

ЛЕГКО ЧИТАЕМ ПО-АНГЛИЙСКИ

3  
УРОВЕНЬ

# ЛУЧШЕЕ ЧТЕНИЕ НА АНГЛИЙСКОМ ЯЗЫКЕ



О. Генри  
РАССКАЗЫ

O. Henry "Short Stories"

А. К. Дойл

СОБАКА БАСКЕРВИЛЕЙ

A. Conan Doyle  
"The Hound of the Baskervilles"

*Сборник увлекательных рассказов*

словарь • комментарии • упражнения

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В сборник вошли сокращенные и упрощенные тексты наиболее популярных рассказов американского писателя О. Генри, а также одна из самых знаменитых повестей А. К. Дойла о Шерлоке Холмсе «Собака Баскервилей». Тексты сопровождаются комментариями, упражнениями, а также небольшими словариками, облегчающими чтение.

Книга предназначена для продолжающих изучать английский язык (уровень 3 – Intermediate).

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О. Генри  
**РАССКАЗЫ**

О. Henry  
**SHORT STORIES**

*Адаптация текста, упражнения,  
комментарии и словарь С. А. Матвеева*

## The Cop and the Anthem

On his bench in **Madison Square**<sup>1</sup> Soapy moved uneasily. A dead leaf fell onto his arm. Winter was coming, and Soapy knew that he must make his plans. And therefore moved unhappily on his seat.

The ambitions of Soapy were not very high. He did not dream about Mediterranean cruises, or Southern skies. Three months on the Island was what his soul wished. Three months of assured **board and bed**<sup>2</sup> and congenial company seemed to Soapy the **essence of things desirable**<sup>3</sup>.

For years the hospitable prison had been his winter quarters. And now the time was come because, at night on his seat in the square, three newspapers did not keep out the cold.

So Soapy decided to go to prison, and at once began to try his first plan. It was usually easy. There were many easy ways of doing this. The pleasantest was to dine luxuriously at some expen-

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<sup>1</sup> **Madison Square** — Мэдисон-сквер

<sup>2</sup> **board and bed** — еда и кров

<sup>3</sup> **essence of things desirable** — предел желания

sive restaurant. He ate dinner in an expensive restaurant. Then he told them he had no money and they called a policeman. Nice and easy, with no trouble.

Soapy left his bench and walked slowly along the street, where **Broadway**<sup>1</sup> and Fifth Avenue flow together. Up Broadway he turned, and halted at a glittering caf .

Soapy had confidence in himself from the lowest button of his vest upward. He was shaven, and his coat was decent and his neat black tie had been presented to him by a lady missionary on **Thanks-giving Day**<sup>2</sup>. If he could reach a table in the restaurant unsuspected success would be his. The portion of him that would show above the table would raise no doubt in the waiter's mind. He just had to get to a table in the restaurant and sit down. That was all, because, when he sat down, people could only see his coat and his shirt, which were not very old. Nobody could see his trousers. A roasted duck, with a bottle of wine, and then cheese, a cup of coffee and a cigar. One dollar for the cigar would be enough. The meat would leave him filled and happy for the journey to his winter refuge.

But when Soapy went into the restaurant, the waiter's eye fell upon Soapy's dirty old trousers and decadent shoes. Strong and ready hands turned

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<sup>1</sup> **Broadway** — Бродвей (длинная улица в Нью-Йорке)

<sup>2</sup> **Thanksgiving Day** — День Благодарения (государственный праздник в США, который отмечается в четвертый четверг ноября; с этого дня начинается праздничный сезон, который включает в себя Рождество и продолжается до Нового года).

him round and helped him out into the street again.

Soapy turned off Broadway. So now he had to think of something different. Soapy walked away from Broadway and soon he found himself on Sixth Avenue. He stopped in front of a shop window and looked at it. It was nice and bright, and everybody in the street could see him. Slowly and carefully he picked up a stone and threw it at the window. The glass broke with a loud noise. Soapy stood still, with his hands in his pockets, and smiled at the sight of brass buttons.

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

He stood there with his hands in his pockets, and he smiled.

"Perhaps I did," said Soapy, not without sarcasm, but friendly.

The policeman's mind refused to accept Soapy even as a clue. Men who smash windows do not remain to chat with the police officers. They run away. And just then the policeman saw another man, who was running to catch a bus. So the policeman ran after him. Soapy watched for a minute. Then he walked away. No luck again! Soapy, with disgust in his heart, walked away, twice unsuccessful.

On the opposite side of the street was a little restaurant. Soapy entered. This time nobody looked at his trousers and his shoes. At a table he sat and consumed beefsteak, flapjacks, doughnuts and pie. He enjoyed his meal, and then he looked up at the waiter, smiled and said, 'I haven't got any money, you know. Now, call a cop. And do it quickly, don't keep a gentleman waiting.'



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

Another waiter came, and together they threw Soapy out into the cold street. Soapy lay there, very angry. With difficulty, he arose and beat the dust from his clothes. Arrest seemed but a rosy dream. The Island seemed very far away. A policeman who stood before a drug store two doors away laughed and walked down the street.

Five blocks Soapy traveled before tried again. This time it looked easy. A young woman of a modest guise was standing before a show window, and two yards from the window a large policeman leaned against a **water plug**<sup>1</sup>.

Soapy went toward the young woman. He saw that the policeman was watching him. Then he said to the young woman, with a smile, "Why don't you come with me, my dear? I can give you a good time."

The policeman was still looking. In a minute she would call the policeman. Soapy could almost see the prison doors. The young woman faced him and, stretching out a hand, caught Soapy's coat sleeve.

"Sure, Mike," she said joyfully, "if you buy me a drink. I wanted to speak to you sooner, but the cop was watching."

Poor Soapy walked away with the young woman, who still held on to his arm. "I'm never going to get to prison," he thought. At the next corner he **shook off**<sup>2</sup> his companion and ran. Slowly, he

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<sup>1</sup> **water plug** — пожарный кран

<sup>2</sup> **shook off** — стряхнул

walked on and came to a street with a lot of theatres. There were a lot of people there, rich people in their best clothes. Soapy had to do something to get to prison. He did not want to spend another night on his seat in Madison Square. What could he do? Then he saw a policeman near him, so he began to sing. He danced, howled, raved and otherwise disturbed the welkin.

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

“It’s one of **Yale students**<sup>1</sup>, celebrating the victory over the **Hartford College**<sup>2</sup> in football. Noisy; but no harm. We’ve instructions not to take them.”

Soapy stopped making a noise. How could he get to prison? The wind was cold, and he buttoned his thin coat against the chilling wind.

In a cigar store he saw a well-dressed man lighting a cigar. His silk umbrella he had set by the door on entering. Soapy stepped inside, picked up the umbrella, and began to walk away slowly. The man followed hastily.

“My umbrella,” he said, sternly.

“Oh, is it?” sneered Soapy. “Well, why don’t you call a policeman? I took it. Your umbrella! Why don’t you call a cop? There stands one on the corner.”

The policeman looked at them curiously.

“Of course,” said the umbrella man — “that is — well, you know how these mistakes occur — I — if it’s your umbrella I hope you’ll excuse me —

---

<sup>1</sup> **Yale students** — студенты Йельского университета

<sup>2</sup> **Hartford College** — Хартфордский колледж

I picked it up this morning in a restaurant — If you recognize it as yours, why — I hope you'll —"

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

The umbrella man walked away. The policeman hurried to assist a tall blonde to cross the road.

Soapy was really angry now. He threw the umbrella away. He muttered against the men who wear helmets and carry clubs. He wanted to go to prison, and they regard him as a king who could do nothing wrong.

He began to walk back to Madison Square and home — his park bench. But on a quiet corner, Soapy suddenly stopped. Here was an old church. Through a purple window a soft light glowed, and sweet music was coming from inside the church.

The moon was above, lustrous and serene; vehicles and pedestrians were few — and the anthem that the organist played cemented Soapy to the iron fence, for Soapy remembered other, happier days. He thought of the days when he had a mother, and friends, and beautiful things in his life.

The music from the old church made a sudden and wonderful change in his soul. He viewed with swift horror the pit into which he had tumbled, the degraded days, unworthy desires, and dead hopes.

And then a wonderful thing happened. Soapy decided to change his life and be a new man. He will pull himself out of the mire; he will conquer the evil that had taken possession of him.

A fur importer had once offered him a place as driver. He will find him tomorrow and ask for the

position. He will be somebody in the world. He will —

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

“What are you doing here?” asked the officer.

“Nothing,” said Soapy.

“Then come along,” said the policeman.

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

## **EXERCISES**

### **1. Choose the right variant:**

1. Soapy like to be homeless.
2. Soapy does not know where to spend cold winter.
3. Soapy faces the urgent necessity of finding some sort of shelter for the winter.
4. Thinking of the local jail as a homeless shelter is common for the people.

### **2. What is the main character's name?**

1. Soapy
2. Mike
3. Con
4. John

### **3. What was the young woman's reaction?**

1. She felt harassed.
2. She proved to be more than ready for action.
3. She called the policeman.
4. She was astonished.

**4. Why did the waiter refuse to serve Soapy?**

1. Because the restaurant was closed.
2. Because they didn't accept credit cards.
3. Because it was a self-service restaurant.
4. Because he looked at Soapy's threadbare clothes.

**5. What is Yale?**

1. It is the town where Soapy came from.
2. It is the name of the old church.
3. It is widely considered to be one of the most prestigious universities in the world.
4. It is the name of the organ company.

**6. What is an anthem?**

1. a type of restaurant
2. a form of church music
3. Soapy's surname
4. a holiday

**7. Choose the right variant:**

1. Soapy recalls that a successful businessman had once offered him a job.
2. Soapy recalls that a successful businessman had twice offered him a job.
3. Soapy recalls that a successful businessman had thrice offered him a job.
4. Soapy recalls that a successful businessman had many times offered him a job.

**8. What did Soapy decide to do on the very next day?**

1. Soapy decided to invent a wiser plan to get to the Island.
2. Soapy decided to repeat his experience.

3. Soapy decided to become a Yale student.
4. Soapy decided to apply for employment.

**9. What has Soapy been arrested for?**

1. Soapy has been arrested for vandalizing the plate-glass window of a shop.
2. Soapy has been arrested for loitering.
3. Soapy has been arrested for pretending to be publicly intoxicated.
4. Soapy has been arrested for stealing another man's umbrella.

**10. Choose the right adverb:**

All of Soapy's attempts are \_\_\_\_\_ exposed as failures.

1. slowly
2. quickly
3. happily
4. hard

**11. Choose the correct verbs:**

A police officer \_\_\_\_\_ to the broken window but \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_ an innocent bystander.

1. responds, decides, to pursue
2. to pursue, responds, decides
3. decides, to pursue, responds
4. responds, to pursue, decides

**12. Insert the right prepositions:**

*onto — into — of — on*

1. A policeman taps Soapy \_\_\_\_\_ the shoulder and asks him what he is doing.
2. Soapy despairs \_\_\_\_\_ his goal of getting arrested and imprisoned.

3. Soapy's ploys include swindling a restaurant \_\_\_\_\_ serving him an expensive meal.
4. Two servers throw Soapy out \_\_\_\_\_ a concrete pavement.

**13. Complete the chart:**

		feeling
come	came	coming
	laid	laying
tell	told	
go		going

## Witches' Loaves<sup>1</sup>

Miss Martha Meacham kept the little bakery on the corner. Miss Martha was forty, her bank-book showed a credit of two thousand dollars, and she possessed two false teeth and a sympathetic heart.

Two or three times a week a customer came in to buy some bread. He was a middle-aged man, wearing spectacles and a brown beard.

He spoke English with a strong German accent. His clothes were worn and darned in places. But he looked neat, and had very good manners.

He always bought two loaves of **stale bread**<sup>2</sup>. Fresh bread was five cents a loaf. Stale ones were two for five.

Once Miss Martha saw a red and brown stain on his fingers. She was sure then that he was an artist and very poor. **No doubt**<sup>3</sup> he lived in a garret, where he painted pictures and ate stale bread.

When Miss Martha sat down to dinner and tea she used to sigh and think of the poor artist and

---

<sup>1</sup> **Witches' Loaves** — Чародейные хлебцы

<sup>2</sup> **stale bread** — черствый хлеб

<sup>3</sup> **No doubt** — Вне всякого сомнения



feel sorry for him. Miss Martha's heart was a sympathetic one.

In order to test her theory, she brought from her room one day a painting that she had bought at a sale, and hung it on the wall of her bakery.

It was a Venetian scene. A splendid marble palace stood in the foreground. For the rest there were gondolas (with the lady trailing her hand in the water), clouds, sky.

Two days afterward the customer came in.

"Two loafs of stale bread, if you **blease**<sup>1</sup>.

"**You haf here a fine bicture**<sup>2</sup>, madame," he said while she was wrapping up the bread.

"Yes?" says Miss Martha. "You think it is a good picture?"

"**Der balance**<sup>3</sup>," said the customer, "is not in good drawing. **Der bairspective**<sup>4</sup> of it is not true. Thank you, madame."

He took his bread, bowed, and hurried out.

Yes, he must be an artist. Miss Martha took the picture back to her room.

How gentle and kindly his eyes shone behind his spectacles! What a broad brow he had! Genius often has to struggle.

He saw the perspective at once. She wanted to help him — to keep house for him, to share with him all the good things she had in her bakery. Maybe even two thousand dollars. But these were day-dreams, Miss Martha.

---

<sup>1</sup> **blease** = **please** (*исковеркан.*)

<sup>2</sup> **you haf here a fine bicture** = you have here a fine picture (*исковеркан.*)

<sup>3</sup> **Der balance** = the palace (*исковеркан.*)

<sup>4</sup> **der bairspective** = the perspective (*исковеркан.*)

Often now when he came he talked to her for a few minutes. But he bought only stale bread as before. Never a cake, never a pie, never one of her delicious sweets.

She thought he began to look thinner and discouraged. Her heart wished to add something good to eat to his meagre purchase. But she did not dare affront him. She knew the pride of artists.

Miss Martha began to wear her new blue silk dress. She also began to use some cream in order to make her face a little more beautiful.

One day the customer came in as usual, laid his **nickel**<sup>1</sup> on the showcase, and asked for his stale loaves. While Miss Martha was getting them there from the shelf, the siren of a fire-engine was heard.

The customer hurried to the door to look. Miss Martha seized the opportunity.

On the bottom shelf behind the counter was a pound of fresh butter that the dairyman had left ten minutes before. With a bread knife Miss Martha made a deep cut in each of the stale loaves, inserted a big piece of butter, and pressed the loaves tight again.

When the customer turned from the door, she was tying the paper around them.

When he had gone, after an unusually pleasant little chat, Miss Martha smiled to herself.

She was thinking about her deed. Had she the right to do such a thing? Will he feel offended? But surely not. That's just butter, nothing more.

She imagined the scene when he discovers her little deception.

---

<sup>1</sup> **nickel** — монета в 5 центов

He will lay down his brushes and palette. He will prepare for his luncheon of dry bread and water. He will cut into a loaf — ah!

Miss Martha blushed. Will he think of the hand that placed the butter in the bread? Will he —

The front door bell jangled viciously. Somebody was coming in, making a great deal of noise.

Miss Martha hurried to the door. Two men were there. One was a young man smoking a pipe — a man she had never seen before. The other was her artist.

His face was very red, his hat was on the back of his head. He clinched his two fists and shook them ferociously at Miss Martha. At Miss Martha!

**“Dummkopf<sup>1</sup>!”** he shouted with extreme loudness; and then **“Tausendonfer<sup>2</sup>!”** or something like it in German.

The young man tried to draw him away.

**“I vill not go,”** he said angrily. **“You haf shpoilt me<sup>3</sup>,”** he cried, his blue eyes blazing behind his spectacles. **“I vill tell you<sup>4</sup>. You vas von medding-some old cat!<sup>5</sup>”**

Miss Martha leaned weakly against the shelves and laid one hand on her blue silk dress. The young man took the other by the collar.

---

<sup>1</sup> **Dummkopf** — дура (нем.)

<sup>2</sup> **Tausendonfer!** — немецкое ругательство, придуманное О. Генри

<sup>3</sup> **you haf shpoilt me** = you have spoiled my work (исковеркан.)

<sup>4</sup> **I vill tell you** = I will tell you (исковеркан.)

<sup>5</sup> **You vas von meddingsome old cat!** = You're meddlesome old cat! (исковеркан.)

“Come on,” he said, “you’ve said enough.” He dragged the angry one out at the door to the sidewalk, and then came back.

“I want to explain,” he said, “That’s **Blumberger**<sup>1</sup>. He’s an **architectural draftsman**<sup>2</sup>. I work in the same office with him. He has worked hard for three months drawing a plan for a new city hall. It was a prize competition. He finished **inking the lines**<sup>3</sup> yesterday. You know, a draftsman always makes his drawing in pencil first. After that he inks the line. When it’s done he rubs out the pencil lines with stale bread. That’s better than **India rubber**<sup>4</sup>.

Blumberger has bought the bread here. Well, today he tried to rub out the pencil lines of his plan with the bread he bought in your bakery... You know, ma’am, that butter isn’t good for paper. And well, Blumberger’s plan can now be used only as a paper for railroad sandwiches.”

Miss Martha went into the back room. She took off the blue silk dress and put on the old brown serge she was wearing before.

## EXERCISES

### 1. Choose the right variant:

1. Miss Martha was sure that the customer would  
buy fresh bread.

---

<sup>1</sup> **Blumberger** — Блюмбергер

<sup>2</sup> **architectural draftsman** — чертежник

<sup>3</sup> **inking the lines** — обведение чертежа тушью

<sup>4</sup> **India rubber** — ластик

2. Miss Martha was sure that the man would bring more customers to her.
3. Miss Martha was sure that the customer would be thankful.
4. Miss Martha was sure that the customer would never come again.

**2. What is the German architectural draftsman's name?**

1. Tausendonfer
2. Meacham
3. Dummkopf
4. Blumberger

**3. Who was the young man with Blumberger?**

1. his colleague
2. his son
3. his lawyer
4. his driver

**4. Why did Miss Martha put the butter inside the bread?**

1. She wanted to spoil the drawing.
2. She had too much butter in her bakery.
3. She liked butter very much.
4. She intended to support the "artist".

**5. What is a "Dummkopf"?**

1. a wise man or a woman
2. a fool
3. a police officer
4. a friend

**6. What is "Tausendonfer"?**

1. wishing luck
2. wordplay

3. magic chant
4. German cursing

**7. Choose the right variant:**

1. Miss Martha put butter on the customer's loaves of bread.
2. Miss Martha put butter under the customer's loaves of bread.
3. Miss Martha put butter near the customer's loaves of bread.
4. Miss Martha put butter into the customer's loaves of bread.

**8. Why did Miss Martha bring the picture to her bakery?**

1. She liked art very much.
2. She wanted to know the occupation of the customer.
3. She wanted to hide the hole on the wall.
4. There was no room for the picture at home.

**9. Why did the customer begin to curse Miss Martha?**

1. She spoiled his work.
2. He hated women.
3. He did not know any good words.
4. He forgot to take his loaves of bread.

**10. Choose the right verb:**

Miss Martha \_\_\_\_\_ well putting butter into the loaves of bread.

1. did
2. meant
3. made
4. wished

**11. Choose the correct verbs:**

With a bread knife Miss Martha \_\_\_\_\_ a deep cut in each of the stale loaves, \_\_\_\_\_ a big piece of butter, and \_\_\_\_\_ the loaves tight again.

1. pressed, inserted, made
2. inserted, made, pressed
3. pressed, made, inserted
4. made, inserted, pressed

**12. Insert the right prepositions:**

*in order to — around — from — at*

1. He clinched his two fists and shook them ferociously \_\_\_\_\_ Miss Martha.
2. When the customer turned from the door, she was tying the paper \_\_\_\_\_ them.
3. She also began to use some cream \_\_\_\_\_ make her face a little more beautiful.
4. In order to test her theory, she brought \_\_\_\_\_ her room one day a painting that she had bought at a sale.

**13. Complete the chart:**

keep		
	bought	buying
see		seeing
be	was	
stand		standing

## The Gift of the Magi

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

She couldn't do anything about it. She could only sit down and cry. So she sat there, in the poor little room, and she cried.

Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only \$1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. **Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far<sup>1</sup>.**

Della lived in this poor little room, in New York, with her husband, James Dillingham Young. They also had a bedroom, and a kitchen and a bathroom — all poor little rooms. James Dillingham Young was lucky, because he had a job, but it was not a good job. These rooms took most of his money. Della tried to find work, but times were bad, and there was no work for her. But when Mr

---

<sup>1</sup> **Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far.** — На двадцать долларов далеко не уедешь.