

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 2**

*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

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**Домашнє читання :** на матеріалі оповідань А. К. Дойля :  
Д66 Частина 2 : 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, 2021. – 32 с.

У методичних вказівках представлені завдання до оповідань видатного англійського письменника А. К. Дойля «The Speckled Band», «The Copper Beeches» та «The Red-Headed League». Методичні завдання до кожного розділу побудовані за однаковою схемою і складаються з різних типів вправ: рецептивно-комунікативних, мовно-репродуктивних, умовно-мовленнєвих, лексичних та мовленнєвих.

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## ВСТУП

Запропоновані методичні вказівки «Домашнє читання (на матеріалі оповідань А. К. Дойля), Частина 2» призначені 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.

Методичні вказівки призначені для подальшого формування лексичних і граматичних навичок та розвитку вмінь монологічного і діалогічного мовлення у студентів молодших курсів англійського відділення та студентів старших курсів німецького відділення факультету романо-германської філології.

У методичних вказівках представлені завдання до трьох оповідань видатного англійського письменника А. К. Дойля «The Speckled Band», «The Copper Beeches» та «The Red-Headed League». Різноманітність лексики, варіативність експресивних засобів та досконалість мови обраних оповідань можуть бути зразком гарної літературної мови, що дозволить студентам розширити лексичний запас та поглибити лексикограматичні знання мови.

Методичні завдання до кожного розділу побудовані за однаковою схемою і складаються з двох груп вправ. Перша група вправ має за мету збагачення лексичного запасу студентів на базі нових лексичних одиниць і містить мовні репродуктивні вправи, які спрямовані на формування лексичних навичок та удосконалення граматичних навичок. Друга група складається з умовно-мовленнєвих лексичних вправ, під час виконання яких, студенти використовують «змістову» інформацію художнього тексту, а також мовленнєвих вправ, які спрямовані на розвиток умінь студентів у побудові монологічних та діалогічних висловлювань у мовленнєвих ситуаціях, співвіднесення зі «сміисловою» інформацією кожного з розділів.

Запропоновані методичні вказівки переслідують три цілі: навчити усному мовленню на основі розвитку необхідних автоматизованих навичок, розвивати вміння читати і без перекладу розуміти іншомовні тексти, що містять призначений для активного засвоєння лексичний та граматичний матеріал, а також розвивати вміння і навички користуватися письмовим мовленням в межах матеріалу та обмеженого програмою.

Тематична лексика відібрана ретельно і для даного етапу навчання подана досить повно, при відборі враховано рівень мовної підготовки студентів і час, що відводиться на вивчення іноземної мови, як основної, так і другої, в аудиторії та для самостійного опрацювання.

## TASK I

# THE SPECKLED BAND A. C. DOYLE

It was early in April of '83, that I woke up one morning and saw Sherlock Holmes near my bed. It was a quarter past seven. I was very surprised because Holmes usually got up late.

"I am very sorry to wake you up, Watson," said he, "but we have a client. It seems that a young lady is very excited and wants to see me right now. She is in the sitting-room."

I put on my clothes quickly, and a few minutes later I was ready to help my friend. A lady in black clothes rose as we entered the room.

"Good morning, madam," said Holmes. "My name is Sherlock Holmes. This is my friend and helper, Dr. Watson."

We could see that she was very worried and her eyes were very frightened. She was about thirty.

"You have come in by train this morning, I see," said Holmes.

"Do you know me?"

"No, but I see a half of a return ticket in your palm. I think you started early."

The lady was very surprised.

"You are right," said she. "I left home before six, and came up by the first train to Waterloo. I have no one to turn to. Mrs. Farintosh told me about you and gave your address. You helped her once. Oh, sir, help me, please, or at least throw a little light on this case. I'll be very grateful."

Holmes turned to his desk and drew out a small box and looked into it.

"Farintosh," said he. "Yes, I remember. It was a case of opal tiara. Madam, I'll help you with great pleasure. But tell us, please, everything that may help us to solve your problem."

"The horror of my situation is that I am not sure in the reality of danger. My suspicions depend on small points. I hope you'll advise me what to do."

"I'm listening carefully, madam."

My name is Helen Stoner, and I am living with my stepfather, who is the last member of one of the oldest Saxon families in England, the Roylotts of Stoke Moran, in Surrey."

Holmes nodded. "I know this name."

"The family was one of the richest in England, but in the last century four successive heirs spent everything. Nothing was left except a few acres of land and the two hundred year-old house. My stepfather managed to become a doctor and went out to Calcutta.

“In India Dr. Roylott married my mother, Mrs. Stoner, who was the young widow. My sister Julia and I were twins, and we were two years old then. Our mother had a good sum of money, about a thousand a year, and this she left to Dr. Roylott, who could use them while we lived with him. After our marriage we should have a certain sum of money. Some time after our return to England my mother was killed in a railway accident. It happened eight years ago. We went to live at Stoke Moran. The money which my mother had left was enough for all our needs, and we should be happy.

“But our stepfather changed terribly. He did not visit our neighbours and shut himself up in the house, and seldom came out.

“He had no friends at all. He only likes Indian animals, and has a cheetah, and a baboon which walk freely everywhere.

“You see that my poor sister Julia and I had no pleasure in life. The servants did not want to stay with us, and we had to do all the work about the house. She was thirty when she died.”

“So, your sister is dead?”

“She died two years ago, and I want to speak to you about her death. We had an aunt, my mother’s sister, who lived near Harrow, and we sometimes visited her. Julia went there at Christmas two years ago, and met a Major of Marines. She became engaged to him. My stepfather learned about it when she came back, and he was not against her marriage; but some days later, the terrible accident happened.”

Sherlock Holmes was listening carefully with his eyes closed.

“Tell us all the details,” said he.

“It is not difficult because I remember all the events well. The house is very old and we live only in one wing. The bedrooms are on the ground floor, the sitting-rooms are in the central part of the house. The first room is Dr. Roylott’s bedroom, the second my sister’s and the third my own. There are no doors between them, and they open into the same corridor. Is it clear?”

“Certainly.”

“The windows open out on the lawn. That terrible night Dr. Roylott went to his room early. My sister came to my room, where she sat for some time talking about her wedding. At eleven o’clock she decided to leave me, but she paused at the door.

“‘Helen,’ said she, ‘have you ever heard a whistling noise’ in the night?’

“‘No,’ said I.

“‘Could you whistle in your sleep?’

“‘Certainly not. But why?’

“ ‘Because during the last few nights I have heard a low whistling noise. It has awakened me. I do not know where it came from. Have you heard it?’

“ ‘No, I have not.’

“ ‘Well, it’s all right,’ she smiled, closed my door, and a few moments later she locked her door.”

“Did you always lock your doors at night?”

“Always.”

“But why?”

“A cheetah and a baboon walk freely everywhere. We could not be safe with unlocked doors.”

“I see.”

“I could not sleep that night. We were twins and I could feel that my sister was in danger. It was a wild night. The wind was howling outside. Suddenly I heard a terrible cry. I knew that it was my sister’s voice. I jumped out of my bed and ran into the corridor. As I opened my door I heard a low whistle and then a clanging sound. As I ran up my sister’s door I saw a terrible picture. My sister’s face was white with terror, her hands trembled. Then she fell to the ground. As I bent over her she suddenly cried out, ‘Oh, my God! Helen! It was the speckled band!’ and she pointed her finger in the direction of the Doctor’s room. My stepfather ran out of his room in the dressing gown. But my sister died. Such was her dreadful end.”

“Are you sure about this whistle and metallic sound?” Holmes asked.

“It seemed to me that I heard it.”

“Was your sister dressed?”

“ ‘She was in her nightdress. She had a match-box in her hand.’

“So she had struck a light and looked about her. That is important.”

“No cause of death was found. Everything was examined carefully. My sister was alone when she met her end. Nobody could kill her.”

“What about poison?”

“The doctors found nothing. I think that she died of fear and nervous shock, but I don’t know what could frighten her.”

“Please, go on.”

“Two years have passed since then. A month ago one man, whom I have known for many years, asked me to marry him. My stepfather seemed to agree and we decided to get married in spring. Two days ago I had to move to my sister’s room, because of some repair work, and to sleep in her bed. Last night I suddenly heard the low whistle. I lit the lamp but there was nothing in the room. I could not sleep, so I dressed and went to see you and ask for your advice. “

“You have done wisely,” said my friend.

Then there was a long silence.

“This is a very serious case,” Holmes said at last. “There are a lot of details which I need to know. We have no time to lose. If we come to Stoke Moran today, will we be able to see over all the rooms?”

“My father was going to town today on some business. He may be away all day.”

“Good. Are you going with me, Watson?”

“Surely.”

“Expect us early in the afternoon.”

“I shall look forward to seeing you I again this afternoon.” She went out of the room.

“And what do you think of all this, Watson?” asked Sherlock Holmes.

“I don’t know what to say.”

“I think that the doctor doesn’t want his stepdaughter to get married. Other important facts are the words about a band and a metallic sound. It is necessary to think everything over.”

At this moment a huge man appeared in the doorway.

“Which of you is Holmes?” he asked.

“This is my name, sir,” said my friend quietly.

“I am Doctor Grimesby Roylott, of Stoke Moran.”

“Please sit down.”

“No. My stepdaughter has come here. What has she said to you?”

“It is a little cold of the time of the year,” said Holmes.

“Don’t be in my way. I am a dangerous man!” he cried and ran out of the room.

“What a nice man,” said Holmes laughing. “And now, Watson, we can have breakfast. Then I have to go somewhere.”

Sherlock Holmes returned at nearly one o’clock. He had a piece of paper in his hand.

I have seen the will of Miss Stoner’s mother. According to the will each girl can have an income of 250 pounds, in case of marriage. And then there will be very little money for Doctor. Everything is very serious. Take your revolver with you.”

When we arrived at Stoke Moran, Miss Stoner met us.

She was very glad to see us. “I have been waiting for you,” she cried. “Dr. Roylott has gone to town, I think he’ll come back in the evening.”

Holmes described in a few words our meeting with her stepfather. Miss Stoner became pale.

“He is a dangerous man and I never know when I am safe.”

“You must lock your door today. You’d better go to your aunt’s. Well, show us the place.”

The building was of grey stone with a high central part, and two wings. In one of the wings the windows were broken, and blocked with boards. The central part was better, but another wing was comparatively new. Holmes walked slowly along the lawn, and examined the windows carefully.

“I am now sleeping in the middle room,” Miss Stoner said. “On the other side of this wing there is a corridor from which these three rooms open. Are there windows in it?”

“Yes. They are very small.”

“Well, can you go into your room and put down the shutters?”

Miss Stoner did so, and Holmes tried to open the window, but he couldn’t.

“No one could pass these shutters. Let’s go inside.”

We went to the room, where Miss Stoner was now sleeping, and where her sister died. It was a little room, with a low ceiling and a fireplace. A brown chest of drawers was in one corner, a white bed in another, and a dressing-table on the left-hand side of the window. In the centre there was a carpet. Holmes put one of the chairs into a corner and sat without saying a word. He looked the room over with great attention.

“What is this bell connected with?” he asked at last, pointing to a rope which was beside the bed.

“With the housekeeper’s room.”

“It looks new.”

“It was put there about two years ago.”

“Did your sister need it?”

“No, she never used it.”

“It seemed useless to put it there. Will you excuse me while I examine the floor?” He examined the floor, then the walls. At last he came over to the bed and spent some time near it. Then he took the bell-rope and pulled it hard.

“It doesn’t work,” said he. “This is very interesting.”

“I never noticed that before.”

“There is one or two strange points about this room. A ventilator that opens in another room, for example.”

“It is also new,” said the lady. “There were some little changes about two years ago.”

“Miss Stoner, may we see other rooms?”



Dr. Grimesby Roylott 's room was larger, but had plain furniture. A camp bed, a small shelf with books, an armchair, a round table, a chair and a large iron safe. Holmes examined each thing with interest.

“What’s in this safe?” he asked.

“My stepfather’s papers.”

“There isn’t a cat in it?”

“No. What a strange thought!”

“Look at this.” He took a saucer of milk, which was on the top of it.

“No; we don’t have a cat. But there’s a cheetah.”

“Yes. Well, a cheetah is just a big cat, but it doesn’t drink milk, I dare say. There is one thing I want to make clear.”

He examined the seat of the chair with the greatest attention.

“Thank you. I found everything I needed,” said he. “Oh, here is something interesting!”

He said it about a small lash that hung on the corner of the bed.

“What do you think of this, Watson?”

“It’s just a lash.”

“It’s a cruel world. I believe that I have seen enough, Miss Stoner. Let’s walk out on the lawn.”

“It is very important, Miss Stoner,” said Holmes later.

“You must follow my advice.”

“Certainly, sir.”

“The case is too serious. Your life is in danger. First of all we must stay in your room for the night.”

We looked at him in surprise.

“Let me explain. Is there any inn in the village?”

“Yes.”

“Can we see your windows from there?”

“Yes.”

“You must go to the room, when your stepfather comes home. When you hear that he entered this room, you must open your window and put the lamp there as a signal to us, then take necessary things and go to your room.”

“Well, all right.”

“We’ll spend the night in this room, and find out what kind of noise it is.”

“I hope, Mr. Holmes, that you have solved the problem,” said Miss Stoner.

“Perhaps I have.”

“Please, tell me why my sister died.”

“I’d like to have some more facts before I speak. And now, Miss Stoner, we must go. Goodbye.”

Sherlock Holmes and I rented a bedroom and sitting-room at the Crown Inn. They were on the top floor, and from our window we could see Miss Stoner’s windows. In the evening we saw Dr. Grimesby Roylott’s arrival. A few minutes later a sudden light appeared in one of the sitting-rooms.

“Do you know, Watson,” said Holmes, as we sat together in the darkness, “I have some doubts as to taking you tonight. It’s very dangerous.”

“Do you need me?”

“Yes.”

“Then I’ll come.”

“It is very kind of you.”

“Why do you speak of danger?”

“Did you see the ventilator?”

“Yes, but I do not think that it is unusual to have small opening between two rooms. It was very small?”

“Yes, but there are some strange facts. A ventilator is made, a rope is hung, and a lady who sleeps in the bed dies. Does not it surprise you?”

“I don’t know what to think.”

“Do you know that the bed was fixed to the floor? Did you see a bed fixed like that before?”

“No.”

“Nobody could move the bed. It must always be in the same position.”

“Holmes,” I cried. “I don’t understand you. Is a horrible crime going to happen?”

“You are right. Let’s rest a little.”

About nine o’clock the light among the trees was gone, and it was dark in the direction of the house. Two hours passed slowly, and then, suddenly, a bright light appeared in front of us.

“This is a signal for us,” said Holmes, jumping up, “it comes from the middle window.”

A moment later we were out, a cool wind blew in our faces, and a yellow light showed us the way.

Then we reached the lawn, crossed it, and were going to enter through the window, when a large figure jumped from the bushes, and ran quickly across the lawn into the darkness.

“Did you see it?” I whispered.

“A nice place,” he murmured, “that is the baboon.” There was a cheetah, that might jump on our shoulders at any moment and I felt better when I found

myself inside the bedroom. My friend closed the window making no noise, and looked round the room. Nothing changed. Then he whispered into my ear:

“Any sound may ruin our plans.”

I nodded.

“We must sit in the darkness. He could see light through the ventilator.”

I nodded again.

“Stay awake; your life may depend on it. Have your revolver ready. I’ll sit on the side of the bed, and you in that chair.”

I took my revolver and put it on the table.

Holmes had brought with him a long thin cane, and he put it on the bed. Near it he put a box of matches and a candle. After that he turned down the lamp and we were left in darkness. From outside came a cry of a night-bird. Far away we could hear the clock that struck every fifteen minutes.

Suddenly I heard a low sound of movement in the next room, and then all was silent again. Half an hour passed. Then suddenly we heard another sound. It was very quiet. At the same time, Holmes jumped, struck a match, and started to beat with his cane at the bell-rope.

“Do you see it, Watson?” he cried. “Do you see?”

I saw nothing. When Holmes struck the light, I heard a quiet whistle, but I could not tell what it was. I saw that his face was very pale, and filled with horror.

He stopped striking, and was looking up at the ventilator. Then we heard the most horrible cry. Pain and fear and anger all mixed in this dreadful cry.

“What does it mean?” I asked.

“It means that it is all over,” Holmes answered. “I think, it is for the best. Take your revolver and we’ll enter Dr. Roylott’s room.”

He lit the lamp and went down the corridor. He knocked at the door. Nobody answered. Then he opened the door and entered. I followed him with a revolver in my hand.

On the table stood a lamp, throwing light on the iron safe, the door of which was open. Near the table sat Dr. Roylott, in a long grey dressing-gown. He was looking upwards and his eyes were fixed on the ceiling. On his head there was a yellow band with brown speckles. He didn’t move.

“The band! The speckled band!” whispered Holmes. It was a snake.

“A swamp adder!” cried Holmes, “The deadliest snake in India. He had died. We must inform the police of what has happened.”

Such are the true facts of the death of Dr. Grimesby Roylott, of Stoke Moran.

“I had,” said Sherlock Holmes, as we travelled back next day, “made a mistake. The poor girl used the word “band” to explain the cause of her death. I paid attention to this ventilator, and to the bell-rope. I decided that the rope was there as a bridge for something passing through the hole. I thought of snake at once. The idea to use such poison could come to a clever, cruel man. Then I thought of the whistle. He had trained it, by the use of the milk, to return to him.

“I’d known all this before I entered the room. The sight of the safe, the saucer of milk, and the lash made me sure. You saw what I did, I heard the hissing, and lit the light and attacked it.

“It lost its snake’s temper and attacked the first person it saw. So everything is over.”

### **TASK I . THE SPECKLED BAND**

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1. ***Translate, transcribe and use in sentences from the text:***

1) heir; 2) successive; 3) cheetah; 4) major; 5) to howl; 6) ceiling; 7) saucer; 8) to ruin; 9) income; 10) to hiss.

2. ***Translate, learn in situations and use in your sentences:***

1) to become engaged to smb.; 2) to die of; 3) to look forward to doing smth.; 4) to be in smb’s way; 5) according to; 6) to be connected with; 7) to follow smb’s advice; 8) to pay attention to.

3. ***Find the English equivalents of the following word combinations in the text:***

1) зворотній квиток; 2) побіліти від страху; 3) вітчим; 4) комод; 5) запалити сірник; 6) на краще; 7) спрямувати на; 8) сумніватися щодо чогось.

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

5. ***Say why:***

a) Holmes took a long cane with him;  
b) Dr. Roylott was a dangerous man;  
c) Holmes advised Watson to take his revolver.

6. ***Prove that:***

a) Miss Stoner was a danger;  
b) the friends’ life depended on staying awake;  
c) Dr. Raylott didn’t want to lose money.

7. ***Give the forms of the following verbs and learn them:***

wake, rise, draw, show, find, strike, bring, mean, throw, stand, pay, break, run, spend, hang.

## TASK II

### THE COPPER BEECHES A. C. DOYLE

It was a cold morning in early spring, and we sat after breakfast in the old room in Baker Street. There was a thick fog and our gas was lit. Sherlock Holmes was reading advertisement columns. At last he said:

“I’ve got a letter this morning. Read it!” He gave the letter to me. There was a yesterday’s date on it. It ran:

‘Dear Mr. Holmes, I want to consult you. The matter is connected with the work of governess. I shall come at half-past ten tomorrow, if you don’t mind.

Yours, Violet Hunter.’

“Do you know her?” I asked. “No. Here she comes.”

“This case may be of more interest than you think.”

“Well, let us hope so!”

At the moment the door opened, and a young lady entered the room. Her clothes were simple, but her face was bright and clever.

“Excuse me, please,” said she, as my friend stood up to say hello to her. “A strange thing happened to me. I have no one to ask for advice, so I decided to ask you.”

“Please sit down, Miss Hunter. I’ll try to help with great pleasure.”

I saw that Holmes was impressed by his new client. He looked her over, then made himself comfortable in his chair and was ready to listen to her.

“I have worked as governess for five years,” said she, “in the family of Colonel Munro. Two months ago the Colonel got a place at Halifax and took his children with him. Now I have no work. I advertised but without success. At last the little sum of money that I had began to run short.

“There is an agency of governesses in the West-End. I went there once a week to see if they had anything for me. The manager’s name is Miss Stoper. She has a little office. The ladies who need work wait in the corridor, and they are shown in one by one.

“Last week I was shown into the office as usual. Miss Stoper was not alone. A very fat man sat near her. He had a pair of glasses on his nose and looked the ladies over. When he saw me, he jumped and turned quickly to Miss Stoper.

“‘That is it,’ said he. ‘Great!’ he seemed to be glad and rubbed his hands together. It was pleasant to look at him.

“‘Are you looking for a job, Miss?’ he asked.

“‘Yes, sir.’”

“ ‘A governess?’

“ ‘Yes, sir.’

“ ‘And what salary do you want?’

“ ‘I got four pounds a month in my last place.’

“ ‘Oh, how could they pay so little to such a lady?’

“ ‘I don’ t know much. A little French, a little German, music and drawing, that’s all.’

“ ‘Well,’ he cried. ‘That’s enough. It is more important for you to be a real lady. I can pay you a hundred pounds a year.’

“ ‘You understand that such offer seemed fantastic to me. I could not believe it was true. But he took out a note.’

“ ‘I always,’ said he smiling pleasantly, ‘pay half the salary beforehand, so that the ladies could buy themselves some necessary things.’

“ ‘Can you tell me where you live, sir?’ said I.

“ ‘Hampshire. The Copper Beeches, five miles from Winchester. It is a very beautiful place. And old country house.’

“ ‘What about my duties, sir? I would like to know.’

“ ‘One child. He is six years old. Oh, it’s worth seeing how he kills cockroaches with a slipper! Smack! Smack!’ He leaned in his chair and laughed.

“ ‘I was surprised by the child’s hobby, but I decided he was joking.

“ ‘So my only duty,’ I asked, ‘is to look after a child?’

“ ‘No, no, my dear young lady,’ he cried. ‘Your duty would also be to do some things my wife would tell you. Is it difficult?’

“ ‘I don’t think so.’

“ ‘Fine. If we ask you to put on a dress we might give you, would you do it?’

“ ‘Why not?’ I answered surprised by his words.

“ ‘Or to sit here, or sit there?’

“ ‘Oh, no.’

“ ‘Or to cut your hair short before you arrive?’

“ ‘I didn’t believe my ears. As you see, Mr. Holmes, my hair is very good and has a special tint of chestnut. I could not think of cutting it.

“ ‘I am not sure it is possible,’ said I. I saw he was disappointed.

“ ‘I am afraid that it is necessary,’ said he. ‘My wife is a little bit strange and I don’t want to make her unhappy. And so you won’t cut your hair?’

“ ‘No, sir it’s really impossible,’ I answered.

“ ‘Well, it is a pity. In this case, Miss Stoper, I’d like to see other young ladies.’

“ ‘Miss Stoper sat silent, but she looked at me angrily.

“Do you want to be informed about work?” she asked.

“If you please, Miss Stoper.”

“I think it’s useless because you refuse such a good offer,” she remarked sharply. “I am not sure we will be able to find another offer for you.”

“Then I went out.

“When I got back to my flat and found that very little money left, I began to think that I had been wrong. Those people were ready to pay for their strange hobbies. What use was my hair to me? Next day I was sure I had made a mistake. I even wanted to go back to the agency and ask if the place was still open. But I got a letter from that gentleman. I’ll read it to you.

“Dear Miss Hunter, I write to ask you whether you have changed your mind. My wife wants you to come, because she liked you by my description. We can pay you 120 pounds a year. My wife loves a certain shade of electric blue, and would ask you to put such dress on sometimes. It’s not necessary to buy such a dress, as we have one. My daughter Alice used to wear it. She is in America now. As for your hair, it is a pity but I insist that you should do it. Your duties are very light. I shall meet you at Winchester. Inform me what train you’ll come.

Yours faithfully, Jephro Rucastle.”

“I am going to go to work for them, Mr. Holmes. But I want to know your opinion.”

“Well, Miss Hunter, you have made your decision,” said Holmes smiling.

“Do you think it’s better to refuse?”

“I would not like to see my sister in such a situation.”

“What do you mean?”

“It’s difficult to explain. I cannot tell.”

“I can try to explain. I think Mr. Rucastle is a kind man. His wife may be mad and he wants to keep it in a secret. So he does everything she asks.”

“You may be right. But in any case it does not seem to be a good place for a young lady.”

“But Mr. Holmes, I need the money!”

“Yes, the pay is good – too good. I don’t like this fact. There must be a serious reason to pay so much. If you find yourself in danger...”

“What do you mean, sir?”

Holmes shook his head.

“It would be no crime if we could know about it beforehand,” said he.

“But at any time send me a telegram and I’ll help you.”

“Thank you.” She stood up. “I can go there without fear. I’ll write to Mr. Rucastle, cut my poor hair, and go there tomorrow.”

She said good-bye and left the room.

About two weeks went by. During this time I often thought about Miss Hunter's case. I thought again and again about the unusual salary, the strange conditions, the easy duties. All this was not normal.

One evening we got a telegram. Holmes opened the yellow envelope, and then gave it to me.

"Look what train we can go by," said he.

"Please come to the Black Swan Hotel at Winchester, at noon tomorrow," it said. "Please come. I don't know what to do. Hunter."

"Will you come with me?" asked Hobnes.

"I'd like to. There is a train at half-past nine," said I. "It arrives at Winchester at 11.30."

"Excellent."

By eleven o'clock the next day we were on our way to the old English capital. Holmes had been reading the morning newspapers all the time. It was a nice spring day. The sun was shining brightly. All over the countryside the little red and grey roofs of the houses were seen.

"They are so beautiful," I cried, with the joy of a man who was out from the fogs of Baker Street. But Holmes shook his head seriously.

"You look at these houses and you think they are beautiful. I look at them and think that they are very good for committing crimes."

"But why?"

"Look at these lonely houses each in its own fields, and poor ignorant people, who don't know laws, live in them. If Miss Hunter went to live in the town, I would never have a fear for her. It is the country that makes the danger. Though I know she is not personally threatened."

"What can be the matter, then? Do you know the explanation?"

"I have seven explanations. But which is correct we can only know after seeing her. We shall soon arrive."

The "Black Swan" is an inn in the High Street, near to the station. The young lady was waiting for us there. She had rented a sitting-room, and our lunch was on the table.

"I am so happy that you have come," she said, "it is so kind of you. I really don't know what to do. I need your advice."

"What happened to you?"

"I will tell you, and I must hurry because I promised Mr. Rucastle to return before three o'clock. He allowed me to come to town this morning."

"Tell us all the details," said Holmes and made himself comfortable, getting ready to listen carefully.

"I should say that Mr. and Mrs. Rucastle are good hosts, but I cannot understand them."



“What exactly?”

“Their behaviour. When I arrived, Mr. Rucastle met me here, and drove to Copper Beeches. The house is not nice, because it is a large square building, whitewashed, but all dirty with bad and damp weather. There are grounds round it and wood. This ground in front belongs to the house, but the woods do not. There are some copper beeches in front of the door. They gave the name to the place.

“On the very first evening I met the wife and the child. We were not right. Mrs. Rucastle is normal. She is a silent woman with a pale face. She is younger than her husband. I found out that they have been married about seven years, that he was a widower, and he has a grown-up daughter, who left for America. Mr. Rucastle said she did it because she didn't like her stepmother.

“Mrs. Rucastle seemed to love her husband and her little son greatly. I often saw her being in her thoughts, and with a sad look on her face. Several times I saw her crying. Their son is a very spoilt and ill-natured child. He amuses himself hurting mice, little birds and insects. But I am not going to tell about him”.

“I need all details,” remarked Holmes.

“The first thing about the house that I didn't like was the appearance and behaviour of their servants. They have two servants, a man and his wife. Their name is Toller. The man drinks much. Twice he has been very drunk, but Mr. Rucastle seemed to take no notice of it. His wife is very tall and silent. They are very unpleasant people. It's good that I spend all my time with the child or in my room.

“First days after my arrival at the Copper Beeches, my life was very quiet. On the third day, Mrs. Rucastle came down after breakfast and whispered something to her husband.

“‘Oh, yes,’ said he to me, ‘we are very grateful to you, Miss Hunter. I mean cutting your hair. Now, will you put the electric blue dress. It is on the bed in your room.’

“The dress was of special shade of blue. It was made of good material. I put it on. It suited me well. Mr. and Mrs. Rucastle looked at me with joy. They were in the sitting-room, which is a very large room with three long windows. There was a chair near the middle window. They asked me to sit on it with my back to the window, and Mr. Rucastle began to tell funny stories. I laughed much. But Mrs. Rucastle sat there without a smile, there was a sad look on her face. About an hour later, Mr. Rucastle suddenly said that it was time to change my dress, and go to little Edward.

“Two days passed and everything took place again. I changed my dress, I sat near the window, again I laughed at Mr. Rucastle's funny stories. Then he

gave me a book and asked to read aloud to him. I did for about ten minutes, and then suddenly he ordered to stop and change my dress.

“They always turned my face away from the window. I could not see what was behind my back. I hid a piece of broken mirror in the handkerchief. When I was laughing the next day, I put my handkerchief up to my eyes. But I saw nothing.

“When I did the same the second time, I saw a man standing in the road, a short, bearded man in a grey suit. He was looking at me. When I looked at Mrs. Rucastle, I saw that she understood my trick. She said nothing but rose at once.

“ ‘Jephro,’ said she, ‘there’s a man on the road. He is looking at Miss Hunter.’

“ ‘Is it your friend, Miss Hunter?’ he asked.

“ ‘No, I don’t know anyone here.’

“ ‘Then turn around, please, and motion him to go away.’

“I did so. This happened a week ago. From that time they had not asked me to put on that dress, or sit near the window.”

“Please, go on,” said Holmes. “It’s very interesting.”

“On the first day of my arrival, Mr. Rucastle took me to a small house that stands near the kitchen door. I heard the sound of a large animal moving in it.

“ ‘Look in this slit!’ said Mr. Rucastle. ‘It’s Carlo, my mastiff. Toller is the only man who can do anything with him. He is free every night, I advise you not to go out at this time.’

“Then a strange thing happened to me. You know, I cut off my hair. I put it on the bottom of my suitcase in a great coil. One evening I examined all the furniture in my room. There was an old chest of drawers. I put my things into the two first drawers, but I still had some things left, so I opened the third one. There was only one thing in it. It was my coil of hair. It was of the same colour. I took my own hair. They looked alike. I put it on its place and said nothing to the Rucastles.

“Soon I knew the house well. There was one wing where nobody lived. There was a locked door. One day I met Mr. Rucastle coming out of the door, his face was very angry. He locked the door, and went by without a word.

“Some time later he said:

“ ‘Excuse me for my behaviour, my dear young lady. I was very busy.’

“I told him that it was all right. But I decided to find out what was there behind that door. And yesterday I had the chance. When I came upstairs I saw the key, and opened the door. There were three doors in a line, the first and the third of which were open. There were empty rooms behind them. The door in the centre was locked and there was no key. As I stood there thinking about

that room, I heard the sound of steps inside the room. I felt a sudden fear, turned and ran. I rushed through the door, and found myself in the arms of Mr. Rucastle, who was standing outside.

“‘So,’ said he smiling. ‘It was you.’

“‘I am so frightened!’ I exclaimed.

“‘My dear young lady! What has frightened you?’

“‘I entered the empty wing,’ I answered. ‘But it’s so lonely that I felt fear and ran out.’

“‘Is that all?’ said he, looking at me. ‘Why do you think I lock this door? To keep people out. Do you see?’ he was still smiling friendly. But then he continued, ‘if you ever come here again, I’ll throw you to the mastiff.’

“‘I was so frightened that I do not know what I did. I remember nothing until I found myself on my bed. I was trembling. Then I decided to send you a telegram. When I returned from the postoffice, I felt much better. Mr. Rucastle allowed me to go here, but I must return before three o’clock. Mr. and Mrs. Rucastle are going on a visit, so I must stay and look after the child.’”

We listened to this unusual story. My friend rose, and walked up and down the room.

“‘Is Toller still drunk?’ he asked.

“‘Yes. His wife said that she could do nothing with him.’”

“‘Well. Is there a cellar with a good lock?’”

“‘Yes.’”

“‘We shall come by seven o’clock. Try to send Mrs. Toller into the cellar and lock her there.’”

“‘I’ll do it.’”

“‘Fine. I have only one idea about all this. You were asked to come here to play someone’s part, and the real person is in the locked room. I am sure it is the daughter, Miss Alice Rucastle. You look like her and they chose you. She had to cut off her hair because of some illness that’s why you had to do the same. The man on the road was her friend. You wore her dress. He saw you laughing and decided that Miss Rucastle was happy, and that she didn’t want to see him anymore. The most serious point in this case is the child’s hobbies.’”

“‘What do you mean?’ I cried.

“‘My dear Watson, you can say about the parents’ character looking at their children. This child is very cruel, and it comes from his smiling father or from his silent mother. So the poor girl is in great danger.’”

“‘I think that you are right, Mr. Holmes,’ cried our visitor.

“‘I remember a thousand things that make me sure that you are right. We must help the girl.’”

“‘This is a very cunning man. We must wait till seven o’clock.’”

At seven we arrived at the Copper Beeches.

“Show us the way, and we shall soon finish this black business,” said Holmes.

We went up the stairs, unlocked the door, and found ourselves in front of the locked room. Holmes tried some keys but without success. Everything was very quiet behind the door. Holmes’ face was dark.

“I think, Miss Hunter, that we’d better go in without you.”

We forced the door open and when we rushed into the room, it was empty. There was a little bed and a small table. The skylight window was open, and the prisoner gone.

“He took his victim off. “

“How?”

“Through the skylight window. “

“But it is impossible.”

“He has come back and done it. I said that he is a dangerous man. I think, Watson, it’s better to have your pistol ready.” At this moment a man appeared at the door of the room.

Miss Hunter screamed seeing him.

“Where’s your daughter?” Holmes asked.

The man looked round the room.

“I want to ask the same question,” he cried. “I have caught you. You are in my power.”

He turned and ran down the stairs very quickly.

“He went to take the dog,” cried Miss Hunter.

“Close the front door,” cried Holmes and we all ran down the stairs. Suddenly we heard loud screams which were horrible to listen to. An elderly man appeared.

“My God!” he cried. “The dog! It’s not been given food for two days.”

We rushed out. There was the very large animal, with its mouth holding Rucastle’s throat. I killed the dog. The man was living but very injured. We carried him into the house. We were all round him, when the door opened, and a tall woman came in.

“Mrs. Toller,” cried Miss Hunter.

“It is a pity you didn’t tell me about your plans.”

“What do you know, Mrs. Toller?” asked Holmes.

“I was Miss Alice’s friend. She was very unhappy when her father married again. Everything became even worse when she met Mr. Fowler. Miss Alice had some money by will, but she never said a word about it. Mr. Rucastle used this money. He wanted her to sign the paper so that whether she married or

not, he could use her money. She refused. Then she fell ill and had to cut off her beautiful hair.”

“The young people asked you to help them. They wanted to run away when Mr. Rucastle had gone out. “

“Yes, sir, you are right.”

“Well, now I know everything.”

So the mystery of this house was solved. Mr. Rucastle survived, but was a broken man. His wife had to take care of him. They live with their old servants. Miss Rucastle got married the day after their escape. As to Miss Violet Hunter, she is now the head of a private school, where I hope she is very successful.

## **TASK II. THE COPPER BEECHES**

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### **1. Translate, transcribe and use in sentences from the text:**

1) advertisement; 2) column; 3) governess; 4) colonel; 5) chestnut; 6) ignorant; 7) handkerchief; 8) swan; 9) behaviour; 10) insect; 11) drawer; 12) cellar.

### **2. Translate, learn in situations and use in your sentences:**

1) to run short; 2) to be worth doing smth.; 3) to change one's mind; 4) to commit a crime; 5) to take no notice of; 6) to be grateful to smb. For smth.; 7) to look alike; 8) to fall ill; 9) to take care of.

### **3. Find the English equivalents of the following word combinations in the text:**

4. 1) по одному; 2) зарплата; 3) відтінок; 4) зіпсована, груба дитина; 5) виламати двері; 6) хитрий, підступний; 7) поранити; 8) вижити.

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

### **6. Say why:**

a) Miss Hunter had to have her hair cut;  
d) Holmes didn't like lonely hours;  
e) The Runcastles always turned her face away from the window.

### **7. Dwell on the end of the story. Is it a happy end? Why do you think so?**

### **8. Give the forms of the following verbs and learn them:**

light, stand, show, see, pay, understand, keep, shake, cut, drink, hide, catch, fall.

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

### TASK III

## THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE A. C. DOYLE

I came to my friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, one day in the autumn of last year and saw that he was talking to a very fat gentleman, with red hair. I wanted to go away, but Holmes asked me to stay, and closed the door.

“I am glad you have come, my dear Watson,” he said.

“I though that you were busy.”

“Yes, you are right.”

“Well, I can wait in the next room.”

“No. This gentleman, Mr. Wilson, is my friend and helper.”

The fat gentleman half rose from his chair, and nodded. At the same time he looked me over carefully with his small eyes.

“Sit down on this sofa,” said Holmes, making himself comfortable in his arm-chair. “I know, my dear Watson, that you also love mysterious cases. Now, Mr. Wilson has come to me this morning to tell a story that I think is very interesting. Perhaps, Mr. Wilson, you’ll be so kind to tell your story again. I want to listen to it once more.”

The man took a dirty and wrinkled newspaper out of the pocket of his coat. As he looked down the advertisement column I looked him over. He was a common Englishman in simple clothes. But he had very red hair.

“Can you not find the advertisement, Mr. Wilson?” asked Holmes.

“Yes, I have got it now,” he answered. “Here it is. This was the beginning of all. Read it yourself, sir.”

I took the paper and read the following:

“TO THE RED- HEADED LEAGUE. The Red-headed League has one place open with a salary of four pounds a week for simple work. All red-headed men who are not ill, and are older than twenty-one years, can apply. Come on Monday, at 11 o’clock, to Duncan Ross, Fleet Street.”

“What does it mean?” I asked after reading the strange article twice.

Holmes laughed, as he usually did when he was in good mood.

“And now, Mr. Wilson, tell us about yourself and your life. First, Doctor, pay attention to the paper and the date.”

“It is the *Morning Chronicle*, of August 7, 1890. Just two months ago.”

“Very good. Now, Mr. Wilson?”

“Well, “ said he. “I have a small business at Coburg Square, near the City. It is not a very large affair and I don’t earn much. I have one assistant. He wants to learn the business that’s why he works with me.”

“What is the name of this young man?” asked Holmes. “His name is Vincent Spaulding, he is not very young. It’s not easy to say his age. I am glad I have him. His hobby is photography. He makes pictures everywhere. This is what I don’t like about him. But he is a good worker.”

“He is still with you, I hope?”

“Yes, sir. He and a girl of fourteen, who cooks, and keeps the place clean. My wife died and I live alone. We live quietly, sir, the three of us.

“One day, eight weeks ago, Spaulding came with this paper in his hand and said:

“‘It’s a pity my hair is not red, Mr. Wilson.’

“‘But why?’ I asked.

“‘Here is a place on the League of the Red-headed Men. If I could only change the colour of my hair.’

“‘Why?’ I asked. ‘You see, Mr. Holmes, I am a very stay-at-home man and as I can work at home I don’t often leave it. So I didn’t know much and I was always glad to hear a piece of news.’

“‘Have you never heard of the League of the Red-headed Men?’ he asked with surprise.

“‘Never.’

“‘But you can suit for this place.’

“‘And what shall I have?’ I asked.

“‘About two hundred a year, and very simple work.’

“‘Tell me more about it,’ I said.

“‘Well,’ he said, ‘you see that the League has a place, and there is the address where you can go. I know that the League was founded by an American millionaire, who was very strange. His hair was red and he had a great sympathy for all red-headed men; so when he died, he left all his money with instructions to give them to men whose hair is of the same colour. From all I hear it is a good pay and very simple work.’

“‘But,’ I said, ‘there would be millions of red-headed men who would come.’

“‘Not so many as it may seem,’ I he answered. ‘You should be a Londoner, and a grown man. And your hair cannot be light red or dark red. Your colour is perfect.’

“And I decided to go there. I asked Spaulding to come with me. So we left for the address that was given in the paper.

“I was surprised when I saw so many men with red hair who were in the City. Fleet Street was full of these people. They had every shade of red, but there were not many with hair like mine. I wanted to go away, but Spaulding

pushed and pulled until he got me to the steps which led to the office. Soon we found ourselves in the office.

“There was nothing in the room but two chairs and a long table, behind which sat a small man whose hair was redder than mine. He said some words to everybody who came up, and he always found some fault in them. It was not easy to get this place. When our turn came, the little man spoke better to me than to any of the others, and he closed the door when we entered.

“‘This is Mr. Wilson,’ said my assistant. ‘And he wants to work for the League.’

“‘And I think this work is his,’ the other answered. ‘I don’t remember when I’ve seen anything so fine.’ And he congratulated me on my success.

“‘You will excuse me for doing this,’ with this words he took my hair in both his hands, and tugged until I yelled with the pain. ‘You cry,’ said he. ‘We have to be careful. People sometimes come in wigs.’ He came over to the window and shouted loudly that the place is taken. The people began to walk away in different directions.

“‘My name,’ said he, ‘is Duncan Ross. I also work in the League. Have you a family, Mr. Wilson?’

“I answered that I had not.

“His face became sad. But a few minutes later he said that it would be all right.

“‘We cannot refuse to a man with such a head of hairs as yours. When shall you be able to start working?’

“‘Well, I don’t know, because I have a business, already,’ said I.

“‘Never mind about it, Mr. Wilson!’ said Vincent Spaulding. ‘I shall be able to look after that for you.’

“‘What would be the working hours?’ I asked.

“‘Ten to two.’

“It was very good for me to earn a little in the mornings. I knew that I could rely on my assistant.

“‘That would suit me,’ said I. ‘And the pay?’

“‘Is four pounds a week.’

“‘And the work?’

“‘Is very simple.’

“‘What shall I do?’

“‘You have to be in the office, or at least in the building the whole time. If you leave you will lose your position. So you shouldn’t leave office in your working time.’

“‘It’s only four hours a day and I should not leave the office,’ said I. ‘And the work?’



“ ‘It’s to copy out the Encyclopaedia. There is the first volume of it. You must bring your own ink, pens, and paper, but we’ll give you this table and chair. Will you be ready tomorrow?’

“ ‘Yes,’ I answered.

“ ‘Then good-bye, Mr. Wilson, and let me congratulate you once more.’ He bowed and I went home with my assistant. I was very happy.

“Well, I thought over the matter all day, and by evening I was not sure about taking this place. But I could understand nothing. Vincent Spaulding cheered me up, and in the morning I decided to have a look at it, so I bought a bottle of ink, a pen and some paper and I went to the office.

“To my surprise everything was right. The table was ready for me, and Mr. Duncan Ross was there. He gave me to start from the letter A, and then he left me; but he came in from time to time to see that all was right with me. At two o’clock he said good-bye, and locked the door of the office.

“This went on day after day, Mr. Holmes, and on Saturdays, the manager came in and gave me four pounds for my work. It was the same the next week, and the same the week after. Every morning I was there at ten, and every afternoon I left at two. I never left the room for a moment, because I didn’t want to lose my work.

“Eight weeks passed. Then suddenly everything came to an end.”

“To an end?”

“Yes, sir. This morning I went to my work as usual at ten o’clock, but the door was locked. There was a note on the door. Here it is, you can read it for yourself.”

He gave us a piece of paper. It had the following words.

“The Red-headed League Is Dissolved. October, 9, 1890.”

“What did you do when you found this?”

“I was surprised. I didn’t know what to do. Then I came to the offices round, but nobody could tell me anything about it. Finally, I went to the landlord and asked him if he could tell me what had become of the League. He said that he had never heard of it. Then I asked him about Mr. Duncan Ross. He answered that he didn’t know this name.

“ ‘Well,’ said I, ‘the gentleman at Number 4.’

“ ‘What, the man with red hair?’

“ ‘Yes.’

“ ‘Oh,’ said he, ‘his name was William Morris. He was using my room for some time. He moved out yesterday.’

“ ‘Where could I find him?’

“ ‘At his new office. Here is his address: 17, King Edward Street, near St. Paul’s.’

“I went there, Mr. Holmes, but there was no any William Morris there, or Mr. Duncan Ross.”

“And what did you do then?” asked Holmes.

“I went home and asked my assistant. But he couldn’t help me. I did not want to lose such a good place, so I decided to turn to you for advice. And I came to you.”

“And you did very wisely,” said Holmes. “Your case is very interesting, and I shall be happy to look into it. It can be more serious than we may expect.”

“Serious!” said Wilson. “I have lost four pounds a week.”

“Well. Answer my questions, please. How long has your assistant been with you?”

“About a month then.”

“How did he come?”

“In answer to my advertisement.”

“Was he the only man who came?”

“No.”

“Why did you choose him?”

“Because I didn’t have to pay him much.”

“What is he like?”

“Small, fat, no hair on his face, though he is about 30. He has a white splash of acid on his forehead.”

Holmes sat up on his chair quickly.

“I knew it,” said he. “That’s enough, Mr. Wilson. I’ll tell you the solution in a day or two.”

“Well, Watson,” said Holmes to me. “The case is very strange.”

“What are you going to do?” I asked.

“To smoke and go to the concert. Are you going with me?”

“Certainly.”

We went by the underground, then walked a little to SaxeCoburg Square, the place which we had listened about in the morning. It was a little poor place, where there were two lines of old brick houses. The white letters “J. Wilson”, upon a corner house, showed us the place where our red-headed client lived. Sherlock Holmes stopped in front of it and looked it all over. Then he walked up and down the street, still looking carefully at the houses. Finally he returned to the Wilson’s house, struck on the pavement with his stick two or three times, and then he went up to the door and knocked. A clean-shaven young man opened the door and asked us to come in.

“Thank you,” said Holmes. “I only wanted to ask you how you would go from here to the Strand.”

“Third right, fourth left,” answered the assistant, and closed the door.

“I have known something of this young man before,” said Holmes.

“I think,” said I, “Mr. Wilson’s assistant is connected with this mystery. I am sure you asked the way only in order that you might see him.”

“Not him.”

“What then?”

“The knees of his trousers.”

“And what did you see?”

“What I expected to see.”

“Why did you beat the pavement?”

“My dear doctor, now it’s time to look, not to talk.”

At this moment we turned round the corner and found ourselves in one of the main streets of the City.

“Let me see,” said Holmes, standing at the corner and looking along the line, “I want to remember the order of the houses here. It is my hobby to know London well. There’s the tobacconist, the little newspaper shop, the Coburg branch of the City Bank, the restaurant. “Well, doctor, we’ve done our work, so it’s time to have a sandwich and a cup of coffee. Then I can play a violin.”

My friend was a good musician. He liked to play and compose music. When I saw him that afternoon playing at St. James’s Hall I felt that bad time might be coming upon all criminals.

“Do you want to go home, Doctor?” he asked as we went out.

“Yes, it would be nice.”

“And I have some business to do. This case at Coburg Square is serious.”

”Why?”

“A crime is going to take place. I hope we’ll be in time to stop it. I’ll need your help tonight.”

“When?”

“At ten.”

“I’ll be at Baker Street at this time.”

“Very well. And there may be some little danger, so put your revolver in your pocket.”

He said this and disappeared in the crowd.

I was baffled. We had heard the same story, we had seen the same place, and yet from his words it was clear that he knew what had happened, and what was going to happen, while I still could say nothing.

When I appeared at Baker Street that evening, there were two cabs at the door, and, as I entered, I heard the sound of voices. I saw Holmes talking to two men, one of them was Peter Jones, the police agent; while the other was a long, thin man with a sad face and a very shiny head.

“Well, everybody is here,” said Holmes, buttoning up his jacket, and taking his heavy hunting gun. “Watson, I think you know Mr. Jones, of Scotland Yard? Let me introduce you to Mr. Merryweather, who will take part in our adventure.”

“Our friend is a good man for hunting. All he wants is an old dog to help him” said Jones.

“I hope we’ll catch something bigger than a goose,” remarked Mr. Merryweather sadly.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Merryweather. We are going to play the game with big prizes. For you, Mr. Merryweather, I will be about thirty thousand pounds; and for you, Jones, it will be a man you want to catch.”

“John Clay, the murderer, thief and forger. His grandfather was a Duke and he had studied at Eton and Oxford. It’s very ditlicult to catch him. He is very cunning.”

“I hope that I’ll have the pleasure to introduce you tonight. It’s time to go. You two take the first cab; Watson and I will go in the second.”

Sherlock Holmes was silent during the drive. At last we stopped.

“This man, Merryweather, is a bank director,” he said, “and he is interested in the matter. I asked Jones to go with us also. He is not very clever but he is as brave as a bulldog. Here we are and they are waiting for us.”

We found ourselves at the place we had visited in the morning. We followed Mr. Merryweather through a narrow passage and a side door, which he opened for us. There was a small corridor and an iron gate. It was opened and we came down the stone steps which ended with another gate. Mr. Merryweather lit a lantern, and we passed through a dark passage, and after opening a third door we found ourselves in a huge cellar, where there were a lot of large boxes.

Mr. Merryweather struck his stick upon the floor.

“Why, it sounds quite hollow!” he remarked looking up in surprise.

“Please, be quiet,” said Holmes sternly. “Will you please sit down on one of those boxes?”

Mr. Merryweather did it, while Holmes fell upon his knees and began to examine the stones. A few seconds later he got up.

“We have at least an hour,” he remarked, “they can hardly take any steps until Mr. Wilson is in bed. Then they will hurry, because the sooner they do their work the more time they’ll have for escaping. We are now, Doctor, in the cellar of one of the main London banks. Mr. Merryweather can explain to you that there are reasons for the criminals to be interested in this cellar.”

“It is our French gold,” whispered the director.

“Your French gold?”

“Yes. Some months ago we borrowed thirty thousand napoleons from the Bank of France. The box on which I sit contains two thousand napoleons.”

“Well,” said Holmes, “now it is time to arrange our plans. I hope that we have to wait about an hour. Now, we must put the screen over that lantern.”

“And sit in the dark?”

“I am afraid so. And first of all, we must choose our positions. I shall stay behind this box, and you hide yourselves behind those. Then, when I flash a light upon them, close in quickly. If they use guns, Watson, shoot them down immediately.”

I put my revolver on the top of the wooden box behind which I hid.

“They have only one retreat,” whispered Holmes. “That is back through the house into Saxe-Coburg Square. I hope you have done what I asked you, Jones?”

“There are three policemen at the front door.”

“Good. And now we must be silent and wait.”

What a time it seemed! I thought that the night have almost gone. My legs hurt, because I feared to change my position. I was looking at the floor. Suddenly I saw the glint of a light.

At first it was just a spark between the stones. Then it became a yellow line, and then, a gash opened and a hand appeared. Then it disappeared and all was dark again.

Some moments later one of the broad, white stones turned over and left a square hole, through which we could see a light. A clean-cut boyish face appeared, which looked about. In another moment a man stood at the side of the hole and was helping another man with a pale face and very red hair.

“It’s all clear,” he whispered. “Have you the bags? Oh, Archie, run quickly!”

Sherlock Holmes jumped out and took the man by the collar. The other disappeared in the hole. The light flashed from a revolver, but Holmes beat the man’s hand, and the pistol fell down on the floor.

“It’s no use, John Clay,” said Holmes.

“I see” the other answered with coolness. “I hope that my friend is all right.”

“There are three men waiting for him at the door,” said Holmes.

“Oh, really. I must congratulate you.”

“And I you,” Holmes answered. “Your red-headed idea was brilliant.”

“Hold out your hands while I fix the handcuffs,” said Jones.

“Do not touch me with your dirty hands,” remarked our prisoner, as the handcuffs clattered upon his hands. “don’t you know that I have royal blood in my veins. And will you say ‘sir ‘ and ‘please’ when you address me.”

“All right,” said Jones. “Would you please, sir, go upstairs, where we can get a cab to carry your highness to the police station.”

“That is better,” said John Clay. He bowed to us and walked off.

“Really, Mr. Holmes,” said Mr. Meryweather, as we were going out from the cellar, “I do not know how the bank can thank you. You have prevented the most determined attempts at bank robbery that have ever taken place.”

“I have had some little scores of my own to settle with Mr. John Clay,” said Holmes. “And it was also interesting for me to solve a case of the Red-headed League.”

“You see, Watson,” he explained the next morning, “it was clear from the very beginning that the only possible aim of this fantastic business must be to get Mr. Wilson out of the house for some hours every day. It was a strange way of doing it, but this method was suggested to Clay’s mind by the colour of his Master’s hair. They put in the advertisement; one criminal has an office, the other one tells the man about this work, and together they do their job in his absence every morning.”

“But how could you find out about their plans?”

“The man’s business was a small one, and there was nothing in the house which could attract their attention. So I decided that it must be something out of the house. What could it be? (thought of the assistant’s fondness of photography, and of his working in the cellar. The cellar! Then I made inquiries about this man and found that he was one of the coolest criminals in London. What was he doing in the cellar? I decided he was running a tunnel to some other building.

“When we went to Mr. Wilson’s house, I surprised you by beating upon the pavement with my stick. Then I rang the bell, and, as I hoped, the assistant answered it. I wanted to see his knees. I hope you noticed how worn and wrinkled they were.

“Then I thought of the aim of doing all this. I walked round the corner, saw that the City Bank was situated there, and felt that I had solved my problem. When you were at home after the concert, I went to Scotland Yard, and to the director of the bank.”

“And how could you tell that they would do it tonight?”

“Well, when they closed their League offices that was a sign that they finished their work with the tunnel. And they should use it soon, or it might be discovered. Saturday would be better than any other day, as it would give them two days for the escape.”

“You explained everything beautifully,” I exclaimed in admiration.

“Yes, these little problems make my life exciting, that’s why I like them,” answered my friend.

### TASK III. THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE

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- 1. Translate, transcribe and use in sentences from the text:**
  - 1) league; 2) wrinkled; 3) millionaire; 4) to yield; 5) acid; 6) St. Paul's; 7) tobacconist; 8) violin; 9) musician; 10) lantern; 11) tunnel; 12) exciting.
- 2. Translate, learn in situations and use in your sentences:**
  - 1) to pay attention to; 2) to have a great sympathy to; 3) to congratulate smb. on smth.; 4) to come to an end; 5) to be baffled; 6) to make inquiries; 7) to button up a jacket; 8) to settle scores with smb.
- 3. Find the English equivalents of the following word combinations in the text:**
- 4.** 1) звертатися до когось; 2) домосід; 3) рудий; 4) перука; 5) продавець тютюнових виробів; 6) злочинець; 7) підвал; 8) наручники; 9) пограбування, крадіжка; 10) новина; 11) відбуватися
- 5. Make up 12–15 questions to cover the content of the story and be ready to answer them.**
- 6. Say why:**
  - a) The League was founded;
  - b) Mr. Wilson wanted to work for the League;
  - c) Holmes congratulated John Clay.
- 7. Prove that:**
  - a) John Clay was a cunning man;
  - b) Holmes knew the solution from the very beginning;
  - c) Mr. Wilson did wisely when he turned to Holmes.
- 8. Give the forms of the following verbs and learn them:**  
rise, leave, hear, see, begin, bring, buy, strike, think, drive, choose, beat, make, ring.
- 9. Get ready for the quiz on the previous task.**

### Використана література:

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Arthur Conan Doyle. The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes. The Speckled Band and other Stories.– Київ: Знання. 2017. 191с.

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Навчальне видання

# ДОМАШНЄ ЧИТАННЯ НА МАТЕРІАЛІ ОПОВІДАнь А.К. ДОЙЛЯ

Частина 2

*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*

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