

МІНІСТЕРСТВО ОСВІТИ І НАУКИ УКРАЇНИ  
ОДЕСЬКИЙ НАЦІОНАЛЬНИЙ УНІВЕРСИТЕТ ІМЕНІ І.І. МЕЧНИКОВА  
Факультет романо-германської філології

# ДОМАШНЄ ЧИТАННЯ НА МАТЕРІАЛІ ОПОВІДАНЬ А. К. ДОЙЛЯ

## Частина 1

### *Методичні вказівки*

*до курсів «Основна іноземна мова (англійська)»  
та «Друга іноземна мова (англійська)»*

для здобувачів вищої освіти ступеня «Бакалавр»  
спеціальності 035 «Філологія»,  
спеціалізації 035.041 «Германські мови та літератури  
(переклад включно)», перша – англійська  
та спеціалізації 035.043 «Германські мови та літератури  
(переклад включно)», перша – німецька

Одеса  
Фенікс  
2020

УДК 811.111(075.4)  
Д66

*Друкується за рішенням вченої ради  
факультету романо-германської філології  
Одеського національного університету ім. І. І. Мечникова  
(протокол № 3 від 11.12.2020 р.).*

**Укладачі:**

Тхор Н. М. – кандидат філологічних наук, доцент;  
Попік І. П. – кандидат філологічних наук, доцент;  
Калінюк О. О. – кандидат філологічних наук, доцент.

**Рецензенти:**

Колегаєва І. М. – доктор філологічних наук, професор,  
завідувач кафедри лексикології та стилістики англійської мови;  
Кравченко Н. О. – доктор філологічних наук, професор, завідувач  
кафедри теоретичної та прикладної фонетики англійської мови  
факультету РГФ.

Домашнє читання : на матеріалі оповідань А. К. Дойля :  
Д66 Частина 1 : методичні вказівки до курсів «Основна іноземна мова  
(англійська)» та «Друга іноземна мова (англійська)» для здобувачів вищої  
освіти ступеня «Бакалавр» спеціальності 035 «Філологія», спеціалізації  
035.041 «Германські мови та літератури (переклад включно)», перша  
– англійська та спеціалізації 035.043 «Германські мови та літератури  
(переклад включно)», перша – німецька / уклад.: Н. М. Тхор, І. П. Попік,  
О. О. Калінюк ; Одеський нац. ун-т ім. І. І. Мечникова. – Одеса : Фенікс,  
2020. – 35 с.

УДК 811.111(075.4)

У методичних вказівках представлені розробки до оповідань видатного англійського письменника А.К. Дойла «A Scandal in Bohemia», «Five Orange Pips» та «The Boscombe Valley Mystery». Методичні завдання до кожного розділу побудовані за однаковою схемою і складаються з двох частин.

Перша частина містить передтекстові вправи, друга – післятекстові. Вправи першої частини є рецептивно-комунікативними і виконуються до прочитання розділу, їх метою є вмотивування читання та керування «змістовою» та «смісловою» інформацією тексту.

Вправи другої частини виконуються після прочитання кожного з розділів і містять дві групи вправ. Перша група вправ має за мету збагачення лексичного запасу студентів на базі нових лексичних одиниць і містить мовні репродуктивні вправи, спрямовані на формування лексичних навичок та удосконалення граматичних навичок. Друга група складається з умовно-мовленневих лексичних вправ, під час виконання яких студенти використовують «змістову» інформацію художнього тексту, а також мовленневих вправ, які спрямовані на розвиток умінь студентів у побудові монологічних і діалогічних висловлювань у мовленневих ситуаціях, співвіднесення зі «смісловою» інформацією кожного з розділів.

# TASK I

## A SCANDAL IN BOHEMIA

### I

I had seen little of Holmes lately. My marriage separated us from each other. I was very happy with my family while Holmes remained in our flat in Baker Street, with his old books. He was still interested in the study of crime and managed to find those clues and clear up those mysteries, which had been thought as hopeless by the police. From time to time I heard of him and was very proud of my friend.

One night – it was on the 20th of March, 1888 – I was coming home from work (because I had now returned to civil practice), and I was walking through Baker Street. As I passed the well-known door, I felt a great desire to see Holmes again and know how he was. His rooms were brightly lit and I saw his tall figure walking about the room. As I knew him well, I saw that he was at work again. I rang the bell and was shown up to the room that used to be my own. I think Holmes was glad to see me. Without a word he waved me to an arm-chair. Then he stood before the fire and looked me over carefully.

“I think, Watson, you have put on weight since I saw you”, he said. “I see you have been getting yourself wet lately, and that you have a very careless servant girl”.

“My dear Holmes”, I was surprised, “this is too much. I really had a walk to the country and came home very dirty; but as I have changed my clothes, I can’t understand how you deduce it. As to our maid she is really careless, but how do you know?”

He laughed quietly and rubbed his hands together.

“It is very simple”, said he, “my eyes tell me that you have some parallel cuts on your left shoe. I think they have been made by someone who tried to remove mud from it carelessly. This makes me think that you had been out in bad weather. And I also see a black mark of nitrate of silver on your finger and you smell of iodoform, that’s why I understand you started your medical practice”.

I could not keep from laughing listening to his explanations of his process of deduction.

“When you give your reasons”, I remarked, “everything is so clear to me that I could easily do it myself. But I am always baffled, until you explain

your process. And yet I am sure I have as good eyes as you do”.

“Quite right”, he agreed, lighting a cigarette and sitting down into an arm-chair. “You see, but you do not notice. Do you see the difference? For example, you have often seen the steps which lead up from the hall to this room”.

“Yes”.

“How often?”

“Well, hundreds of times”.

“Then how many are there?”

“I don’t know”.

“That’s right! You have seen but have not noticed. But I know that there are seventeen steps there. By the way, since you are interested in these little cases, you may be interested in one more.” He gave me a sheet of thick pink paper, which had been lying on the table. “It came by post. Read it aloud”, he said.

There was no date on the paper, it was either without address.

“At a quarter to eight o’clock you’ll have a visitor”, it said, “a gentleman who wants to consult you on the matter of great importance. Your help to one of the Royal Houses of Europe have shown that you may safely be trusted. This account of you we have from all quarters received. Be at home at that hour and do not take it the wrong way if the visitor wear a mask”.

“It’s a real mystery”, I said. “What does it mean?”

“I don’t know yet. It’s a mistake to make conclusions when you know nothing. But as for the note, what do you think of it?”

I looked carefully at the writing and the paper.

“The man who wrote it was rich”, I remarked, imitating my friend’s explanations. “Such paper is not cheap. It is strong and stiff”.

“Yes”, said Holmes. “It is not an English paper at all. Raise it up to the light”.

I did so, and saw large and small letters.

“What do you think of it?”

“It’s the name of the maker, of course”.

“No. The *G* with the small *t* means the word “Company” in German. *P*, of course, stands for “Papier”. Now for the *Eg*. Let’s look at our reference book”. He took a heavy brown book from the shelves. “Eglow, Eglonitz – here we are, Egria. It is a place in Bohemia, not far from Carlsbad. ‘It is famous for its glass factories and paper mills.’ So, what can you say now?”

“The paper was made in Bohemia”, I said.

“Exactly. And the man who wrote it is a German. I can say that seeing this odd construction of the sentence – ‘This account of you we have from all quarters received.’ The only thing is to find out what this strange German wants. And here he comes”.

“I think that I’d better go, Holmes”.

“No, Doctor. Stay here. I am sure this case is interesting”.

“But your client”.

“Never mind him. Here he comes. Sit down in that armchair, Doctor, and be all ears”.

Heavy steps, which had been heard on the stairs, paused outside the door. Then there was a loud tap.

“Come in!” said Holmes.

A very tall man with the chest and limbs of a Hercules entered the room. He wore a black mask across the upper part of his face. Looking at the lower part of his face I understood he was a man of strong character.

“Have you got my note?” he asked, in a harsh voice with a strong German accent. He looked from one to the other of us, hesitating which to address.

“Please, take a seat”, said Holmes. “This is my friend, Dr. Watson, who is very kind to help me in my cases. Whom have I the honour to address?”

“I am the Count von Kramm from Bohemia. I hope that your friend is a man whom I may trust?”

“You may say before this gentleman anything which you may say to me”.

“Then I begin”, the Count said, “I ask you to keep this secret for two years. As this case may change European history”.

“I promise”, said Holmes. “And I”.

Excuse, me this mask”, our strange visitor went on. “The august person I work for wants his agent to be unknown to you. The name I’ve told you is not my real name”.

“I know it”, said Holmes.

Our visitor glanced with surprise at the man who had been told to be the most clever and energetic agent in Europe. Holmes slowly opened his eyes and looked impatiently at the client.

“If Your Majesty would start telling your problem”, he remarked, “I should be better able to advise you”.

The man jumped from his chair and walked up and down the room excitedly. Then he tore his mask from his face. “You are right”, he cried, “I am the King”.

“Yes”, murmured Holmes. “Your Majesty had not spoken before I knew that I was addressing Wilgelm Gottsreich Sigismond von Ormstein, Grand Duke of Cassel-Felstein, and the King of Bohemia.”

“But you can understand that I never did such things personally. Yet the matter was so delicate that I could not tell it to an agent without putting myself in his power. I have come to consult you”.

“Then, do consult,” said Holmes closing his eyes again.

“About five years ago, during a visit to Warsaw, I met Irene Adler. I am sure you know this name”.

“Doctor, please look her up in my index”, murmured Holmes, without opening his eyes. For many years he gathered all kinds of information about people and things. If he needed, he had everything about someone immediately. In this case I found her biography quickly.

“Let me see”, said Holmes. “Hum! Born in New Jersey in 1858. Hum! Prima donna Imperial Opera of Warsaw – Yes! Living in London – quite so! Your Majesty as I understand fell for this woman, wrote to her some letters and now you want those letters back”.

“Yes. But how...”

“Was there a secret marriage?”

“No”.

“No legal papers?”

“No”.

“Then I don’t understand. If this young woman should use her letters for blackmailing, how can she prove that they are real?”

“My writing”.

“Copied”.

“My private paper”.

“Stolen”.

“My own seal”.

“Imitated”.

“My photograph”.

“Bought”.

“We were both in the photograph”.

“Oh, dear! That’s very bad. Your Majesty has made a mistake”.

“I was mad”.

“It must be got back”.

“We have tried and failed”.

“It must be bought. Pay to her”.

“She will not sell”.

“Stolen, then”.

“Five attempts have been unsuccessful”.

Holmes laughed. “It is quite a pretty little problem”, said he.

“But a very serious for me”, returned the King.

“I see. And what is she going to do with the photograph?”

“To ruin me”.

“But how?”

“I am going to marry”.

“Yes, I have heard”.

“To Clotilde Lothman von Saxe- Meningen, second daughter of the King of Scandinavia. They have very strict principles. A shadow of a doubt as to my behaviour would put an end to our marriage”.

“And Irene Adler?”

“She says she will send them the photograph. And she will do it, because she has a soul of steel”.

“Are you sure that she has not sent it yet?”

“I am sure”.

“Why?”

“She has said that she would send it on the day when the engagement was publicly proclaimed. That will be next Monday”.

“Oh, we have three days yet”, said Holmes. “That is good, as I have some important matters to look into. Will you stay in London?”

“Certainly. You can find me at the Langham, under the name of the Count von Kramm”.

“I shall inform you”.

“Please do”.

“Then, as to money?”

“You have full freedom”. “And for present expenses?”

The King took a heavy leather bag from under his cloak, and laid it on the table. “There are three hundred pounds in gold, and seven hundred in notes”, he said.

Holmes wrote a receipt on a sheet of his notebook, and handed it to him.

“And her address?” he asked.

“Briony Lodge, Serpentine Avenue, St. John’s Wood”. Holmes wrote it down. “Then good night, Your Majesty”.

“And good night, Watson. If you will be so kind to come tomorrow, at three o’clock, I should like to discuss this matter over with you”.

## II

At three o’clock I was at Baker Street, but Holmes was still out. I sat down beside the fire as I wanted to wait for my friend. I liked his system of work and methods he used, so I was always glad to help him.

It was almost four o’clock when the door opened, and a drunken-looking groom with a red face and poor clothes walked into the room. I had to look three times before I recognized him. He nodded to me and went to the bedroom to change his clothes. He stretched out his legs in front of the fire, and laughed for some time.

“What is it?”

“It’s very funny. I bet you never guess how I spent my morning”.

“I think you have been watching the house of Miss Irene Adler”.

“You are right. I left the house a little after eight o’clock in the morning, in the character of a groom looking for work. I soon found Briony Lodge. It is an elegant villa, with a garden at the back. Large sitting-room on the right side, well furnished, with long windows almost to the floor. I walked round it and looked carefully, but didn’t notice anything interesting. I talked to horsemen and got as much information as I could wish about Miss Adler”.

“And what of her?”

“She lives quietly, sings at concerts, drives out at five o’clock every day, and comes back at seven. She doesn’t often go out at other time. Has only one male visitor, but very often. He is dark and handsome. He is a Mr. Godfrey Norton, he stays at the Inner Temple. When I had found out everything, I began to walk up and down near Briony Lodge. I had to work out a good plan.

“Godfrey Norton was a lawyer. What was the relation between them? Was she his client or his friend? If the former, she had probably given the photograph to him. If the latter she hadn’t. On the answer to this question depended whether I should continue my work at her house, or watch the man’s place. I know I say many details but I want you to see my difficulties”.

“Go on”, I answered.

“Some time later a cab drove up to Briony Lodge and a very handsome man jumped out. He was in a great hurry, shouted to the cabman to wait and entered the house.

“He was there for about thirty minutes, and I could see him in the windows of the sitting-room, walking up and down, talking excitedly. I didn’t see her. Then he came out, stepped up to the cab and said, ‘Drive like the devil to the Church of St. Monica in the Edgware Road’.

“Then some minutes later a little nice landau drove up the house and she ran out of the door and into it.

“ ‘The Church of St. Monica, John’, she cried.

“And I knew I had to follow her. At that moment a cab came through the street. I jumped in and repeated the words I had heard twice. My cabby drove fast. The cab and the landau were in front of the church door when I arrived. The church was empty except those two whom I had followed and a clergyman. They were all three standing in front of the altar. I pretended to be just a visitor who has dropped into a church. Suddenly Godfrey Norton ran quickly towards me.

“ ‘Come with me. Come!’ he cried.

“ ‘What then?’ I asked.

“ ‘Come, man, come, only three minutes, or it won’t be legall.’

So I became their witness. That was the thing that made me laugh. My lucky appearance saved the bridegroom from having to go out into the streets in search of a best man. The bride gave me a sovereign, and I’m going to wear it on my watch-chain in memory of this day”.

“This is a very unexpected turn of affairs”, said I, “and what then?”

“It looks as if the pair might run away immediately, so I have to do something quickly. At the church door they separated, he went back to the Temple, and she to her own house. ‘I shall drive out in the park at five as usual,’ she said as she left him. These were the only words I heard. They drove away in different directions, and I went my own way.”

“What are you going to do?”

“I am going to have some cold beef and a glass of beer”, he answered. “I have been too busy to think of food and suppose I’ll be much busier tonight. By the way, Doctor, I’ll need your help”.

“I’ll help you with pleasure”.

“I was sure that I might rely on you”.

“But can you tell me the details?”

“When Mrs. Hudson has brought in the food I will explain them to you. Now”, he said beginning to eat, “I have only time to discuss it when I eat. It’s nearly five now. In two hours we must be at the place. Miss Irene, or Madame, returns from her drive at seven. We must meet her”.

“And what then?”

“Leave everything to me. There is only one thing I want you to remember. You must not interfere”.

“Am I to be neutral?”

“You are to do nothing. I must be conveyed into the house. Four or five minutes later, the sitting-room window will open. You must stand near the window”.

“Yes”.

“You are to watch me”.

“Yes”.

“When I raise my hand -so – you will throw into the room what I give you to throw and, at the same time cry of fire. Do you understand?”

“Certainly”.

“It is just a plumber’s smoke rocket, with a cap at either end to make it self-lighting. Your task is this. When you raise your cry of fire, a number of people will shout with you. Then you walk to the end of the street, and I’ll catch you up in ten minutes. Is it clear?”

“Yes. You, may rely on me”.

“That is very good. Now I have a new role to play”.

He went to his bedroom, and returned a few moments later. He was dressed like a clergyman.

It was a quarter past six when we left Baker Street and some time later found ourselves in Serpentine-avenue. The house was such as I’d imagined it from Sherlock Holmes’ description. The street was rather busy. There was a group of poor-dressed men smoking in a corner, a scissors-grinder, two guardsmen who were flirting with a nursegirl, and several well-dressed young men.

“Now”, remarked Holmes, when we walked in front of the house, “the question is where are we going to look for a photograph?”

“Where really?”

“I am sure she doesn’t carry it with her. It may be her banker or her lawyer who keep it. But I think that women have the habit of keeping things secret and they like to do their own secreting themselves.

So it must be in her own house”.

“But it has twice been burgled”.

“Well, they did not know where to look”.

“But where will you look?”

“I will get her to show me. Now follow my instructions. I hear her carriage”.

As he spoke the carriage came up to the house. It was a nice little landau. One of the loafing men ran forward to open the door, hoping to get some money, but was pushed away by another man who wanted to do the same. They began to fight and the guardsmen and the scissors-grinder took both sides. A blow was struck and the lady was in the centre of fighting men who beat each other with their fists and sticks. Holmes ran forward to help the lady; but suddenly he cried and fell down.

The blood was running down his face. Just then the fighters took to their heels in different directions, while some well-dressed men gathered to help. Irene Adler had hurried up the steps, but then stopped and turned back.

“How is the poor gentleman?” she asked. “He is dead”, someone said.

“No, no, he’s still alive”, shouted another, “but he may die soon”.

“He can’t lie in the street. May we bring him in?”

“Certainly. Take him into the sitting-room. There is a comfortable sofa. This way, please”.

So, Holmes found himself in the main room, and I was watching from my post near the window. I could see him lay upon the sofa. I took the smoke rocket.

Holmes had sat up upon the sofa, and I saw him motion like a man who needed fresh air. A maid opened the window. At the same moment I saw him raise his hand, and I threw the rocket into the room with a cry of “Fire!” Everybody who was in the street started shouting “Fire!” I saw rushing figures in the room, and a moment later I heard the voice of my friend, saying that it was a false alarm. I made my way to the corner of the street, and ten minutes later my friend caught me up and we went to me.

“You did it nicely, Doctor”, he remarked. “It is all right”.

“Do you have the photograph?”

“I know where it is. She showed me”.

“I don’t understand”.

“The matter was very simple”, he said laughing. “You, of course, noticed that people in the street helped us a lot. I engaged them for the evening”.

“I understood”.

“When the fight broke out, I ran forward having a little moist red paint in my hand and clapped it to my face. It is not a new trick. They carried me into the house. They put me on a sofa in the sitting- room, the very room I needed. Then I pretended that I was in want of air, I and you did your work well”.

“How did it help you?”

“You see, when a woman thinks that her house is on fire, she saves her dearest thing. And our lady had nothing in the house more dear to her than the photograph. It is in the recess behind a sliding-panel. She was there in a moment and I even saw the photograph. When I calmed them down she replaced it and left the room. I excused and left the house. First I wanted to take the photograph, but one of her servants had come in and was watching me, so I decided to wait”.

“And what now?” I asked.

“The case is almost over. I let the King know and we’ll go there tomorrow. We will be shown into the sitting-room to wait for the lady, and His Majesty may take it with his own hands”.

“When are we to go?”

“At eight o’ clock in the morning. I must send a telegram to the King right now”.

We had got to Baker Street, and had stopped at the door.

At that moment someone passing said: “Good night, Mister Sherlock Holmes”.

These words came from a young man who had hurried by.

“I know that voice”, said Holmes, looking at the street. “I wonder who that could have been”.

I slept at Baker Street that night, and we were sitting down to our breakfast when the King of Bohemia entered the room.

“You have done it!” he cried.

“Not yet”.

“But you have hopes”.

“Yes”.

“Let’s go. I’ m very impatient”.

We came down and went for Briony Lodge. “Irene Adler is married”, said Holmes.

“When?”

“Yesterday. To an English lawyer named Norton”.

“But she could not love him”.

“I hope that she does”.

“But why?”

“Because if the lady loves her husband she does not love Your Majesty. And she would never interfere with Your Majesty’s plans”.

“You are right”.

The door of Briony Lodge was open, and there was an elderly woman on the steps. She watched us as we stepped from the cab.

“Mr. Sherlock Holmes?” asked she.

“I am Mr. Holmes,” answered my friend with surprise. “My mistress told me you were going to come. She left this morning with her husband from Charing Cross, for the Continent”.

“Do you mean that she has left England?”

“Exactly”.

“All is lost”, cried the King.

“We shall see”. Holmes ran into the sitting-room, with me and the King following him. He pulled a sliding-panel and took out a photograph and a letter. The photograph was of Irene Adler herself in an evening dress, the letter was signed to ‘Sherlock Holmes’. My friend opened it and we all read it together. It ran in this way:

‘ My Dear Mr. Sherlock Holmes – you were really wonderful.

I almost believed you. But after alarm of fire, when I found how I betrayed myself, I began to think. I had been warned against you long ago. And your address had been given to me. When I became suspicious I ran upstairs, put on my male clothes, and followed you to your house. So I was sure that I had been visited by a famous Sherlock Holmes. I wished you good night and went to my husband. We decided to run away, so you will find the nest empty. As to the photograph, your client may be sure that I will not use it. I leave a photograph which he might like to have.

Very truly yours, Irene Adler’.

“I am sorry that I have not been able to bring Your Majesty’s case to a more successful end”.

“Oh, my dear sir”, cried the King. “ Don’t worry. I know I can trust her word. The photograph is safe now.”

“I am glad to hear it”.

“Tell me how I can thank you. This ring..”.

“Your Majesty has something which I should value more”, said Holmes.

“You just say”.

“This photograph!”

The King was very surprised.

“Irene’s photograph!” he cried. “ If you wish it”.

“Thank you very much. Then there is no more to be done in this case. I have the honour to wish you a very good morning”. He bowed and went out of the room.

And that was how a scandal threatened to ruin the King of Bohemia, and how a famous Mr. Sherlock Holmes was beaten by a woman. He used to laugh at the cleverness of women, but I have not heard him to do it of late. And when he speaks of Irene Adler, it is always under the title of *the* woman.

## **TASK I.**

### **A SCANDAL IN BOHEMIA**

**by Arthur Conan Doyle**

Translate, transcribe and use in sentences from the text:

- 1) to deduce; 2) elegant; 3) legal; 4) clergyman; 5) landau; 6) temple;
- 7) majesty; 8) to betray; 9) to bow; 10) to threaten; 11) receipt;
- 12) bridegroom; 13) avenue; 14) recess; 15) doubt.

Translate, learn in situations and use in your sentences:

- 1) to put on weight; 2) to be all ears; 3) to fall for smb.; 4) in search of;
- 5) to have the habit of doing smth.; 6) to take to one’s heels;
- 7) to interfere with.

***Make up 12–15 questions to cover the content of the story and be ready to answer them.***

***Prove that:*** this woman could ruin the King’s life; Irene Adler loved her husband.

***Give the forms of the following verbs and learn them:*** sit, bring, become, draw, meet, go, leave, take, drink, say, tell, fall, shake, do, mean.

## TASK II

### FIVE ORANGE PIPS

It was in the end of September. The days were windy and rainy. As evening drew in the storm became louder and louder, and the wind became stronger. Sherlock Holmes sat at the side of the fireplace looking through his notes, while I at the other was reading one of fine sea stories. My wife visited her aunt and for a few days I stayed in my old room at Baker Street.

“Why”, said I, looking up at my friend, “that was the bell? Who could come in a night like this? Is it a client?”

“If so, it is a serious case. Nothing unimportant would bring a man out on such a night and at such an hour”.

Then we heard steps and a knock at the door. He turned the lamp away from himself and towards the vacant chair upon which a visitor must sit.

“Come in!” said he.

A young man of about 22 entered the room. His umbrella and shining waterproof told of the awful weather outside. He looked about himself, and I could see that his face was pale. “I am very sorry”, he said, putting his golden pence-nez onto his eyes”. I am afraid that I have brought the storm and the rain into your room”.

“Give me your coat and umbrella”, said Holmes. “You’ ve come up from the South-west, I see”.

“Yes, from Horsham. I have come for advice”.

“That is easily got”.

“And help”.

“That is not always so easy”.

“I have heard of you much, Mr. Holmes. You are very famous”.

“Draw your chair up to the fire, and tell the details as to your case”.

“It is no ordinary one. A mysterious and inexplicable chain of events has happened in my family”.

“It ‘s interesting”, said Holmes. “Tell us all the facts from the very beginning and I can later ask you about the details which seem to me to be most important.”

“My name”, said he, “is John Openshaw, but I am sure my own affairs have nothing to do with this awful business. I’ll start from the very beginning.

“My grandfather had two sons – my uncle Elias and my father Joseph. My father had a small factory at Coventry. His business was so successful that he was able to sell it and to retire.

“My uncle went to America when he was a young man, and became a planter in Florida, where he was also successful. At the time of the war he fought in Jackson’s army and became a colonel. When the war was over he returned to his plantation, where he lived for three or four years. About 1870 he came back to Europe, and took a small estate in Sussex, near Horsham. He had earned a lot of money in America. He was a single man. My uncle had a garden and two or three fields. He drank much and smoked heavily and didn’t want any friends, not even his brother.

“But he liked me. He asked my father to let me live with him, and he was very kind to me in his way. He used to play draughts with me and I dealt with the servants, so that by the time I was 16 I was quite master of the house. I kept all the keys, and could go where I liked and do what I liked, so long as I did not disturb him. But he had a room up among the attics which was locked, and which he did not allow to enter.

“One day – It was in March, 1883 – a letter with a foreign stamp was on the table in front of the Colonel’s plate. He never received letters. “From India”, said he. “What can this be?” He opened it, and out there jumped five little orange pips. I began to laugh, but stopped as I saw his face. He looked scared at the envelope, which he still held in his trembling hand. ‘K.K.K.,’ he cried, and then, ‘My God, oh, my God.’

“ ‘What is it, uncle?’ I asked.

“ ‘Death,’ said he, and went to his room, leaving me in horror. I took up the envelope and saw three red letters K. There was nothing else except five pips. I left the room and when I was in the stairs I met him coming down with a key in one hand, and a small box in the other.

“ ‘Tell Mary that I’ll want a fire in my room today, and send down to Fordham, the lawyer’.

“I did as he asked, and when the lawyer came they invited me to the room. The fire was bright, and near the fireplace there was a mass of black ashes and the box was open and empty. As I looked at the box, I saw the same letters K, which I had read in the morning on the envelope.

“ ‘I want you, John,’ said my uncle, ‘to witness my will. I leave my estate to my brother, your father, and it will be yours then. You can live here or sell it. Kindly sign the paper where Mr.Fordham shows you’.

“I signed the paper and the lawyer took it away with him. I thought that case was over but I was not able to understand anything. The weeks passed and nothing happened. My uncle changed greatly. He drank more than ever and wanted to be alone. Most of his time he would spend in his room, with the door locked, but sometimes he would burst out of the house and ran about the garden with a revolver in his hand, shouting that he was afraid of no one. And in one of such nights he never came back. We found him in a little green pool, which was in the garden. It was said that he killed himself, but I knew it was not so. My father became the master of the estate.

“Just a minute,” Holmes said. “Tell me the date when you received the letter, and the date of your uncle’s death”.

“We got it on March the 10th, 1883. He died seven weeks later”.

“Thank you. Go on”.

“My father examined carefully the attic. We found that small box, it was empty. There was nothing important there, except the papers and notebooks with some facts about my uncle’s life in Florida.

“Well, it was the beginning of ‘84 when my father came to live to Horsham, and all was well until the January of ‘85. On the fourth day after the New Year I heard my father’s cry of surprise. He had an opened envelope in one hand and five dried orange pips in the other one. He had always laughed at my story about his brother, but he looked very surprised and scared now.

“ ‘What does it mean, John?’ he murmured.

“ ‘It is K.K.K.,’ said I.

“He looked inside the envelope. ‘Yes.’ he cried. ‘Here are the letters. But there are some words.’

“ ‘Put the papers on the sun-dial,’ I read.

“ ‘What papers? What sun-dial?’ he asked.

“ ‘It is in the garden,’ said I, ‘ but my uncle burnt the papers.’

“ ‘It is not serious. Where does the thing come from?’

“ ‘From Dundee,’ I answered, looking at the postmark. “ ‘It’s a silly joke,’ said he. ‘I am not going to pay attention to such nonsense’.

“ ‘I advise you to go to the police’, I said.

“ ‘No. They’ ll only laugh at us’.

“It was useless to argue with him. I was very worried.

“On the third day my father went to visit his old friend Major Freebody. I was glad that he should go, for I thought he was far away from danger when he was away from home. But it was a mistake. Two days later I got

a telegram from the Major, asking me to come at once. My father had fallen over one of the deep chalk-pits, and was lying senseless. I hurried to him but he died. The jury decided that he had died accidentally. But I didn't agree with it.

“Then I became the master of the estate. It was in January, '85, that my poor father met his end, and more than two years have passed. During that time I have lived happily at Horsham. I hoped that this danger had passed. But yesterday morning I had to change my mind”.

The young man took out an envelope and showed us five little orange pips.

“Here it is”, he went on. “The postmark is London – eastern part. There are the same words ‘K.K.K. Put the papers on the sun-dial’”.

“What have you done?” asked Holmes.

“Nothing. To tell the truth, I have felt helpless”.

“Oh”, cried Sherlock Holmes. “You must act, or you can die. You have very little time”.

“I have turned to the police. They listened to me with a smile. I am sure they think that these letters are just jokes”.

Holmes shook his head. “How stupid!”

“They have sent a policeman to be at my house”.

“Has he come with you now?”

“No. He is at the house”.

“Why didn't you come at once?”

“I did not know”.

“It is two days since you had the letter. We should have acted earlier”.

“There is one more thing”, said John Openshaw. He took a piece of blue paper out of his pocket. I found this sheet on the floor of my uncle's room, and I think that it may be one of his papers. It may be a page of his notebook”.

Holmes moved the lamp and we looked at the paper. It had a head “March, 1869”, and there were some lines:

“4<sup>th</sup>. Hudson came.

“7<sup>th</sup>. Set the pips on McCauley, Paramore, and Swain.

“9<sup>th</sup>. McCauley cleared.

“10<sup>th</sup>. John Swain cleared.

“12<sup>th</sup>. Visited Paramore. All well”.

“Thank you!” said Holmes, and returned the paper to our visitor.

“You must go home immediately and act”.

“What shall I do?”

“There is only one thing to do. You must put the piece of paper into the box you’ve told us about. You must also put in a note to say that all the other papers were burned by your uncle. You must at once put the box on the sundial. Do you understand?”

“Completely. I thank you”, said the young man, rising.

“You have given me hope. I shall follow your advice”.

“Do not lose time. Be careful. How do you go back?”

“By train from Waterloo. I have a gun”.

“That is well. Tomorrow I’ll start to work at your case”.

“I shall come to you in a day or two”.

He shook hands with us, and went away.

Sherlock Holmes sat for some time in silence. Then he lit his pipe, and watched the blue smoke rings.

“I think, Watson”, he remarked at last, “that we have a very unusual case”.

“Yes. Who is this K.K.K., and why does he send these letters?”

“Will you please, give me the letter K of the American Encyclopaedia. Thank you. Now let’s think. We may be sure that Colonel Openshaw had a very strong reason for leaving America. Men at his age do not change their life. His way of life in England shows that he was afraid of someone or something. And this fear drove him from America. Did you see the postmarks of the letters?”

“The first was from Pondicherry, the second from Dundee, and the third from London”.

“From East London.”

“They are seaports. The man who wrote them was on board a ship.”

“That’s right. Now we have a clue. In the first case seven weeks passed between the threat and its fulfilment, in the second it was three or four days. What do you think of it?”

“A bigger distance to travel”.

“The papers which Openshaw had are very important to this person or persons. I think that there must be more than one of them. One man could not have carried out two deaths in such a way. And the letters ‘K.K.K. mean the society”.

“But what society?”

“Have you heard of the Ku Klux Klan?”

“No”.

Holmes opened the book. “Here it is”, said he. ““Ku Klux Klan. This secret society was formed in the Southern States after the Civil War and was found in different parts of the country. They terrorized the negro voters sending them melon seeds or orange pips. On receiving this, the victim might run away from the country or he was killed. For some years the organization was successful, but in 1869, the movement stopped””.

“You see”, said Holmes, “that the sudden breaking up of the society was connected with the escape of Openshaw with the papers”.

“Then the page which we have seen..”.

“Yes. ‘Sent the pips to A, B, C’ it means they sent the letters to them. Then A and B left the country, and finally C was visited, with an unhappy result for C. We can do nothing for today. Let’s have a rest”.

Sherlock Holmes was already at breakfast when I came down the next morning.

“What are you going to do?” I asked.

“It will depend on the results of only first inquiries”.

“Will you go to Horsham?”

“No, I shall start with the City. Ring the bell, and the maid will bring up your coffee”.

I took a newspaper and looked over it. “Holmes, “ I cried, “you are too late”.

“Ah!” said he, “I feared as much. How has it happened?”

“There is an article ‘Tragedy near Waterloo Bridge’. Here it is: ‘Between nine and ten last night police constable Cook, near Waterloo Bridge heard a cry for help and a splash in the water. The night was dark and stormy and it was not possible to help the man. But then the water police recovered the body. It was John Openshaw. This name was written on the envelope found in his pocket. It is thought that he may have missed his path, and have become the victim of an accident’ “.

We sat in silence for some 1nminutes. Holmes was very sad.

“It becomes a personal matter with me now, and I am going to ruin this gang. He came to me for help, and I sent him away to his death!” He jumped out of his chair, and walked about the room excitedly.

“How could they have done this to him? The bridge, certainly, was too crowded, even on such a night, for their purpose. Well, Watson, we shall see

who will win. I am going out now!”

All day I was very busy with my patients, and it was late in the evening before I returned to Baker Street. Sherlock Holmes was still out. He came back about ten o’clock.

“How have you succeeded?”

“Well”.

“You have a clue?”

“I have them in my hand. They are going to pay for young Openshaw’s death. Let us put their own mark upon them.”

“What do you mean?”

He took an orange from the cupboard, and took out the pips. Then he chose five of them and put them into an envelope. He wrote inside of it, “S.H. for J.O”. Then he sealed it and addressed it to ‘Captain James Calhoun, Barque Lone Star, Savannah, Georgia.’

“That will await him in the port”, said he, chuckling. “ It may give him a sleepless night”.

“Who is this Captain Calhoun?”

“The leader of the gang”.

“How did you find it out?”

He took a large sheet of paper from the pocket, there were dates and names on it.

“I have spent the whole day”, said he, “reading the registers and old papers, looking for every ship that stopped at Pondicherry in January and in February in ‘83. There were thirtysix of them. Of these, the Lone Star attracted my attention. I knew that the ship must have an American origin”.

“What then?”

“I searched the Dundee records, and when I found that the barque Lone Star was there in January, ‘85, I knew I was right. Then I found out that the Lone Star had arrived to London last week. But she had been taken down the river early this morning, back to Savannah”.

“What will you do then?”

“The case is over. There are only three Americans in the ship. They were all three away from the ship last night. By the time their ship reaches Savannah the mail-boat will have carried this letter, and I will have informed the police that these three gentlemen are wanted here upon a charge of murder”.

But the murderers of John Openshaw never received the orange pips.

Very long and hard were the winds that year. We waited long for the news of the *Lone Star* of Savannah, but none ever reached us. At last we heard that somewhere in the Atlantic a shattered sternpost of a boat was seen in the water, with the letters L.S. on it, and that is all which we shall ever know of the fate of the *Lone Star*.

**TASK II.**  
**FIVE ORANGE PIPS**  
**by A. C. Doyle**

Translate, transcribe and use in sentences from the text:

pince-nez; 2) colonel; 3) draughts; 4) accidentally; 5) clue;  
6) society; 7) inquiry; 8) tragedy; 9) to succeed; 10) path; 11) gang;  
12) encyclopedia; 13) lawyer; 14) inexplicable; 15) threat.

Translate, learn in situations and use in your sentences:

to have nothing to do with; 2) to change one's mind; 3) to follow  
smb's advice; 4) on board a ship; 5) to be connected with; 6) to await  
smb.; 7) to attract one's attention.

***Make up 12-15 questions to cover the content of the story and be ready to answer them.***

***Say what you know about the secret organization Ku Klux Klan.***

***Say why:***

the society sent orange pips in the letter;  
Sherlock Holmes was going to ruin the gang;  
The colonel burnt all his papers.

Give the forms of the following verbs and learn them:

hear, ring, light, give, write, see, begin, fins, send, put, drive, bet,  
show, think.

***Get ready for the quiz on the previous task.***

### TASK III

## THE BOSCOMBE VALLEY MYSTERY

We were having breakfast one morning, my wife and I, when the maid brought in a telegram. It was from Sherlock Holmes.

‘Have you some free days? I’ve got a telegram about Boscombe Valley tragedy. I’d like you to come with me. Train from Paddington at 11.15.’

“Will you go there, dear?” said my wife looking at me.

“I don’t even know”.

“You work much. I think that the change would be good to you”.

“If I go, I must pack my things right now. I don’t have much time”.

I put some things in the suitcase and a few minutes later I was in a cab driving to Paddington Station. Sherlock Holmes was walking up and down the platform. He looked taller in his long grey travelling coat.

“I am very glad that you could come, Watson”, said he. “It helps me a lot when I have someone I can rely on. I’ll buy the tickets”.

There were only two of us in the carriage. Holmes brought a lot of newspapers with him and read them. He stopped only when he had to write something down or think. Then he suddenly rolled them all into a ball and put away.

“Have you heard of this case?”

“No. I have not read papers for some days”.

“I think that this is the case that seems to be simple, but in fact is really difficult”.

“I don’t understand”.

“You see the more common a crime is, the more difficult it is to solve it. In this case they have very strong reasons to suspect the son of the murdered man”.

“Is it a murder?”

“It is thought to be so. I can be sure only when I have the opportunity to see everything with my own eyes. I’ll tell you everything I’ve known from the papers”.

“Boscombe Valley is a country district in Herefordshire.

The largest landed proprietor there is a Mr. John Turner. He earned a good deal of money in Australia, and came back a few years ago. He let one of his farms to Mr. McCarthy, who used to be an Australian just like Turner.

Turner was richer, so McCarthy became his tenant. McCarthy had one son, a young man of 18, and Turner had a daughter of the same age. Their wives died. They did not visit the families of their neighbours. McCarthy had two servants – a man and a girl. But Turner had about halfdozen servants. This is all I know about their families. And now the facts.

“On the third of June – it was last Monday – McCarthy left his house about three o’clock in the afternoon, and made his way to the Boscombe Pool, which is a lake. That morning he had been out with his servant at Ross, and he had told him that he was in a great hurry, as he had to meet someone important at three o’clock. And he died at the meeting.

“It’s about a mile walk to the Pool from his house and two people saw him. One of them was an old woman, and the other was William Crowder, who works for Mr. Turner. They say that Mr. McCarthy was walking alone. He also says that a few minutes later he saw his son Mr. James McCarthy walking the same way. He had a gun under his arm. It seemed the son was following his father.

“The two McCarthys were seen together after that. Round the Boscombe Pool there is a thick wood and there is grass and reeds round the edge. A girl of 14, Patience Moran, was in the wood picking flowers. She says she saw Mr. McCarthy and his son, and that they seemed to quarrel. She was very frightened by this and ran away, and told her mother that she had left the two McCarthys quarrelling near the Pool, and that she was afraid that they were going to fight. A moment later a young Mr. McCarthy came running to them and said that he had found his father dead. He asked for help. He was very excited and there was fresh blood on his sleeve. They went with him and found the dead body beside the Pool. The young man was arrested on a charge of wilful murder. Those are the main facts of the case”.

“I could hardly imagine a more strange case”, I said. “But it looks against the young man. There are several

people, and among them Miss Turner, who believe in his innocence, and who have asked Lestrade to work out the case carefully”.

“I am afraid”, said I, “there is very little you can do”. “I don’ t think so”, Holmes answered, laughing. “But we can find some other facts. I think Lestrade could miss something. For example, I see quite clearly that in your bedroom the window is upon the right-hand side, and I am not sure that Lestrade would have noted this fact”.

“How could you...”

“My dear friend, I know you well. You shave by the sunlight and this side is less illuminated than the other. I don’t think that you could be satisfied with such uncomplete shaving”.

“What is the young man’s story of all this?”

“It’s all here in the newspaper, and you may read it”.

He took a copy of the local Herefordshire paper, and showed me the article where the young man told what had taken place. I read it carefully. It ran in this way:

“Mr. James McCarthy, the only son of the murdered, gave the following evidence:

“I had spent three days at Bristol and had just returned on that Monday. When I arrived my father was not at home, the maid said that he had driven to Ross with the groom. Some time passed and I heard the sound of wheels in the yard, and saw him walking quickly out of the yard. I did not know where he was going to. I took my gun and went towards the Boscombe Pool. About a hundred yards from the Pool I heard a cry of “Cooee!”, which I know very well. I went forward and found my father near the Pool. He was very surprised when he saw me. He asked what I was doing there. He could not speak calmly and began to shout at me. That’s why I left him. I had not gone far away, when I heard a terrible cry and ran back again. I found my father on the ground, and his head had been injured. I got down on my knees, and wanted to help him but he died. Then I went to call someone. There was no one near my father when I came back and I don’t know what happened to him. As far as I know he had no enemies. That is all I know about it”.

“The Coroner: Did your father say anything before he died?”

“Witness: He mumbled something about a rat.

“The Coroner: What does it mean?”

“Witness: I don’t know. I thought that he was delirious.

“The Coroner: Can you tell us what you quarreled about?”

“Witness: I cannot answer this question.

“The Coroner: I insist that you should answer.

“Witness: Our talk has nothing to do with this tragedy.

“The Coroner: I understand that the cry of ‘Cooee’ was a signal between you and your father?”

“Witness: Yes.

“The Coroner: How could it happen that he said it before he knew that you had come home?”

“Witness: I have no idea.

“A Juryman: Did you see anything suspicious when you returned and saw your father dying?

“Witness: Nothing except...

“The Coroner: Except what?

“Witness: I was so excited that I thought only of my father. It seems to me that I saw something lying on the ground. It was something of grey colour, like a coat. When I turned around, it was gone.

“‘You want to say it was gone before you went for help?’

“‘Yes, that’s right.’

“‘Can you say what it was?’

“‘No.’

“‘How far was it from the body?’

“‘About a dozen yards.’

“This was the examination of the witness”.

“I see”, said I, when I finished reading. “All the facts are against the young man”.

“I’ll try to solve the problem, thinking that what this young man says is true. Let’s wait until we are there. We’ll have lunch in twenty minutes”.

About four o’clock we appeared at Ross. Lestrade, of Scotland Yard, was waiting for us. And we went to the hotel.

“I have ordered a carriage”, said Lestrade, as we were drinking tea. “I thought you would like to see with your own eyes the place where the man had been killed”.

“Thank you”, Holmes said. “But I am not sure that I’ll need the carriage this evening”.

“I hope you have made conclusions about this case”, Lestrade said. “Everything is clear. But I could not refuse such a beautiful lady. She hopes you will help her. Well, here she is.

At that moment a very lovely young woman entered the room.

“Oh, Mr. Sherlock Holmes!” she cried. “I am so glad that you have come. I know that James is innocent. I am sure and I want you to prove his innocence. We have known each other since we were children. Such a charge seems wrong to those who know him”.

“I hope we’ll have success, Miss Turner”, said Sherlock Holmes. “Believe, I’ll do my best”.

“Have you read the evidence? What do you think of this case?”

Do I have hope?"

"I think yes."

Lestrade shrugged his shoulders. "I am afraid our friend has been too quick in saying such things".

"But James never did it. And they'd quarrelled because of me".

"What do you mean?" asked Holmes.

"Mr. McCarthy wanted me and James to get married. We had always been like brother and sister. But James didn't want to do such serious thing yet. They often quarrelled about it".

"What about your father?" asked Holmes. "What did he think of this marriage?"

"He was against it".

"Thank you, Miss", said Holmes. "May I see your father tomorrow?"

I am afraid not. This accident has broken him down completely. Dr. Willows says that he has problems with his nervous system. Mr. McCarthy was the only man who had known Dad in the old days in Australia".

"That is important".

"Yes, they had worked at the mines".

"At the gold mines, where as I see Mr. Turner made his money".

"Yes, you are right."

"Thank you, Miss Turner. You have helped me very much".

"I must go home now, my dad is very ill. Good-bye", she went out of the room.

"How could you, Holmes", said Lestrade, a few moments later, "raise up vain hopes? It is cruel".

"I think I know how to prove James McCarthy's innocence", answered Holmes. "May I see him in prison? Let's go to see him tonight".

I walked down to the station with them, and had a walk round the town, then I returned to the hotel. I thought about the events again and again. If the young man told the truth what could have happened in his absence? I rang the bell, and asked to bring the county papers with the report of the case. From the surgeon's statement I understood that the man had been struck from behind. The two men were seen quarrelling standing face to face to each other. That might be worth while saying to Holmes about this fact. And there were words about a rat. What could that mean? He might have tried to explain what had happened. And something grey lying on the ground. What

a mysterious case!

Sherlock Holmes returned very late. He was alone.

“I have visited young McCarthy”.

“And what did you find out?”

“Not hing. First I thought that he knew who had done it, but now I am sure he knows nothing”.

“Why was he against the marriage with Miss Turner? She is very beautiful”.

“There is a story. He loves her very much, but two years ago, when he didn't know her well, because she had been away for five years at school, he married a barmaid in Bristol. And this is his problem. His father would have thrown him over if he had known the truth. He had spent three days in Bristol, and his father did not know anything about it. Remember this. It's very important. When the barmaid found out from the papers about his troubles, she has written to him that she was leaving the country. I hope that the news made him feel happier”.

“But who has murdered his father?”

“Look here. The murdered man had a meeting with someone at the Pool, and that someone could not have been his son. And the man cried ‘Cooee!’ before he knew that his son had come back. The solution of the case depends on these two facts”.

At nine o'clock the next morning Lestrade appeared with the carriage, and we went to the Boscombe Pool.

“You know”, Lestrade said, “Mr. Turner is very ill”.

“How old is he?” asked Holmes.

“About sixty; but his health has been broken in Australia. He was very upset because of this accident. McCarthy was his old friend and he gave him his house rent free”.

“That is interesting”, said Holmes.

“Yes. He's helped him in a hundred other ways”.

“Does not it seem strange to you?”

“No, Holmes”, said Lestrade. “It is clear that Mr. McCarthy was killed by his son”.

At this moment we found ourselves near the McCarthys' house. It was a comfortable-looking two-storeyed building. It was strange to see no one in it. There was only a maid and she showed us the boots which her master wore when he died, and also his son's boots. Holmes examined them

carefully and asked to go to the yard and then we went to the Boscombe Pool.

Holmes was walking silently. The ground was damp and there were marks of many feet. Holmes made some stops on his way. Lestrade and I were behind him. I watched my friend with interest.

The Boscombe Pool was surrounded with the woods that grew very thick, and there was a narrow belt of grass between the trees and the reeds. Lestrade showed us the place where they had found the body. I could see that Sherlock Holmes noticed much when he looked the place over. He ran round like a dog, and then turned to Lestrade.

“It is very difficult to work now”, he said. “Very many people have visited this place and covered all tracks. But I see three separate tracks of the same feet”. He drew out a lens and knelt down, talking to himself. “There are young man’s feet. He was walking two times, and once he ran quickly and his tracks are clear. He ran when he saw his father on the ground. And here are the old man’s feet as he walked up and down. And this? What is this? Square unusual boots! They come, they go, they come again to take that grey thing. Where did they come from?” He ran around and at last we found ourselves under a big beech, the largest tree there. Holmes knelt down again and cried with joy. He spent some time there turned over the leaves and took something up into an envelope. So he examined the whole place with great care.

“It is an extremely interesting case”, he remarked. “Does Moran live in that grey house?” he asked, pointing to the building. “I’ll go there and speak to Moran, and perhaps write a note. Then we can have lunch”.

About ten minutes later we were driving back into Ross, Holmes was carrying the stone he had picked up in the wood. “The murder, Lestrade”, he remarked, showing us the stone, “was done with it”.

“How do you know?”

“The grass was growing under it. It had only been there for some days. There is no sign of other weapon”.

“And what about the murderer?”

“He is a tall man, left-handed, wears boots with thick soles and a grey cloak, smokes Indian cigars”.

Lestrade laughed.

“It’s difficult to believe”, he said.

“Well, you work your own method, and I shall work mine. I am going to return to London by the evening train”.

“Have you solved the problem?”

“Yes. The criminal is the gentleman I describe”.

“But who is he?”

“I am sure it will be easy to find him”.

Lestrade shrugged his shoulders.

“I cannot go about the country looking for a gentleman you’ve described. Everybody at Scotland Yard will laugh at me”.

“All right”, said Holmes quietly. “I have given you a chance. Good-bye. I’ll send you a note before my leaving”.

We went to our hotel, where we had lunch. Holmes was silent and deep in thoughts.

“Look here, Watson”, he said after lunch, “sit down and listen to me. I don’t know what to do. I need your advice”.

“I am all ears”.

“There are two points in young McCarthy’s story which surprised me at once. One was the fact that his father cried ‘Cooee!’ before seeing him. The other was the word *rat*. He mumbled several words but his son caught only the last one”.

“What of this ‘Cooee!’ by the way?”

“I think it was the signal for someone else. It was meant for a person that he had to meet. This is an Australian cry, and it is used by the Australians. I am sure he had to meet someone who had been in Australia”.

“What about the rat?”

Sherlock Holmes took a piece of paper out of his pocket and put it on the table.

“There is a map of Victoria”, he said. “It was sent from Bristol”. He put his hand over part of the map. “Read this”, he said.

“ARAT”, I read.

“And now?” He raised his hand.

“BALLARAT”.

“Yes. He said this word. He was trying to say the name of his murderer. So-and-so of Ballarat”.

“Excellent”, I exclaimed.

“Now we have to find an Australian from Ballarat with a grey cloak. I examined the ground carefully and gave that stupid Lestrade all the details about the criminal”.

“But how did you find out?”

“I use my method and notice everything”.

“Yes, I know, but how could you know he was left- handed?”

“The blow was struck from behind, and yet it had been done upon the left side. So, I decided it had been done by a lefthanded man. He had waited behind the tree during their talk. He had even smoked there; I found the ash of his cigar”.

“Holmes”, I said, “ this man is in your net now. And he cannot escape from it. I see the direction..”.

I was interrupted by the hotel waiter, who opened the door and said, “Mr. John Turner”.

The man who entered the room had an impressive figure but it was clear to me that he was deadly ill.

“Please sit down on the sofa”, said Holmes. “ Did you have my note?”

“Yes. You said that you wanted to see me”. ‘

‘That’s right”.

“Why did you want to see me?”

“I know all about McCarthy”.

The old man was shocked. “ God help me!” he cried. “But I didn’ t want to do the young man any harm”.

“I am glad to hear you say so”, said Holmes seriously. “I would have confessed now but it would break my daughter’s heart. It will break her heart when she knows that I am arrested”.

“I am not a policeman”, Holmes answered. “I am acting in your daughter’s interests. But the young man must be got off”.

“I am seriously ill”, said old Turner. “I’ll die soon. I don’ t want to die in prison”.

“Then tell us the truth”, Holmes said. “I’ll write down the facts. You will sign the paper. I promise you that I’ll use your confession only when it is needed”.

“Well, I’ll tell you everything”, said the old man. “You didn’t know McCarthy. He was a devil. He ruined my life because I was in his power.

“When I was young I got to a bad company and used to be a robber. There were six of us and we had a wild life. I had a name Black Jack of Ballarat.

“Once we attacked a gold convoy. It was a hot fight and three of my friends were killed at once. This very man McCarthy was the wagon-driver. I should have killed him then, but I let him go free. We became rich men

and went to England without suspicions. I separated from my old friends and was going to have a quiet life. I bought this land. Then I married, and though my wife died young, she left me my dear Alice. All was very well when McCarthy appeared.

“I met him once in town”.

“ ‘Here we are, Jack,’ he said, ‘we’ ll be a family to you. You can take care of me and my son. Or I’ ll go to the police.’ ”

“So I let them live free on my best land. There was no peace for me; turn here, turn there and everywhere I saw his cunning face. I gave him everything he wanted: land, money, houses. At last he asked for Alice.

“ But I refused. McCarthy threate ned. We decided to meet at the Pool to talk it over.

“When I came there he was talking to his son. I waited behind the tree until he was alone. I heard he was trying to make his son marry my daughter. So I did it. I would do it again, Mr. Holrnes. I struck him down without any regret. His son heard the cry and ran back; but I hid himself in the wood, though I had to fetch my cloak which I had dropped. That is the true story”.

The old man signed the paper.

“What are you going to do, sir?” he asked Holmes.

“Nothing. I’ ll have your confession and if McCarthy is put to prison, I’ ll have to use it. If not, nobody will know your secret”.

“Good-bye, then”, said the old man. He went out of the room slowly.

“God help us!” said Holmes after a pause.

James McCarthy was found not guilty at the court due to a number of objections, which were put foward by Holmes. Old Turner died seven months later; and it is possible that the son and daughter may live happily together.

### **TASK III.**

### **THE BOSCOMBE VALLEY MISTERY**

**by A. C. Doyle**

Translate, transcribe and use in sentences from the text:

- 1) proprietor; 2) dozen; 3) suspicious; 4) evidence; 5) innocence;
- 6) beech; 7) delirious; 8) shrug; 9) surgeon; 10) to injure;
- 11) threaten.

Translate, learn in situations and use in your sentences:

1) to rely on; 2) to make way to; 3) to make a conclusion; 4) to do one's best; 5) to shrug one's shoulders; 6) to be worth while doing smth.; 7) to do harm; 8) due to.

***Make up 12–15 questions to cover the content of the story and be ready to answer them.***

***Say why:***

Holmes wanted Watson to come with him;

Mr. McCarthy didn't know about his affairs in Bristol;

Mr. McCarthy went to the Pool.

Give the forms of the following verbs and learn them:

drive, see, run, find, hear, drink, break, ring, strike, throw, show,  
draw, grow, hide

***Get ready for the quiz on the previous task.***

Навчальне видання

# ДОМАШНЄ ЧИТАННЯ НА МАТЕРІАЛІ ОПОВІДАНЬ А.К. ДОЙЛЯ

## Частина 1

*Методичні вказівки  
до курсів «Основна іноземна мова (англійська)»  
та «Друга іноземна мова (англійська)»*

для здобувачів вищої освіти ступеня «Бакалавр»  
спеціальності 035 «Філологія»,  
спеціалізації 035.041 «Германські мови та літератури  
(переклад включно)», перша – англійська  
та спеціалізації 035.043 «Германські мови та літератури  
(переклад включно)», перша – німецька

*Англійською мовою*

**Укладачі:**

**Тхор** Неоніла Максимівна

**Попік** Ірина Петрівна

**Калінюк** Олена Олексіївна

---

Підписано до друку 24.12.2020.  
Формат 60x84/16. Ум-друк. арк. 2,1.  
Зам. № 2012-19.

Видано в ПП «Фенікс»  
(Свідоцтво суб'єкта видавничої справи ДК № 1044 від 17.09.02).  
Україна, м. Одеса, 65009, вул. Зоопаркова, 25.  
Тел. +38 050 7775901 +38 048 7959160  
e-mail: fenix-izd@ukr.net  
www.fenixbooks.com