under the shadow of a rock there was a figure that had not been there before.

It was a man dressed in a suit of black velvet, cut in the Spanish fashion. His face was strangely pale, but his lips were like a proud red flower. He seemed tired and was leaning back. On the grass beside him lay a hat, and a pair of riding gloves. A short cloak hung from his shoulder, and his delicate white hands were gemmed with rings. Heavy eyelids trembled over his eyes.

The young Fisherman watched him. At last their eyes met, and wherever he danced, it seemed to him, the eyes of the man were upon him. He heard the Witch laugh, and caught her by the waist, and whirled her madly round and round.

Suddenly a dog bayed in the wood, and the dancers stopped, and going up two by two, knelt down, and kissed the man's hands. As they did so, a little smile touched his proud lips, as a bird's wing touches the water and makes it laugh. But there was no respect in it. He kept looking at the young Fisherman.

"Come! Let us worship," whispered the Witch, and she led him up, and he followed her. But when he came close, and without knowing why he did it, he made the sign of the Cross on his breast, and called upon the holy name.

No sooner had he done so, than the witches screamed and flew away, and the face, that had been watching him, moved with a spasm of pain. The man went over to a little wood, and whistled. A jennet with silver trappings came running to meet him. As he jumped upon the saddle, he turned round, and looked at the young Fisherman sadly.

And the Witch with the red hair tried to fly away also, but the Fisherman caught her by her wrists, and held her fast.

"Loose me," she cried, "and let me go. For you have named what should not be named, and shown the sign that may not be looked at."

"No," he answered, "but I will not let you go till you have told me the secret."

"What secret?" said the Witch, fighting with him like a wild cat, and biting her lips.

"You know," he made answer.

Her grass-green eyes grew dim with tears, and she said to the Fisherman, "Ask me anything but that!"

He laughed, and held her more tightly.

And when she saw that she could not free herself, she whispered to him, "Surely I am as fair the daughter of the sea, and as beautiful as those who live in the blue waters," and she jumped on him and put her face close to his.

But he pushed her back frowning, and said to her, "If you do not keep your promise, I will kill you."

She grew grey and trembled. "Be it so," she said. "It is your soul and not mine. Do with it as you will." And she took a little knife that had a handle of green viper's skin, and gave it to him.

"What shall this serve me?" he asked of her wondering.

She was silent for a few moments, and a look of terror came over her face. Then she brushed her fair hair back from her forehead,

and smiling strangely, she said to him, "What men call the shadow of the body is not the shadow of the body, but it is the body of the soul. Stand on the seashore with your back to the moon, and cut away from around your feet your shadow, which is your soul's body, and ask your soul leave you, and it will do so."

The young Fisherman trembled. "Is this true?" he asked.

"It is true, and I wish I had not told you of it," she cried, throwing herself to his knees, weeping.

He put her from himself and left her in the grass, and going to the edge of the mountain, he placed the knife in his belt and began to climb down.

And his Soul that was within him called out to him and said, "I have lived with you for all these years, and have been your servant. Do not send me away from you now, for what evil have I done you?"

And the young Fisherman laughed. "You have done me no evil, but I have no need of you," he answered. "The world is wide, and there is Heaven also, and Hell, and that dim twilight house that lies between. Go wherever you will, but trouble me not, for my love is calling to me."

And his Soul asked him piteously, but he would not listen to it. At last he reached the level ground and the yellow shore of the sea. Well-built, like a statue made by a Grecian, he stood on the sand with his back to the moon. And out of the foam came white arms, and out of the waves rose dim forms. Before him lay his shadow which was the body of his soul, and behind him hung the moon in the honey-coloured air.

And his Soul said to him, "If indeed you must drive me from you, do not send me without a heart. The world is cruel, give me your heart to take with me."

He tossed his head and smiled. "With what should I love my love, if I gave you my heart?" he cried.

"No, but be merciful," said his Soul, "give me your heart, for the world is cruel, and I am afraid."

"My heart is my love's," he answered, "therefore get away."

"Should I not love also?" asked his Soul.

"Get away, for I have no need of you," cried the young Fisherman. He took the little knife with its handle of green viper's skin, and cut away his shadow from around his feet. And it rose up and stood before him, and looked at him, and it was even as himself.

He put the knife into his belt, and a strange feeling came over him. "Get away," he said, "and let me see your face no more."

"No, but we must meet again," said the Soul. Its voice was low and sounded like a flute, and its lips hardly moved while it spoke.

"How shall we meet?" cried the young Fisherman. "You will not follow me into the depths of the sea?"

"Once every year I will come to this place, and I will call to you," said the Soul. "It may be that you will have need of me."

"What need should I have of you?" cried the young Fisherman, "but be it as you will," and he sank down into the water, and the Tritons blew their horns, and the little Mermaid rose up to meet him, and put her arms around his neck and kissed him on the mouth.

And the Soul stood on the lonely beach and watched them. And when they had sunk down into the sea, it went weeping away over the marshes.

And after a year was over the Soul came down to the shore of the sea and called to the young Fisherman, and he rose out of the deep, and said, "Why do you call to me?"

And the Soul answered, "Come nearer, that I may speak with you, for I have seen marvellous things."

So he came nearer, and couched in the shallow water, and leaned his head on his hands and listened.

And the Soul said to him, "When I left you, I turned my face to the East and journeyed. From the East comes everything that is wise. Six days I journeyed, and on the morning of the seventh day I came to a hill that is in the country of the Tartars. I sat down under the shade of a tree to shelter myself from the sun. The land was dry and burnt up with the heat.

"When it was noon, a cloud of red dust rose up. When the Tartars saw it, they, having jumped upon their little horses, galloped to meet it. The women ran away screaming to the waggons.

"At twilight the Tartars returned, but five of them were missing, and of those that came back many had been wounded.

"When the moon rose, I saw a camp-fire burning on the plain, and went towards it. A company of merchants were seated round in on the carpets. Their camels were behind them, and the

negroes who were their servants were setting up tents upon the sand, and making a high wall.

"As I came near them, the chief of the merchants rose up and asked me my business.

"I answered that I was a Prince in my own land, and that I had escaped from the Tartars who wanted to make me their slave. The chief smiled.

"Then he asked me who was the prophet of God, and I answered him Mohammed.

"When he heard the name of the false prophet, he bowed and took me by the hand, and placed me by his side. A negro brought me some mare's milk, and a piece of lamb's meat.

"At day break we started on our journey. I rode on a red-haired camel by the side of the chief. There were forty camels in the caravan, and the mules were twice forty in number.

"We went from the country of the Tartars into the country of those who curse the Moon. As we passed over the mountains we held our breath, fearing the snows might fall on us. As we went through the valleys, the Pygmies shot arrows at us from the hollows of the trees. When we came to the Tower of Apes, we gave them fruits, and they did not harm us. When we came to the Tower of Serpents, we gave them milk, and they let us go by.

"The kings of each city imposed taxes upon us, but would not allow us to enter their gates. They threw us bread and cakes over the walls. For every hundred baskets we gave them a bead of amber.

"In the fourth month we reached the city of Illel. It was night-time, when we came. We took the ripe pomegranates from the trees, and drank their sweet juices. Then we lay down on our carpets and waited for the dawn.

"And at dawn we rose and knocked at the gate of the city. The guards asked us our business. The interpreter of the caravan answered that we had come from the island of Syria with many goods. They said that they would open the gate to us at noon, and told us to wait till then.

"When it was noon, they opened the gate, and as we entered in, the people came crowding out of the houses to look at us.

"And on the first day the priests came and bartered with us, and on the second day came the nobles, and on the third day came the craftsmen and the slaves. And this is their custom with all merchants, as long as they stay in the city.

"And when the moon rose, I wandered away through the streets

of the city and came to the garden of its god. The priests in their yellow robes moved silently through the green trees, and on a pavement of black marble stood the rose-red house, in which the god lived.

"In front of the temple was a pool of clear water. I lay down beside it, and with my pale fingers I touched the broad leaves. One of the priests came towards me and stood behind me.

"After a little while he spoke to me, and asked me my desire.

"I told him that my desire was to see the god.

"The god is hunting," said the priest, looking strangely at me with his small slanting eyes.

"Tell me in what forest, and I will ride with him," I answered.

"The god is asleep," he said.

"Tell me on what couch, and I will watch by him," I answered.

"The god is at the feast," he cried.

"If the wine is sweet, I will drink it with him, and if it is bitter, I will drink with him also," was my answer.

"He bowed his head in wonder, and, taking me by the hand, he raised me up, and led me into the temple.

"And in the first chamber I saw an idol seated on a throne of jasper and great orient pearls. It was made of ebony, and the stature was the size of the stature of a man. On its forehead was a ruby, and thick oil dripped from its hair on to its thighs. Its feet were red with the blood of a newly-killed kid.

"And I said to the priest, 'Is this the god?' And he answered me, 'This is the god.'

"Show me the god," I cried, 'or I will surely kill you.' And I touched his hand, and it became withered.

"And the priest begged me, 'Let my lord heal his servant, and I will show him the god.'

"So I breathed with my breath upon his hand, and it became whole again, and he trembled and led me into the second chamber, and an idol standing on a lotus of jade hung with great emeralds. It was made of ivory, and in stature was twice the stature of a man. On its forehead was a chrysolite.

"And I said to the priest, 'Is this the god?' And he answered me, 'This is the god.'

"Show me the god," I cried, 'or I will surely kill you.' And I touched his eyes, and they became blind.

"And the priest begged me, 'Let my lord heal his servant, and I will show him the god.'

"So I breathed with my breath upon his eyes, and the sight came back to them, and he trembled again, and led me into the third chamber. There was no idol in it, nor image of any kind, but a mirror of round metal set on an altar of stone.

"And I said to the priest, 'Where is the god?'

"And he answered me, 'There is no god but this mirror that you see, for this is the Mirror of Wisdom. And it reflects all things that are in heaven and on earth, except for the face of the one, who looks into it. This it reflects not, so that he who looks into it may be wise. Many other mirrors are there, but they are mirrors of Opinion. This only is the Mirror of Wisdom. And they who possess this mirror know everything. And they who possess it not, have not Wisdom. Therefore, it is the god, and we worship it.' And I looked into the mirror, and it was exactly as he had said to me.

"And I did a strange thing, but what I did matters not, for in a valley that is but a day's journey from this place I have hidden the Mirror of Wisdom. Do but let me enter into you again and be your servant, and you shall be wiser than all the wise men, and Wisdom shall be yours. Let me enter you, and none will be as wise as you."

But the young Fisherman laughed. "Love is better than Wisdom," he cried, "and the little Mermaid loves me."

"No, but there is nothing better than Wisdom," said the Soul.

"Love is better," answered the young Fisherman, and he sank down into the deep, and the Soul went weeping away over the marshes.

And after the second year was over, the Soul came down to the shore of the sea, and called to the young Fisherman and he rose out of the deep and said, "Why do you call to me?"

And the Soul answered, "Come nearer, that I may speak with you, for I have seen marvellous things."

So he came nearer, and couched in the shallow water, and leaned his head upon his hand and listened.

And the Soul said to him, "When I left you, I turned my face to the South and journeyed. From the South comes everything that is precious. Six days I journeyed along the highways, by which the pilgrims go, and on the morning of the seventh day I opened my eyes, and the city of Ashter lay at my feet, for it is in a valley.

"There are nine gates to this city, and in front of each gate

there is a bronze horse that neighs,¹⁰ when the Bedouins come down from the mountains.

"When I wanted to enter, the guards stopped me and asked, who I was. I answered that I was a Dervish¹¹ and on my way to the city of Mecca. They were filled with wonder, and allowed me to enter.

"Inside it is even as a bazaar. Surely you should have been with me. Across the narrow streets the torches of paper hang like large butterflies. When the wind blows over the roofs, they rise and fall. In front of their shops sit the merchants on silken carpets. Some of them sell curious perfumes from the islands of the Indian Sea, and the oil of red roses.

"At last I stopped at a square white house. There were no windows to it, only a little door like the door of a tomb. I knocked three times with a copper hammer. An Armenian in a caftan of green leather looked through the wicket. And when he saw me, he opened, and spread a carpet on the ground, and the woman stepped out. As she went in, she turned round and smiled at me again. I had never seen anyone so pale.

"When the moon rose, I returned to the same place and sought for the house, but it was no longer there. When I saw that, I knew who the woman was, and why she had smiled at me.

"Certainly you should have been with me. On the feast of the New Moon the young Emperor came out of his palace and went into his mosque to pray.

"At sunrise he came out of his palace in a robe of silver, and at sunset he returned to it again in a robe of gold. The people threw themselves on the ground and hid their faces, but I would not do so. I stood by the stall of a seller of dates and waited. When the Emperor saw me, he raised his painted eyebrows and stopped. I stood quite still, and did not bow him. The people were surprised at my courage, and advised me to run away from the city. I paid no attention to them, but went and sat with the sellers of strange gods. When I told them what I had done, each of them gave me a god and prayed me to leave them.

"That night, as I lay on a cushion in the tea-house that is in the Street of Pomegranates, the guards of the Emperor entered and led me to the palace. As I went in, they closed each door behind me, and put a chain across it.

"As I passed across the court, two veiled women looked down from a balcony. The guards hastened on. They opened a gate, and I

found myself in a watered garden of seven terraces. It was planted with tulip and moon-flowers,¹² and silver aloes.¹³ The cypress-trees were like burnt-out torches. From one of them a nightingale was singing.

"At the end of the garden stood a little pavilion. As we approached it, two eunuchs came out to meet us. They looked curiously at me. One of them drew aside the captain of the guard, and in a low voice whispered to him.

"After a few moments the captain of the guard dismissed the soldiers. They went back to the palace, the eunuchs following slowly behind and plucking the sweet berries from the trees, as they passed. Once the elder of the two turned round, and smiled at me with an evil smile.

"Then the captain of the guard led me towards the entrance of the pavilion. I walked on without trembling.

"The young Emperor was lying on a couch of lion skins. Behind him stood a Nubian naked down to the waist, and with heavy earrings in his ears. On a table by the side of the couch lay a big sword.

"When the Emperor saw me, he frowned, and said to me, 'What is your name? Do not you know that I am Emperor of this city?' But I made him no answer.

"He pointed with his finger at the sword, and the Nubian seized it, and rushing forward struck at me with great violence. The blade whizzed through me, and did me no harm. The man fell on the floor, and when he rose up, his teeth chattered with terror, and he hid himself behind the couch.

"The Emperor jumped to his feet, and taking a lance from a stand of arms, he threw it at me. I caught it in its flight, and broke it into two pieces. He shot at me with an arrow, but I held up my hands and it stopped in midair. Then he took a dagger from his belt, and killed the Nubian in the throat, fearing the slave should tell of his dishonour.

"As soon as he was dead, the Emperor turned to me, and when he had wiped away blood from his brow with a little napkin of pure silk, he said to me, 'Are you a prophet, that I may not harm you, or the son of a prophet, that I can do you no harm? I pray you leave my city tonight, for while you are in it, I am no longer its lord.'

"And I answered him, 'I will go for half of your treasure. Give me half of the treasure, and I will go away.'

"He took me by the hand, and led me out into the garden.

When the captain saw, he wondered. When the eunuchs saw me, their knees shook and they fell upon the ground in fear.

"There is a chamber in the palace that has eight walls. The Emperor touched one of the walls, and it opened, and we passed down a corridor that was lit with many torches. In niches upon each side stood great wine jars filled with silver pieces. When we reached the centre of the corridor the Emperor uttered the word that may not be uttered, and a granite door opened on a secret spring.

"You could not believe how marvellous a place it was. There were huge shells full of pearls, and moonstones of great size piled up with red rubies. The gold was stored in coffers of elephant hide, and the gold-dust in leather bottles. There were opals and sapphires in cups of crystal and jade. Round green emeralds were ranged in order upon thin plates of ivory, and in one corner were silk bags filled with precious stones.

"And the Emperor said to me, 'This is my house of treasure, and half that is in it is yours, as I promised to you. And I will give you camels and camel drivers, and they shall carry out your orders and take your share of the treasure to whatever part of the world you desire to go. And the thing shall be done tonight, for I would not that the Sun who is my father should see that there is in my city a man whom I cannot kill.'

"But I answered him, 'The gold that is here is yours, and the silver is also yours, and yours are the precious jewels and the things of price. As for me, I have no need of these. I shall take nothing from you but the little ring that you wear on the finger of your hand.'

"And the Emperor frowned. 'It is a ring of lead,' he cried, 'it has no value. Take your half of the treasure and go from my city.'

"No,' I answered, 'but I will take nothing but that leaden ring, for I know what is written within it, and for what purpose.'

"And the Emperor trembled, and begged me and said, 'Take all the treasure and go from my city. The half that is mine shall be yours also.'

"And I did a strange thing, but what I did matters not, for in a cave that is but a day's journey from this place have I hidden the Ring of Riches. It is but a day's journey from this place, and it waits for your coming. He who has the Ring is richer than all the kings of the world. Come therefore and take it, and the world's riches shall be yours."

But the young Fisherman laughed. "Love is better than Riches," he cried, "and the little Mermaid loves me."

"No, but there is nothing better than Riches," said the Soul.

"Love is better," answered the young Fisherman, and he sank down into the deep, and the Soul went weeping away over the marshes.

And after the third year was over, the Soul came down to the shore of the sea, and called to the young Fisherman, and he rose out of the deep and said, "Why do you call to me?"

And the Soul answered, "Come nearer, that I may speak with you, for I have seen marvellous things."

So he came nearer, and couched in the shallow water, and leaned his head upon his hand and listened.

And the Soul said to him, "In a city that I know of there is an inn that stands by a river. I sat there with sailors who drank wines and ate bread. And as we sat and made merry, there entered an old man, bearing a carpet and a lute that had two horns of amber. And when he had laid out the carpet on the floor, struck on the strings of his lute, and a girl, whose face was veiled, began to dance before us. Her face was veiled, but her feet were naked. Naked were her feet, and they moved over the carpet like little white pigeons. Never I have seen anything so marvellous, and the city, in which she dances, is but a day's journey from this place."

When the young Fisherman heard the words of his Soul, he remembered that the little Mermaid had no feet and could not dance. And a great desire came over him, and he said to himself, "It is but a day's journey, and I can return to my love," and he laughed, and stood up in the shallow water, and went towards the shore.

And when he had reached the dry shore, he laughed again, and held out his arms to his Soul. And his Soul gave a great cry of joy and ran to meet him, and entered into him, and the young Fisherman saw stretched before him the shadow of the body, that is the body of the Soul.

And his Soul said to him, "Let's hurry and start at once, for the Sea-gods are jealous, and have monsters that do whatever they want."

So they hurried, and all that night they journeyed beneath the moon, and all the next day they journeyed beneath the sun, and on the evening of the day they came to a city.

And the young Fisherman said to his Soul, "Is this the city in which she dances, of whom you speak to me?"

And his Soul answered him, "It is not this city, but another. Nevertheless let us enter in."

So they entered in and passed through the streets, and as they passed through the Street of Jewellers, the young Fisherman saw a fair silver cup in a shop. And his Soul said to him, "Take that silver cup and hide it."

So he took the cup and hid it in the fold of his tunic, and they went hurriedly out of the city.

And after they had gone away from the city, the young Fisherman frowned, and threw the cup away, and said to his Soul, "Why did you tell me to take this cup and hide it, for it was an evil thing to do?"

But his Soul answered him, "Be at peace, be at peace."

And on the evening of the second day they came to a city, and the young Fisherman said to his Soul, "Is this the city in which she dances, of whom you spoke to me?"

And his Soul answered him, "It is not this city, but another. Nevertheless let us enter in."

So they entered in and passed through the streets and as they passed through the Street of the Sellers of Sandals, the young Fisherman saw a child standing by a jar of water. And his Souls said to him, "Strike that child." So he struck the child till it wept, and when he had done this, they went hurriedly out of the city.

And after they had gone away from the city, the young Fisherman grew very angry, and said to his Soul, "Why did you tell me to strike the child, for it was an evil thing to do?"

But his Soul answered him, "Be at peace, be at peace."

And on the evening of the third day they came to a city, and the young Fisherman said to his Soul, "Is this the city in which she dances, of whom you did speak to me?"

And his Soul answered him, "It may be that it is this city, therefore let us enter in."

So they entered in and passed through the streets, but nowhere could the young Fisherman find the river or the inn that stood by its side. And the people of the city looked curiously at him, and he grew afraid and said to his Soul, "Let's go away, for she who dances with white feet is not here."

But his Soul answered, "No, let us stay, for the night is dark, and there will be robbers on the way."

So he sat down in the marketplace and rested, and after a

time a merchant came up to him. And the merchant said to him, "Why do you sit in the marketplace, seeing that the shops are closed?"

And the young Fisherman answered him, "I can find no inn in this city, I have no relatives who might give me shelter."

"Are we not all relatives?" said the merchant. "And did not one God make us? Therefore come with me, for I have a guest-chamber."

So the young Fisherman rose up and followed the merchant to his house. And when he had passed through a garden of pomegranates and entered into the house, the merchant brought him rosewater in a copper dish that he might wash his hands, and ripe melons that might quench his thirst, and put rice and a piece of roasted meat before him.

And after he had finished, the merchant led him to the guest-chamber, and asked him to sleep and be at rest. And the young Fisherman thanked him, and kissed the ring that was on his hand, and threw himself down on the carpets. And when he had covered himself with a covering of black lamb's-wool, he fell asleep.

And three hours before dawn, and while it was still night, his Soul woke him and said to him, "Rise up and go to the room of the merchant, and kill him, and take from him all the gold, for we have need of it."

And the young Fisherman rose up and went towards the room of the merchant. Over the feet of the merchant there was lying a sword, and by the side of the merchant there were nine purses of gold. And he reached out his hand and touched the sword, and when he touched it, the merchant awoke and cried to the young Fisherman, "Do you return evil for good, and pay with blood for the kindness that I have shown you?"

And his Soul said to the young Fisherman, "Strike him," and he struck him so that he fainted, and he took the nine purses of gold, and ran away hastily through the garden of pomegranates, and set his face to the star that is the star of morning.

And when they had gone away from the city, the young Fisherman beat his breast, and said to his Soul, "Why did you order me to kill the merchant and take his gold? Surely you are evil."

But his Soul answered him, "Be at peace, be at peace."

"No," cried the young Fisherman, "I may not be at peace, for all that you have made me do I hate. You also I hate, and please tell me why you have treated me this way."

And his Soul answered him, "When you sent me away into the world you gave me no heart, so I learned to do all things and love them."

"What do you say?" asked the young Fisherman.

"You know," answered the Soul, "you know it well. Have you forgotten that you gave me no heart? And so trouble not yourself nor me, but be at peace, for there is no pain that you shall give away, nor any pleasure that you shall not receive."

And when the young Fisherman heard these words, he trembled and said to his Soul, "No, but you are evil, and have made me forget my love, and have tempted me with temptations, and have set my feet in the ways of sins."

And his Soul answered him, "You have not forgotten that when you sent me away into the world, you gave me no heart. Come, let us go to another city, and make merry, for we have nine purses of gold."

But the young Fisherman took nine purses of gold, and threw them down, and crushed them under his feet.

"No," he cried, "but I will have nothing to do with you, nor will I journey with you anywhere, but as I sent you away before, so will I send you away now, for you have brought me no good." And he turned his back to the moon, and with the little knife that had the handle of green viper's skin he cut from his feet that shadow of the body which is the body of the Soul.

Yet his Soul stirred not from him, nor listened to his command, but said to him, "The secret that the Witch has told you does not help you any more, for I may not leave you, nor may you send me away. Once in his life may a man send his Soul away, but he who receives back his Soul must keep it with him for ever, and this is his punishment and his reward."

And the young Fisherman grew pale and clenched his hands and cried. "She was a false Witch in that she told me not that."

"No," answered his Soul, "but she was true to Him she worships, and whose servant she will be ever."

And when the young Fisherman knew that he could no longer get rid of his Soul, and that it was an evil Soul, and would live with him always, he fell upon the ground weeping bitterly.

And when it was day, the young Fisherman rose up and said to his Soul, "I will tie my hands that I may not carry out your orders,

and close my lips that I may not speak your words, and I will return to the place, where she whom I love lives. Even to the sea I will return, and to the little bay, where she sings, and I will call to her and tell her the evil I have done and the evil you have ordered me."

And his Soul tempted him and said, "Who is your love, that you should return to her? The world has many fairer than she is. There are the dancing-girls of Samaris,¹⁴ who dance in the manner of all kinds of birds and beasts. Their feet are painted with henna, and in their hands they have little copper bells. They laugh, while they dance, and their laughter is as clear as the laughter of water. Come with me and I will show them to you. For what is the trouble of yours about the things of sin? Is that which is pleasant to eat not made for the eater? Is there poison in that which is sweet to drink? Trouble not yourself, but come with me to another city. There is a little city near by, in which there is a garden of tulip-trees. And there live in this beautiful garden white peacocks and peacocks that have blue breasts. Their tails, when they spread them to the sun, are like disks of ivory. And she who feeds them dances for pleasure, and sometimes she dances on her hands, and at other times she dances with her feet. She laughs while she dances, and the silver rings that are about her ankles tinkle like bells of silver. And so trouble not yourself any more, but come with me to this city."

But the young Fisherman answered not his Soul, but closed his lips with the seal of silence and with a tight cord tied his hands. He journeyed back to the place from which he had come, to the little bay, where his love used to sing. And ever did his Soul tempt him by the way, but he made no answer, nor would he carry out any of his orders, so great was the power of the love that was within him.

And when he reached the shore of the sea, he loosened the cord from his hands, and took the seal of silence from his lips, and called to the little Mermaid. But she came not to his call, though he called to her all day long.

And his Soul mocked him and said, "Surely you have but little joy out of your love. You are as one who in time of death pours water into a broken vessel.¹⁵ You give away what you have, and nothing is given to you in return. It were better for you to come with me, for I know where the Valley of Pleasure lies."

But the Fisherman answered not his Soul, but he built himself a house, and lived there for the space of a year. And every morning he called to the Mermaid, and every noon he called to her again,

and at night-time he called her by name. Yet, never did she rise out of the sea to meet him, nor in any place of the sea could he find her, though he sought for her in the caves and in the green water, in the wells that are at the bottom of the deep.

And ever did his Soul tempt him with evil, and whisper of terrible things. Yet it did not conquer him, so great was the power of his love.

And after the year was over, the Soul thought within himself, "I have tempted my master with evil, and his love is stronger than I am. I will tempt now with good, and it may be that he will come with me."

So he said to the young Fisherman, "I have told you of the joy of the world, and you have turned a deaf ear to me. Let me now tell you of the world's pain, and it may be that you will listen to me. For of a truth pain is the Lord of this world, nor is there anyone who escapes from its net. There be some who lack clothes, and others who lack bread. There be widows who sit in purple, and widows who sit in rags. The beggars go up and down to the highways, and their wallets are empty. Through the streets of the cities walks Famine, and the Plague sits at their gates. Come, let us mend these things, and make them not to be. Why should you stay here calling to your love, since she never comes to your call? And what is love, that you should set this high store upon it?"

But the young Fisherman answered it nothing, so great was the power of his love. And every morning he called to the Mermaid, and every noon he called to her again, and at night-time he called her by her name. Yet never did she rise out of the sea to meet him, nor in any place of the sea could he find her, though he sought for her in the rivers of the sea, and in the valleys that are under the waves, in the sea that the night makes purple, and in the sea that the dawn leaves grey.

And after the second year was over, the Soul said to the young Fisherman at night-time, and as he sat in his house alone, "Now I have tempted you with evil, and I have tempted you with good, and your love is stronger than I am. Therefore will I tempt you no longer, but I pray you to let me enter your heart, that I may be one with you just as before."

"Surely you may enter," said the young Fisherman, "for in the days, when with no heart you did go through the world, you must have suffered much."

"Oh!" cried the Soul, "I can find no place of entrance, so compassed about with love is the heart of yours."

"Yet I would that I could help you," said the young Fisherman.

And as he spoke, there came a great cry of mourning from the sea, like the cry that men hear, when one of the Sea-folk is dead. And the young Fisherman ran down to the shore. And the black waves came hurrying to the shore. Lying at his feet, the young Fisherman saw the body of the little Mermaid. Dead at his feet it was lying.

Weeping in pain, he threw himself down beside it, and he kissed the cold red of the mouth, and toyed with the wet amber of the hair. He threw himself down beside it on the sand, weeping as one trembling with joy, and in his brown arms he held it to his breast. Cold were the lips, yet he kissed them. Salt was the honey of the hair, yet he tasted it with a bitter joy. He kissed the closed eyelids, and the wild spray that lay upon their cups was less salt than his tears.

And to the dead thing he made confession. Into the shells of its ears he poured the bitter wine of his tale. He put the little hands round his neck, and with his fingers he touched the thin reed of the throat. Bitter, bitter was his joy, and full of strange gladness was his pain.

The black sea came nearer, and the white foam moaned like a leper. With white claws of foam the sea struck at the shore. From the palace of the Sea-King came the cry of mourning again, and far out upon the sea the great Tritons blew upon their horns.

"Run away," said his Soul, "for the sea comes nearer, and if you stay, it will kill you. Run away, for I am afraid, seeing that your heart is closed against me because of the greatness of your love. Run away to the place of safety. Surely you will not send us without a heart into another world?"

But the young Fisherman listened not to his Soul, but called on the little Mermaid and said, "Love is better than wisdom, and more precious than riches, and fairer than the feet of the daughters of men. The fires cannot destroy it, nor can waters quench it. I called on you at dawn, and you did not come to my call. The moon heard your name, yet you would not listen to me. For evilly I had left you, and to my own hurt I had wandered away. Yet I never forgot your love, and ever was it strong, though I have looked upon evil and good. And now that you are dead, surely I will die with you also."

And his Soul asked him to leave, but he would not, so great was his love. And the sea came nearer to cover him with its waves.

And when he knew that the end was near, he kissed with mad lips the cold lips of the Mermaid, and the heart that was within him broke. And as though the fullness of his love did break, the Soul found an entrance and entered in, and was one with him even as before. And the sea covered the young Fisherman with its waves.

And in the morning the Priest went to bless the sea, for it had been troubled. And with him went the monks and the musicians, and the candle-bearers, and the swingers of censers,¹⁶ and a great company.

And when the Priest reached the shore, he saw the young Fisherman lying drowned, and clasped in his arms was the body of the little Mermaid. And he turned away frowning, and having made the sign of the cross, he cried aloud and said, "I will not bless the sea nor anything that is in it. Accursed be the Sea-folk, and accursed be all they who are with them. And as for him who for love's sake gave up God, and so lies here with his leman killed by God's judgement, take up his body and the body of the leman, and bury them in the corner of the Field of the Fullers.¹⁸ And set no mark above them, nor sign of any kind, that none may know the place of their resting. For accursed were they in their lives, and accursed shall be they in their deaths also."

And the people did as he commanded them. In the corner of the Field of the Fullers, where no sweet herbs grew, they dug a deep hole, and laid the dead things within it.

And when the third year was over, and on a day that was a holy day, the Priest went up to the chapel, that he might show to the people the wounds of the Lord, and speak to them about the wrath of God.

And when he entered in, he saw that the altar was covered with strange flowers, he never had seen before. Strange were they to look at, and of curious beauty, and their beauty troubled him, and their odour was sweet. He felt glad and did not understand why he was glad.

When he began to speak to the people, desiring to speak to them of the wrath of God, the beauty of the white flowers troubled him, and their odour was sweet, and there came another word into his lips, and he spoke not of the wrath of God, but of the God, whose name is Love. And why he spoke so, he did not know.

And when he finished his speech, the people wept, and the Priest's eyes were full of tears. And the deacons came in and began to undress him, but he stood as one in a dream.

And after that they had undressed him, he looked at them and said, "What are the flowers that stand on the altar, and where do they come from?"

And they answered him, "What flowers they are, we cannot tell, but they come from the corner of the Fullers' Field." And the Priest trembled, and returned to his own house and prayed.

And in the morning, while it was still dawn, he went with the monks and the musicians, and the candle-bearers and the swingers of censers, and a great company, and came to the shore of the sea, and blessed the sea, and all the wild things that are in it. The Fauns also he blessed, and the little things that dance in the woodland, and the bright-eyed things that peer through the leaves. All the things in God's world he blessed, and the people were filled with joy and wonder. Yet never again in the corner of the Fullers' Field grew flowers of any kind, but the field remained barren even as before. The Sea-folk never came into the bay as they used to, for they went to another part of the sea.

Commentary

¹ *they are lost* — зд. их ничто не спасет (в день Страшного Суда)

² *for them the Lord has not died* — и не за них умирал Искупитель (согласно Библии, Христос своими страданиями искупал грехи людей)

³ *and vile and evil are the pagan things* — и мерзостны и пагубны те твари языческие

⁴ *It is not worth a clipped piece of silver.* — Она (душа) не стоит ломаного гроша.

⁵ *make you the minion of the great Queen* — и ты будешь любимым рабом Королевы

⁶ *a spray of wild hemlock that was blossoming* — цветущая ветка дикой цикуты

⁷ *What do you lack?* — Чего тебе не хватает?

⁸ *My desire is but for a little thing.* — Невелико мое желание.

⁹ *stand under the branches of the hornbeam* — встань под ветвями белого граба

¹⁰ *a bronze horse that neighs* — бронзовый конь, который ржет

¹¹ *Dervish* — дервиш, мусульманский нищенствующий монах

¹² *moon-flower* (бот.) — лунный цветок (так в Англии называют хризантему или анемон, в Америке — выюнок)

¹³ *silver aloe* (бот.) — серебристое алоэ (столетник)

¹⁴ *Samaris* — Самария, древнее государство Израиль

¹⁵ *You are as one who in time of death pours water into a broken vessel.* — Ты подобен тому, кто во время засухи льет воду в разбитый сосуд.

¹⁶ *the swingers of censers* — священнослужители с кадильницами

¹⁷ *the Field of the Fullers* — Погост Отверженных (уголок кладбища, где хоронят нечестивцев)

Exercises

Reading Comprehension

1 Are the following statements about the tale *true or false*? If there is not enough information, write *don't know*.

- 1) One day the young Fisherman caught a little Mermaid into his nets.
- 2) The Mermaid promised to come whenever he wanted and swore her promise by the oath of the Sea-folk.
- 3) The young Fisherman fell in love with her and made a proposal to her.
- 4) She couldn't accept his proposal because her father was old and alone.
- 5) The Priest and the merchants laughed at the young Fisherman's desire to get rid of his Soul and drove him away.
- 6) There was nothing left for him to do but go to see a witch.
- 7) The young Witch wasn't very good at her witcheries.
- 8) The Witch couldn't help the young Fisherman and sent him to another place.
- 9) The young Fisherman got rid of his Soul, though it asked him to be merciful and not to send it away without a heart.
- 10) His Soul journeyed to the East and the South and came

back to his master to tell him what he had seen in strange lands.

- 11) Though his Soul asked the Fisherman to journey together but he wouldn't agree.
- 12) His Soul always tried to tempt him with temptations but the Fisherman would turn a deaf ear to it.
- 13) The Fisherman built himself a house on the sea shore, and lived there for a space of a year.
- 14) He couldn't find his little Mermaid anywhere though he tried hard.
- 15) The Fisherman was weeping with pain when he found the dead body of the Mermaid.

2 Answer the following questions.

- 1) What did the young Fisherman catch into his nets one day?
- 2) What did the Mermaid promise the young Fisherman?
- 3) Why didn't the Mermaid accept the young Fisherman's proposal at once?
- 4) Why did he go to see the young Witch?
- 5) What did the young Witch tell him?
- 6) How did the young Fisherman get rid of his Soul?
- 7) What did the Soul tell the Fisherman about his journey to the East?
- 8) What did the Soul tell the Fisherman about his journey to the South?
- 9) Where did the young Fisherman and his Soul journey together?
- 10) What evil things did his Soul tempt him with?
- 11) Why couldn't the young Fisherman get rid of his Soul again?
- 12) Why did the young Fisherman refuse to continue the journey with his Soul?
- 13) Where did the young Fisherman go instead and what did he do there?
- 14) What did the young Fisherman hear from the sea one day?
- 15) What happened to the young Fisherman?
- 16) Where did the Priest order to bury the dead bodies of the young Fisherman and the Mermaid?

- 17) What did the Priest notice in the Chapel after three years?
 18) What did the Priest realise?

Vocabulary and Grammar Tasks

1 Find in the tale the English for:

забрасывать сети в море; подниматься из глубин; удивлять людей; напрягая все свои силы; подкрепить обещание клятвой; обитатели моря; дикие чайки летали над ее головой; нырять в воду; погружаться в море; закричать от восторга; в пучине моря; отравиться ядовитыми травами; не знать, где добро и где зло; искушать соблазнами; корчить рожи; не стоить ломаного гроша; стать любимым рабом королевы; ведьма, искусная в делах колдовства; невелико мое желание; укрыться от солнца; разбивать палатки; • обратить кого-либо в рабство; пророк Бога; облагать кого-либо налогом; утолить жажду; • ты направила мои стопы на путь греха; выполнять приказания; наложить на уста печать молчания; лить воду в разбитый сосуд; • не слышать кого-либо; не иметь одежды, хлеба; • исповедоваться; безопасное место; не ставить знака; • вырыть глубокую могилу; гнев Господа

2 Insert articles if necessary.

- 1) Every evening _____ young Fisherman went to _____ sea and threw his nets into _____ water.
- 2) And when he touched her, she gave _____ cry like _____ seagull, and woke.
- 3) So she made him _____ promise he desired and swore it by _____ oath of _____ Sea-folk.
- 4) As she sang, all _____ fish came in from _____ deep to listen to her.
- 5) _____ cry of joy broke from her lips, and standing up in _____ painted boat, he held out his arms to _____ Mermaid.
- 6) Early _____ next morning _____ young Fisherman went to _____ house of _____ Priest and knocked _____ three times at _____ door.

- 7) "The Soul is worth all _____ gold that is in _____ world, and is more precious than _____ rubies of _____ kings," said the Priest.
- 8) _____ young Fisherman went to _____ marketplace, and he walked slowly, and with _____ bowed head, as one who is in _____ sorrow.
- 9) One of his companions told him of _____ certain Witch, who lived in _____ cave at _____ head of _____ bay and was very good at her witcheries.
- 10) It was _____ man dressed in _____ suit of black velvet, cut in _____ Spanish fashion.
- 11) I answered that I was _____ Prince in my own land, and that I had escaped from _____ Tartars who wanted to make me their slave.
- 12) After _____ second year was over, _____ Soul came down to _____ shore of _____ sea, and called to _____ young Fisherman.
- 13) Across _____ narrow streets _____ torches of paper hang like _____ large butterflies.
- 14) _____ Armenian in _____ caftan of _____ green leather looked through _____ wicket.
- 15) At _____ sunrise he came out of his palace in _____ robe of silver, and at _____ sunset he returned to it again in _____ robe of gold.
- 16) They opened _____ gate, and I found myself in _____ watered garden of _____ seven terraces.
- 17) _____ Emperor jumped to his feet, and taking _____ lance from _____ stand of arms, he threw it at me.
- 18) _____ Fisherman built himself _____ house, and lived there for _____ space of _____ year.
- 19) When _____ Priest entered in, he saw that _____ altar was covered with _____ strange flowers.

3 Here is a list of irregular verbs used in the tale, but three of the verbs are regular. Which are they? Write in the Past Simple forms of all the verbs.

beat	_____	blow	_____
become	_____	burn	_____
begin	_____	call	_____
bend	_____	catch	_____

come	_____	make	_____
cut	_____	pull	_____
deal	_____	put	_____
draw	_____	rise	_____
drink	_____	run	_____
drive	_____	say	_____
eat	_____	see	_____
escape	_____	sell	_____
fall	_____	send	_____
feel	_____	set	_____
find	_____	shake	_____
get	_____	sing	_____
give	_____	sink	_____
go	_____	sit	_____
grow	_____	speak	_____
hear	_____	stand	_____
hide	_____	strike	_____
hold	_____	swear	_____
hurt	_____	swim	_____
keep	_____	take	_____
kneel	_____	think	_____
know	_____	throw	_____
lead	_____	understand	_____
leave	_____	wake	_____
let	_____	wear	_____
lie	_____	weep	_____
lose	_____		

4 Complete the sentences by adding *each, each other, other, others* or *another*.

- 1) _____ day the sound of her voice became sweeter to his ears.
- 2) When the merchants saw him coming, they began to whisper to _____.
- 3) A blue bird rose screaming from its nest, and three birds whistled to _____.
- 4) The witches sniffed and chattered to _____.
- 5) The kings of _____ city imposed taxes upon us, but wouldn't allow us to enter their gates.

- 6) When I had told them what I had done, _____ of them gave me a god and prayed me to leave them.
- 7) As I went in, they closed _____ door behind me.
- 8) In niches upon _____ side stood great wine-jars filled with silver pieces.
- 9) It is not our city, but _____. Nevertheless let us enter in.
- 10) Come, let us go to _____ city, and make merry, for we have nine purses of gold.
- 11) Sometimes she dances on her hands, and at _____ times she dances with her feet.
- 12) Surely, you will not send us without a heart into _____ world?
- 13) There came _____ word into his lips, and he spoke not of the wrath of God, but of the God, whose name is Love.
- 14) The Sea-folk never came into the bay as they used to, for they went into _____ part of the sea.

5 Identify the kind of phrase. Write "C" if the italicised phrase is a comparative, "S" if the phrase is a superlative, and "E" if the phrase is an expression of equality or inequality.

- 1) Her body was *as white ivory*. _____
- 2) *Like seashells* were her ears, and her lips were *like sea-coral*. _____
- 3) And when he touched her, she gave a cry *like a seagull*. _____
- 4) Each day the sound of her voice became *sweeter to his ears*. _____
- 5) The soul is *the noblest part of a man*. _____
- 6) There is nothing *more precious than a human soul*, and it is *more precious than the rubies of the kings*. _____
- 7) She is *fairer than the morning star, and whiter than the moon*. _____
- 8) He whom I serve is *richer than all the kings of this world*. _____
- 9) You are *the best of the witches*. _____
- 10) I am *as fair as the daughters of the sea, and as beautiful as those who live in blue waters*. _____

- 11) You shall be *wiser than all the wise men*. _____
- 12) Love is *better than Wisdom*. _____
- 13) The wine of Schiraz is *as sweet as honey*. _____
- 14) The cypress trees were *like burnt-out torches*. _____
- 15) He who has the ring is *richer than all the kings of the world*. _____
- 16) Their laughter is *as clear as the laughter of water*. _____
- 17) The black sea *came nearer*, and the white foam moaned *like a leper*. _____

6 Read the following sentences. Use your dictionary to find a word that could replace the italicised word or phrase. Then find a word that is opposite in meaning.

- 1) She looked at him in terror, and *struggled* that she might escape.
synonym: _____
antonym: _____
- 2) When she saw that she could in no way escape him, she began to *weep*.
synonym: _____
antonym: _____
- 3) And she sang a *marvellous* song.
synonym: _____
antonym: _____
- 4) You have eaten some *poisonous* herb.
synonym: _____
antonym: _____
- 5) The Soul is more *precious* than the rubies of the kings.
synonym: _____
antonym: _____
- 6) The merchants *mocked* at him.
synonym: _____
antonym: _____

- 7) At *sunset* in some secret place we shall dance together.
synonym: _____
antonym: _____
- 8) He *took off* his cap to her.
synonym: _____
antonym: _____
- 9) The Mermaid *sank down* into the water.
synonym: _____
antonym: _____
- 10) At *sunrise* he came out of his palace in a robe of gold.
synonym: _____
antonym: _____
- 11) There were *huge* shells full of pearls.
synonym: _____
antonym: _____
- 12) It is but a day's *journey* from this place.
synonym: _____
antonym: _____
- 13) He ran away *hastily* through the garden of pomegranates.
synonym: _____
antonym: _____
- 14) You have *turned a deaf ear* to me.
synonym: _____
antonym: _____
- 15) Come, let us *mend* these things.
synonym: _____
antonym: _____
- 16) *Dead* at his feet it was lying.
synonym: _____
antonym: _____

17) And to the dead thing he *made confession*.

synonym: _____

antonym: _____

7 **Translate the following sentences into English.**

- 1) Дева морская подкрепила свое обещание клятвою Обитателей моря.
- 2) Молодой Рыбак решил избавиться от души.
- 3) И подумал про себя молодой Рыбак: «Как это странно! Священник убеждает меня, что душа ценнее, чем все золото мира, а вот купцы говорят, что она не стоит и ломаного гроша».
- 4) Он вспомнил, что его товарищи рассказывали ему о некоей искусной в делах колдовства юной ведьме, живущей в пещере у входа в залив.
- 5) Священник разгневался на него и прогнал его прочь, а купцы осмеяли и отвергли его.
- 6) Молодой Рыбак выхватил маленький нож с зеленой рукояткой из змеиной кожи и отрезал свою тень у самых ног.
- 7) Цари каждого города взымали пошрины и не впускали путешественников в городские ворота.
- 8) И сказал султан Душе: «Здесь хранятся все мои сокровища. Половина сокровищ твоя. Я дам тебе верблюдов и погонщиков, которые будут покорны тебе и отвезут твою долю, куда только пожелаешь».
- 9) Когда молодой Рыбак узнал, что ему нет избавления от его Души и что злая Душа отстанется с ним навсегда, он пал на землю и горько заплакал.
- 10) И непрестанно Душа искушала его, но он не отвечал и не совершал дурных деяний, к которым его побуждала Душа.
- 11) «Любовь лучше мудрости, ценнее богатства и прекраснее, чем ноги у дочерей человеческих», — думал Рыбак.
- 12) Молодой Рыбак и Дева морская были захоронены на Погосте Отверженных.
- 13) На их могиле выросли белые цветы необычайной красоты, которые смутили Священника.



Discussion Tasks

1 Discuss the following.

- 1) Describe the Mermaid and the Sea-folk.
- 2) Discuss the character of the young Fisherman. How does his character in the story develop and change as the story progresses?
- 3) Speak about his Soul. What does the author want to say by creating such a character?
- 4) Agree or disagree with the statements from the tale: "The Soul is the noblest part of a man", "It is not worth a clipped piece of silver".
- 5) What do you think about the Fisherman's love to the Mermaid? Why was it so tragic?
- 6) Who do you feel most sorry for at the end of the tale: the Fisherman or his Soul? Why?
- 7) Discuss the moral of the tale.

Vocabulary

Принятые сокращения

adj adjective прилагательное
adv adverb наречие
int interjection междометие
n noun существительное
pl plural множественное число
pron pronoun местоимение
v verb глагол
bot. ботаника
зд. здесь

зоол. зоология
исп. испанский (язык)
мин. минералогия
миф. мифология
поэт. поэтическое
уст. устаревшее
фр. французский (язык)
церк. церковное

А

accompany [ə'kʌmpəni] *v* сопровождать
accursed [ə'kɜ:sɪd] *adj* проклятый
acknowledge [ək'nɒlɪdʒ] *v* признавать, подтверждать
adder ['ædə] *n* гадюка
affect [ə'fekt] *v* влиять, трогать, волновать
agate ['ægət] *n* мин. агат
ague ['eɪgju:] *n* лихорадка, малярия
alas [ə'lɑ:s] *int* увы!
ale [eɪl] *n* эль, пиво
altar ['ɔ:ltə] *n* алтарь
ambassador [æm'bæsədə] *n* посол
amber ['æmbə] *n* янтарь
ankle ['æŋkl] *n* лодыжка
anklet ['æŋklɪt] *n* ножной браслет
ant [ænt] *n* муравей
antique [æn'ti:k] *adj* античный
ape [eɪp] *n* обезьяна
applaud [ə'plɔ:d] *v* аплодировать
applause [ə'plɔ:z] *n* аплодисменты
apple [æpl] *n* яблоко
appreciate [ə'pri:ʃieɪt] *v* ценить
approve [ə'pru:v] *v* одобрять
Armenian [ɑ'mi:njən] *adj* армянский;
n армянин, армянка

arrogant ['ærougənt] *adj* высокомерный, надменный
ashes ['æʃɪz] *n pl* останки
ass [æs] *n* осел
attachment [ə'tætʃmənt] *n* привязанность, преданность
attendance [ə'tendəns] *n* посещение, присутствие
attic ['ætɪk] *n* мансарда, чердак
ought [ɔ:t] *n* нечто, кое-что, что-нибудь
avarice ['ævərɪs] *n* алчность, жадность

В

bald [bɔ:ld] *adj* лысый
banner ['bænə] *n* стяг, знамя
banquet ['bæŋkwɪt] *n* банкет
barefoot ['beəfʊt] *adv* босиком
bargain ['bɑ:ɡɪn] *v* торговаться
bark [bɑ:k] *v* лаять
barn [bɑ:n] *n* амбар, сарай, гумно
barren ['bærən] *adj* бесплодный, неплодородный
barter ['bɑ:tə] *n* товарообмен, меновая торговля

bay [beɪ] *n* залив, бухта
bay [beɪ] *v* лаять; *n* лай
bazaar [bə'zɑ:] *n* восточный базар
bead [bi:d] *n* бусинка, бисер
beady ['bi:di] *adj* похожий на бусинку
bedfellow ['bed,felou] *n* уст. муж, жена; спящий в одной постели с кем-либо
Bedouin ['beduɪn] *n* бедуин
beetle ['bi:tl] *n* жук
beggar ['begə] *n* нищий, бродяга
belt [belt] *n* пояс, ремень
bend (bent) [bend] ([bent]) *v* гнуть, изгибать
Bengal [ben'gɔ:l] *adj* бенгальский
beryl ['berɪl] *n* мин. берилл
bind (bound) [baɪnd] ([baund]) *v* вязать
bleed [bli:d] *v* быть в крови, кровоточить
bless [bles] *v* благословить
blessing ['blesɪŋ] *n* благословение, молитва
blind [blaɪnd] *adj* слепой; *v* выколоть глаза, ослепить
blindness ['blaɪndnis] *n* слепота
bloom [blu:m] *n* цветение; *v* цвести
blossom ['blɒsəm] *n* цветение; *v* цвести, распускаться
blow (blew, blown) [blou] ([blu:], [bloun]) *v* дуть, веять
bluebell ['blu:bel] *n* колокольчик
blush [blʌʃ] *v* вспыхнуть
board [bɔ:d] *v* есть за одним столом, столоваться
bodyguard ['bɒdi,gɑ:d] *n* личная охрана
bow [bau] *v* кланяться; *n* поклон
bowl [boul] *n* чаша
bracelet ['breɪslɪt] *n* браслет
brackish ['brækiʃ] *adj* солоноватая
brass [brɑ:s] *adj* бронзовый
breakfast off ['brekfəst,ɔf] *v* позавтракать

breast [brest] *n* грудь
briar [braɪə] *n* шиповник
bring up ['brɪŋ'ʌp] *v* воспитывать
brow [brau] *n* бровь
brush off [brʌʃ'ɔf] *v* отряхнуть
bubble [bʌbl] *v* кипеть; бить ключом; журчать
bud [bʌd] *n* почка
bull [bul] *n* бык
bullfight ['bʌlfɑɪt] *n* бой быков
bully ['bulɪ] *v* задирать, запугивать
bulrush ['bʌlrʌʃ] *n* бот. камыш
bunch [bʌntʃ] *n* пучок, букет
bundle [bʌndl] *n* вязанка
bury ['berɪ] *v* хоронить
butterfly ['bʌtəflaɪ] *n* бабочка
byre [baɪə] *n* амбар, хлев

С

cactus ['kæktəs] *n* кактус
camel ['kæməl] *n* верблюд
canary [kə'neəri] *n* канарейка
candle ['kændl] *n* свеча
canopy ['kæpəri] *n* навес, балдахин
cart [kɑ:t] *n* телега, повозка
cartwheel ['kɑ:twi:l] *n* колесо телеги
carve [kɑ:v] *v* резать, вырезать
cataract ['kætərəkt] *n* большой водопад; сильный ливень
cathedral [kə'θi:drəl] *n* собор
caution ['kɔ:ʃən] *n* осторожность
cavern ['kævən] *n* пещера
chamber ['tʃeɪmbə] *n* комната, палата
chapel ['tʃæpəl] *n* часовня, церковь
charity ['tʃærɪti] *n* милосердие
chatter ['tʃætə] *n* болтовня, щебетание; *v* болтать, щебетать
cherry ['tʃerɪ] *n* вишня
chestnut ['tʃesnʌt] *n* каштан
chill [tʃɪl] *v* охладить, остудить
chimney-pot ['tʃɪmni:pɒt] *n* колпак дымовой трубы

chrysolite ['krisələit] *n* мин. хризолит
citron ['sitrən] *n* цитрон, сладкий лимон
clap [klæp] *v* хлопать
clasp [klæ:sp] *v* сжимать
clatter ['klætət] *n* грохот; *v* греметь
claw [klɔ:] *n* коготь
clay [klei] *n* глина
cleft [kleft] *n* душло
clench [klentʃ] *v* сжимать, стиснуть (зубы)
cloak [klouk] *n* покров
coarse [kɔ:s] *adj* грубый
coffer ['kɒfə] *n* сундук
coffin ['kɒfɪn] *n* гроб
collie ['kɒli] *n* колли, шотландская овчарка
columbine ['kɒləmbaɪn] *n* бот. водосбор
common ['kɒmən] *adj* простой
compass ['kæmpəs] *n* окружность, круг; *v* окружать
condemn [kən'dem] *v* осуждать, порицать
confess [kən'fes] *v* признаваться
confession [kən'feʃən] *n* признание
conscious ['kɒnʃəs] *adj* сознательный, здравый
consciousness ['kɒnʃənsɪs] *n* сознание
console [kən'səʊl] *n* утешать
coo [ku:] *n* воркование; *v* ворковать
copper ['kɒpə] *n* медь
coquette [kou'ket] *n* фр. кокетка
coral ['kɒrəl] *n* коралл
cord [kɔ:d] *n* веревка
corn [kɔ:n] *n* зерно
coronation [kɒrə'neɪʃn] *n* коронация
cost (cost) [kɒst] ([kɒst]) *v* стоить
costly ['kɒstli] *adj* дорогой, роскошный
cottage ['kɒtɪdʒ] *n* изба, хижина
couch [kaʊtʃ] *v* лежать, притаиться (о зверях)
cough [kɔ:f] *n* кашель

Councillor ['kaʊnsɪlə] *n* член городского совета
country-side ['kʌntɹɪsaɪd] *n* сельская местность
court [kɔ:t] *n* двор
courtier ['kɔ:tjə] *n* придворный
courtship ['kɔ:tʃɪp] *n* ухаживание
cover (with) ['kʌvə] *v* покрывать
cowl [kaʊl] *n* капюшон
cowslip ['kaʊslɪp] *n* бот. первоцвет истинный
crack [kræk] *n* трещина, расселина
craftsman ['krɑ:ftsmən] *n* мастер, ремесленник
crag [kræg] *n* скала, утес
crawl [krɔ:l] *v* ползти
creep (crept) [kri:p] ([krept]) *v* красться, подкрадываться
creeper ['kri:pə] *n* ползучее растение, вьюнок
crimson ['krɪmzɪn] *adj* малиновый; *v* окрашивать в малиновый цвет
crisp [krɪsp] *adj* рассыпчатый
croak [krouk] *n* кваканье
crocodile ['krɒkədəɪl] *n* крокодил
crocus ['krɒkəs] *n* бот. крокус, шафран
crooked ['krʊkɪd] *adj* кривой, изогнутый
crown [kraʊn] *n* корона
cruel ['kruəl] *adj* жестокий
cruelty ['kruəlti] *n* жестокость
crumb [krʌm] *n* крошка (хлеба)
crush [krʌʃ] *v* раздавить, раздолбить
cry out to ['kraɪ 'aʊt tə] *v* крикнуть кому-либо
cultivate ['kʌltɪveɪt] *v* возделывать, культивировать
cupboard ['kʌpbəd] *n* буфет, шкаф
curious ['kjʊəriəs] *adj* любопытный, любознательный
curiosity [kjʊəri'ɒsɪti] *n* любопытство
curl [kɜ:l] *n* локон, завиток

curl up ['kɜ:l 'ʌp] *v* съежиться в комочек
curse [kɜ:s] *n* проклятие; *v* проклинать
curtsey ['kɜ:tsi] *n* реверанс
cushion ['kʊʃən] *n* диванная подушка
custom ['kʌstəm] *n* обычай, традиция
customary ['kʌstəməri] *adj* обычный, привычный
cut away ['kʌt ə'weɪ] *v* уходить
cypress ['saɪprɪs] *n* бот. кипарис

D

daffodil ['dæfədɪl] *n* бот. бледно-желтый нарцисс
dagger ['dægə] *n* кинжал
damask ['dæməsk] *adj* дамасский
damp [dæmp] *adj* сырой
dawn [dɔ:n] *n* рассвет
deacon ['di:kən] *n* дьякон
deal box ['di:l,bɒks] *n* зд. еловая или сосновая коробка
delay [di'leɪ] *n* промедление; *v* медлить
deputation [ˌdeɪju:'teɪʃən] *n* депутация, делегация
descent [dɪ'sent] *n* спуск, снижение
desert ['dezət] *n* пустыня
determine [dɪ'tɜ:mɪn] *v* решить
die (of) [daɪ] *v* умирать (от)
dig (dug) [dɪg] ([dʌg]) *v* копать, рыть
dignified ['dɪgnɪfaɪd] *adj* достойный
dignitary ['dɪgnɪtəri] *n* сановник, лицо, занимающее высокий пост
dignity ['dɪgnɪti] *n* достоинство
disappoint [ˌdɪsə'pɔɪnt] *v* расстроить
disclose [dɪs'kləʊz] *v* раскрыть, разоблачить
dismiss [dɪs'mɪs] *v* распускать, увольнять
dismount [dɪs'maʊnt] *v* слезать (с лошади)

dispatch [dɪs'pætʃ] *n* отправление, депеша
distinguish [dɪs'tɪŋgwɪʃ] *v* различать, отмечать
distinguished [dɪs'tɪŋgwɪʃt] *adj* известный
distressed [dɪs'trest] *adj* бедствующий
ditch [dɪtʃ] *n* канава, ров
dolphin ['dɒlfɪn] *n* дельфин
dome [daʊm] *n* купол, свод
domestic [də'mestɪk] *adj* семейный, домашний
domesticity [ˌdaʊmes'tɪsɪti] *n* семейная жизнь
dove [dʌv] *n* голубь
drag [dræg] *v* тащить, волочить; ~ out вытаскивать
dragon-fly ['dræɡən,flaɪ] *n* стрекоза
drift [drɪft] *n* овраг
drive away ['draɪv ə'weɪ] *v* выгнать
drown ['draʊn] *m* тонуть
drowsy ['draʊzi] *adj* сонный, дремлющий
duchess ['dʌtʃɪs] *n* герцогиня
duck [dʌk] *n* утка
duke [djuk] *n* герцог
dungeon ['dʌndʒən] *n* темница
dust [dʌst] *n* грязь
dusty ['dʌsti] *adj* пыльный
dwarf [dwɔ:f] *n* карлик

E

eager ['i:gə] *adj* стремящийся, сильно желающий
eagerness ['i:gənɪs] *n* пыл, рвение
earn [ɜ:n] *v* зарабатывать
earnings ['ɜ:nɪŋz] *n* pl заработок
ebb away ['eb ə'weɪ] *v* ослабевать, угасать; смеркаться
ebony ['ebəni] *n* черное дерево
echo ['ekəʊ] *n* эхо
edge [edʒ] *n* конец
Egypt ['i:dʒɪpt] *n* Египет

Egyptian [i'dʒɪpʃən] *adj* египетский;
n египтянин, египтянка
elaborate [i'læbəreɪt] *adj* продуманный
elaborate [i'læbəreɪt] *v* тщательно
 разрабатывать
elder-tree ['eldə,tri:] *n* бот. бузина
election [i'lekʃən] *n* выборы
elf [elf] *n* миф. эльф
embalm [ɪm'bɑ:m] *v* бальзамировать;
 сохранять от забвения
embroider [ɪm'brɔɪdə] *v* вышивать
emerald ['emərəld] *n* изумруд
emperor ['empərə] *n* император
encompass [ɪn'kɑmpəs] *v* окружать
entertain [entə'teɪn] *v* развлекать
entertainment [entə'teɪnmənt] *n* раз-
 влечения, увеселения
entrance ['entrəns] *n* вход
entrance [ɪn'trɑ:ns] *v* приводить в
 состояние транса, восторга
entrancing [ɪn'trɑ:nsɪŋ] *adj* чарую-
 щий, очаровательный
entreat [ɪn'tri:t] *v* умолять, упраши-
 вать
envious ['enviəs] *adj* завистливый
envy ['envi] *v* завидовать
ermine ['ɜ:mɪn] *n* горноста́й
escape [ɪs'keɪp] *n* бегство, побег; *v*
 убежать, избежать
essence ['esəns] *n* суть
etiquette ['etɪket] *n* этикет
eunuch ['ju:nək] *n* евнух
evermore ['evə'mɔ:] *adv* навеки, на-
 всегда
evil ['ɪvl] *adj* злой
evil-visaged ['ɪvl,vɪzɪdʒd] *adj* страш-
 ный и злой с виду
exaggerate [ɪg'zædʒəreɪt] *v* преуве-
 личивать
exhaust [ɪg'zɔ:st] *v* истощать, изно-
 сить
explode [ɪks'pləʊd] *v* взорваться
eyelet ['aɪlɪt] *n* прорезь
eyelid ['aɪlɪd] *n* веко

F

fade [feɪd] *v* вянуть, увядать
faggot ['fæɡət] *n* вязанка, охапка
 хвороста
faint [feɪnt] *adj* слабеющий, вялый;
v терять сознание; *n* обморок, по-
 теря сознания
fall (fell, fallen) [fɔ:l] ([fel], [fɔ:lən])
v: ~ **out of** рассыпаться; ~ **upon**
 напасть
famine ['fæmɪn] *n* голод (*стихийное*
бедствие)
fan [fæn] *n* веер, опахало
fasten ['fɑ:sn] *v* прикреплять
fate [feɪt] *n* судьба
faun [fɔ:n] *n* миф. фавн
feast [fi:st] *n* пир, банкет
feather ['fedə] *n* перо
feeble ['fi:bl] *adj* слабый
feed (fed, fed) [fi:d] ([fed]) *v* кор-
 мить
fen [fen] *n* болото, топь
fetter [fetə] *n* путы, ножные канда-
 лы, оковы
fever ['fi:və] *n* жар, лихорадка
fiction ['fɪkʃən] *n* вымысел, выдумка
fig [fɪɡ] *n* фиговое дерево
fir [fɜ:] *n* ель
firewood ['faɪəwud] *n* дрова
fireworks ['faɪəwɜ:ks] *n* *pl* фейерверк
fisherman ['fɪʃəmən] *n* рыбак
flame [fleɪm] *n* пламя
flap [flæp] *v* взмахивать (*крыльями*)
flirt (with) [flɜ:t] *v* флиртовать (с)
float [fləʊt] *v* плавать
flock [flɒk] *n* стадо, стая
flour [flaʊə] *n* мука
flow (flew, flown) [fləʊ] ([flu], [fləʊn])
v: ~ **down** стекать вниз по
flush [flʌʃ] *v* вспыхнуть, покраснеть
flute [flut] *n* флейта
flutter ['flʌtə] *v* порхать, махать кры-
 льями

fly [flaɪ] *n* муха
foam [fəʊm] *n* пена; *поэт.* море
fold [fəʊld] *n* складка
forgive (forgave, forgiven) [fɔ:'gɪv]
 ([fɔ:'geɪv], [fɔ:'gɪvən]) *v* простить
forgiveness [fɔ:'gɪvnɪs] *n* прощение
frankincense ['fræŋkɪn,sens] *n* ладан
frontier ['frʌntɪə] *n* граница
frost-bitten ['frɒst,bɪtn] *adj* околочен-
 ный
frown [fraʊn] *v* хмуриться
fur [fɜ:] *n* мех
furnace ['fɜ:nɪs] *n* печь

G

gallop ['gæləp] *v* скакать галопом
gasp [gɑ:sp] *n* затрудненное дыха-
 ние, удушье
gate [geɪt] *n* ворота
gather ['gæðə] *v* собирать
gauze [gɔ:z] *n* газ, дымка
gay [geɪ] *adj* нарядный, яркий, пе-
 стрый
gaze [geɪz] *n* (пристальный) взгляд
gem [dʒem] *n* гемма, самоцвет
generosity [dʒenə'reɪsɪti] *n* щедрость
generous ['dʒenərəs] *adj* щедрый
geranium [dʒə'reɪnjəm] *n* бот. герань
giant ['dʒaɪnt] *n* великан
gillyflower ['dʒɪlɪ,flaʊə] *n* бот. лев-
 кой
gipsy ['dʒɪpsɪ] *n* цыган, цыганка
girdle [gɜ:dl] *n* пояс, кушак
glisten ['glɪsən] *v* блестеть
gloomy ['glu:mɪ] *adj* мрачный, угрю-
 мый
goat [ɡəʊt] *n* коза
goatherd ['ɡəʊθəd] *n* пастух, пасу-
 щий коз
goblet ['ɡɒblɪt] *n* бокал, кубок
good-humoured ['ɡʊd,hju:məd] *adj*
 добродушный
goose [ɡu:s] *n* гусь

govern ['ɡʌvən] *v* управлять, пра-
 вить
government ['ɡʌvənmənt] *n* прави-
 тельство
gown [ɡaʊn] *n* мантия, халат
grace [ɡreɪs] *n* грация, изящество
graceful ['ɡreɪsful] *adj* грациозный,
 изящный
grain [ɡreɪn] *n* зерно, хлебные зла-
 ки
granite ['ɡrænɪt] *n* гранит
grass-plot ['ɡrɑ:s'plɒt] *n* лужайка, га-
 зон
grasshopper ['ɡrɑ:s,hɒpə] *n* кузнечик
grate [ɡreɪt] *n* решетка; камин
gratify ['grætɪfaɪ] *v* доставлять удо-
 вольствие, радовать
grave [ɡreɪv] *n* могила
grief [ɡri:f] *n* печаль, горе
grind [ɡrɪnd] *v* размалывать
grotesque [ɡrəʊ'tesk] *n* гротеск
grove [ɡrəʊv] *n* роща, лесок
growl [ɡrəʊl] *v* рычать
grumble [ɡrʌmbl] *v* ворчать
guard [ɡɑ:d] *n* охранник
gunpowder ['ɡʌn,paʊdə] *n* черный
 порох
gutter ['ɡʌtə] *n* канава

H

haggard ['hæɡəd] *adj* измученный,
 удрученный
hail [heɪl] *n* град
halberd ['hælbə:d] *n* алебарда
hammer ['hæmə] *n* молот, молоток
handful ['hændful] *n* пригоршня,
 горсть
handle [hændl] *n* ручка, рукоятка
harbour ['hɑ:bə] *n* гавань
hard-featured ['hɑ:d,fi:tʃəd] *adj* с гру-
 быми, резкими чертами лица
hare [heə] *n* заяц
harp [hɑ:p] *n* арфа

harsh [hɑ:ʃ] *adj* колючий
haste [heɪst] *n* спешка
hasten ['heɪsən] *v* спешить, торопиться
hastily ['heɪstɪli] *adv* поспешно, торопливо
hasty ['heɪstɪ] *adj* поспешный, необдуманный
haul down ['hɔ:l 'daʊn] *v* опускать, травить
hawthorn ['hɔ:θɔ:n] *n* боярышник
heat [hi:t] *n* жара
heather ['hedə] *n* вереск
heave [hi:v] *v* поднимать
heaven ['hevn] *n* небеса
heel [hi:l] *n* пятка, задник
heir [eə] *n* наследник
helmet ['helmit] *n* шлем, каска
hemlock ['hemlɒk] *n* бот. болиголов крапчатый
henna ['henə] *n* бот. хна
herb [hɜ:b] *n* трава, растение
heretic ['heretik] *n* еретик
hide (**hid**, **hidden**) [haɪd] ([hɪd], [hɪd(ə)n]) *v* спрятаться
highness ['haɪnis] *n* высочество
hill [hɪl] *n* холм
hillside ['hɪlsaɪd] *n* склон горы или холма
hinder (from) ['hɪndə] *v* мешать, препятствовать
hiss (at) [hɪs] *v* шипеть, свистеть
hobby ['hɒbi] *n* конек, хобби
hold (held) [hould] ([held]) *v*: ~ out протягивать
hole [houl] *n* нора, дыра
hollow ['hɒləʊ] *adj* пустой
Holy Book ['həʊli 'bʊk] *n* Священная книга, Библия
honey-cake ['hʌni,keɪk] *n* медовый торт
honey-suckle ['hʌni,sʌkl] *n* бот. жимолость
hoof [hu:f] *n* копыто

horn [hɔ:n] *n* рог
hornbeam ['hɔ:nbeɪm] *n* бот. граб (депево)
horned [hɔ:nd] *adj* рогатый
huge [hju:dʒ] *adj* огромный
humble [hʌmbəl] *adj* униженный
humility [hju:'mɪlɪti] *n* унижение
hunch [hʌntʃ] *n* горб
hunter ['hʌntə] *n* охотник
hurry ['hʌri] *v* спешить
hyacinth ['haɪəsɪnθ] *n* гиацинт

I

ibis ['aɪbɪs] *n* зоол. ибис (птица)
idle [aɪdl] *adj* ленивый
idleness ['aɪdlɪnis] *n* праздность, лень
idol ['aɪdl] *n* идол
ill-bred [ɪl'bred] *adj* невоспитанный
ill-favoured [ɪl'feɪvəd] *adj* некрасивый, неприятный
immense [ɪ'mens] *adj* огромный
impose [ɪm'pəʊz] *v* облагать
incurable [ɪn'kjʊərəbl] *adj* неизлечимый
India-rubber ['ɪndjə,gləb] *n* каучук, резина
Infanta [ɪn'fæntə] *n* исп. инфанта
influence ['ɪnfluəns] *n* влияние, действие
invisible [ɪn'vɪzɪbl] *adj* невидимый, незримый
irritate ['ɪrɪteɪt] *v* раздражать
irritating ['ɪrɪteɪtɪŋ] *adj* раздражающий
ivory ['aɪvəri] *n* слоновая кость

J

jade [dʒeɪd] *v* заездить, измучить
jar [dʒɑ:] *n* дрожание, дребезжание
jasmine ['dʒæsmɪn] *n* жасмин
jasper ['dʒæspɜ:] *n* мин. яшма
jennet ['dʒenet] *n* низкорослая испанская лошадь; ослица

jewel ['dʒu:əl] *n* ювелирное украшение
jeweller ['dʒu:ələ] *n* ювелир
journey ['dʒɔ:nɪ] *n* путешествие, поездка; *v* путешествовать
joy [dʒɔɪ] *n* радость
joyful ['dʒɔɪfʊl] *adj* радостный
judge ['dʒʌdʒ] *v* судить
judgement ['dʒʌdʒmənt] *n* приговор
juggler ['dʒʌglə] *n* фокусник, жонглер
justice ['dʒʌstɪs] *n* справедливость

K

kneel (knelt) [ni:l] ([nelt]) *v* становиться на колени
knock off ['nɒk 'ɒf] *v* сбить, смахнуть

L

ladder ['lædə] *n* лестница
ladysmock ['leɪdɪsmɒk] *n* бот. сердечник луговой
lamb [læm] *n* ягненок, овечка, барашек
lance [lɑ:ns] *n* пика, копье
lane [leɪn] *n* узкая дорога, тропинка
lantern ['læntən] *n* фонарь
lately [lə'teɪli] *adj* треугольный, латинский (о парусе)
lead [led] *n* свинец
leaden ['ledn] *adj* свинцовый
lean (leant) [li:n] ([lent]) *v* наклоняться
leather ['ledə] *n* кожа
leathern ['ledən] *adj* кожаный
lemon ['lemən] *n* лимон
leper ['leɪpə] *n* прокаженный
lilac ['laɪlək] *n* сирень; *adj* сиреневый
lily ['lɪli] *n* лилия
linen ['lɪnɪn] *n* полотно, холст; белье

M

linnet ['lɪnɪt] *n* зоол. коноплянка
lizard ['lɪzəd] *n* ящерица
lobe [ləʊb] *n* мочка (уха)
locust ['ləʊkəst] *n* зоол. саранча перелетная
look after ['lʊk 'ɑ:ftə] *v* ухаживать
look to ['lʊk,tu] *v* смотреть куда-либо
loom [lu:m] *n* очертания, тень
lotus ['ləʊtəs] *n* лотос
lute [lu:t] *n* лютня

magician [mæ'dʒɪʃən] *n* волшебник
magnolia [mæg'nəʊljə] *n* магнолия
maid-of-honour ['meɪdəv,ɒnə] *n* фрейлина
majoram [mæ'dʒɔ:ɾəm] *n* майоран
marble [mɑ:bl] *n* мрамор
mare [mɛə] *n* кобыла
market-place ['mɑ:kɪt,pleɪs] *n* базарная площадь
marsh [mɑ:ʃ] *n* болото
mast [mɑ:st] *n* мачта; *v* ставить мачту
Master ['mɑ:stə] *n* учитель
master over ['mɑ:stə 'əʊvə] *v* помыкать
match [mætʃ] *n* спички
match-girl ['mætʃ,ɡɜ:l] *n* девочка, торгующая спичками
mayor [meə] *n* мэр
meadow ['medəʊ] *n* луг, луговина
Mecca ['mekə] *n* Мекка
melancholy ['melənkəli] *n* меланхолия
melon ['melən] *n* дыня
melt [melt] *v* таять
memoirs ['memwɑ:z] *n* мемуары
mend [mend] *v* чинить
merchant ['mɜ:tʃənt] *n* купец
mercy ['mɜ:si] *v* пожалеть
mermaid ['mɜ:meɪd] *n* русалка
merman ['mɜ:mæn] *n* тритон, водяной

messenger ['mesɪndʒə] *n* курьер, посылный
mighty ['maɪti] *adj* могущественный
milestone ['maɪlstəʊn] *n* мильный камень или столб
mill [mɪl] *n* мельница
miller ['mɪlə] *n* мукомол
minion ['mɪnjən] *n* фаворит, любимец
minuet [ˌmɪnju'et] *n* минуэт (*танец*)
misery ['mɪzəri] *n* бедность
misfortune [mɪs'fɔ:tʃən] *n* несчастье
misshapen ['mɪs'ʃeɪpən] *adj* уродливый, деформированный
mist [mɪst] *n* туман, мгла
moan [moʊn] *n* стон; *v* стонать
mock [mɒk] *v* насмехаться
mole [moʊl] *n* крот
monk [mɒŋk] *n* монах
monster ['mɒnstə] *n* чудовище
monstrance ['mɒnstrəns] *n* *церк.* дароносица
monument ['mɒnjumənt] *n* монумент
moonstone ['mu:nstəʊn] *n* лунный камень
moor [muə] *n* поросшая вереском, торфянистая местность
Moorish ['muəriʃ] *adj* мавританский
mosque [mɒsk] *n* мечеть
moss [mɒs] *n* мох; лишайник
moth [mɒθ] *n* моль, мотылек
motionless ['mouʃənɪs] *adj* застывший
mottled ['mɒtld] *adj* крапчатый, пестрый
mouldy ['moʊldɪ] *adj* заплесневелый
mourn [mɔ:n] *v* присутствовать на похоронах
mourner ['mɔ:nə] *n* присутствующий на похоронах
mower ['moʊə] *n* косец, косилка
mud [mʌd] *n* грязь, слякоть
muffler ['mʌflə] *n* кашне, шарф
mule [mjʊ:l] *n* мул

mullet ['mʌlɪt] *n* *зоол.* кефаль
murmur ['mɜ:mə] *v* ворчать

N

nail [neɪl] *n* гвоздь
nail up ['neɪl'ʌp] *v* заколачивать
narcissus [nɑ:'sɪsəs] *n* нарцисс
nautilus ['nɔ:tɪləs] *n* *зоол.* кораблик (*моллюск*)
necklace ['neɪklɪs] *n* ожерелье
needle ['ni:dl] *n* игла
neigh [neɪ] *v* ржать; *n* ржание
neighbour ['neɪbə] *n* сосед
nest [nest] *n* гнездо
net [net] *n* сеть (*для рыбной ловли*)
nettle [netl] *n* крапива
niche [ni:tʃ] *n* ниша
night-cap ['naɪtkæp] *n* *уст.* ночной колпак
nightingale ['naɪtɪŋgeɪl] *n* соловей
Nile [naɪl] *n* Нил
nip [nɪp] *v* укусить
noble [nəʊbl] *adj* благородный, знатный
nod [nɒd] *v* кивать
nosegay ['noʊzgeɪ] *n* букетик цветов
nostril ['nɒstrɪl] *n* ноздря
notice-board ['nəʊtɪsbɔ:d] *n* доска для объявлений
notorious [nəʊ'tɔ:pəs] *adj* пользующийся дурной славой
novice ['nɒvɪs] *n* *церк.* послушник
Nubian ['nju:bjən] *adj* нубийский; *n* нубиец
nurture ['nɜ:tʃə] *n* воспитание, обучение
nut [nʌt] *n* орех

O

oak [oʊk] *n* дуб
odour ['oʊdə] *n* запах
offence [ə'fens] *n* обида, оскорбление

offend [ə'fend] *v* обижать, оскорблять
onyx ['ɒnɪks] *n* *мин.* оникс
opal ['oʊpəl] *n* *мин.* опал
opium ['oʊpjəm] *n* опиум
orchard ['ɔ:tʃəd] *n* фруктовый сад
ornithology [ɔ:nɪ'θɒlədʒɪ] *n* орнитология
outrun (outran) [aʊ'tʃʌn] ([aʊ'tʃæn]) *v* перегнать
overfeed (overfed) ['oʊvə,fed] ([oʊvə,fɪ:d]) *v* перекармливать
overhear (overheard) ['oʊvə,hɪə] ([oʊvə,hə:d]) *v* нечаянно услышать
overtake (overtook, overtaken) ['oʊvə,teɪk] ([oʊvə,tʊk], [oʊvə,teɪkn]) *v* узнать
owl [aʊl] *n* сова
ox [ɒks] *n* бык

P

paddle ['pædl] *n* плавник, ласт
page [peɪdʒ] *n* паж
pale [peɪl] *adj* бледный
pallet-bed ['pælɪt,bed] *n* соломенная постель
palm [pɑ:m] *n* ладонь руки
palm-tree ['pɑ:m,tri:] *n* пальма
paradise ['pærədəɪs] *n* рай
parrot ['pærət] *n* попугай
pass through ['pɑ:s'θru:] *v* проходить через
passer-by ['pɑ:sə,baɪ] *n* прохожий
passion-flower ['pæʃən,flaʊə] *n* *бот.* страстоцвет
pavement ['peɪvmənt] *n* тротуар
pavilion [pə'vɪljən] *n* павильон, корпус
peach-tree ['pi:tʃ,tri:] *n* персиковое дерево
peacock ['pi:kɒk] *n* павлин
pear [peə] *n* горох

pearl [pɜ:l] *n* жемчуг
peasant ['pezənt] *n* крестьянин
pedestal ['pedɪstl] *n* пьедестал
peep in ['pi:p'in] *v* заглядывать
permission [pə'mɪʃən] *n* разрешение
permit [pə'mɪt] *v* разрешить
petal ['petl] *n* лепесток
phenomenon [fɪ'nɒmɪnən] *n* явление, феномен
pick out ['pɪk'ʌt] *v* выдергивать, отбирать
pierce [piəs] *v* пронзать
pike [paɪk] *n* щука
pile [paɪl] *v* складывать
pilgrim ['pɪlgrɪm] *n* пилигрим
pillow ['pɪləʊ] *n* подушка
pine-forest ['paɪn,fɔ:rəst] *n* сосновый бор
pine-wood ['paɪn,wʊd] *n* дрова из сосны
pink [pɪŋk] *n* *бот.* гвоздика
pipe [paɪp] *n* трубка; свирель; *v* наигрывать на свирели
pity ['pɪtɪ] *n* жалость
plain [pleɪn] *n* долина
plank [plæŋk] *n* доска
plague [pleɪg] *n* чума, моровая язва
plough [plau] *v* пахать, бороздить
pluck [plʌk] *v* срывать
pluck out ['plʌk'ʌt] *v* выбить, выдернуть
plum [plʌm] *n* слива
plunge [plʌndʒ] *v* нырять; *n* ныряние
poison ['pɔɪzn] *v* отравить; *n* яд
poisonous ['pɔɪznəs] *adj* ядовитый
pomegranate ['pɒm,grænɪt] *n* гранат; гранатовое дерево
pond [pɒnd] *n* pompa, великолепие, пышность
poor [puə] *adj* бедный
poppy ['pɒpi] *n* *бот.* мак
porch [pɔ:tʃ] *n* подъезд, крыльцо
possess [pə'zes] *v* владеть, обладать

possession [pə'zefən] *n* владение, обладание

pottery ['pɒtəri] *n* керамика, гончарные изделия

pour [pɔ:] *v* наливать

poverty ['pɒvəti] *n* бедность

praise [preiz] *v* хвалить

precede [pri:'si:d] *v* предшествовать

precedence [pri:'si:dəns] *n* предшествование, превосходство

precious ['preʃəs] *adj* драгоценный

prejudice ['predʒʌdɪs] *n* предвзятость

prevail [pri'veil] *v* преобладать, пре-
валировать

prick [prɪk] *n* укол, прокол

priest [pri:st] *n* священник

primrose ['prɪmroʊz] *n* бот. перво-
цвет, примула

proclamation [ˌprɒklə'meɪʃən] *n* про-
кламация

profit ['prɒfɪt] *v* приносить пользу

prominent ['prɒmɪnənt] *adj* знаменитый

prophet ['prɒfɪt] *n* пророк

pull [pul] *v*: ~ **down** сносить; ~ **out**
вытаскивать

punish ['pʌnɪʃ] *v* наказывать

punishment ['pʌnɪʃmənt] *n* наказание

puppet-show ['pʌpɪt,ʃəʊ] *n* кукольный
театр

purchase ['pɜ:tʃəs] *v* покупать

pure [pjʊə] *adj* чистый

purple ['pɜ:pl] *adj* пурпурный

purse [pɜ:s] *n* кошелек

pygmy ['pɪgmɪ] *n* пигмей, карлик

pyrotechnist [ˌpaɪrəʊ'teknɪst] *n* пиро-
техник

Q

quarrel ['kwɒrəl] *v* ругаться, ссо-
риться

quench [kwentʃ] *v* гасить, тушить,
утолить (жажду)

quote [kwəʊt] *v* цитировать

R

rabbit ['ræbɪt] *n* кролик

rapid ['ræpɪd] *adj* быстрый

rare [rɛə] *adj* редкий

raven ['rævn] *v* рыскать в поисках
добычи

raven ['reɪvn] *n* ворон (не путать с
вороной)

recognition [ˌrekəg'nɪʃən] *n* призна-
ние

recognize ['rekəgnaɪz] *v* узнавать

reed [ri:d] *n* тростник, камыш

reel [ri:l] *n* вихрь; *v* кружиться

reflect [rɪ'flekt] *v* отражать

reflection [rɪ'flekʃən] *n* отражение

refuge ['refju:dʒ] *n* убежище

reject [rɪ'dʒekt] *v* отвергнуть

release [rɪ'li:s] *v* отпустить

remedy ['remɪdɪ] *n* лекарство

render ['rendə] *v* платить

reserve [rɪ'zɜ:v] *v* сохранить, беречь

retrace [rɪ'treɪs] *v* возвращаться по
пройденному пути

reverence ['revərəns] *n* реверанс; по-
чтение

reward [rɪ'wɔ:d] *n* вознаграждение

ride (rode, ridden) [raɪd] ([raʊd],
[rɪdn]) *v* ехать верхом

ripe [raɪp] *adj* спелый

river-horse ['rɪvə,hɔ:s] *n* гиппопотам,
бегемот

roam through ['rəʊm 'θru:] *v* бродить
по

roar [rɔ:] *v* шуметь, свистеть

roast [rəʊst] *n* жаркое; жареное

robber ['rɒbə] *n* разбойник

robe [rəʊb] *n* мантия, широкая
одежда

rock [rɒk] *n* скала, утес

rod [rɒd] *n* прут, стержень

roll [rɒl] *v* тарашить

roof [ru:f] *n* крыша

rope [rəʊp] *n* канат, веревка, трос

rope-ladder ['rəʊp,lædə] *n* верёвоч-
ная лестница

rough [rʌf] *adj* грубый

row [rəʊ] *n* ряд

rub [rʌb] *v* тереться

ruby ['ru:bi] *n* рубин

rude [ru:d] *adj* грубый

S

sack [sæk] *n* мешок

sacrifice ['sækrɪfaɪs] *n* жертва

saddle ['sædl] *n* седло

samphire ['sæmfaiə] *n* бот. критмум
морской

sapphire ['sæfaiə] *n* мин. сапфир

satin ['sætn] *n* атлас

saw (sawed, sawn) [sɔ:] ([sɔ:d], [sɔ:n])
v распиливать, точить

scale [skeɪl] *n* шкала; чаша весов

scarf [skɑ:f] *n* повязка; шарф

scarlet ['skɑ:lɪt] *adj* пурпурный

sceptre ['septə] *n* скипетр

scold [skəʊld] *v* ругать

scornful ['skɔ:nfʊl] *adj* презрительный

scythe [saɪð] *n* коса

seagull ['si:ɡʌl] *n* чайка

sea-horse ['si:hɔ:s] *n* зоол. морской
конек

seal [si:l] *n* печать

seamstress ['si:mstrɪs] *n* швея

seashell ['si:ʃel] *n* морская раковина

sensible ['sensɪbl] *adj* разумный

sensitive ['sensɪtɪv] *adj* чувствительный

serpent ['sɜ:pənt] *n* змей, змея

sew (sewed, sewn) [sou] ([səʊd],
[səʊn]) *v* шить, пришивать

shabby ['ʃæbi] *adj* потертый, потре-
панный

shaggy ['ʃæɡɪ] *adj* косматый, лохма-
тый

shake (shook, shaken) [ʃeɪk] ([ʃʊk],
[ʃeɪkn]): *v* ~ **one's head** отрицатель-
но качать головой

shallow ['ʃæləʊ] *adj* мелкий, поверх-
ностный

sham [ʃæm] *n* притворство, обман

shatter ['ʃætə] *v* разбить вдребезги

shawl [ʃɔ:l] *n* шаль, платок

shed [ʃed] *n* навес, сарай

sheepfold ['ʃi:pfaʊld] *n* овчарня

sheepskin ['ʃi:pskɪn] *n* овчина

shell [ʃel] *n* оболочка, скорлупа

shelter ['ʃeltə] *n* приют, кров; *v* ук-
рывать, дать приют

shepherd ['ʃepəd] *n* пастух

shield [ʃi:ld] *n* щит

shine (shone) [ʃaɪn] ([ʃaʊn]) *v* све-
тить(ся), сиять

shiver ['ʃɪvə] *v* дрожать

shore [ʃɔ:] *n* берег моря

shoot through ['ʃut 'θru:] *v* простре-
лить насквозь

shutter ['ʃʌtə] *n* ставень

sign [saɪn] *n* знак, символ

silk [sɪlk] *n* шелк

sin [sɪn] *n* грех

sink (sank, sunk) [sɪŋk] ([sæŋk],
[sɒŋk]) *v* опускаться, снижаться

siren ['saɪrən] *n* сирена

skirt [skɜ:t] *n* юбка

slanting ['slɑ:ntɪŋ] *adj* косою, раско-
сой

slap [slæp] *n* шлепок; *v* шлепать

slate [sleɪt] *n* шифер

slave [sleɪv] *n* раб

sleeve [sli:v] *n* рукав

slender ['slendə] *adj* тонкий, строй-
ный

slim [slɪm] *adj* тонкий, стройный

slip [slɪp] *v* ускользнуть

slippers ['slɪpəz] *n* комнатные туф-
ли, тапочки

smooth [smu:ð] *adj* гладкий

snake [sneɪk] *n* змея

snap [snæp] *v* обламываться

sniff [snɪf] *v* сопеть, фыркать

sob [sɒb] *v* рыдать

solemn ['sələm] *adj* торжественный, церемониальный
solitude ['sɒlɪtju:d] *n* одиночество
soul [səʊl] *n* душа
sovereign ['sɒvri:n] *adj* суверенный, самостоятельный
sparrow ['spærəʊ] *n* воробей
spear [spiə] *n* копье, дротик
sphinx [sfɪŋks] *n* сфинкс
splendid ['splendɪd] *adj* великолепный, роскошный
split (split) [splɪt] ([splɪt]) *v* раскалывать
spoil [spɔɪl] *v* испортить
spot [spɒt] *n* место
spray [spreɪ] *n* брызги
spread (spread) [spred] ([spred]) *v* раскидывать
squib [skwɪb] *n* петарда, шутиха
squirrel ['skwɪrəl] *n* белка
stain [steɪn] *n* пятно
stamp upon ['stæmp ʌ'pɒn] *v* топать по, ступать, наступать
stanchion ['stɑ:nʃən] *n* стойка
start off [stɑ:t 'ɒf] *v* отправиться
stately ['steɪtlɪ] *adj* величавый, полный достоинства
statue ['stætju:] *n* статуя
steal (stole, stolen) [sti:l] ([stəʊl], [stəʊl(ə)n]) *v* украсть
stern [stɜ:n] *adj* строгий, суровый
stick [stɪk] *n* палка, трость
stiff [stɪf] *adj* жесткий
sting (stung) [stɪŋ] ([stʌŋ]) *v* колоть
store [stɔ:] *n* запас, резерв
stream [stri:m] *n* поток
stretch out ['stretʃ'au] *v* протягивать
stringed [strɪŋd] *adj* струнный (*об инструменте*)
stripe [straɪp] *n* плеть
subtle ['sʌtl] *adj* искусный
suffer ['sʌfə] *v* страдать
sufficient [sə'fɪʃənt] *adj* достаточный
sulk [sʌlk] *v* дуться, быть сердитым

sundial ['sʌndaɪəl] *n* солнечные часы
sunbeam ['sʌnbɪ:m] *n* солнечный луч
sunset ['sʌnsɛt] *n* закат солнца
surrender [sə'rendə] *v* сдаваться
surround [sə'raʊnd] *v* окружать
suspect (of) [səs'pekt] *v* подозревать (в)
swallow ['swɒləʊ] *n* ласточка
swan [swɒn] *n* лебедь
swarm up ['swɔ:m'ʌp] *v* толпиться
swear (swore, sworn) [swɛə] ([swɔ:], [swɔ:n]) *v* клясться, присягать
swing (swung) [swɪŋ] ([swʌŋ]) *v*: ~ upon качаться
sword [sɔ:d] *n* меч, шпага
sword-hilt ['sɔ:dhɪlt] *n* эфес
Syria ['sɪrɪə] *n* Сирия

T

tail [teɪl] *n* хвост
tame [teɪm] *adj* прирученный, ручной
tapestry ['tæpɪstri] *n* гобелен, затканная руками материя
tear (tore, torn) [tɛə] ([tɔ:], [tɔ:n]) *v* рвать, срывать
tease [ti:z] *v* дразнить
temple [templ] *n* храм
tempt [tempt] *v* соблазнять
temptation [temp'teɪʃən] *n* соблазн
tender ['tendə] *adj* нежный
tenderly ['tendəli] *adv* нежно
terrace ['terəs] *n* терраса
thicket ['θɪkɪt] *n* чаща
thigh [θaɪ] *n* бедро
thirsty ['θɜ:sti] *adj* томимый жаждой
thistle [θɪsl] *n* чертополох
thorn [θɔ:n] *n* шип, колючка
thoughtful ['θɔ:tfʊl] *adj* заботливый
threshold ['θreʃhəʊld] *n* порог
throne [θroun] *n* трон
throw (threw, thrown) (at) [θrou] ([θru:], [θroun]) *v* кидать, бросать (в)

tidy ['taɪdɪ] *adj* опрятный
tiger ['taɪgə] *n* тигр
timid ['tɪmɪd] *adj* застенчивый
tinkle [tɪŋkl] *n* звон колокольчика
tiny ['taɪni] *adj* маленький, крошечный
tire ['taɪə] *v* утомляться, уставать
tissue ['tɪʃju:] *n* ткань
toad [təʊd] *n* жаба
tomb [tu:m] *n* могила с надгробием
torch [tɔ:tʃ] *n* факел
torrent ['tɔ:rənt] *n* стремительный поток, водопад
tortoise ['tɔ:təs] *n* черепаха
toss [tɒs] *v* бросать, кидать
tower [taʊə] *n* башня
track [træk] *n* след
trail [treɪl] *n* след, тропа
trap [træp] *n* силос
tread (on) [tred] *v* ступать, шагать
treasure ['trezə] *n* сокровище
trifle (with) [traɪfl] *v* шутить
Triton ['traɪtɒn] *n* миф. тритон
triumph ['traɪəmf] *n* триумф
troop ['tru:p] *n* отряд, группа людей
trumpet ['trʌmpɪt] *n* труба
trunk [trʌŋk] *n* ствол дерева
tulip ['tju:lɪp] *n* тюльпан
tunic ['tju:nɪk] *n* туника
turban ['tɜ:bən] *n* тюрбан
turtledove ['tɜ:tlɒv] *n* горлинка
twig [twɪg] *n* ветка
twilight ['twɪlaɪt] *n* сумерки
twinkle [twɪŋkl] *v* мерцать, сверкать
twitter ['twɪtə] *v* щебетать, чирикать

U

ugliness ['ʌglɪnis] *n* уродство
ugly ['ʌgli] *adj* уродливый

V

valley ['væli] *n* долина

veil [veɪl] *n* вуаль, покрывало
vein [veɪn] *n* вена
velvet ['velvɪt] *adj* вельветовый, бархатный
vessel ['vesl] *n* судно
vessel ['vesl] *n* сосуд
vice [vaɪs] *n* порок, зло
vile [vaɪl] *adj* подлый, низкий
villager ['vɪlɪdʒə] *n* житель селения
vinedresser ['vaɪndresə] *n* виноградарь
violence ['vaɪələns] *n* насилие, жестокость
violet ['vaɪələt] *n* фиалка
violin [vaɪə'lɪn] *n* скрипка
viper ['vaɪpə] *n* гадюка; змея, вероломный человек
virtue ['vɜ:tju:] *n* добродетель
vulgar ['vʌlgə] *adj* грубый, вульгарный

W

waddle [wɒdl] *n* походка вперевалку
wage [weɪdʒ] *n* зарплата
waist [weɪst] *n* талия
wallet ['wɒlɪt] *n* кошелек
wander off ['wɒndə 'ɒf] *v* скитаться
watchman ['wɒtʃmən] *n* ночной сторож, караульный
water-rat ['wɔ:tərət] *n* водяная крыса
weakly ['wi:kli] *adj* хилый, болезненный
wear (wore, worn) [weə] ([wɔ:], [wɔ:n]) *v* носить
weary ['weəri] *adj* уставший, утомленный
weathercock ['weðəkɒk] *n* флюгер
weaver ['wi:və] *n* ткач, ткачиха
web [web] *n* перепонка
weep (wept) [wi:p] ([wept]) *v* плакать, рыдать
weigh [weɪ] *v* взвешивать
well [wel] *n* колодец
well-bred ['wel'bred] *adj* благовоспитанный

well-built [wel'bilt] <i>adj</i> хорошо сло- женный	wise [waiz] <i>adj</i> мудрый
wet (with) [wet] <i>v</i> опросить	witch [witʃ] <i>n</i> ведьма
whale [weil] <i>n</i> кит	witchery ['witʃəri] <i>n</i> колдовство
wheel [wi:l] <i>n</i> колесо	wither ['wiðə] <i>v</i> вянуть, сохнуть, блекнуть
wheel-spoke ['wi:lspouk] <i>n</i> спица ко- леса	woodcutter ['wud,katə] <i>n</i> лесоруб
wheelbarrow ['wi:l,bærou] <i>n</i> тачка	woodpecker ['wud,pekə] <i>n</i> дятел
whip [wip] <i>v</i> хлестать, сечь	wool [wul] <i>n</i> шерсть
whirl [wɜ:l] <i>v</i> вертеться, кружиться	woolly ['wuli] <i>adj</i> покрытый шерстью
whisker ['wiskə] <i>n</i> бакенбард(ы); усы	worm [wɜ:m] <i>n</i> червяк
whisper ['wispə] <i>v</i> шептать	worn [wɔ:n] <i>adj</i> усталый, измучен- ный
whistle [wisl] <i>v</i> свистеть	worship ['wɜ:ʃip] <i>v</i> обожать, бого- творить
wicked ['wikid] <i>adj</i> нехороший, без- нравственный	worshipper ['wɜ:ʃipə] <i>n</i> обожатель
wicket ['wikit] <i>n</i> калитка, ворота	wound [wʌnd] <i>n</i> рана
wilful ['wilful] <i>adj</i> своевольный	wrap [ræp] <i>v</i> закутать, завернуть
willow ['wilou] <i>n</i> ива	wrath [ræθ] <i>n</i> гнев
wind [wind] <i>n</i> ветер; <i>v</i> проветривать	wreck [rek] <i>n</i> крушение, гибель
wing [wiŋ] <i>n</i> крыло	wrist [rist] <i>n</i> запястье
wipe [waip] <i>v</i> вытирать	wrought [rɔ:t] <i>adj</i> расшитый
wisdom ['wizdəm] <i>n</i> мудрость	

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