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JENNINGS AND HIS FRIENDS





ДЖЕННИНС И ЕГО ДРУЗЬЯ



(по Антони Бакериджу)

*Книга для чтения на английском языке
в VI классе школ с преподаванием ряда предметов
на английском языке*

Адаптация, примечания и словарь
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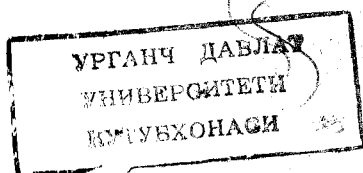


JENNINGS AND HIS FRIENDS



(After Antony Buckeridge)

*Adapted for the VI Form
of English-Language Schools
by M. I. Dubrovin*



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CONTENTS

<i>Chapter One.</i> Jennings and Darbishire Come to a Boarding School	6
<i>Chapter Two.</i> Jennings Gets into Trouble	14
<i>Chapter Three.</i> Jennings Gets out of Trouble	20
<i>Chapter Four.</i> Jennings Comes Late	32
<i>Chapter Five.</i> Jennings Gets into the First Eleven	42
<i>Chapter Six.</i> Mr. Wilkins Has an Idea	45
<i>Chapter Seven.</i> The Poisonous Spider	54
<i>Chapter Eight.</i> Beware of the Spider	63
<i>Chapter Nine.</i> Jennings Uses His Head	74
<i>Chapter Ten.</i> A Pet in the School	79
<i>Chapter Eleven.</i> Mr. Saunders Is Found and Lost	88
<i>Chapter Twelve.</i> Jennings and Darbishire Go to Dunhambury to Watch a Cricket Match	101
<i>Chapter Thirteen.</i> Autograph for Darbishire	111
<i>Chapter Fourteen.</i> A Cricket Bat for Jennings and Darbishire	118
<i>Chapter Fifteen.</i> A Present for Mr. Wilkins	126
<i>Vocabulary</i>	136

It was the first afternoon of school and Mr. Carter was waiting for the arrival of the train with sixty-seven schoolboys. Some boys were already there standing in front of the notice-board to be first with the news when the other boys came.

"Oh, sir, how are you,¹ sir? Have you had a nice holiday, sir?" came from ten boys at the same time.

"We had a wonderful time, sir," said an eleventh boy. "We went to Scotland, sir, and we had porridge every day and, we got stuck in a bog,² sir, and my father said that was where they got the porridge from, but it was only a joke, sir."

Eleven times Mr. Carter said that he was all right and eleven times he said that he had spent a nice holiday.

In the dining-hall where he stopped to put up a plan of the boys' places at table, he saw Mr. Pemberton, the Headmaster, who was talking to a man and a small boy.

"A new parent and a new boy," thought Mr. Carter.

The likeness between father and son was really great. They had brown hair, blue eyes and spectacles. When they opened their mouths to say something, Mr. Carter had the impression that they were speaking in capital letters.

"This dining-hall, Mr. Darbshire," the Headmaster was saying, "has a system of overhead ventilation³ which gives every boy three thousand five hundred cubic yards⁴ of air."

Mr. Darbshire could not see any system of overhead ventilation. Suddenly he saw a tea-urn⁵ at the far end of the dining-hall. Maybe the ventilation was in the tea-urn.

"Most interesting!" said Mr. Darbshire, in capital letters, "most interesting!"

¹ how are you — как поживаете

² got stuck in a bog — завязли в трясице

³ a system of overhead [ˈoʊvəhed] ventilation — система подвесной вентиляции

⁴ cubic [ˈkjuːbɪk] yard — кубический ярд

⁵ tea-urn [ˈtiːə.n] — кипячительник, титан

The Headmaster was thinking whether it really was three thousand five hundred cubic yards of air or, maybe three hundred and fifty thousand. "I'll have to think about it later," he thought.

"Oh, it's half past four already," said the Headmaster looking at his watch. "You must come to my study for a cup of tea."

Mr. Carter returned to his room when he heard of the arrival of the train, and he had to answer the boys' questions again.

"Have you had a nice holiday, sir?"

"Yes, thank you, Temple. And where have you been?"

"I went to Lords,¹ sir, to see a football match, and I took my autograph book to get all their signatures."

"And did you get them?" asked Mr. Carter.

"I got one, sir," said Temple proudly.

"And whose was that?"

"I'm not sure, sir, because I couldn't understand his writing, and I didn't like to ask him what his name was. But if you look at it one way² it looks like B. K. Inman and upside down³ it may be E. J. Rally."

"And which do you think it really is?"

"Well, I think it's probably Smith, sir, because there wasn't an Inman or a Rally in the teams, but there was a Smith in both teams. So that makes it a two to one chance⁴ that he's one of them and not anybody else."

This time Mr. Carter did not know what to say.

"I'm sorry, sir," said one of the boys. "My mother has lost my health certificate.⁵ But she is sending you a letter to say that I'm quite well."

And he gave Mr. Carter the letter.

"All right, Venables," said Mr. Carter, "next boy."

"It's me, sir," said the next boy.

That was Mr. Carter's first meeting with Jennings.

¹ Lords — Один из крупнейших стадионов в Англии.

² one way — в одну сторону

³ upside down — в перевернутом виде

⁴ that makes it a two to one chance [tʃɑ:ns] — вероятность будет два к одному

⁵ health [helθ] certificate [sə'tɪfɪkət] — медицинское свидетельство

Mr. Carter saw in front of him a small boy who looked like many other small boys. His suit, socks and tie looked like suits, socks and ties of many other boys in the boarding school. His dark brown hair was not different from the hair of the other schoolboys. And his face did not say much about Mr. Carter during the first meeting. So Mr. Carter learned little from this first meeting. But later on he learnt a lot.

"A new boy?" said Mr. Carter. "And what's your name?"

"Jennings, sir."

"Oh, yes, here you are on the list. J. C. Jennings, twelve years, two months. Right?"

"No, sir, not quite right, sir; twelve years, two months and three days last Tuesday, sir."

"We won't worry about that," said Mr. Carter. On that morning the Headmaster had shown him a letter from Mr. Jennings in which the boy's father was worrying about his son because he had never been away from home before. Mr. Carter looked at the boy again.

"Well, I'm sure this boy knows how to look after himself," he thought.

"We shall have to show you around the school," said Mr. Carter looking at the documents that Jennings put before him. "And where is your health certificate?"

"I don't think I've got one, sir," said Jennings. "I did not know what a health certificate looked like."

"You must have," said Mr. Carter. "How do we know that you're not suffering from chicken-pox or bubonic plague?"²

"I'm sure I'm not, sir," said Jennings. "I haven't even got any spots, sir. Look, sir!"

"Isn't it a health certificate?" asked Mr. Carter, taking the certificate from Jennings' pocket and studying it. "Yes, I thought so. You're quite all right."

"Not even any bubonic plague?" asked Jennings. "No, he was sorry that he was quite all right."

"Not even chicken-pox. That was my little joke. Now we must take somebody to show you around the school."

¹ to show around = to show

² that you're not suffering from chicken-pox or bubonic plague [bju:'bɒnɪk] plague [pleɪɡ] — что ты не болен оспой или бубонной чумой

one here, Venables," Mr. Carter said to an untidy boy of fifteen.

"You, sir," said Venables.

"I want you to show Jennings around the school." Then said loudly, "On my left, Venables, whom you can easily recognize by his trailing boot-laces.¹ On my right, Jennings, new boy in school."

At that moment a bell rang.

"There's the tea bell," said Mr. Carter. "Take Jennings the dining hall and treat him as your brother."

"Yes, sir," answered Venables.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Carter. "I've seen how you treat your brother. Treat him as you treat yourself and he will certainly not to be hungry."

"Oh, sir!" protested Venables and took Jennings away to wash his hands for tea.

Another bell rang and Venables took Jennings to the dining hall.

"You'd better² sit here, Jennings, near this other new boy," said Venables. "I say,³ what's your name?"

"Charles Edwin Darbishire," said the boy in capital letters.

"You won't need Charles Edwin here," said Venables. And you'd better talk to Jennings because you're both new."

Then he turned to the boy on his other side and began to talk to him.

Jennings and Darbishire looked at each other without interest. As they had to talk to each other they could not think of anything to say.

"Wonderful weather for September," Darbishire said at last.

"Oh, yes," Jennings answered without any enthusiasm.

"What's the name of the master⁴ who spoke to you before tea?" said Darbishire again to continue the conversation.

"I think he's Mr. ..., I say, Venables, what's that master's name?"

¹ by his trailing boot-laces — по его развязанным шнуркам

² You'd better — Ты бы лучше

³ I say — Послушай

⁴ a master — a teacher

When Venables was having tea he did not usually hear anything.

"Were you talking to me?" he asked.

"Yes. That master. What did you say his name was?"

"We sometimes call him Benedick," answered Venables.
"But his name is Mr. Carter."

"Is that a joke?" asked Jennings.

"No, it's Latin — *benedictus, benedicto, benedicta*."¹

"Yes, but what does that mean?"

"Don't ask me," said Venables. "I'm bad at Latin. I'll ask Bod. He is good at Latin. I say, Bod," he called the boy sitting at the table in front of him, "there is a new boy here who wants to know what *benedictus, benedicto, benedicata* means in English. You were first in Latin last term; you must know."

Temple, the boy whom Venables called Bod, thought a little. When you are first in Latin you must say something.

"Well," he said, "when they say it before meals it means something like ² 'come and get it', and after meals it means something like 'you've had it'." And Temple returned to his tea.

"But if what Bod said is right — " Jennings began.

"You mustn't call him Bod," said Venables. "New boys mustn't call senior boys by their nicknames till their second term."

"Then his name isn't really Bod?" said Jennings.

"Of course not. His name is C.A. Temple and his initials are C.A.T., so we called him Dog."

"But you didn't call him Dog, you called him Bod."

"I haven't finished yet. It's not a good thing to call him Dog, so we call him Dogsbod³ for short."⁴

"But it isn't short," protested Jennings. "Dogsbody is longer than Dog."

"You are quite right," answered Venables. "So we call him Bod which is short from Dogsbod."

After tea Venables led Jennings and Darbishire to a

¹ *benedictus, benedicto, benedicta* — лат. формы причастия *benedictus*, -a, -um — благословенный, -ая, -ое

² something like — что-то вроде

³ Dogsbod = dog's body (body — туловище)

⁴ for short — кратко

classroom, where more than ten boys were writing post-cards to tell their parents of their safe¹ arrival.

"Wait here," said Venables. "If you haven't got a post-card, Old Wilkie will give you one." With these words he left Jennings and Darbishire who began thinking which of the boys in the room could be Old Wilkie.

Jennings went up to the largest of the boys who had finished writing his post-card.

"I say," said Jennings. "Are you Old Wilkie?"

"Am I Old Wilkie?" he said surprised. "Am I Old Wil-

And he began to laugh loudly. "I say, you boys," he said to the other boys in the classroom, "there's a chap² who wants to know if I'm Old — Old — ha-ha-ha-ha; he wants to know if I'm Old — ha-ha-ha-ha." And turning again to Jennings, he said, "No, I'm not."

Jennings and Darbishire could not see anything to laugh at, so they smiled politely and waited. Suddenly the door opened noisily and Old Wilkie ran in.

Mr. Wilkins was not really old. He was even younger than Mr. Carter. Mr. Wilkins was a large, strong man. He could be pleasant when he wanted to, but he was not a patient man and very often he did not understand why boys of twelve could not behave like teachers.

"I want everybody's post-cards," he said loudly. "If you haven't finished, then you must do it immediately. I can't wait all night. I have a lot to do."

"Please, sir, Darbishire and I haven't got any post-cards, sir," said Jennings.

"Now boys? Yes, of course you are. I haven't seen your cards before. Here you are:³ two post-cards. Go and write them."

"Whom do I have to write, sir?" asked Darbishire.

"To your mother and father, of course, whom else?" said Mr. Wilkins angrily. "No point in writing to the Archbishop of Canterbury,⁴ he won't be interested. Tell them you've arrived safely."

¹ safe — *ад*, благополучный

² a chap — a boy

³ Here you are — Пожалуйста

⁴ No point in writing to the Archbishop [*ˈɑːtʃbɪʃəp*] of Canterbury [*ˈkæntəbəri*] — Нет смысла писать архиепископу Кентерберийскому

"You sleep in this bed, Jennings," said Venables. "And you're next to ² him here, Darbshire. Hurry up, you've only got ten minutes to get into bed."

The dormitory was small. There were five boys in it: Venables, Temple, Atkinson, Jennings and Darbshire. So there were five beds there, with a chair near each; three wash-basins and a large mirror in a dark corner of the room.

Jennings liked the room and was very happy. He looked at Darbshire and saw that his new friend looked very sad.

"What's the matter with you, Darbshire?" asked Jennings.

"Nothing," he said sadly. "But I don't like this place. When I'm at home my father always comes and talks to me when I'm in bed and — well, it's all so different here, isn't it?" ³

"I don't know," said Jennings, "maybe we'll get used to ⁴ it in three or four years."

"In three or four years?!" exclaimed Darbshire.

"You'll have a lot to get used to," said Venables. "Wait till you have the Headmaster's Latin lesson."

"He made me write the passive of 'Audio' ⁵ twenty-five times once," said Atkinson.

"And if you stop," Temple decided to make the things look worse, ⁶ "when you're writing it, you get a stripe. ⁷ I got fifty-seven stripes for Latin last term and I'm the best in the form."

¹ to get into trouble ['trabl] — попадать в беду

² next to = near

³ isn't it? — не правда ли?

⁴ to get used [ju:st] to something — привыкнуть к чему-л.

⁵ the passive of 'Audio' — страдательный залог от 'Audio' (агр. слышать)

⁶ to make the things look worse — представить все в худшем свете

⁷ a stripe — порка (В некоторых английских школах до сих пор сохранены телесные наказания.)

Darbishire and Jennings were greatly surprised.

"What are the other masters like?" asked Jennings in a hope.

Venables, Temple, and Atkinson thought. They did not like stripes in their school. They all even liked the school, they did not like to admit it and wanted to frighten the boys a little.

"Old Wilkie is awful," said Temple. He stood up on his hands and began to imitate Mr. Wilkins. "I — I — I — you — you — corwumph!" he shouted. "Come here, Temple, silly little boy. You don't know such a simple thing. He is a hundred and fifty million times before tea."

"Do you mean he gets angry?" asked Darbishire worrying and more.

"Yes, very often," said Venables.

"What's Mr. Carter like?" asked Jennings.

Atkinson decided to be fair to Mr. Carter who was a kind and clever man and whom all the boys in the boarding school liked very much. "Oh, Benedick is all right."

"Now what else have you got to know?" continued Venables. "Well, you mustn't put your hands in your pockets."

"Why?" asked Jennings.

"I don't know! It's a rule."

"And if I want my handkerchief?" asked Darbishire.

"You know what I mean," said Venables. "You mustn't walk about with your hands in your pockets. And you mustn't run in the corridors; you mustn't use fountain-pens; you mustn't play noisy games in the Assembly Hall."¹

Venables stopped. He could not think of any more "mustn't's".

"Oh, yes," said Venables; he had made up a new rule.

"You mustn't eat sweets before dinner."

"May we breathe without special permission?"² asked Jennings.

At that moment another bell rang and nobody had time to answer Jennings' question.

"That's the five minutes bell. In five minutes we must be in bed. Let's wash ourselves," said Atkinson.

¹ Assembly Hall — актовый зал

² May we breathe [breɪð] without special [speʃəl] permission [pə'mɪʃən]? — А можно дышать без специального разрешения?

"Oh, and there's another rule, Jennings," said Venables
"You have to wash your feet every night."

The boys quickly took off their clothes and ran to the wash-basins. But there were only three wash-basins in the dormitory. According to the tradition¹ new boys had to wait till other boys washed themselves. Jennings did not know that and was first at the wash-basin.

"I say, Jennings," shouted Venables, "what are you doing at that basin?"

"Washing," said Jennings. "You said I'd got to wash my feet."

"But you can't have that basin first; it's Bod's. He used it last term; new boys have to wash last."

"Well, I'm here now," said Jennings.

Temple came up to the wash-basin.

"That's my basin, Jennings. Get out!"² he said.

"Well, I didn't know," said Jennings.

"You had to know. Get out!"

"I was here first and I'm going to wash first," said Jennings.

"Well, I'm going to count three, Jennings, and if you don't get out, I'll squeeze this wet sponge down your back."³

Jennings did not like the situation. Temple was the largest boy in the room. At the same time he decided to stand up for himself.⁴

"I won't get out," said Jennings when Temple was saying "Three."

"All right then," said Temple and squeezed the sponge

The water was very cold and Jennings gave a great shout.

At that moment Mr. Carter came in to see if the boys were in bed. He had heard Jennings shout⁵ and when he came into the room everything was clear to him.

¹ According [ə'kɔ:dn] to the tradition [trə'dɪʃən] — По традиции

² Get out! — Проваливай!

³ I'll squeeze [skwi:z] this wet sponge [spandʒ] down your back — Я выжму эту мокрую губку тебе на спину

⁴ to stand up for himself — постоять за себя

⁵ He had heard Jennings shout — Он слышал, как Дженнингс закричал

was responsible for that noise?" he asked.

"No, sir. It was Bod's fault, sir, Temple, I mean,"

Jennings. "He squeezed a wet sponge down my back, and all wet."

Mr. Atkinson and Venables said in a whisper.

But that Mr. Carter did not hear them, but he did.

"You don't quite understand," said Mr. Carter.

Who 'made' that noise, I asked who was re-

"Mr. Carter stopped. Nobody spoke. "But I
the answer to my question. Well, who was re-
those about?"

aid Temple.

Temple. "We'll talk about that in the morn-
ing after breakfast."

Temple.

And while the boys washed.

everybody," he said and left the dormitory.

long enough till Mr. Carter was at the

door, then he whispered, "You little sneak,

but I'll bash you up tomorrow."

"You're quite right, Bod," said Atkinson. "Do it be-
fore the best time."

"I don't want to do anything bad, but maybe I did,"

Jennings.

"It isn't my fault," he protested loudly.

and "We must be silent," whispered Atkinson. "That
must talk in a whisper."

Mr. Carter can hear you even when he is at the far
end of the corridor," said Venables.

"It wasn't my fault," repeated Jennings in a

"It was Bod," said Temple. "You didn't have to
do it so loudly."

"You're sorry, Temple," said Jennings.

"It's right," said Temple, "but don't do it again."

Temple decided to stir things up² again.

"You are not going to forgive him, Bod, are you?" he

Even Mr. Carter knew Jennings was not right."

"It's right," said Temple, "then I'll bash him up tomor-

² a sneak [ant k] - nobody

to stir things up - разжечь споры

"That's Not Fair," Darbishire protested in capital letters. "You've already forgiven him, haven't you? It will be fair if you bash him up. My father says you must or go back on your word."

"Shut up,¹ Darbishire," whispered Venables, "nobody asked you."

"If you say anything else, Darbishire," said Temple. "I'll bash you up tomorrow when I've finished with Jennings. And you can tell your father so."

Atkinson decided that he could make the situation still worth.

"I say, Jennings," he said. "Temple won the boxing championship² last term."

"Well, I don't think it's fair —" began Darbishire.

"Shut up, Darbishire," said Venables and Temple.

"You know, Jennings," continued Atkinson, "Temple sometimes does wonderful things. Do you know what he did last term? He went to town on a bus, and school rules don't allow to do that. When he was in town he went to Vatti's, a sweet shop, and he brought back sweets in a paper with the shop's name on it to prove that he had been there."

"It's easy if you know how to do it," said the 'hobnobber'. "Nobody else has ever done it. Well, good night, boys.... Atki,³ tell me to bash Jennings before tea tomorrow or I'll forget."

Jennings and Darbishire were new boys in the board school, and, of course, they could not know that nineteen times out of a hundred these threats were never carried out,⁴ and very soon the boys became friends again.

"It's not fair," protested Darbishire again.

"And if Darbishire says one more word I'll bash him up too," said Temple.

"I don't want to be you tomorrow, Jennings," said Venables.

"Don't worry about me," said Jennings.

¹ Shut up — Замолчи

² boxing championship — первенство по боксу

³ Atki [ˈætkɪ] — short for Atkinson

⁴ these threats [θreɪts] were never carried out — эти угрозы когда не выполнялись

Jennings remembered very well what happened the following morning. It seemed to him that all the time he got into long lines ² which went on and on where when he heard a bell. Where the line went he was not sure, but when it stopped a master always asked him his name and how old he was. After that, the master gave him some exercise-books, or a pair of football socks, or some other things.

He was very happy when lunch time came. But when the lunch was over a bell rang again and everybody had to line up again. Jennings thought that he had had enough and when the line went round a corner he left it and went into the school yard. At the far end of the school yard he saw Darbshire.

"What are you doing here, Darbshire?" he asked. "I have to go somewhere in a long line."

"I know," answered Darbshire, "but I don't want to. I don't like the boarding school; everything is so awkward here."

"Well, I'm not feeling too good, either," said Jennings. "I want to see my father; he could ³ tell me the best thing to do during bashing-ups, maybe there's something you can do, if you know what."

"My father says we must always —" began Darbshire.

"I say," said Jennings as a wonderful idea came to him.

"I say, Darbshire, I've got an idea! Let's run away."

"Run away?" Darbshire was surprised.

"Yes, let's go home. Then you can tell your father you don't like it here, and my father can tell me how to stand up for myself against the school boxing champion."

"But how can we run away?" said Darbshire. "The master will not allow us."

¹ to get out of trouble — выбраться из беды

² to get into line — становиться в шеренгу

³ could — *зд.* мог бы

could walk along the road and take a bus to the
go home. And we could ask Mr. Carter for our
money so we could buy our tickets."

"I only got nineteen shillings."

"It will be quite enough to buy a ticket with," said

"I was not sure that his friend's idea was won-
derful. And they catch us?" he asked.

"I thought a little. Of course Darbishire was right.

"I thought after a moment's thought, "we can
do it ourselves. Then even if they see us, they will not

"beards and false noses?" asked Darbishire.

"said Jennings.

"I haven't got a beard. And I'll look silly if I wear
such short trousers."

"Maybe not beards, then. But I could wear your
coat and you could — "

"I could Darbishire have?

"I could — you could walk with a limp,"¹ Jennings

"That time since he had come to school, Darbi-
shire began to enjoy himself.

"Come, look!" he said and began to walk with a

"I liked the idea himself.

"I said, "I'll walk with the limp. I can do it
myself."

"That's not fair," protested Darbishire. "You said I
could and you are going to have my spectacles, so
I can't do anything for me."

"I won't wear your spectacles," said Jennings.

"I can't disguise not to wear something."

"I can carry a stick and turn your collar up."²

"I'll wear my sun hat," agreed Darbishire happily.

"I'll remember not to wear our school caps, because
that's the disguise."

"I'll go and find Mr. Carter and ask for our
money and Jennings, and quite happy they ran to
study."

with a limp — ходить прихрамывая
turn collar up — поднять воротник

Jennings remembered very bad what happened the following morning. It seemed to him that all the time he got into long lines² which went on where when he heard a bell. Where the line went he was sure, but when it stopped a master always asked him his name and how old he was. After that, the master gave him some exercise-books, or a pair of football socks or some other things.

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"We could walk along the road and take a bus to the town and go home. And we could ask Mr. Carter for our pocket money, so we could buy our tickets."

"But I've only got nineteen shillings."

"That will be quite enough to buy a ticket with," said Jennings.

Darbishire was not sure that his friend's idea was wonderful. "And if they catch us?" he asked.

Jennings thought a little. Of course Darbishire was right.

"I know," he said after a moment's thought, "we can disguise ourselves. Then even if they see us, they will not recognize us."

"What, beards and false noses?" asked Darbishire.

"Yes," said Jennings.

"But I haven't got a beard. And I'll look silly if I wear a beard with short trousers."

"Well, maybe not beards, then. But I could wear your spectacles and you could —"

"What could Darbishire have?"

"You could — you could walk with a limp,"¹ Jennings decided.

For the first time since he had come to school, Darbishire began to enjoy himself.

"Like this, look!" he said and began to walk with a limp.

Jennings liked the idea himself.

"No," he said, "I'll walk with the limp. I can do it better than you."

"That's not fair," protested Darbishire. "You said I should have it; and you are going to have my spectacles, so you won't be anything for me."

"Well, you won't wear your spectacles," said Jennings.

"But it isn't a disguise not to wear something."

"Well, you can carry a stick and turn your collar up,"²

"Yes, and wear my sun hat," agreed Darbishire happily. "You must remember not to wear our school caps, because it will spoil the disguise."

"Well, let's go and find Mr. Carter and ask for our money," said Jennings, and quite happy they ran to Mr. Carter's study.

to walk with a limp — ходить прихрамывая
turn your collar up — поднимать воротник

At the door of Mr. Carter's study a new idea came to Darbishire. "I say, Jennings," he said, "can't we both go with a limp?"

Jennings hadn't got time to answer because at that moment they went into Mr. Carter's study.

Mr. Carter looked up from his desk. "Hallo," he said. "What do you two want?"

"We want some of our pocket money, please, sir," said Jennings.

"How much?" asked Mr. Carter.

"I want a pound, and Darbishire wants nineteen shillings."

"That's a lot, isn't it? What do you want it for?"

This was a difficult question.

"Do we have to say what it's for, sir?" asked Jennings.

"Well, it's a lot of money. I'm afraid I can't let you have it if you don't tell me why you want it."

Darbishire decided that the game was over. But Jennings did not think so.

"Please, sir," he asked, "how much can you give us if we don't tell you what it's for, sir?"

"Well,— maybe a sixpence," said Mr. Carter.

"Oh.... Well, if that's all, can we have sixpence each then, sir?"

Mr. Carter gave it to them. "You won't spend it on anything silly, will you?" he said.

Mr. Carter smiled as the door closed. He already had an idea that something was happening but decided not to hurry. He opened the door and followed the boys.

On the far end of the school yard Jennings and Darbishire stopped.

"Well, I think that's all," said Darbishire. "And I wanted to walk with a limp with my coat turned up and look like Richard Burton.¹ But that's over now."

"No, it isn't," said Jennings. "We've got sixpence each that's enough to get to the station on the bus."

"But what about ² train fares?"

"We'll go by taxi," said Jennings. "We'll get a

¹ Richard Burton — популярный киноактер

² what about ... — как насчет ...

"I can't see. Keep your head down. Oh, it's Mr. Carter he's coming here."

Mr. Carter walked slowly to the bus stop. He saw the hedge behind the hedge, but he did not want to show it to them. "If I show it to them too early," he thought, "I'll know what is happening. They will simply stand on foot and won't say anything. So I'd better wait." He reached the bus stop and disappeared round a bend in the road.

"He's gone," whispered Jennings. "A good thing he can't see us."

"Are you sure he didn't?" asked Darbishire.

"Of course not. How could he see us behind the hedge?"

At that moment they saw a bus coming to the bus stop. The bus was almost full, but two seats in the front were empty, and a man who had sat near the entrance got off. Jennings and Darbishire got on and hurried to the front seats.

"You needn't go on limping now," Jennings said to Darbishire as they were walking along the bus. "We'll pass Mr. Carter in a minute," he continued, "so we'll have to crouch down² very low in our seats; then he won't see us." The boys crouched down in their seats and the bus started. Suddenly it stopped.

"Why are we stopping?" asked Darbishire. "We've only just started."

Jennings looked out of the window. What he saw made him crouch down quickly again. Mr. Carter was standing in the road. It was he who had stopped the bus.

Mr. Carter got on the bus and took the seat near the entrance. He decided not to look at the front seats. Jennings

Darbishire were crouching so low that people could not see that their seats were empty.

"He's sitting near the entrance," said Jennings in a whisper, "and he hasn't seen us."

"He is looking out of the window," whispered Jennings a moment later. "If those two fat ladies³ don't get off, he won't know we're here. Listen, we'll go on crouching, and

¹ and disappeared [disə'piəd] round a bend in the road —
исчез за поворотом дороги

² to crouch down — пригнуться

³ a lady = a woman

keep our heads down till Mr. Carter gets off; then we'll all right."

"Yes, but if he —" began Darbishire.

"Fares, please!" said the conductor.

As the boys were crouching down it was very difficult for them to take their sixpences out of their trouser pockets, and the conductor tapped his foot on the floor waiting for the money.

"Two halves¹ to the station," whispered Jennings.

"What did you say?" said the conductor. "Speak louder. I can't hear you."

"Two halves to the station, please," said Jennings in a whisper again; he could not dare to speak louder: Mr. Carter was not far away.

"What's the matter, boy, a sore throat?"² asked the conductor.

"Yes," whispered Jennings.

"I can't hear anything. Where are you going, son?" the conductor asked Darbishire.

"Station," whispered Darbishire.

"Oh, station!" said the conductor. "Well, why did you say so? Two sore throats to the station — sixpence each. Thank you." And he gave the boys their tickets.

Several times the bus stopped. Passengers came and went, but Mr. Carter was still sitting in his place. The next time new passengers went to the front seats, thinking that they were empty, and were surprised to see the crouching boys.

At every stop Jennings looked at the seat near the driver hopefully,³ but Mr. Carter was still sitting there.

The bus stopped again.

"Station! Station!" said the conductor. "Hurry, please!"

"Oh, what shall we do?" said Darbishire.

The conductor wanted to help the boys. "Hey, boys, didn't you want the station?" he shouted.

"Pretend you haven't heard," whispered Jennings.

"Well, boys, —" he began coming up to Jennings and Darbishire.

¹ half [ha:f] — *зд. полбилета (детский билет)*

² a sore throat ['so: 'θrəut] — *ангина (вост. большое горло)*

³ hopefully = *in a hope*

"We — we're going a little farther," said Jennings.

"Okay,"¹ said the conductor and rang the bell. "How far are you going?"

"I — I don't know yet. I hope to know soon," said Jennings.

The conductor was not sure what he must do with the passengers who did not know where they were going. He thought a little.

"Okay," he decided, "you'd better get off at the hospital — that'll be twopence."²

"Oh, goodness, we haven't got any more money."

"Oh!" said the conductor. "You'll have to get off then."

"But we can't get off," said Jennings hopelessly.³ "You don't understand. Look, can you give me your address and send the fare to you."

"I've already heard that before," said the conductor. "Well, come on. Are you going to have another ticket or not, you?"

"No, no. Wait a minute," said Jennings.

"I can't stand here all day," said the conductor angrily.

"Can I help you?" asked Mr. Carter politely.

"Oh, goodness!" said Jennings and Darbishire together.

Mr. Carter smiled at them friendly.

"These boys, sir," said the conductor, "don't want to pay fares. I want another twopence from both of them."

Mr. Carter gave him the money.

"Will you, please, stop the bus?" Mr. Carter said to the conductor. "I think we've all have gone far enough."

They got off the bus.

"And now," said Mr. Carter, "we'll have to get on the bus going the other way,"⁴ said Mr. Carter. "I'm glad I've got your spectacles back again, Darbishire; you looked very funny without them."

"Oh, sir. Do you mean you saw us?" asked Darbishire.

"Yes," said Mr. Carter. "And next time you hide behind a hedge, remember it's useless to keep your head down if you leave your other end visible."

"Will there be an awful row, sir?" asked Darbishire.

¹ Okay = all right

² twopence ['tʌpəns] — два пенса

³ hopelessly ['həʊplɪʃli] — without hope

⁴ the other way — в обратном направлении

"Oh! I don't know," was the answer, "we all make mistakes."

"Shall we be expelled, sir?"¹ asked Darbishire.

"You don't want to be expelled, do you?"

"Yes, I do," said Darbishire, "I want to be expelled."

"I thought so," said Mr. Carter. "We all start off feeling homesick.² Don't worry, there won't be a row."

But this did not help Jennings, because the return to school meant the bashing-up.

Mr. Carter felt that all was not well.

"Well, Jennings?" he asked. "Is there anything else wrong?"³

"Yes, sir," said Jennings. "If I go back now, I'm oh —"

"Yes?"

"I can't tell you, sir."

"All right! Then settle your trouble by yourself,"⁴ said Mr. Carter.

So Jennings decided not to tell Mr. Carter anything and to go back to school.

Mr. Carter went along the road to ask the time of the next bus back.

On the other side of the road there was a sweet shop. Jennings read the sign "*S. Valenti & Son*". "Why do I know this sign?" he thought. "I have never seen it."

Suddenly, he remembered. That must be the shop which Temple had visited when he was in town without permission last term. An idea came to him at once.

"I say, Darbi,"⁵ he said. "That sweet shop on the other side of the road —"

"I don't want any sweets now. Thank you very much," said Darbishire.

"But that's the shop Temple went to when he was in town without permission."

"You don't think I'm very happy about that, do you?"

¹ Shall we be expelled [iks'peld], sir? — Нас исключат, сэръ

² We all start off by feeling homesick. — Мы все начинаем с того, что тоскуем по дому.

³ Is there anything else wrong? — Что-нибудь еще произошло?

⁴ Then settle your trouble by yourself — Тогда улаживай свои неприятности сам

⁵ Darbi — short for Darbishire

"No, but I am," said Jennings happily. "I can see how to... Oh! We haven't got any money... But I'll ask Mr. Carter for some."

Soon Mr. Carter came back to say that the bus did not leave for an hour. He was a little surprised when he heard that Jennings wanted to buy some sweets at Valenti's.

"You've got a lot of sweets in your tuck-box, Jennings, haven't you?" said Mr. Carter.

"Yes, sir," answered Jennings, "but it must be sweets in one of Valenti's bags with the name on it."

"Is it very important?" asked Mr. Carter.

"Yes, sir, very. You remember you said I must settle my trouble by myself, sir? Well, I can do it if only I buy some sweets at Valenti's."

For a moment Mr. Carter thought and then he decided not to ask any questions. Something told him that Jennings really needed the sweets from Valenti's and he gave Jennings a shilling.

"Thank you, sir, thank you very much," said Jennings and ran to the shop.

Darbshire watched him in surprise. He could not understand why Jennings was so happy. Then he looked at Mr. Carter.

"Are you going to take us back to school, sir?" he asked.

"That's right, Darbshire," answered Mr. Carter.

"Maybe it won't be so bad. They say¹ the first five years are the worst, don't they, sir?"

"Venables, you haven't washed your feet," said Atkinson.

The dormitory bell had rung five minutes before, and Temple, Atkinson and Venables were going to go to bed.

They were surprised at the absence of Jennings and Darbshire who had even not come to tea.

"Where could these two boys go?" said Temple. "I haven't seen them since lunch."

"I say, Bod, weren't you going to bash one of them up before tea?" Venables asked Temple.

"Oh, yes! I forgot all about it," said the boxing champion. "Never mind, I'll do it tomorrow. Poor Jennings!"

"Who is talking about me?" asked Jennings coming into

¹ They say — Говорят

the dormitory. Darbshire with a smiling face came after him.

"Where have you two been?" asked Temple.

"And where were you at tea?" asked Venables.

Temple did not like the self-satisfied expression¹ on Jennings' face and said so.

"I know where they were," he said. "They were hiding from me because I promised to bash them up."

"No," said Jennings, "I didn't even think about that. I've had other things to think about. As a matter of fact² Darbshire and I went into town on a bus."

For a long moment nobody spoke.

"You — you never did!" said Temple at last.

"Yes, we did, didn't we, Darbi?" Jennings asked Darbshire.

"That's right," said Darbshire, "we disguised like Richard Burton and —"

"And nobody's seen you!" exclaimed Atkinson.

"Now you're not the only one³ who's been to town without permission," Venables said to Temple.

But Temple was not going to admit it so easily. "I don't believe you," he said. "You must prove it."

"Certainly," said Jennings and showed Temple the bag of sweets. "Have⁴ some sweets, Bod; I bought them at Valenti's."

Temple was so surprised that he could not speak.

"It was a good thing we'd disguised, because Benedick got on the same bus," continued Jennings.

Again for a long moment nobody spoke. That was too much.⁵

"What?" said Venables at last.

"Oh, yes," said Jennings. "But it was all right; we kept our heads."

"Down," corrected Darbshire.

"What did you say, Darbi?" asked Jennings.

"We kept our heads down," said Darbshire.

"Oh, yes, we kept our heads down," repeated Jennings

¹ the self-satisfied ['self'sætisfaɪd] expression [ɪks'preʃən]
самодовольное выражение

² As a matter of fact — Дело в том, что

³ the only one — единственный

⁴ Have — Угощайся

⁵ That was too much. — Это было уж слишком.

Have another sweet, Atki," he added. "They're all right. Use the name on the bag."

"Thank you, Jennings," said Atkinson in admiration.

"Hand it round,¹ Darbshire," Jennings went on. "Do you want another sweet, Venables?"

"Thank you, Jennings," said Venables. He was also looking at Jennings in admiration. "I say, Jennings," he continued, "look, you can use my wash-basin if you like,² you and Darbshire."

"No, use my basin," said Atkinson. "And you and Darbshire can go first."

"That's very kind of you, Atki," said Darbshire.

"No," said Jennings. "I think we'll use Bod's basin."

"Well, yes; all right, Jennings," said Temple.

"I'll make first, then Darbshire, then you."

"Well, okay, Jennings."

"And no more bashing-up, Bod?" asked Jennings.

"But that was only a joke," answered Temple.

"And will it be all right if I call you Bod?"

"That's all right, Jennings."

QUESTIONS

1. What did Jennings and Darbshire decide to do on their second day at the boarding school and why?
2. Who interrupted their plan and why?
3. What happened on the bus?
4. How did Jennings prove the other boys that he had gone to town?

¹ Hand it round — Передай его (другим)

² if you like — если хочешь

Mr. Carter came up to the notice-board and pinned the football teams on the board. The first football games of term were to start¹ that day. The new boys were to play in "B" game, after which the best players would be promoted² to "A" game.

"Have you played much football?" Mr. Carter asked Jennings who, among the other boys, was standing near the notice-board.

"Yes, quite a lot, sir," answered Jennings. "I'm not all bad, really."

"We'll see," said Mr. Carter. "And what about you, Darbishire?"

Darbishire was not good at ball games at all. He had played football only once in his life, and what he remembered was that the ball moved very fast, hit him in the face and knocked his spectacles off. That had happened at the beginning of the game. But Darbishire decided to take off his spectacles. Then he could not even see the ball. He could only see the boys who were running after something invisible.

"I'm trying Jennings as centre-forward," said Mr. Carter. "And you'll play outside-left, Darbishire."

The bell rang for afternoon preparation.³

"Only forty minutes before the game starts," thought Jennings, then went to his classroom and opened his book.

"Has anybody got my Arithmetic text-book?" asked the boy whose name was Bromwich. Bromwich's place was the first row in front of the master's desk.

Nobody had his text-book.

"Old Wilkie'll blow up⁴ if I haven't got a book," said Bromwich.

¹ were to start — должны были начаться

² would be promoted [prə'moutɪd] — будут переведены

³ afternoon preparation [ˌprɛpə'reɪʃən] — Время после занятий отводимое в английских школах для приготовления учащихся уроков в классе в присутствии учителя.

⁴ to blow up — выходить из себя (от негодования)

"You can have mine," said Jennings, "and I'll share with Darbshire."

"Thank you," said Bromwich. "He won't notice you two holding a book at the back,¹ but you must have a book if you sit in front of Old Wilkie."

"Catch," said Jennings and threw the text-book to Bromwich.

But Bromwich could not catch it and it fell on the pile of ink which was on the master's desk. The master's desk stood near the classroom door. A master usually came from the room, turned left and was near his desk. And there, all over the desk² there were small lakes of ink.

"How can you be so clumsy!" Bromwich shouted at Jennings.

"But I wasn't! You couldn't catch it," shouted Jennings.

"You've spilt it all over the table. There'll be a row about that, I'm sure. Wait till Old Wilkie...."

He stopped because the time of waiting had already passed. The door hurtled open,³ and Mr. Wilkins was in the classroom. The door crashed into⁴ the corner of the master's desk and the ink-bottle began to roll over the desk, and then over Bromwich's exercise-book.

Mr. Wilkins looked at the ink-bottle, then at the door and immediately thought that it was he who had spilt the ink.

"Oh, goodness!" he exclaimed. "Did I do that? I must be done.⁵ Very clumsy! Sorry, sorry. Take some blotting-paper somebody! Quick! All over your book, too, Bromwich? Well, no use crying over spilt milk."⁶

Darbshire put up his hand at once.

"And you can put your hand down, Darbshire," said

Wilkins warmly. "I know what you are going to say. Spilt 'ink', not spilt 'milk'. Yes? Well, you needn't say it; I don't want to hear it. If I want to say 'milk' I'll say 'milk'. And I don't want anything about spilt ink from you, thank you very much."

¹ at the back — сзади

² all over the desk — по всему столу

³ hurtled open — с шумом открылась

⁴ crashed into — с треском стукнулась о

⁵ I must have done. — Должно быть, моя работа.

⁶ No use [ju:s] crying over spilt milk — посл. Сделанного не вернетишь. (досл. Бесполезно плакать над пролитым молоком.)



"No, sir," said Darbishire. "I was only going to that there's some ... ink on Bromwich's nose, sir."

"Corwumph," Mr. Wilkins said angrily.

Jennings did not know what to do. Must he say that was responsible for the spilt ink? Nobody asked him, course. But it was because Mr. Wilkins decided that it was he who had done that. It was easy for masters when they did something wrong (spilling ink, for example). They said they were sorry and that was all. There was no row about it. So he'd better not to say anything.

But at the same time he could not look at Mr. Wilkins.

with a clear conscience.¹ On the other hand² he was afraid there was going to be a row. So Jennings decided to ask Mr. Wilkins some questions.

He put up his hand.

"Sir," he said, "you know when you spilt the ink..."

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Wilkins coldly.

"Well, sir, let's suppose you hadn't spilt it."

"We can't suppose that," said Mr. Wilkins more coldly.

"If I spilt it, I spilt it. Go on with your work, Jennings."

"But, sir," continued Jennings, "it's very important. I know you thought you'd spilt it, and I know it looked as if you'd spilt it,³ but suppose, you hadn't spilt it, sir?"

Mr. Wilkins was getting angry. He began to think that Jennings was trying to make fun of⁴ him, and nothing could make him more angry than that.

"Are you going to be funny, boy?" he asked.

"No, sir," said Jennings. He was surprised to see that Mr. Wilkins thought so.

"Well, don't talk nonsense then. I can see quite well. I've got eyes in my head. I can see ink when it spills, I don't see things that aren't there."

"No, no, sir. But what if it were⁵ somebody else who'd spilt it and not you; would it be all right⁶ for the somebody else to say 'sorry' like you, or as he wasn't you, would there be a row,⁷ sir?"

Mr. Wilkins was sure by this time that Jennings was trying to be funny.

"I—I—I—you—you—That's quite enough from you, Jennings," he said.

"No, but, sir," continued Jennings.

At that moment somebody laughed. That was the last drop.

"Corwumph," shouted Mr. Wilkins. "You'll stay in the classroom during football, Jennings. And now go on with your work; I don't want another word from you."

¹ a clear conscience [ˈkɒnsjəns] — чистая совесть

² On the other hand — с другой стороны

³ It looked as if you'd spilt it — все выглядело так, как будто разлили его

⁴ to make fun of — высмеивать

⁵ If it were — если бы это был

⁶ would it be all right — было бы это нормально

⁷ would there be a row [raʊ] — будет скандал

Jennings could not believe his ears. He did not want to be funny. He simply wanted to get answers to his questions. And he wanted to play football more than he could say;

"Put your books away!" said Mr. Wilkins half an hour later. "Now go to the changing-room and get ready for football. All except Jennings, he'll stay here. Hurry up. Don't run in the corridors. Those who won't change in five minutes will not play."

The boys went out of the classroom trying to hurry without running. Jennings watched them unhappily. "Everybody will play football except me," he thought. "It will be the first game of the term, and I wanted to show them how well I can play." He felt tears in his eyes and turned his face away from the boys.

Mr. Wilkins came up to Jennings' desk. "I'll show you boys what'll happen if they try to make fun of me,"¹ he thought. "If the boy is happy —" Mr. Wilkins looked at Jennings and saw that the boy was not at all happy. He was surprised to see tears in Jennings' eyes. Perhaps he had been a little unfair to the boy; perhaps ...

"Why are you crying, Jennings?" Mr. Wilkins asked warmly. He had a kind heart and now he felt sorry for the boy.²

"I don't know," said Jennings.

"Do you want to play football?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, why didn't you think about that when you were trying to be funny?"

"But I wasn't trying to be funny," said Jennings. "I was only trying to tell you that you didn't spill the ink."

"Oh! I didn't spill the ink?" said Mr. Wilkins. He was beginning to get angry again. "Very funny. I didn't spill the ink? Well, if you know more about what I did than I do, can you tell me what I really did?"

"You didn't do anything, sir. You opened the door —"

"And the ink jumped out of the bottle over the desk."

"No, sir."

"You surprise me. Who spilt it, then?"

¹ to make fun of smb. — насмехаться над кем-л.

² he felt sorry for the boy — ему стало жалко мальчика

"I did, sir."

Mr. Wilkins could not understand anything, but he saw that the boy wasn't going to be funny.

"Go on," said Mr. Wilkins.

Jennings told all.

"And I was only going to tell you what really happened, and you didn't let me and made me stay in the room during football," he finished.

There was a dead silence in the room.

Then Mr. Wilkins began to laugh.

"Ha ha ha-ha!" His laugh was so loud that the boys in the changing-room could hear it. "Ho-ho-ho-ho! That's the best thing I ever... Ha-ha-ha-ha!"

At last he stopped laughing.

"Tell," he said, "and I was calling myself clumsy; and wanted to say you'd done it and I didn't let you. Come

he continued, "go to the changing-room and change; but still have time if you hurry."

"Thank you, sir," said Jennings and quickly went out of the classroom. He ran along the corridors practising imaginary corner kicks.¹ But when he was turning round the corner to the changing-room he kicked something which was certainly not a football. It was the Headmaster's knee.

"Ouch!"² cried Mr. Pemberton.

"I'm very sorry, sir," said Jennings. "I didn't know you were coming round the corner."

"This is school," began the Headmaster, "and not a park. There are rules. And if there is a rule that boys mustn't run in the corridors so that³ people could safely turn round the corner, I can't understand why you are running and kicking people like a football."

"No, sir," said Jennings.

"No, sir? What do you mean, 'No, sir'? You don't agree with what I said, eh?"⁴

"No, sir. I mean I agree with you, really."

"Very kind of you, Jennings. But when I say something which is not a question it needs no comment."

"Yes, sir—I mean — no comment."

¹ practising ['præktɪsɪŋ] imaginary [ɪ'mædʒɪnəri] corner kicks —

упражнения изображаемые угловые удары

² ouch [aʊtʃ]! — Ой!

³ so that — для того, чтобы

⁴ eh [eɪ]? — а?

"You will return to your classroom, Jennings, and think of the fate of boys who run in the corridors."

Jennings was sure that it was not a question and needed no comment.

When he returned to his classroom the teams had¹ already finished changing for games. He watched them sadly from the window.

"That's the end," thought Jennings, "no football today."

He was still thinking about his fate three minutes later when he saw the Headmaster standing near the open door of the classroom.

"Well, Jennings, have you thought about your behaviour?" asked the Headmaster. He decided to be kind to new boy, who perhaps had not had enough time to get used to school life.

"Yes, sir," answered Jennings.

"Then you may again go to the changing-room, this time at a walking pace."¹

The first thing Jennings wanted to do was to say 'O thank you very much, sir', but he decided that it was kind of comment, so he said nothing.

"Well," said the Headmaster, "haven't you anything to say?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you very much, sir."

"Masters are funny," Jennings thought as he walked slowly to the changing-room. "One minute they don't like it when you answer them and the next minute they are angry because you don't. But I'll have to hurry if I want to play football; the game has already started, and, if not there soon, they won't let me play."

There wasn't time to change properly and take everything off. So he took off his coat and put on his white sweater. He tried to put his football shorts over² the trousers which he was already wearing, but the shorts were tight. So he rolled up his trouser legs and pulled his sweater down³ till it reached his knees. Now nobody could tell that there were trousers under the sweater and not football shorts. He put the second pair of socks over the first, t

¹ at a walking pace — шагом

² over — над, поверх

³ he rolled up his trouser legs and pulled his sweater down.
он закатал брюки и натянул свой свитер

on his football boots and was ready. He must hurry, for he was playing football already.

Not quite everybody, because when he was going out he saw Darbshire sitting on the floor not far from the changing room with his football boots in his hands.

"What are you doing, Darbi?" he asked.

"I'm mending these silly boots," answered Darbshire. "My mother tied them together when she packed them, so as I shouldn't lose one without the other."

"Well, you haven't lost them, so why don't you put them on?"

"I can't undo the knot,"² said Darbshire sadly.

Jennings looked at the laces.

"I don't think anybody can undo that knot," he agreed.

"You have to put them on because there'll be an awful lot of you don't go, and you don't want that, do you?"

"No, I don't," said Darbshire.

Darbshire was sure he could not play well with both boots tied together. But at the same time he did not want to go home now because he was absent from the game. So he put on his boots and with Jennings' help he walked to the football field though the tied laces permitted him to take a step about ten inches.³

"I've put Brown as centre-forward because you weren't in the game," said Mr. Carter, who was responsible for the game. "You'd better play —"

Mr. Carter, Jennings and Darbshire were standing near the goal and the goalkeeper whose name was Paterson invited Mr. Carter.

"Can I come out of the goal, sir?" he said. "It's cold here and Jennings has got a sweater, and goalkeepers always wear sweaters. They say so in the 'Rules of the game'. And as I haven't got a sweater, I'm really breaking the rules, and Jennings must be very good in goal wearing a sweater like that."

Paterson really looked cold. Mr. Carter sent Jennings out of goal.

as I wouldn't lose — чтобы не потерял

undo [ˈʌnˈduː] a knot — развязать узел

though the tied laces permitted him to take a step of about

though — хотя связанные шнурки позволяли ему делать шаги
около десяти дюймов (1 дюйм = 2,5 см)

"And where did I say you must play, Darbshire?" as Mr. Carter.

"You said I must be left out,¹ sir."

"Left out of what?"

"I don't know, out of what, sir, just left outside² somewhere."

"Yes, I remember," said Mr. Carter. "Outside-left, left outside."

The game was fast and Mr. Carter was too busy to notice the way³ Darbshire walked to the left side of the field.

After saving eight shots⁴ in five minutes Jennings began to feel very warm. Then the ball came towards him again and he easily took it into his hands. But before he could kick it to his forwards he was surrounded on three sides by his opponents.⁵

The goal-posts had no nets. So Jennings decided to go back and, still holding the ball, he stepped back over the goal-line, ran quickly round the goal-post and kicked the ball to the field.

The whistle blew.

"Goal," said Mr. Carter.

"But, sir, it can't be," exclaimed Jennings. "I caught it before it crossed the goal-line."

"But you took it over the line when you ran round the post," Mr. Carter explained, looking at Jennings in surprise. "What are you wearing? Shirt, trousers, two pairs of socks and a sweater. Are you sure you don't want your overcoat? Go and change!"

For the third time that afternoon Jennings went to the changing-room.

Darbshire liked playing outside-left. It was peaceful, he decided. Nobody passed him the ball and he was look-

¹ I must be left out — меня не надо включать (Здесь и далее игра слов, основанная на различных значениях слова left: 1) левая форма глагола to leave — оставлять; 2) левый.)

² left outside — оставленный вне чего-л. (пугает с outside left — левый полусредний)

³ the way — эд. то, как

⁴ After saving eight shots — После того как он отбил восемь ударов

⁵ he was surrounded [sə'taundɪd] on three sides by his opponents [ə'pəʊnts] — его с трех сторон окружили противники

ere growing near the football field. He wanted
but his laces were still tied and he could not

saw the ball which was coming straight to
must he do? Oh, yes, kick the ball; the di-
mattered! he must kick the ball far away and
didn't come back.

Darbishire," shouted his captain. "Kick!"
Darbishire tried to kick the ball with his right
ged the left foot with it; both feet went into
Darbishire fell on his back.

who helped Darbishire to stand up on his feet
the tears ran down their faces.

er took his penknife out of his pocket and cut
two minutes later, when Mr. Carter blew the
ed the game Jennings came to the football field
onging room.

QUESTIONS

happened before Mr. Wilkins' lesson?

Did Mr. Wilkins think that it was he who had spilt
ink?

Did Jennings try to tell Mr. Wilkins that it was he
had spilt the ink?

Did Jennings play football?

Did Darbishire play football?

Direction [d'r'eksh-n] didn't matter — НЕВАЖНО, В КАКОМ

JENNINGS GETS INTO THE FIRST ELEVEN¹

Half-term passed and Jennings and Darbishire got used to school life. They worked hard for Mr. Carter because they liked his lessons. They worked hard for the Headmaster because they were a little afraid of him and they worked hard for Mr. Wilkins when they saw that it was dangerous not to do it.

There were other teachers in Linbury School, but they very seldom gave lessons to Form Three.

Jennings tried hard to get into the First Eleven. When Mr. Carter put the list of the boys for the First Eleven on the notice-board Jennings was usually first at the notice-board looking at it hopefully. But so far² he had not seen his name in the list.

One Friday the team which would play³ Brether School the next day was put on the notice-board.

Jennings went out of the classroom and ran to the notice-board. He did not think that he would see his name on the notice-board, but there was always a little hope and yes, there it was! He could hardly believe his eyes.

He spent twenty minutes after lunch cleaning his football boots.

But by the evening he wasn't feeling too well. He sat quietly during afternoon lessons, and at tea-time he could not eat anything. It was a pity because they were having shepherd's pie⁴ which all boys liked very much.

"Look!" said Venables. "Jennings hasn't had any shepherd's pie. What's the matter, Jen? Does it mean you're getting ready⁵ for the match tomorrow?"

"No," answered Jennings, "I don't feel I want anything to eat. I feel sick."

¹ the First Eleven — первая футбольная команда

² so far — пока еще

³ would play — будет играть

⁴ shepherd's ['ʃepədʒ] pie — картофельная запеканка с мясом
(очень популярное в Англии блюдо)

⁵ you are getting ready — ты готовишься

"Why don't you go to Matron, then?"

"I can't. She'll send me to bed, or say I can't play or anything. I'll be all right in the morning."

In the morning Jennings didn't feel better.

"I'll go and tell Matron," said Atkinson.

Five minutes later Matron was in Dormitory 4.

"What's the matter?" she asked Jennings. "You're not feeling well, are you?"

Well, Matron, I—I feel a little —"

Matron quickly took a thermometer out of her pocket and put it between Jennings' teeth¹ before he could finish sentence.

Well, Matron, I —"

"Quiet, quiet. Never talk with a thermometer in your mouth. Now, then, you others" — she turned to the other boys in the dormitory, who were standing round the bed — "and have your breakfast. The breakfast bell will ring in a moment."

A moment later she took the thermometer from Jennings' mouth, looked at it and said: "You'll soon be all right again. No, no, no, not now," she continued, as Jennings started to get out of bed and told him to stay where he was for the morning.

"But I'll be all right for the match this afternoon, won't Matron?"

"Match this afternoon? Of course not! It's out of the question."²

"Oh, but, Matron, please, I must —"

"I may let you sit for a few minutes in the arm-chair in my sitting-room, but no football."

This was the end of everything. After weeks of practice Jennings had at last been in the First Eleven. And he had to spend the day of the match in bed. Yes, of course, that was the end of everything.

After lunch Matron allowed him to come to her sitting-

"You'll be quite all right tomorrow," she said.

"But I don't want to be all right tomorrow. I want to be all right today," said Jennings. "It doesn't matter how

¹ Для измерения температуры англичане обычно берут термометр в рот.

² It's out of the question.— Об этом не может быть и речи.

ill I am tomorrow; it's today. And they'll go, and John will play in my place, I'm sure."

"Very nice for Johnson," said Matron. "And after the match I've promised Darbshire he can come here and to you. That will be nice, won't it?"

Darbshire came after the match.

"We won," he said. "One nil, and Johnson scored a goal, he played a wonderful game. Everybody said how good he was, and I think he'll stay in the team now. It's good for the school that you were ill, because Johnson wouldn't have been playing and we shouldn't have scored."¹

Then Darbshire tried to cheer up his friend, but Jennings couldn't feel happy after what Darbshire had told him.

Soon after Darbshire had gone Mr. Carter came.

"Hallo, Jennings," he said. "It's a pity you had to miss the match. It was a very good game. Johnson played well. It was he who scored the only goal."

"Yes, I know, sir. I don't think I'll have another chance."

"But, of course, you will," said Mr. Carter, "next Saturday."

"Oh, is there a match next Saturday?"

"Yes, we're playing Bracebridge School," said Mr. Carter.

"Mm, yes, but now as Johnson is so very good, I think I'll be playing in the First Eleven."

"Yes, you will. I'm going to try you and Johnson next time."

"Oh, wonderful, sir," exclaimed Jennings. "Thank you very much, sir."

Jennings was happy again.

QUESTIONS

1. Why couldn't Jennings play his first football match in the First Eleven?
2. Who won the match?
3. Who scored the only goal in the match?

¹ because Johnson wouldn't have been playing and we shouldn't have scored — потому что тогда Джонсон не играл бы и мы не забивали бы гол

MR. WILKINS HAS AN IDEA

On Monday Jennings wrote in his diary "Only five days before the match or four if you do not today or Saturday morning."

Tuesday he wrote, "Only four days more or three not today and Saturday."

On Friday morning Jennings' excitement was so great that he began to tell¹ on his work.

Mr. Wilkins did not like Friday. He had two lessons in Form Three before the break and two lessons immediately after it.

In the middle of the second lesson Mr. Wilkins began to look between the desks looking at the geometrical figures² that the boys were copying from the blackboard. When he came up to Jennings' desk he stopped.

"My goodness," he said, "what do you call those?"

"Those are triangles,"³ Jennings explained.

"They are certainly not," said Mr. Wilkins. "You can't draw triangles with sprawling⁴ lines!"

"It's because of my pencil, sir," explained Jennings and showed Mr. Wilkins his pencil.

Mr. Wilkins looked at Jennings' pencil, then at his ruler and protractor. They were in a very bad condition.

"How do you want to draw straight lines with such instruments!" exclaimed Mr. Wilkins. "Look at this figure I've drawn here, what is it?"

"It's an angle,⁵ sir!"

"Is it? Look at it! What kind of angle is it?"

"Well, sir, it's a little difficult to say, but I think it must be an alternate⁶ angle, sir."

¹ to tell — *зд.* сказываться

² geometrical [dʒiə'metrikəl] figures ['fɪɡəz] — геометрические фигуры

³ a triangle ['traɪəngl] — треугольник

⁴ sprawling ['sprɔːlɪŋ] — *зд.* волнистая кривая

⁵ an angle ['æŋɡl] — угол

⁶ alternate [ɔːl'tɜːnɪt] — противоположный

"You think!" exclaimed Mr. Wilkins. "You think must be alternate! Well, don't think, you mustn't think, must know."

"Yes, sir," said Jennings.

"And if it is an alternate angle," continued Mr. Wilkins, "it must be alternate to another one. Now, then, which angle is it alternate to?"

"I don't know," answered Jennings.

"You don't know! Well, think, you silly little think!"

"But you just told me not to think, sir. You I mustn't think."

The class began to laugh. But Mr. Wilkins did not laugh. They were laughing at him and not with him, and nobody likes that.

"Quiet," he said loudly.

The boys stopped laughing.

"Sir, Jennings was quite right, sir, you told him mustn't think, didn't you, sir?"

"But, sir, if you tell him to think one minute, and the next minute you tell him not to think, he —"

"Silence!" shouted Mr. Wilkins.

Mr. Wilkins' voice was so loud that the boys immediately stopped talking.

"The next boy who makes a sound will be..." Mr. Wilkins could not think what he would do with the boy.

The boys were silent. They felt that Mr. Wilkins was very angry at the moment. So the boys were silent, but they smiled and they looked at one another¹ with an expression that Mr. Wilkins did not like at all.

Everything had been right, he told himself till they began to laugh. Now the angrier he became, the funnier they thought it was. Of course, they were quiet, but not like Mr. Carter or the Headmaster. were in class it would be a different kind of quietness.³ What must he do? He could keep them in class, of course. But he needed a heavy punishment for Form Three. He was still trying to think

¹ at one another — друг на друга

² the angrier ... the funnier — чем более сердитым ... смешнее

³ it would be a different kind of quietness — это была бы совсем другая тишина

heavy punishment

the boys go.

Jennings ran down

was "First Eleven versus¹ Bracebridge School." And so was his name. He was playing inside-right while Johnson was playing right-half. Everything was all right, and the boys ran to find Darbshire.

Darbshire was still in the classroom with his exercise-book open on the desk before him.

"Come and look at the notice-board, Darbi," said Jennings. "They've put the list of the boys for the First Eleven, I'm playing inside-right."

"Good," said Darbshire, and went on looking at the exercise book.

"But don't you want to see it?" asked Jennings. He did not believe that anybody did not want to see it with his own eyes.

"I believe you," said Darbshire. "No point² in going and reading what you've already told me."

"Oh," said Jennings. "Aren't you glad I'm playing?"

"I am," answered Darbshire.

"Inside-right I'm playing," said Jennings.

"I know, you've just told me."

"Johnson is playing right-half, and I'm playing inside-right!"

"That is the fifty millionth time you've told me that in a second," said Darbshire. "You're playing inside-right. All right, I know now. If anybody asks me, 'Do you know where Jennings is playing?' I'll say, 'Yes, inside-right!' don't think anybody will ask me, but if they do I'll have an answer. 'Inside-right,' I'll say."

There was some irony in what Darbshire said, but Jennings did not notice it.

"Yes, inside-right," Jennings said. "Don't forget. If anybody asks you, say I'm playing inside-right."

"I'll write it on the blackboard if you like," answered Darbshire, and returned to his exercise-book.

"What are you doing?" asked Jennings.

"Well, I haven't done my geography lesson and Old Wilkins is taking us next lesson."

versus ['vɜ:səs] — против
No point — Нет смысла

"I haven't done it either," said Jennings. "What is it?"
"Farming in Australia,"¹ answered Darbishire. "You see, I don't like to work during break. But you saw what Old Wilkie was like during the last lesson, didn't you? So I think I'd better do my geography lesson."

Jennings went to his desk and took out his geography exercise-book.

"What goes on² in Australia?" he asked.

"Rabbits," answered Darbishire. "Millions and millions of them; they eat all the wheat³ that the farmers try to grow."

"Thank you very much," said Jennings. "That's enough for a start," Jennings said. "Now stop talking, I'm going to write something about farming in Australia in my exercise-book."

He opened his exercise-book and began to write.

At that very moment Mr. Wilkins was walking into his room. "I must do something to show these boys that I'm a force to be reckoned with,"⁴ thought Mr. Wilkins. "But what?" He had already tried all punishments, but they did not help at all. And in twenty minutes he had to give them a lesson again. He decided to talk to Mr. Carter about that.

"I tell you, Carter," Mr. Wilkins said when he went into Mr. Carter's room, "Form Three is awful. They can't behave, talk all the time, don't want to work. I was shouting at them all morning."

"But have you ever tried to talk quietly to them?" asked Mr. Carter.

"Nonsense," Mr. Wilkins said angrily, "I'm too easy with them. I must show these boys that I'm a force to be reckoned with."

"I don't think you're right, Wilkins," said Mr. Carter.

"It's all very well for you," Mr. Wilkins went on. "They do as you tell them without any funny answers. You don't even have to shout at them, you just look at them and they eat out of your hand."

¹ Farming in Australia [ɔs'treɪljə] — Сельское хозяйство в Австралии

² to go on — зд. происходить

³ wheat [wi:t] — пшеница

⁴ that I'm a force to be reckoned [ˈrekənd] with — что я — сила с которой надо считаться

"The only thing I can advise you," said Mr. Carter, "is
y to talk quietly with them."

"Oh, no, what I need is a severe punishment for the
ext time when they try to be funny."

The telephone on Mr. Carter's desk rang.

"Excuse me," he said to Mr. Wilkins. "Hallo! Linbury
ourt School... Yes, Carter speaking... Oh, hallo, Parkinson,
ow are you?... Will you bring a strong team tomorrow?"

"I'm very sorry, Carter," Mr. Parkinson was saying,
but I shan't bring any team at all. One of our pupils has
sen ill with the measles.¹ He's quite well now, but the
chool's month of quarantine² will end only next week.
And as we have very little time before the end of the term
e can't organize another game. So we'll have to cancel
he game."

Mr. Carter finished the conversation and told Mr. Wil-
ins the news.

"It's a pity," said Mr. Wilkins. "I wanted to see that
match tomorrow very much. The boys will be sorry too..."

Suddenly an idea came to him.³

"Oh, goodness!" he exclaimed. "I've got an idea!"

"What is it?" asked Mr. Carter.

"It's just what I want. If I hear any more nonsense from
om Three, I'll cancel the match against the Bracebridge
chool tomorrow."

"But the Bracebridge School has already cancelled it,"
nd Mr. Carter. "I've just told you. They're in quarantine
a the measles."

"Yes, yes, yes," Mr. Wilkins interrupted Mr. Carter.
I know that; you know that, but the boys don't know it.
they behave badly, I can say, 'All right. All of you will
ay in⁴ tomorrow, and there'll be no match'." Mr. Wilkins
as happy with his idea. "If they think I can cancel foot-
all matches, they will look at me with a new respect. And
hen they see that there will be no match tomorrow, there
ill be no more funny answers during my lessons," fin-
ed Mr. Wilkins.

Mr. Carter was greatly surprised.

measles ['mi:z/lz] — корь

quarantine ['kwɔrəntɪn] — карантин

suddenly an idea came to him. — Вдруг ему в голову при-
шло.

will stay in — will stay in the classroom after the lessons

"You can't do that," he said. "If you do that it will mean that you can do things which you can't do. I think even the Headmaster will never cancel a football match as a punishment."

"But I'm not really cancelling it," said Mr. Wilkins. "And I'm not really punishing them at all, if they can't play tomorrow."

"I don't like the idea. Besides, they may all behave so well that you don't want to punish them."

Mr. Wilkins laughed at it and he was still laughing some minutes later when the bell rang.

"I don't like it," repeated Mr. Carter when Mr. Wilkins went to the door.

In the classroom Form Three opened their books and exercise-books for the next lesson.

"It's Geography with Old Wilkie," said Venables. "I'm afraid he'll get angry when he sees my work. It's too bad."

"Never mind,"¹ said Jennings. "Bracebridge match tomorrow. I'm playing inside-right..."

At that moment Mr. Wilkins came into the classroom. "Get your geography prep,"² he said when he came up to his desk.

Venables put up his hand as Mr. Wilkins sat down.

"Did we have to write our geography prep in our exercise-books, sir?" asked Venables.

"Where else did you want to write it, on the ceiling?"

"No, sir. I wanted to know whether we just had to learn about Australia and not to write about it in our exercise-books."

"So you haven't written it, have you? Very well, then, if you —"

"Oh, but, sir, I have written it."

"You said you hadn't."

"No, sir. I just wanted to know, that was all."

"Don't talk nonsense," said Mr. Wilkins. He asked Jennings to come up to the master's desk and took his exercise-book. "In Australia," he read, "there is wheat but there are many rabbits. So the farmers are very angry."

¹ Never mind — Ничего (не беспокойся)

² prep = home-work

because the rabbits eat the wheat. In England there are not many rabbits. But I had one; mine was white and brown..." Mr. Wilkins stopped reading. "What does this nonsense mean?" he asked Jennings.

"But, sir, it's not nonsense," said Jennings. "It's true. My rabbit was brown and white; my uncle gave him to me for my birthday."

"But I asked you to write about Australia, not your birthday presents. Can't you see that what you've written isn't what you had to write. The trouble is, Jennings, that you're half-sleeping. You need waking up. Go and put your head under the tap in the wash-room and see if it'll help you."

"What, now, sir?" Jennings asked.

"Yes, now, and maybe you'll come back a little cleverer."

Jennings went to the wash-room, and Mr. Wilkins asked Darbishire to come up to his desk and begin to read his exercise-book.

Soon Jennings returned. He did not look cleverer, of course, and his hair was quite dry. Mr. Wilkins looked at Jennings and saw that he had not done what he had told him to do. "Very well," thought Mr. Wilkins, "I'll show you that I'm not joking."

"You've been very quick, Jennings," said Mr. Wilkins. "Come here."

Jennings came.

"Did you put your head under the tap as I told you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then can you explain why your hair is quite dry?"

"Well, sir, you haven't told me to turn the tap on."¹ For the second time² that morning the class began to talk loudly.

"Why didn't you tell him to turn the tap on, sir?" asked Darbishire.

"Sir, did you forget to tell him to turn the tap on, sir?" asked Temple.

"If you didn't tell him to turn the tap on, sir, he didn't have to, did he, sir?" said Atkinson.

¹ to turn the tap on — открыть кран
² for the second time — Второй раз

Mr. Wilkins waited. When everybody stopped laughing and talking he said:

"I've never in all my life heard such a silly answer. If you think that it was clever of you¹ to do so —"

"But it was only what you told him to do, sir," said Venables.

"... and as Form Three laugh and obviously² think that it was clever of you to do so, they will have to suffer for it.³ The whole class will stay in for two hours tomorrow afternoon."

"Oh, sir!" said the whole class.

Temple put up his hand.

"Sir, we can't stay in tomorrow, sir," he said, "because there'll be a match against the Bracebridge School. And even if we're not in the team, we have to watch it, sir, the Head-master said so."

"Yes, sir, the Bracebridge match, sir," said three other boys.

Mr. Wilkins was silent. The boys began to smile: they thought they had won.

"You will not play against the Bracebridge School tomorrow," Mr. Wilkins said suddenly. "The match is cancelled."⁴

Form Three was surprised. They could not believe their ears.

"Oh, but, sir," they exclaimed, "you can't do that, sir, really, you can't, sir."

"You heard what I said," repeated Mr. Wilkins. "I warned you and you didn't want to listen to what I was saying. Very well, then — there'll be no match tomorrow."

"Oh, sir," said the whole class again.

"And if we behave very well —" began Darbishire.

"I don't want to talk about it any more; the match is cancelled," repeated Mr. Wilkins.

He was very careful and did not say that it was he who was cancelling the match; but if the boys thought so he was certainly not going to tell them that it was no true.

¹ it was clever of you — было умно с твоей стороны

² obviously ['obvɪəslɪ] — очевидно

³ to suffer for it — заплатить за это

⁴ The match is cancelled. — Матч отменяется.

Now the boys began to understand that the match was cancelled because of ¹ Jennings.

"Jennings!" they shouted. "It's because of you, Jennings! You are a fool, Jennings!"

"Why couldn't you behave well and do what Mr. Wilkins told you?" said Venables who laughed louder than anybody a few minutes before.

"Well, you thought it was funny, Venables," said Jennings.

"I never thought it was funny," said Venables, but everybody knew that it was not true.

"And now perhaps we can continue the lesson," said Mr. Wilkins.

"Sir," said Jennings, "it was all my fault, sir. Can I stay in and let the other boys go, so that they can have the match, sir?"

"No, Jennings."

"But, sir, it's not fair to them," said Jennings. "Please, let them have the match, sir, and I'll stay in, even if —" he could hardly say the words — "even if it means that I can't play. And — and I'll go back and wet my hair, too, sir."

"I don't want to talk about it any more," repeated Mr. Wilkins. "And now, Darbishire, we will continue to read what you have written about Australia."

QUESTIONS

1. Why couldn't the Bracebridge team come to Linbury?
2. How did Mr. Wilkins want to use this fact?
3. Why didn't Mr. Carter like Mr. Wilkins' idea?
4. How did Jennings 'help' Mr. Wilkins?

¹ because of — 113-3a

Jennings knew that Mr. Wilkins had cancelled the match because of him. But he thought that it was not fair to him, because those who laughed the loudest when all was well, were now blaming him. Only Darbshire was sorry for Jennings.

"Never mind," Darbshire said to Jennings. "You can't help it now, and I don't think it was your fault, really, because if they hadn't laughed like that, Old Wilkie wouldn't have got so angry."¹

Jennings sighed.

"All right," he said. "Let's go."

"Where?"

"Anywhere," answered Jennings.

Slowly they walked across the school yard, and then to the yard behind the kitchen. Robinson, the man who worked in the kitchen was there, opening boxes.

"What is he going to do with all that wood?" Darbshire asked Jennings. "Perhaps he can give me a little." Darbshire was going to make the model of Columbus'² ship, the *Santa Maria*. "What do you think, Jen?"

"That's a good ideal!" said Jennings. "I want some wood too for my toy-boat."

They went up to Robinson.

"Can you give us some —" Jennings began.

Robinson looked up and suddenly shouted:

"Look out!"³

The boys jumped and looked out. On one of the boxes which was marked "*Produce of Jamaica*,"⁴ they saw a large spider.

¹ if they hadn't laughed like that, Old Wilkie wouldn't have got so angry — если бы они не смеялись так, старина Уилки не рассердился бы так сильно

² Columbus [kə'lʌmbəs] — Колумб

³ Look out! — Берегитесь, осторожно!

⁴ which was marked "*Produce* [ˈprɒdju:s] of Jamaica" [dʒəˈmeɪkə] — на котором была этикетка «Продукт Ямайки»



"Oh!" exclaimed Jennings. "What a beautiful spider! It is almost as big as my hand."

"Let's catch it," said Darbishire.

"Don't touch it," said Robinson. "It may be poisonous. It has come from Jamaica."

He threw a piece of wood at the spider, but the spider saw it and ran as fast as its eight legs could carry it and hid itself under the box.

"Don't kill it, Robinson," said Jennings. "You know, it may be a rare spider."

"I don't like them," said Robinson. "Kill it before it bit you."

"Yes, but what if it's rare," said Jennings. "Let's catch it and take it to Mr. Carter, he knows all about spiders."

Robinson agreed. Darbshire opened his pencil-box and with the help of a ruler Jennings pushed the spider into the pencil-box, and Darbshire quickly closed it.

"It will run away, I'm sure," said Robinson. "I knew a boy who was once bitten; his arm was so badly swollen that when they wanted to take off his shirt they had to take a knife and cut his sleeve."

"That from a spider's bite?" asked Darbshire.

"No, that was a snake. But they're all the same," answered Robinson.

With the pencil-box in their hands they walked to Mr. Carter's room. They knocked, but there was no answer. So they went to the dormitory and decided to put the spider into a tooth glass before Mr. Carter could tell them what kind of spider it was.

"He could see it better in a glass," said Jennings.

"But whose tooth glass shall we use?" asked Darbshire.

"Yours, of course," said Jennings, "because it's in your pencil-box now."

"No", said Darbshire, "you first saw the spider. So it must be in your tooth glass."

After a short conversation they decided to use Temple's tooth glass. This was not because they wanted to do any harm,¹ but because there was some tooth-paste² inside the glass. And on the tube³ they read that this tooth-paste killed germs.⁴

Jennings opened the pencil-box a little and looked into it. The spider was sitting in the middle of the box. Quickly with the help of the ruler he put the spider into the glass and covered the glass with the pencil-box.

"It looks poisonous, doesn't it?" said Darbshire.

"It really does," answered Jennings. "I read a story once about man-eating spiders;⁵ you don't think it's one of those, do you?"

¹ to do any harm — навредить

² tooth-paste ['tu:θpeɪst] — зубная паста

³ a tube — тюбик

⁴ a germ [dʒə:m] — микроб

⁵ man-eating spiders — пауки-людоеды

"Maybe. But let's better go to the library and look up in the encyclopedia."

They went to the library, took the encyclopedia, and began to look for "their" spider. But the work was not easy at all, because there were four pages which described the life of very many different spiders. So the boys could not tell which of all those spiders they had.

"I don't think there's something about it in the encyclopedia," said Jennings.

"Maybe it's so rare that they don't know anything about it," said Darbshire. "Let's write to the British Museum¹ and say that we've got a thing that is so rare it isn't in the encyclopedia."

"That's a good idea!" exclaimed Jennings. "And let's ask them to send a man here to say what it is."

They stood silent for a moment happy with their new idea. Then Darbshire said:

"Let's not tell Mr. Carter about the spider till the man from the British Museum comes."

"Why?" asked Jennings.

"Because then the fact that we've discovered such a rare thing will be a pleasant surprise for the teachers," answered Darbshire.

Now Jennings did not like the idea very much. He was not sure that the spider was really rare. So he thought they must show it to Mr. Carter before writing to the British Museum. But as it was Darbshire's spider he decided not to argue.

The bell rang for afternoon classes before Darbshire could begin the letter, and he went to the classroom.

By the end of the afternoon classes everybody had known about the man-eating spider. And Darbshire was ready to tell the details.

"Robinson says," he explained, "that if it bites you, your arm swells up and they have to cut your coat sleeve to take it off. Robinson just looked at the spider, and he knew what kind of spider it was. It happened to a friend of his, you see, so we know it must be true."

The younger boys of the group to which Darbshire was talking were a little afraid.

"It's quite safe now," said Jennings. "So there is nothing

¹ British Museum [mju:'ziəm] — Британский музей

to be afraid of." Darbshire thought a little. "What I don't know," he continued, "is what I must give it to eat. I tried to give it some sugar, but the spider didn't like it, because it didn't even look at the sugar."

"I wouldn't like to feed it,"¹ said Atkinson.

"Oh, it's quite easy if you know anything about spiders," said Darbshire. "Jennings just hypnotized it, while I put the sugar into the tooth glass."

The group wanted to know how to hypnotize spiders, but Darbshire said:

"I'm sorry, but I must go now and write a letter to the British Museum."

"To the British Museum?" asked Atkinson.

"Yes, to tell them that we've got a very rare spider, about which we could find nothing even in the encyclopedia."

It was always shepherd's pie for tea on Fridays. Jennings liked it very much. But that day he lost his appetite just as he had lost his appetite the previous Friday.² Last week he had not been able to play in the match because he was ill, and now he wasn't ill, but Mr. Wilkins had cancelled the match. He decided to go and see Mr. Wilkins and ask him to let the other boys play the game and not to punish everybody because of him.

After tea Jennings went to Mr. Wilkins' room, but nobody answered his knock. So he decided to come back late and now to go to the dormitory to watch Darbshire's spider. There was nobody in the room. On the shelf Jennings saw Temple's tooth glass. The spider was still there. Like Jennings it had lost its appetite and had not tried to eat its piece of sugar. Jennings was looking at it for a long time. It was certainly a beautiful spider, but Jennings could not believe that it was so poisonous or so rare that Darbshire must interrupt the work of the British Museum.

"How silly we shall look if this spider isn't poisonous and rare!" thought Jennings. "Well, I think Mr. Cart must know something about that."

¹ I wouldn't like to feed it.— Не хотел бы я кормить его.

² just as he had lost his appetite the previous Friday — так же как он потерял аппетит в прошлую пятницу

Jennings took his soap-dish¹ from the wash-basin, washed it, took the pencil-box from the tooth glass and put the soap-dish on the tooth glass. The next moment the spider jumped from the upturned² glass into the soap-dish which Jennings quickly closed. Then Jennings left the tooth glass and pencil-box as he had found them and walked to Mr. Carter's room.

"Come in, Jennings," he said, "what can I do for you?"

"Please, sir, do you know anything about spiders?" asked Jennings and opened his soap-dish.

"That's a fine spider," said Mr. Carter. "Where did you take it?"

"Out of the Temple's tooth glass, sir."

Mr. Carter looked surprised.

"And before that it was under a box in the yard behind the kitchen, sir," Jennings explained. "Robinson says your arm will swell up if it bites you. And Darbshire is going to write to the British Museum, because he's sure it's a very rare and poisonous spider. But I don't think it's rare, so I took it to ask you, sir."

Mr. Carter looked at the spider and then to Jennings' great surprise, he took it with his right hand and put it on his left hand.

"I'm sorry to disappoint Darbshire," he said, "but this spider isn't poisonous or rare."

He put it on his desk where, after running a little, it stood still.

"No, Jennings, it isn't poisonous at all," repeated Mr. Carter. "It wouldn't hurt a fly.³ Or better to say, it could hurt a fly, but it wouldn't hurt anything else," he corrected himself.

Now Jennings was sure that the spider was not poisonous. So he took it from Mr. Carter's desk and put it back into the soap-dish.

The dormitory bell rang, and Jennings was going to leave.

"I'll better put it back in the tooth glass then, sir," he said, "because Darbshire doesn't know I've got it and he'll be worried if he thinks it has run away."

¹ a soap-dish [ˈsəʊp.dɪʃ] — мыльница

² upturned [ʌpˈtɜːnd] — перевернутый

³ It wouldn't hurt a fly. — Он и мухи не обидит.

The telephone rang when Jennings made the first step to the door.

"Hallo, Linbury Court School here," Mr. Carter said into the telephone... "Who?... Bracebridge School?... Oh, yes."

When Jennings heard the name of Bracebridge, he started,¹ and the soap-dish fell down from his hand on the floor and opened. The spider jumped out and hid itself behind the bookcase. Jennings took a pencil out of his pocket and tried to drive the spider back into the open.²

He did not mean to listen to Mr. Carter's conversation on the telephone, but he could not leave the room without the spider. So Jennings heard everything Mr. Carter was saying.

"What's that? You're coming tomorrow?" Mr. Carter said. "But Mr. Parkinson telephoned me this morning and cancelled the game. He said you had had measles."

Jennings forgot the spider and began to listen attentively. He waited while Mr. Carter listened to a long explanation from the Bracebridge School.

Then Mr. Carter said: "Oh, I see. Yes, I think you're right. It's only three weeks for the measles. If you started on the fourteenth,³ you were out of quarantine yesterday. Well, I'm very glad, and we'll expect you tomorrow at two-thirty... All right. Good-bye."

Mr. Carter finished the conversation and turned to see Jennings on his knees near the bookcase.

"What are you doing here, Jennings?" he asked. "I thought you had gone."

Jennings explained how the spider had hidden itself behind the bookcase and said that he could not go without it. Mr. Carter went down on his knees and together they tried to drive the spider into the open.

And all the time Jennings was thinking about Mr. Carter's conversation. "If Bracebridge School cancelled the match because of its measles nobody could blame him for it. Then, if Bracebridge School telephoned in the morning, Mr. Wilkins had known about that before he came into the classroom. Then, if —"

¹ to start — вздрагивать

² and tried to drive the spider back into the open — и попытка
ся выгнать паука на открытое место

³ if you started on the fourteenth — Если считать с четырнадцатого

"Well, you haven't helped me much," said Mr. Carter. He stood up and put the spider back in the soap-dish. "You better tell Darbishire to let it go,¹ not in the building, of course."

"Sir," said Jennings. "Mr. Wilkins said he was cancelling the match because I didn't turn the tap on, and you called on the telephone —"

"That telephone conversation, Jennings, was between Bracebridge School and me," said Mr. Carter.

"Yes, but Mr. Wilkins can't do that, can he, sir? It's not fair; and what'll happen tomorrow when they come?"

Mr. Carter said, "Go to bed, Jennings, and don't ask so many questions. You remember what happens to the Elephant's² Child when he began to ask many questions?"

"Yes, sir," said Jennings. When he went up to the door he stopped. "Yes, but, sir —"

"If Mr. Wilkins says that your form must stay in tomorrow afternoon, you must stay in, and that's all."

"Yes, sir," said Jennings and left Mr. Carter's room.

In the corridor he met Mr. Wilkins.

"Sir," Jennings began, "I must see you, sir. It's important."

Mr. Wilkins was not very glad to see him.

"Well?" he said.

"Sir, will you keep me in tomorrow and not the others? It wasn't their fault, sir. And they're so angry with me."

"I'm not surprised," said Mr. Wilkins. "But when I say anything, Jennings, it will be as I say."

Jennings tried to tell Mr. Wilkins about Mr. Carter's phone conversation, but Mr. Wilkins interrupted him.

"You're late for dormitory, and you haven't put on your shoes yet," said Mr. Wilkins. "Go downstairs and do so."

With the soap-dish in his hand Jennings went downstairs, and Mr. Wilkins went to see Mr. Carter.

"Oh, Wilkins," said Mr. Carter when Mr. Wilkins came to his room. "Bracebridge School has just telephoned me. See, Parkinson thought that the quarantine for the flu was one month."

"Well," said Mr. Wilkins.

¹ to let it go — отпустить его
² an elephant [elifənt] — слон

"But it isn't one month; it's only twenty-one days. And as nobody was ill with the measles in the last three weeks they can come and play tomorrow."

"What?" exclaimed Mr. Wilkins. He could punish Form Three and make them stay in, he thought, but he could not punish the whole school.

"What am I going to do?" he asked.

"Well, I warned you," said Mr. Carter. "I think you have to find a reason to let them play the game."

With a sad face Mr. Wilkins left the room. That day was a teacher on duty.

QUESTIONS

1. Where did Jennings and Darbishire first see the spider?
2. Why did Darbishire decide that the spider was rare and poisonous?
3. What did Darbishire want to do with the spider?
4. How did Jennings find out that the spider was not rare or poisonous?
5. How did Jennings learn the truth about the football match?

BEWARE OF THE SPIDER!

When the dormitory bell rang, Darbshire went to the dormitory in front of his friends. Temple, Venables and Atkinson followed him.

"Now I'll show you the spider," Darbshire was saying, "but you must be very careful and not to frighten it."

When the boys entered the room, Darbshire stopped dead in front of the shelf.

"It has run away," he said in horror.

"What!" exclaimed Temple, Venables and Atkinson together looking at the empty tooth glass with a pencil-box on it.

"Yes, it has run away," said Darbshire. "The pencil-box has been moved a bit since Jen and I left it." ²

"It must be somewhere in the dormitory," said Temple. "We'll certainly find it if we look."

"But we mustn't touch it, because it's poisonous," said Venables.

"And if it jumps at us?" asked Atkinson. "What'll we do?"

"We'll have to try hypnotizing it," said Darbshire. "I'm sorry Jennings hasn't come yet."

"It must be in somebody's bed or in somebody's pyjamas," said Atkinson.

They began looking for the spider.

"You're a fool, Darbi," said Temple. "Because you want to write to the British Museum and become famous, we must go to bed."

"Well, how could I know that it would run away?" said Darbshire.

"Everybody knows that a great spider can move such a small pencil-box," Temple went on. "I think it jumped

Beware [bi'weə] of the Spider! — Осторожно — паук!

The pencil-box has been moved [mu:vɪd] a bit since Jen and I left it. — Пенал немного сдвинут, с тех пор как мы с Дженнингсом оставили его.

"Yes, don't stand there like that," said Atkinson. "It may jump at you suddenly."

Jennings began to smile as he understood what had happened.

"Well, you're a group of fools. How can you be afraid of a little spider!" said Jennings and put the soap-dish on the shelf above his bed. Then he took off his coat and shoes.

"You — you're not going to go to bed, are you?" asked Venables.

"Of course I am; I'm not afraid of the spider," answered Jennings.

"You know what'll happen if it bites you, don't you?" said Atkinson.

Jennings laughed and went on taking off his clothes. He began to sing a song and sometimes looked at his soap-dish.

Suddenly Darbshire cried out, "Look out!"

Even Jennings jumped, though he knew that there was no danger, while Atkinson and Venables almost fell from their chairs.

Darbshire pointed to Jennings' pillow.

"There," he whispered. "Look! The poisonous spider's footprints."

Jennings looked at his pillow.

"But these are cake crumbs,"¹ exclaimed Jennings and began to laugh. "You look very funny up there," he added.

"Jennings may be very brave," said Venables, "but I'll stay up here till Old Wilkie comes and tell us what to do."

"Oh, gosh!" said Jennings. He stopped laughing at once. "Does Old Wilkie know about this?"

"Temple had gone to bring him here," said Atkinson.

Jennings thought for a moment. He had decided to try to talk to Mr. Wilkins about tomorrow's match again. "But what will Old Wilkie think when he finds out that I'm responsible for all this?"

"I say, Darbi," said Jennings. "Let's go into the corridor; I want to talk to you."

"But I'm afraid to go down," said Darbshire unhappily.

"But it's important. Look, you can see there's no spider

¹ crumbs [kramz] — крошки

between your chair and the door. Besides, I'll hypnotize the spider if it jumps out at you."

With a sad face Darbshire jumped down from his chair and went into the corridor after Jennings.

"Well?" he asked.

"Look, it's quite all right about the spider," Jennings said in a whisper. "It's in the soap-dish on the shelf above my bed. I took it to show Mr. Carter, and he says it isn't rare or poisonous."

"Isn't it?"

"No, it isn't."

Darbshire was happy that the spider was not poisonous, because now he had nothing to be afraid of. At the same time he was very unhappy, because it was not a rare spider.

"It's a good thing I haven't sent my letter to the British Museum yet. And what'll the other boys say when they find out? They'll think I've been fooling them.¹ They'll never believe me after this if I come in with a laugh and say that it isn't poisonous. I'm sure they'll say I knew it all the time and have been fooling them."

"Then don't tell them about it," Jennings advised.

"Yes, but I can't let them go on thinking² it's poisonous. They'll stand on their chairs all night."

"And if we say that it isn't poisonous Old Wilkie will think I've taken it specially to raise an alarm³ in the dormitory. You see, there may be a match tomorrow, so we have to put him in a good mood."⁴

"What shall we do, then?" Darbshire wanted to know.

"I think the best thing to do is to open the soap-dish and let the spider leave it," said Jennings.

"Yes, and let somebody else see it in the room," added Darbshire.

They returned to the dormitory and Darbshire stood on the chair again. A moment later he shouted "Look!" and pointed to the far end of the room. While Atkinson and Ve-

¹ I've been fooling them — я дурачу их

² I can't let them go on thinking — я не могу позволить, чтобы они продолжали думать

³ to raise an alarm [ə'lɑ:m] — поднять тревогу

⁴ to put him in a good mood — привести его в хорошее настроение



nables turned their heads, Jennings opened the soap-dish and the spider got out.

"Oh, sorry," said Darbishire, "another false alarm."

Atkinson and Venables turned away from the false alarm, and their eyes continued to look for the spider. But though their eyes often looked at the shelf above Jennings' bed, they did not notice the spider.

Jennings wanted to put the spider back into the soap-dish before Mr. Wilkins came. Then he could talk to him about the match again. But the time passed, and Atkinson and Venables did not see the spider.

Mr. Wilkins was not in a good mood when Temple came into Matron's sitting-room and told him the news about the poisonous spider. He was thinking about tomorrow's match. So he was not in a good mood either, when he came into Dormitory Four.

"Now, what's the matter?" Mr. Wilkins asked angrily. "What are you boys doing on those chairs? Come down at once."

"But, sir, it's poisonous," said Venables.

"Well, how do you know it's poisonous?" asked Mr. Wilkins.

"But we proved it, sir," said Atkinson. "Darbshire looked it up in the encyclopedia."

"And it came from Jamaica," said Venables.

"And Robinson said that it looked like the spider which bit his friend," said Temple.

"And his arm swelled up," said Venables.

Mr. Wilkins knew nothing about spiders. "It may be true or it may not," he thought, "but it will be better not to risk."

"All right," he said. "We'll soon find out about it."

Jennings decided to talk to Mr. Wilkins at once before the situation became worse. He came up to Mr. Wilkins.

"Please, sir," he said. "I wanted to talk to you about the match. Please, sir, can you let me stay in and let the others play?"

Mr. Wilkins got angry.

"Can't you see, Jennings, that I've got something more important to do than talk about football matches. This is very serious. If this spider is really poisonous it — it — well, it can bite somebody."

"Yes, sir, but this match —"

"Go away. Go and stand on a chair with the others."

Jennings had nothing to do,¹ but take his chair and stand on it in the middle of the room together with the other boys.

Mr. Wilkins looked round the dormitory.

"Well, I can't see any spider," he said. He came up to Jennings' bed and now was standing below² the

¹ Jennings had nothing to do — Дженнинсу ничего не оставалось

² below [bɪ'lou] = under

"Stand still, you boys," Mr. Wilkins said. "I'm going to knock it off¹ with my hand."

"It may bite your hand, sir," said Atkinson.

For half a second Mr. Wilkins thought.

"You looked this thing up in the encyclopedia, Darbshire," said Mr. Wilkins. "Which end bites, the back or the front?"

"But I can't tell² one end from the other," answered Darbshire.

The situation was not pleasant, and Mr. Wilkins did not like it at all.

Suddenly Jennings came down from his chair and went up to Mr. Wilkins.

"It's all right, sir," he said. "Stand still and I'll take it off."

"Don't touch it, boy, don't touch it," said Mr. Wilkins.

"But I know how to do it, sir," said Jennings, "I can hypnotize it, sir."

Jennings looked at the spider for a moment. Then he took it from Mr. Wilkins' coat and put it in a tooth glass.

For some seconds everybody in the dormitory was so surprised that nobody could say a word.

"Well done,³ Jennings!" said Temple at last.

"Very brave of him, sir, wasn't it?" said Atkinson.

"Perhaps he has even saved your life, sir," said Venables.

"Yes, yes, thank you very much," said Mr. Wilkins. "Very brave of you."

"That's all right, sir," Jennings answered. "And sir — sir, about this match; it was all my fault really and I —"

"Oh, yes, the match," said Mr. Wilkins. That was the answer to his problem! "Well, now, we've just seen what Jennings has done, and in recognition of this,⁴ the match against Bracebridge School will take place tomorrow."

"Thank you, sir!" The boys were happy. Mr. Wilkins was smiling. He was happy too.

¹ to knock off — смахнуть

² to tell — зд. отличить

³ Well done — Молодец!

⁴ in recognition [rekəg'nɪʃən] of this — в знак признания того, что он сейчас сделал

"And now if you give me that tooth glass, Jennings," said Mr. Wilkins, "I'll take the spider downstairs and kill it."

On his way downstairs Mr. Wilkins decided to tell Mr. Carter what had happened in Dormitory Four.

"I say, Carter, this spider nearly bit me now, but Jennings was very quick and —"

Mr. Carter smiled and took the tooth glass from Mr. Wilkins' hands.

"You mustn't smile, Carter," said Mr. Wilkins. "The spider is poisonous. Oh, don't touch it," he shouted, as Mr. Carter took the spider out of the tooth glass and put it on his hand."

"Oh, no, it isn't," said Mr. Carter. "It isn't poisonous at all. I told Jennings it wasn't when he brought it here earlier this evening."

"What?" shouted Mr. Wilkins. "You told —? You mean Jennings knew that the spider wasn't poisonous all the time? And he let me... So that was the game, wasn't it?"

Mr. Carter didn't understand.

"But he took it from my collar and I congratulated him, because it was brave of him to do that."

"Did Jennings tell you the spider was poisonous?" asked Mr. Carter.

"Well, no, he didn't," said Mr. Wilkins, "but everybody else seemed to think¹ it was poisonous. And I said they could play the match tomorrow because of what Jennings had done."

"But you would have to do that, anyway,"² said Mr. Carter. "It gave you a very good excuse."

"Yes, I know but..." Mr. Wilkins could not find the right words to tell Mr. Carter about his feelings. "But it's deceitful,³ and I must punish Jennings for it."

"I don't think you must do anything like this, Wilkins. You see, Jennings was here when I talked over the telephone to Bracebridge School, and quite by chance he found out everything about tomorrow's match."

¹ seemed to think — казалось, думали

² But you would have to do that, anyway — Вам пришлось бы это сделать в любом случае

³ it's deceitful [di'si:tfəl] — это обман

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Wilkins, and became very thoughtful.

"So," Mr. Carter went on, "I think, it'll be better to let sleeping dogs lie,¹ don't you?"

Mr. Wilkins stood silently for a moment. At last he spoke.

"Yes, perhaps you're right, Carter," he said slowly. "...Perhaps you're right."

QUESTIONS

1. How did Darbishire lose the spider?
2. How did the boys find the spider?
3. How did Jennings help Mr. Wilkins to get out of trouble?

¹ to let sleeping dogs lie — не касаться неприятных вопросов
(Сравните: Не тронь лихо, пока спит тихо.)

At two-thirty on Saturday morning the Bracebridge team arrived.

"I'm very sorry for that silly mistake about the quarantine," said Mr. Parkinson, as Mr. Carter greeted him.

"That's quite all right," said Mr. Carter. "It didn't cause us any trouble,¹ did it, Wilkins?"

"Oh, no, no, no, not at all, not at all," Mr. Wilkins answered quickly, but did not look at Mr. Carter.

Soon Mr. Carter blew his whistle and the match began. It was soon clear to everybody that the two teams were even² in the game. During the first half neither side scored.³

Jennings was playing a hard game, but he knew that he was not playing his best game. He was much younger than the other players and it was his first match. So he was very nervous.

His first chance came in the second half — and he missed it! Linbury boys were attacking. When the ball was coming straight towards him, he was less than ten yards from the goal. The goalkeeper was at the other end of the goal. Jennings drew back his right foot⁴ and tried to kick as hard as he could — but missed the ball! Johnson was just behind him. He kicked the ball, and it flew into the net.

The whistle blew: one-nil.⁵

The boys who watched the game were happy.

"Linbury!" they cried out. "Linbury! Play up,⁶ Linbury!"

¹ It didn't cause [kə:z] us any trouble ['trabl] — Это не причинило нам никаких неприятностей

² even ['i:vən] — одинаковый, равный

³ neither ['neɪðə] side scored [skɔ:d] — ни одна (команда) не забила гола

⁴ drew back his right foot — далеко отвел правую ногу

⁵ one-nil — 1:0 (счет в игре)

⁶ Play up! — Давай, жми!

Loudest of all was Mr. Wilkins. He cried so loudly that Mr. Parkinson, who was standing near him, decided to watch the second half of the game from the other side of the football field.

Jennings walked along the field with mingled feelings.¹ He was happy because his team had scored a goal. At the same time he felt sad because it was not he who had done it. "I could do it so easily," he thought. And he tried hard to play as well as he could.

"Well, I'm doing all right now," he told himself, and then made his second mistake. The Bracebridge forwards were attacking now, and Jennings went back to his own penalty area.²

"You're out of your place," Johnson told him.

Jennings decided not to answer him. "I'll show them how well I can play in my own penalty area." He was standing near the goalkeeper when the Bracebridge centre-forward kicked the ball towards the goal. It was not meant to be a shot³ and it was not even a good pass. The ball was slowly moving towards the goalkeeper, and Parslow, the Linbury goalkeeper, could easily catch it. He was already going to do it when Jennings jumped in front of him trying to kick the ball. But he was not quite quick enough, and after hitting his boot the ball flew into the corner of the net.

The whistle blew: one all.⁴

Everybody was disappointed. But the Headmaster began to applaud and everybody had to do the same.

"Why do we have to applaud when we're sorry, sir?" Atkinson asked Mr. Wilkins.

"You're applauding your opponents' good play," answered Mr. Wilkins.

"But it wasn't good play, sir," said Atkinson. "Their boy didn't even mean to shoot, did he, sir? It was Jennings who scored, wasn't it, sir?"

"Yes, I think it was, really."

"Well, why do we have to applaud then, sir?"

¹ with mingled feelings — со смешанным чувством

² penalty ['penəltɪ] area ['eəriə] — штрафная площадка

³ It was not meant to be a shot — Это не должно было быть ударом по воротам

⁴ one all — 1:1

"Because... Oh, watch the game, Atkinson," said Mr. Wilkins.

Jennings had never felt so unhappy in his life. Nobody said anything, but it was quite clear to Jennings what the boys from his team were thinking of his play.

There were only a few minutes left before the end of the game. He had another chance to show everybody how well he could play in the last minute of the game. He was in front of the goal with only the goalkeeper between the goal and himself. But he missed again. He shot straight at the goalkeeper who was jumping nervously in the middle of the goal. The ball hit the goalkeeper on the right knee and went over the bar.¹ Mr. Carter blew the whistle for a corner kick.

Jennings could not believe his eyes. "There won't be another chance," he thought sadly. There was nothing he could do now. He had had every chance to show how well he could play, but...

Mr. Carter was looking at his watch and was going to blow the final whistle immediately after the corner kick.

Everybody was silent. Suddenly they heard a loud shout: "Never mind, Jennings. Better luck next time!"²

It was Darbishire. He had looked at Jennings' sad face and was very sorry for him.

Nuttall was just going to kick the ball when Darbishire shouted. When Jennings heard his name he turned his head for a second. So he did not see the ball coming to his head till it was too late. Suddenly he saw an object which was going to hit him. He did not have time to think. So he tried to jump away but failed.³ The ball hit him in the middle of his forehead and knocked him off his feet.

He lay on the ground for a moment with his eyes closed. So he did not see the Bracebridge goalkeeper taking the ball from the back of the net. He did not hear Mr. Carter blow his whistle to show that Jennings had scored a goal. Immediately after that Mr. Carter blew a long final whistle to show that the game was over.

¹ and went over the bar — и перелетел через перекладину

² Never mind, Jennings. Better luck next time! — Ничего, Джейннс. Следующий раз повезет!

³ but failed — но у него ничего не вышло



The first thing that Jennings knew was the whole First Eleven were helping him to his feet.

"Well done, Jennings!"

"A fine shot!"

"The most wonderful shot I've ever seen!"

It took Jennings a few seconds¹ to understand what was happening. So they have won the match, and it was he who has scored the second goal.

"It's very good of you to congratulate me but..." Jen-

¹ It took Jennings a few seconds — Дженингу понадобилось несколько секунд

It so happened that three days later Atkinson fell ill¹ and Matron put him into the sick-room. On the second day he was feeling a little better. As he had nothing to do he wrote a letter to his grandmother. In the letter he told her that he was ill.

His grandmother was a very kind old woman who loved her grandson very much. When she received the letter she decided to go to Linbury at once. So she took some fruit with her and started off.

When she arrived at the town of Dunhambury, which was five miles from the school, an idea came to her. "I must bring him something to cheer him up during his illness," she thought. "What must I buy?"

She tried to find a toy shop, but there were no toy shops in Dunhambury. She became very sad, but at the last moment she saw a small shop "*Dunhambury Pet Stores*".²

"That's the place where I can buy a present for my grandson," she thought and went into the shop.

Mr. Wilkins was standing near the window when Atkinson's grandmother came down from the sick-room and crossed the hall on her way³ to the front door.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Wilkins," she said. "I've just seen Robin. I think he's better now."

"Of course," said Mr. Wilkins. He did not know who he was talking to. There were at least⁴ six Robins in the school, and this lady was the grandmother of one of them. But whose? Parslow and Thompson were both in the sick-

¹ fell ill — заболел

² Pet Stores [stɔ:z] — магазин по продаже домашних животных

³ on her way — ид. направляясь

⁴ at least [li:st] — по крайней мере

room, he remembered. He also remembered that Thompson had sprained his ankle¹ during the last football match.

"How's Robin's sprained ankle?" he asked.

Atkinson's grandmother looked surprised.

"I didn't know he had sprained his ankle," she said.

"I thought he was suffering from tonsillitis."²

"Yes, yes, of course. Tonsillitis," said Mr. Wilkins. Now he was sure that he was talking to Parslow's grandmother.

"I've brought a few things for him," Mrs. Atkinson went on and showed Mr. Wilkins some parcels on the hall table. "Matron isn't in the school this afternoon, so I left the parcels here till she comes back. I haven't told Robin what I've brought because I don't know what you allow your boys to have and what you don't."

"That's all right. He'll get your parcels," said Mr. Wilkins. "Good-bye, Mrs.— er — er — Mrs. Parslow."

"Mrs. Atkinson," she corrected.

"Yes, yes, of course. Silly of me. Excuse me, please."

Mr. Wilkins decided to take the parcels to Matron's room at once. Suddenly he heard a high-pitched squeak³ from one of the parcels, a wooden box with holes in the lid.

There was something wrong,⁴ Mr. Wilkins decided. What food could give such a sound? He looked into the box, and then opened his eyes wide in surprise. From the box a small white guinea-pig was looking at him.

"I—I—Corwumph!" exclaimed Mr. Wilkins and quickly went out of the hall into the school yard. But Mrs. Atkinson had already gone.

"Really some grandmothers had no idea of school rules," Mr. Wilkins thought angrily.

When Mr. Carter came into Mr. Wilkins' room the next morning, he was surprised to find Mr. Wilkins crawling round the room on his hands and knees.

"What are you doing, Wilkins?" asked Mr. Carter.

"I'm looking for something," answered Mr. Wilkins.

"What have you lost?"

¹ had sprained his ankle — растянул ногу

² tonsillitis [ˌtɒnsɪˈlaɪtɪs] — тонзиллит, воспаление миндалин

³ a high-pitched [ˈhaɪˈpɪtʃt] squeak [skwi:k] — пронзительный

⁴ There was something wrong — Здесь что-то не так

"Well, I've ... Well, I know you may not believe in Carter, but I've lost a guinea-pig."

"I never knew you kept guinea-pigs," said Mr. Carter in surprise.

"I don't keep guinea-pigs," exclaimed Mr. Wilkins. "I've never kept guinea-pigs in my life."

"Then how could you lose something that you never had?"

Mr. Wilkins explained. "I told the Headmaster about it and he wrote to Atkinson's grandmother that we couldn't keep guinea-pigs. So he asked her to come and take back her guinea-pig as soon as possible. He also wrote that one of the teachers would keep it till she came. And now it has run away. It was sitting in its box when I went into school this morning, and when I came back just now I found the lid half open and the box empty."

"If the door was closed it must still be in the room somewhere," said Mr. Carter looking behind the bookcase.

"Yes, but I'm not sure the door was closed. When I begin to think of it, I believe I left it open. But how could it know that an animal like this is strong enough to open the lid?"

"Perhaps it was hungry. Did you give it anything to eat?"

"Not very much, I'm afraid. I could give him only a daisy leaf which I found in a history exercise-book. Some pupil from the third form had left it there. But the guinea-pig didn't even want to look at it. It just turned away its nose."

"I'm sure it's gone to look for something to eat," said Mr. Carter. "You'll have to get some cabbage leaves when you find it."

"Yes, I will — if I find it," said Mr. Wilkins and went towards the door. At the door he turned and said: "It really too bad, Carter. I have enough to do, teaching boys without looking after their grandmother's presents. The old ladies must learn to obey school rules at last."

"Good hunting,¹ Wilkins!" Mr. Carter said with a smile.

If only Mr. Wilkins had turned to the left² and not to the right when he was leaving his room! Then he would

¹ Good hunting — Счастливой охоты

² If only Mr. Wilkins had turned to the left — Если бы только мистер Уилкинз повернул налево

have arrived¹ in the boot-room and saw Jennings, who greatly surprised, was looking at a small guinea-pig with pink eyes.

But Mr. Wilkins turned to the right. So it was Darbshire, hurrying to the boot-room looking for his left house shoe who saw Jennings.

"What are you doing here, Jen?" he began loudly. "We must be..."

"Ssh! Quiet, Darbi!" whispered Jennings.

Darbshire stopped, because at that moment he saw two pink eyes looking at him.

"A real, live² guinea-pig!" exclaimed Darbshire. "Where did it come from?"

"Don't shout, Darbi," Jennings whispered again. "Do you want everybody know about it? Think of the row there will be if Old Wilkie or somebody finds out there is a guinea-pig in the school."

"Yes, but how did it come here?" asked Darbshire again. "It isn't yours, is it?"

"Of course not! I just came down here to look for an apple which I had left here, and there it was on the floor."

"Your apple?"

"No, you silly, the guinea-pig," answered Jennings angrily. "It can't belong to any boy in the school because school rules don't allow to keep pets in the building. And I can't think of any of the teachers who could keep guinea-pigs."

"What about Matron? She likes animals. She's got a cat already, so why..."

"That's why³ she can't keep a guinea-pig. Cats and guinea-pigs don't live friendly together."

"But it must belong to somebody. So what shall we do with it?"

"We can't give it back to anybody if nobody has lost it," said Darbshire.

"Of course not. And if we give it to a teacher he'll just say school rules don't allow pets and that's all."

"And think what'll happen if this helpless animal meets Matron's cat," said Darbshire.

It was certainly Jennings who decided what to do.

¹ Then he would have arrived — Тогда он бы пришел

² live [laɪv] — живой

³ That's why — Вот почему

"Let's keep it till we find who it really belongs to," he said.

"But what about the rules?" asked Darbishire.

"It'll have to be a secret pet," said Jennings, "that's all! Nobody must know anything about it — least of all ¹ Old Wilkie, or any of the teachers."

He took the little animal from the floor. The guinea-pig felt quite happy in Jennings' hands and didn't move.

Jennings' eyes shone with pleasure.

"We must give him something nice to eat so he'll know we're his friends," said Darbishire. "But what?"

"There may be some cabbage leaves in the pig food bin," ² decided Jennings and put the guinea-pig in the waste-paper basket.³ Let's go and see what we can find."

"We mustn't leave him there," said Darbishire.

"Why not? He'll be happy enough."

"But it won't be safe. They empty that waste-paper basket three times each term, and if anybody decides to do it when we..."

"It'll be all right there for a few minutes," ⁴ Jennings interrupted Darbishire. "We can't take him with us because we may meet somebody."

The guinea-pig was really quite happy in the waste-paper basket and did not try to escape.

"We must think of a name for him," Jennings said when they were leaving the boot-room.

Darbishire thought for a moment. "Pingo, Pongo, Pango," he said.

"Don't talk such nonsense, Darbi," said Jennings. "I don't want any funny names for him. I want a proper name.⁵ I think I'll call him Mr. Saunders."⁶

"Why?"

¹ least of all — прежде всего

² a pig food bin — мусорное ведро, в которое собирают пищу для свиней

³ a waste-paper basket [ˈweɪstˌpeɪpə ˈbæskɪt] — корзина для ненужной бумаги, мусора

⁴ It'll be all right there for a few minutes — За это время ничего не случится

⁵ a proper [ˈprɒpə] name — имя собственное

⁶ Saunders [ˈsɔːndəz]

"Well, why not? Why do people call you 'Darbishire'?"

"Oh, that's easy. My father says that many years ago our family..."

This was not a good moment, Jennings decided, to tell the history of the Darbishire family.

"We'll have to look out when we come to the kitchen-garden," he said. "Mr. Wilkins may see us. Well, he looks like a man whom I knew at home."

"Who? Mr. Wilkins?"

"No, you silly! The guinea-pig. It looks like the boy I was telling you about, and his name was Saunders."

Suddenly the boys saw Mr. Wilkins. He was coming along the corridor towards them. There was something unusual about¹ him that the boys certainly noticed. Mr. Wilkins passed them by without a word.

"What's the matter with Old Wilkie?" asked Darbishire.

"I don't really know," said Jennings.

"And if he goes to the boot-room and starts rummaging about² in the waste-paper basket?"

"Why do you think he's going to rummage about in the waste-paper basket?"

"Perhaps he thought he heard a guinea-pig inside."

"You're crazy, Darbi. Old Wilkie doesn't even know there's a guinea-pig in the school. He has never even heard of Mr. Saunders. So why must he start looking for him in the waste-paper basket?"

Perhaps Jennings was right, Darbishire told himself, and there was nothing to worry about.

The boys continued their way towards the kitchen, and did not see Mr. Wilkins who at that time was going downstairs.

It so happened that Mr. Wilkins had had no wish to look for the guinea-pig in the boot-room. But when he was passing the door of the boot-room Robinson, who had just begun to clean the boot-room, called him.

"Excuse me, Mr. Wilkins," he said. "But there's something unusual in the boot-room."

"What do you mean unusual?" asked Mr. Wilkin

¹ about = in

² to rummage ['rʌmɪdʒ] about — рыться

"I heard a strange noise in the corner, and when I looked into the waste-paper basket I saw a pair of pink eyes..."

But Mr. Wilkins was already going through the door of the boot-room towards the waste-paper basket.

There was a lot of cabbage leaves in the pig food bins near the kitchen door, and Jennings and Darbishire soon put them into their pockets.

So with their pockets full of cabbage leaves they went back to the boot-room. Unfortunately on their way back they met Mr. Carter. Mr. Carter looked at them and understood that something was wrong. Then he looked at Jennings' pockets.

"Just look at your pockets, Jennings!" he said. "And yours, Darbishire. What have you got in them?"

Darbishire was silent for a moment looking down at his shoes. "Er — er — er — cabbage," he said at last.

"Cabbage!" exclaimed Mr. Carter.

There was a short silence again.

"Well, Jennings, what's going on?"¹ said Mr. Carter.

What could Jennings do? He did not want to tell a lie. At the same time he couldn't say the truth either, because that would mean the end of all their plan. So what could he do? He had already decided to tell Mr. Carter how they had found the guinea-pig in the boot-room when Mr. Carter suddenly began to smile... Of course! Cabbage leaves ... The missing² guinea-pig!

"I'm beginning to understand, Jennings," he said. "Tell me, have you just seen Mr. Wilkins?"

"Yes, sir. In the corridor ten minutes ago."

Of course, Mr. Carter thought, Mr. Wilkins had asked the boys to help him and sent them to bring some cabbage leaves.

"Oh, that explains it," Mr. Carter said. "But you mustn't keep it a secret or hide the leaves in your pockets. You'd better take the cabbage to Mr. Wilkins at once. I think he's waiting for it."

Jennings could hardly believe his ears. "Take the cabbage to Mr. Wilkins, sir?" he asked in surprise.

¹ what's going on? — что происходит?

² missing — пропавший

"Well, of course. You're not going to eat it yourself, are you?"

"Oh no, sir. I only thought..." Certainly Mr. Carter was joking! Why could Mr. Wilkins need the leaves of cabbage? He looked up at Mr. Carter, but Mr. Carter had already begun to walk away along the corridor.

"I don't understand this at all," Jennings turned to Darbshire. "Some of us must be crazy."

For some moments they were discussing whether Mr. Carter was trying to be funny at their expense.¹

"What will Old Wilkie say when we come to his room with the cabbage leaves?" said Darbshire.

They had not decided what to do when they came up to Mr. Wilkins' room.

"Well, Jen," said Darbshire, "give him your cabbage leaves and I'll keep mine for Mr. Saunders."

"All right," said Jennings. "If Mr. Wilkins doesn't see the joke,² it will be Mr. Carter's fault."

And he knocked at the door.

The door opened a little and Mr. Wilkins looked out into the corridor.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Please, sir, I've brought you some..." Jennings looked at Mr. Wilkins' face and understood that he was in no mood for jokes.

"It's all right, sir. It doesn't matter," said Jennings.

"Well, go on! What have you brought me?" asked Mr. Wilkins angrily.

"Nothing," said Jennings.

"But you, silly little boy, you just told me you had."

"Well, sir... you see, sir... it was just something that Mr. Carter said, but perhaps he didn't really mean it... You see, sir, he told me to ask you if you would like some raw cabbage,³ sir."

Mr. Wilkins' expression changed. He began to smile as he held out⁴ his hands to take the leaves from Jennings.

¹ whether Mr. Carter was trying to be funny at their expense [ɪks'pens] — пытается ли мистер Картер пошутить на их счет

² to see a joke — понять шутку

³ if you would like some raw [rɔ:] cabbage — не хотели бы вы сырой капусту

⁴ held out — протянул

"Yes, I certainly should like some," he said friendly. "It's just what I want. And you've brought it just in time. Thank you, Jennings. Thank you very much!"

The door closed. Jennings was surprised. So Mr. Carter was right.

"Something strange has to go on," said Jennings, "when teachers shut¹ themselves in their rooms with raw vegetables!"

"It's surprising, isn't it?" said Darbshire. "My father says that 'tastes differ'.² But raw cabbage..."

"Well, Darbi, let's hurry up and give Mr. Saunders his dinner before Old Wilkie takes all the cabbage which they have in the kitchen."

They quickly went to the boot-room. But when they came up to the waste-paper basket they immediately saw that it was empty.

"He's escaped," Jennings cried out.

"Start looking, quick, then!" Darbshire advised. "He hasn't had time to go very far."

They looked everywhere in the boot-room and in the corridor near it, but they couldn't find the guinea-pig. They continued to look for it in their free time during all the day. But when they went to bed that evening they could not say where their secret pet was.

QUESTIONS

1. What kind of pet got into the school building?
2. How did it get there?
3. Who was responsible for the guinea-pig?
4. How did Jennings and Darbshire find the guinea-pig and why did they keep it a secret?
5. What name did they give to the guinea-pig and why?
6. How did Jennings and Darbshire lose the guinea-pig?

¹ to shut = to close

² tastes [teists] differ ['dife] — вкусы бывают разные (на вкус, на цвет товарища нет)

For two days Jennings and Darbshire went on looking for the guinea-pig, not knowing that the animal was in Mr. Wilkins' room.

In the evening on the third day Jennings began again to think where Mr. Saunders could be.

"He must be somewhere," he said to Darbshire, "he can't disappear. And nobody else found it, because we didn't hear about it."

"I wonder what he is eating," said Darbshire.

The boys didn't know, of course, that at that moment Mr. Saunders was eating a carrot¹ in Mr. Wilkins' room. Though Mr. Wilkins was not an animal lover,² he got used to³ the guinea-pig and the animal was quite happy in his room. Sometimes he even let it walk out of the wooden box. But before he did it he always checked whether the door of the room was closed.

So there was no reason to worry about the guinea-pig. But Jennings and Darbshire did not know about it and could not find it out.

"Well, Darbi, put yourself in Saunders' place," said Jennings. "If you are hungry, where would you go?"⁴

"I would certainly go to the kitchen. There's a lot of nice things there — cakes — sweets —"

"Don't be silly, Darbi," interrupted Jennings. "Guinea pigs don't eat cakes and sweets."

"I never said they did!" said Darbshire. "You asked me where I would go, and I said..."

"All right! All right! But if you were⁵ a guinea-pig, You would like things like carrot and cabbage, wouldn't you?"

Darbshire thought a little.

¹ a carrot [ˈkærət] — морковь

² an animal lover — любитель животных

³ to get used to — привыкнуть

⁴ where would you go? — куда бы ты пошел?

⁵ if you were — если бы ты был

"Oh, gosh!" he exclaimed. "It's only George the Third!"¹

Yes, it was Matron's cat George III. The cat's name did not show that it belonged to the kings' family. It only showed that the cat was the third generation² of the cat's family which Matron had taken some years earlier.

Jennings shook his head sadly. "I've quite forgotten about George III. Matron says he often comes into the kitchen-garden in the afternoon."

"I say, Jen!" said Darbishire. "Do you think it's safe to let him walk here? And if Saunders is somewhere in the kitchen-garden! And if they meet face to face! Cats and guinea-pigs don't live friendly, you know."

"I think you're right, Darbi. We must watch George III till we find out whether the guinea-pig is in the kitchen-garden or not. Take him then, Darbi," Jennings decided. "You'll have to carry him while I go on looking for Mr. Saunders."

Darbishire took the animal into his arms.

"I say, Jen, he likes me!" he said.

"You'll have to look after him for some time," said Jennings.

"But I can't, Jen. What'll happen when the bell rings for afternoon school? I can't go into Old Wilkie's lesson with George the Third in my arms."

"We have to hurry up and try to find the guinea-pig as quickly as possible," was Jennings' answer.

"Oh, look!" suddenly exclaimed Jennings.

"What's the matter? Have you seen anything?"

"Yes."

"Saunders?"

"No, Wilkins. He's just coming through the gate, and I'm sure he's seen us," said Jennings.

After Mr. Wilkins had finished his cup of tea in the dining-hall he went upstairs to his room. The Headmaster had already told him that Atkinson's grandmother would come³ during the afternoon to take away the girl. Mr. Wilkins was almost sorry to hear that. He be-

¹ George [dʒɔːdʒ] the Third — Георг III

² generation [ˌdʒenə'reɪʃən] — поколение

³ would come — придет

like the little animal. So he decided to see if the guinea-pig had enough food for its journey. He entered his room and opened the lid of the wooden box. Everything was all right. There were enough cabbage leaves for the hungriest of guinea-pigs.

It was then that Mr. Wilkins looked out of the window. The window of his room looked into¹ the kitchen-garden. And there he saw something strange. Two boys, who must not be in the garden at all, were going along the rows of cabbages on their hands and knees.

He decided to find out immediately what it all meant. So he quickly went out of the room. But in his haste² he quite forgot to put the lid back on the guinea-pig's box.

A moment later Mr. Saunders was out of the box on the floor of Mr. Wilkins' room.

"What are you boys doing in the kitchen-garden?" Mr. Wilkins asked angrily as he came up to Jennings and Darbshire. "You know quite well that you mustn't be here. You haven't had permission to come here, have you?"

"No, sir."

"Then I can't understand..." Mr. Wilkins stopped for a moment. "And what are you doing with that cat, Darbshire?"

"Nothing, sir. I—er—found it in the cabbage leaves, sir, and I took him because—well, we didn't think it was safe to let him walk in the kitchen-garden."

Mr. Wilkins was surprised. "Not safe! What are you talking about, boy?"

Darbshire was silent. What else could he say?

"I don't know what funny game you boys are playing, but whatever it is³ I'm going to stop it," Mr. Wilkins continued angrily. "Go up to my room and wait for me there. And you will have to explain to me everything."

"Yes, sir."

There were still a few minutes left before the afternoon school when the two boys came up to the door of Mr. Wilkins' room. Darbshire still had Matron's cat in his arms. He had been afraid to leave it in the garden because of

¹ looked into — *зд. выходило*

² haste [heist] — спешка

³ but whatever [wɒt'evə] it is — но что бы это ни было

the guinea-pig. On his way to Mr. Wilkins' room he was excited that he quite forgot about it. Outside Mr. Wilkie's door he looked at the cat and put it down on the floor.

"Old Wilkie said we must wait inside the room, didn't he?" asked Darbishire.

"I don't know," answered Jennings. "Maybe he did." He opened the door and entered the room. "I'm sure he simply won't believe us when we tell him we've found a guinea-pig in the building."

"We haven't found one—we've lost one!" said Darbishire. "And that makes it more difficult to explain. How can we prove that there ever was a..."

Suddenly Jennings looked at the floor and saw.... He saw a small animal.

"Here he is, look! Mr. Saunders himself!"

Darbishire's eyes were round as saucers¹ when he was looking at the guinea-pig. "I can't believe it," he said. "How did he get here? What's he doing here? Who let him into the room?"

"I don't know," said Jennings.

"It's a good thing Old Wilkie isn't here. There'll be a big row if he finds out there was a guinea-pig in his room. Let's take Saunders out of here quickly before he comes and finds him."

There was no time to discuss the question of how and why the guinea-pig had come there. They knew Mr. Wilkins was on his way to his room. So if they wanted to save Mr. Saunders they must do something immediately. George III looked angrily through the open door and then came into the room.

Darbishire tried to take the cat from the floor. But the time the cat wasn't so agreeable.² For some seconds the boys tried to catch the cat. Then Jennings said: "We'll have to shut the cat in the room, and take Saunders outside till we find some place for him. If only we'd got a cage,³ or something..."

"I know where there's a cage," Darbishire interrupted Jennings.

"Do you? Where?"

¹ a saucer ['sɔ:sə] — блюдо

² agreeable [ə'grɪəbl̩] — послушный

³ If only we'd got a cage — Если бы только у нас была клетка

"Upstairs in the attic. Mr. Carter told me to take some old books up there one day last week, and I saw it in the corner."

"What kind of cage is it?" asked Jennings.

"Well, it's a bird cage, but it's very large. I think somebody has kept a parrot¹ in it."

So the boys left Matron's cat in Mr. Wilkins' room, went out and closed the door behind them.

They went upstairs and when they reached the attic floor, Jennings turned the knob² and went in. Darbshire followed him.

In the corner they saw a parrot cage. It was hanging too high. So Darbshire looked round for something to stand on. In another corner he saw an old bed which he moved up to the opposite wall, making a great noise.

"Ssh! Quiet, Darbi! Don't make such a noise. If anybody hears us up here they'll want to know what's going on."

Jennings went up to the door, and closed and latched³ it.

"Climb up and get it. My hands are full of Mr. Saunders," Jennings said. At that moment the bell for afternoon school rang. "And be quick about it. We have to come back to Old Wilkie before we go into class."

"Hold the old bed," said Darbshire, climbed up on the bed, took the parrot cage and put it on the floor. When he was standing on the bed he found that he could see out of the attic window. Down in the school yard, the boys were hurrying into the school building. Darbshire was going to jump down from the bed when through the window he saw Mr. Wilkins who was talking to an old lady. "That explains why Old Wilkie hasn't yet followed us up to his room," thought Darbshire. The old lady and Mr. Wilkins stopped talking and came towards the school building. "We mustn't lose a moment if we want to be outside his room waiting for him when he comes," thought Darbshire.

"Quick, Jen, quick!" he said. "Old Wilkie's just coming in!"

"I can't be quick! I've got Saunders in my arms. You go down to Old Wilkie's room and talk to him till I come."

¹ a parrot [ˈpærət] — попугай

² a knob [nɒb] — шарообразная ручка двери

³ to latch — запереть на задвижку

On the way to his room Mr. Wilkins explained why he could not come to class in time.

"Atkinson's grandmother has just arrived to take that guinea-pig away," he said. "She's gone up to the sick-room to see her grandson and I promised to give the guinea-pig back to her before I went into class."

He did not see Jennings and Darbshire near the door of his room, but this fact did not worry him. "The boys have gone off to their classroom when the bell rang," he thought. "Well, there will be time enough to talk to them later."

The first thing which Mr. Wilkins saw when he opened the door was that the guinea-pig's box was empty; and a big cat was sitting in the arm-chair smiling and washing his whiskers.¹

Panic seized ² Mr. Wilkins.

"Oh, goodness! I—I—Corwumph! What's happened?" he exclaimed. "Where's the guinea-pig? How did the cat get here?"

Mr. Carter did not try to answer the questions. "A cat couldn't attack so large an animal as a guinea-pig?... Or could it?" he thought. He could not be sure. He could not understand what had happened.

"I think you'll have to tell Mrs. Atkinson that the guinea-pig..."

"Yes, yes, yes, but how did the cat get into the room?" Mr. Wilkins interrupted him. "The door was closed. I remember quite well that I closed it when I went down to the kitchen-garden to..." Then Mr. Wilkins remembered. "Wait! I see what's happened. It was those silly boys, Jennings and Darbshire! They were carrying the cat when I sent them up here!"

"You think they shut it up in your room and walked away?"

"Of course. They must be crazy. And it's all because of Jennings that this has happened. Just wait till I see that boy again!"

"Certainly. But you remember Mrs. Atkinson is waiting to see you," Mr. Carter said. "She won't be happy at all when she finds out that there's no guinea-pig. Perhaps she'll

¹ whiskers ['wɪskəz] — усы

² Panic ['pænik] seized [si:zd] — Паника охватила

tell you that you were responsible for her pet, and not Jennings or Matron's cat."

"But it's not my fault, Carter. I did all I could to make the animal happy. And now, what am I going to say to Mrs. Atkinson? Tell me that, Carter. What am I going to say?"

Mr. Carter shook his head. "I don't know, Wilkins. I think you must see what she has to say first. And no excuse me, I'm going to your class," said Mr. Carter and left the room.

Very unhappy, Mr. Wilkins hurried to the sick-room.

Meanwhile,¹ upstairs in the attic the situation was growing worse every minute.

"We'll have to stay here for hours — days, even," said Jennings after he tried again and again to open the door. "Nobody ever comes up here, and if we shout for help, don't think they'll hear us."

"But when we first came in, you told me to be quiet because everybody could hear us," said Darbishire.

"That was when the door was open," Jennings said angrily. "Besides, they've all gone into class."

"What shall we do then?"

Soon Jennings decided what to do. The attic was situated just above the sick-room. If they could somehow tell Atkinson, who was in the sick-room, what had happened, they could ask him to come upstairs and open the door from the outside.

"And if they don't allow him to go out of the sick-room, he could tell Matron, and she could open the door," Jennings explained.

"Yes, but how can we tell Atki if he can't hear us when we shout?"

"We don't have to shout. We'll knock on the window till he looks out to see what's going on."

Jennings put the guinea-pig into his pocket where it immediately went to sleep under his handkerchief. Then he found a string and tied it to the parrot cage. After that the boys climbed up on the bed and a few minutes later the p

¹ Meanwhile ['mi:nwaɪl] — Тем временем

² If they could somehow ['səmhəu] tell — Если бы они могли как-нибудь сказать

rot cage hanging on the string knocked on the window of the sick-room.

Mr. Wilkins was so excited that he could not clearly explain to Mrs. Atkinson what had happened. So Mrs. Atkinson did not understand what Mr. Wilkins was speaking about when he ran into the sick-room where she was talking with her grandson.

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Atkinson, but the most extraordinary¹ thing has happened," Mr. Wilkins began. "I can't explain because I don't understand how it has happened. But I want to tell you that we shall punish everybody who is responsible for it, and they will never have a chance to do it again."

"I don't understand," answered Mrs. Atkinson. "Who won't do what again?"

"The two boys whom I found in the kitchen-garden! They had no right to shut George the Third in my room."

Mrs. Atkinson was greatly surprised to hear the name of one of the English kings.

"I'm very sorry, of course," continued Mr. Wilkins, "but these things sometimes happen even in the best schools, you know."

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Wilkins, but I can't understand all this. What is it you're trying to tell me?"

"Well, I'm afraid you must be ready for an unexpected shock."²

This time Mr. Wilkins was right. The unexpected shock followed immediately. It was so unexpected that everybody in the room opened their eyes wide and could not say a word. Because when Mr. Wilkins stopped speaking they heard knock, knock, knock and saw a large parrot cage outside the window.

"I — I — Corwumph!" Mr. Wilkins cried out. "What — What—What! I've never in my life...! What is going on up there?"

"Oh, sir! Wonderful, isn't it, sir! What do you think it is, sir?" exclaimed Atkinson.

¹ extraordinary [iks'tro:dnri] — необыкновенный

² an unexpected ['ʌniks'pektɪd] shock — неожиданное потрясение



"I don't know, but I'll soon find out! Excuse me, Mrs. Atkinson," said Mr. Wilkins and ran out of the room.

Mrs. Atkinson knew little about the life in Linbury School. But she thought it very strange that anybody wanted to spend the afternoon knocking on the window with a parrot cage. It was all very strange!

A few moments later Mr. Wilkins was already knocking at the attic door.

"Who is in this room?" he shouted angrily.

"Please, sir, it's us—Jennings and Darbishire, sir," he heard the answer.

Of course, Jennings and Darbshire.

"Open the door at once!"

"We can't sir. We're trapped. The knob's fallen out on your side, sir," said Jennings.

Mr. Wilkins looked down and saw that Jennings was right. He took the knob from the floor and put it back. Then he opened the door and looked angrily at the two boys.

"What's going on here? What are you boys doing in the attic?"

"We're trying to get out, sir," answered Darbshire.

"Yes, I know that, you silly little boy! But why did you come here?"

Jennings looked down at his shoes. "Well, you see, sir, we wanted to report¹ to you."

"Did you want to find me here, in the attic?"

"Oh no, sir. Only, Matron's cat was downstairs, you see. And we didn't think it was safe. So we came up here to get the bird cage, sir."

Mr. Wilkins was surprised. "You want to tell me you were going to put Matron's cat in a bird cage?"

"Oh, no, sir," said Jennings and decided to tell Mr. Wilkins everything. "Well, sir, you know there's a rule that we can't keep pets in the school..."

Mr. Wilkins could not understand anything again. Pets!... Cats!... Guinea-pigs!... Grandmothers!... And these silly little boys!...

Suddenly Mr. Wilkins looked at the pocket of Jennings' coat and noticed a strange thing... Something was moving in there.

"Jennings! What have you got in your pocket?" Mr. Wilkins asked.

"Only this, sir," Jennings answered and took Mr. Saunders out of his pocket.

"The guinea-pig!" Mr. Wilkins cried out. "But — but — what are you doing with it? How did it get in your pocket?"

"I've just put it there for the time being.² After we finish knocking on the window I was going to put my guinea-pig in the cage, sir."

"Your guinea-pig!" exclaimed Mr. Wilkins. "What do you mean, your guinea-pig? It's my guinea-pig!"

¹ to report [rɪ'pɔ:t] — явиться

² for the time being — временно

Jennings opened his eyes wide in surprise.

"Oh, but, sir, it can't be yours, sir. I found it last week only I lost it again."

"And I lost it last week and then found it again. I've been looking after it for Atkinson's grandmother."

The boys were still looking at Mr. Wilkins in surprise. Suddenly Darbishire began to understand.

"Oh, so you wanted those cabbage leaves for the guinea-pig, sir!" he exclaimed.

"Well, of course! You don't think I wanted to eat them myself, do you?"

But this was not the time to discuss the problem of cabbage leaves, Mr. Wilkins thought. It was enough that he had found the guinea-pig and could at last return it to Mrs. Atkinson.

"Put that animal in the parrot cage, Jennings. Mrs. Atkinson will take the guinea-pig home in the cage," said Mr. Wilkins. "And you'll have to report to me after the lesson. I'll have a talk with you."

When the boys had gone to their classroom, Mr. Wilkins returned to the sick-room with Mr. Saunders in the bird cage.

Though he could now explain everything to Mrs. Atkinson, he was still in a bad mood.

"Guinea-pigs!... Grandmothers!..." he was saying as he walked along the corridor.

If he could, he told himself, he would not only ban pets from the school — he would ban grandmothers too.

QUESTIONS

1. Where did Jennings and Darbishire look for the guinea-pig?
2. Who did they find instead of the guinea-pig?
3. Why did Jennings and Darbishire go to the attic and what happened there?
4. What did Mr. Wilkins and Mr. Carter think when they saw George III in Mr. Wilkins' room instead of the guinea-pig?
5. How did Mr. Wilkins find the guinea-pig?

¹ If he could ... he would not only ban — Если бы он мог ... он не только запретил бы

JENNINGS AND DARBISHIRE
GO TO DUNHAMBURY TO
WATCH A CRICKET¹ MATCH

Jennings was oiling² his cricket bat in the narrowest part of the corridor, when the shouts near the notice-board told him that something unusual had happened.

Then Venables pushed him away when he was running along the corridor to the notice-board. The bottle of bat-oil fell down from Jennings' hands and the oil quickly spilt all over the floor.³

"You, clumsy Venables," shouted Jennings. "Look what you've done — spilt the whole bottle all over the floor."

"I'm very sorry, Jen! I'll wipe it up later. I can't stop now. There's something important on the notice-board," he shouted over the shoulder and ran round the corner.

"Wait till I catch him," Jennings told himself and began to wash the oil from the floor.

As he did so a few boys ran along the corridor towards the notice-board. They saw the danger too late. Before they could stop the boy who was running the first slipped and fell down. The other boys who ran behind could not stop and fell down too.

At this moment Mr. Wilkins, who was the master on duty that day, walked along the corridor. He saw a group of boys on the floor and was very surprised.

"What game are you boys playing in the corridor?" he asked.

"Please, sir, we all slipped," said Atkinson. "I think somebody's polished the floor, sir."

"It's only bat-oil," Jennings explained. "I was just oiling my bat, you see, sir."

"But why did you do it in the corridor?" asked Mr. Wilkins. "Well, Jennings, if I see you playing with that bat

¹ cricket ['krɪkɪt] — крикет (Очень популярная в Англии спортивная игра. Игроки пользуются мячом и битой.)

² to oil — смазывать

³ and the oil quickly spilt all over the floor — и смазка быстро разлилась по всему полу

again inside the building, I shall confiscate it. Now, w
up that oil — at once."

"Yes, sir."

"No, no, no, not with your handkerchief, you silly little
boy! Use a rag. Where's the rag with which you were oiling
your bat?"

"I was using my handkerchief, sir."

"Go and bring a rag from the kitchen," said Mr. Wil-
kins.

With his bat in one hand and his empty bottle in the
other Jennings went downstairs.

In the hall he saw a crowd of boys in front of the notice-
board. He went up and read:

"On Thursday the first and second cricket teams will go
to Dunhambury to be present at the cricket match. The other
pupils of the school will go for a picnic."

Jennings was happy. So they were going to see a cricket
match. And the second team, too! That meant that he would
go, and Venables, and Temple, and Bromwich; all his
friends... But not Darbishire! He was a very bad player.
He knew the rule of the game well. He could even show
the boys smaller than himself how to play. But in the
field the second cricket team could use him only as
a scorer.¹

"If only we could take scorers with us!" thought Jen-
nings. He decided to find Mr. Carter.

"Sir, please, sir, could we take scorers with us?" he asked
Mr. Carter whom he found in the staff-room. "You see,
Darbishire likes cricket very much, but he plays so badly
that he knows he'll never get in the team. He knows he
plays like an old hen and he worries about it. So if he
could come, sir...!"

Mr. Carter thought a little.

"Very well, then, Jennings," he said at last. "First and
second team scorers may come too."

"Oh, thank you, sir. Darbishire will be very glad."

Jennings happily ran out of the room. He was going to
find Darbishire and tell him the good news at once. He
still had his cricket bat and the empty bottle in his hands.
By this time he had quite forgotten what he must do in
the corridor.

¹ a scorer ['skɔːrə] — счетчик очков (в крикете)

But Mr. Wilkins hadn't forgotten. So while Jennings was looking for his friend, Mr. Wilkins was looking for Jennings. Mr. Wilkins walked from room to room, but could not find Jennings.

Darbishire was drawing something in his history exercise-book, when Jennings ran into Classroom 3.

"I say, Darbi, the first and second cricket teams are going to Dunhambury on Thursday. We are going to see a cricket match there."

"You're lucky," Darbishire said sadly. "It's a pity I'm not in the team."

"That's what I was going to tell you. Mr. Carter says 'scorers can count'.¹"

Darbishire looked up from his exercise-book. "Of course, they can count," he said. "How else can they be scorers?"

"No, you, silly! He means they count in the team. In other words, you're coming to Dunhambury with us."

"What? How wonderful!" The scorer's eyes shone behind the spectacles. He even jumped to his feet. "I'm going to take my autograph book with me and see how many signatures I can get. I've got six pages specially for sportsmen."

"Well, try and get R. J. Findlater's² autograph if he's playing," advised Jennings. "I saw him when he was playing against the Australians last year." Suddenly an idea came to Jennings. "Screw³ the blackboard duster into a ball, throw it at me, and I'll show you how he hits the ball."

"We can't play cricket in the classroom," said Darbishire.

"Only one ball — that's all."

Darbishire took the blackboard duster, screwed it into a ball and threw it at Jennings.

It so happened that Mr. Wilkins chose that moment to enter the room... When he opened the door, the duster hit the wall above his head, fell down on to his right shoulder, and Mr. Wilkins began to choke with chalk dust.⁴

For some moments Jennings and Darbishire could not say a word. Mr. Wilkins was also silent, but only because

¹ to count — *игра слов*: 1) считать; 2) считаться, упитывать

² R. J. Findlater ['faɪndleɪtə] — *известный в прошлом игрок в крикет*

³ to screw [skru:] — *скручивать*

⁴ to choke with chalk dust — *задыхаться от меловой пыли*

his nose and mouth were so full of chalk that he could not speak.

"Jennings!... Darbshire! What does that mean?"

"We're very sorry, sir," Jennings said, "I — er, I didn't know you were coming in just then, sir."

He hurried towards Mr. Wilkins to brush¹ the chalk dust from the master's shoulder. But Mr. Wilkins did not want his help.

"I've had enough of your nonsense for one day," said Mr. Wilkins. "I came in here to find you because you'd left the bat-oil on the floor in the corridor. And now, as soon as I open the door you start throwing at me dusters full of chalk dust." He looked at the boys angrily. Then he pointed to Jennings' bat. "Give that to me, Jennings. I told you that I should confiscate it if you went on using it in the building. And as a punishment of this behaviour, you will both stay in on Thursday and write some exercises in your English Grammar exercise-books."

The room swam before Jennings' eyes.

"Thursday, sir?" he asked. "Oh, please, sir, not Thursday. We're going to Dunhambury to watch the cricket match, sir."

"You mean you were going to watch the cricket match," Mr. Wilkins corrected. "But that was before you began to play cricket in the building. You must both come to me after breakfast on Thursday morning, and I'll give you some work to keep you busy till lunch time."

This was awful... This was the end of everything. And what made it even worse,² Jennings thought, was that Mr. Carter had just given Darbshire permission to go to Dunhambury, too.

"It was all my fault, really, sir, so, please, must Darbshire stay too, sir?"

"Of course, he must," was the answer. "He is also playing cricket in the classroom."

Mr. Wilkins looked at the sad faces of the two boys and suddenly felt sorry for them. He certainly wanted to punish them, but he has a kind heart. "Give them some other punishment," his kind heart told him.

Mr. Wilkins thought a little, and decided what to do.

¹ to brush — стряхивать

² And what made it even worse — И еще обиднее

"I'll say nothing to them, but give them some work to do, and keep them at it till the other boys go to the bus stop. Then, at the last moment I'll come and send them to join their friends."

That was what Mr. Wilkins decided to do. But his plan did not work out¹ as he had hoped.

On Thursday morning, Jennings and Darbishire sat over their English Grammar exercise-books, while their friends gathered in the dining-hall to take the sandwiches which Matron had prepared for their lunch.

After breakfast, Jennings had come to Mr. Wilkins.

"Sir, please, sir, if we finish the work before the bus goes, may we go too, please, sir?"

"We'll talk about it when you've finished it," Mr. Wilkins had answered; and then gave them enough work to keep them busy till the group leaves the school.

"If Old Wilkie had a kind heart, he'd let us go,"² said Jennings when the boys sat down at the desks in the classroom.

"Don't forget, he said we could go when we had finished," said Darbishire. "If only I could write with both hands and one foot at the same time..."

Jennings shook his head. "Yes, but don't forget he wants to see the work when we've done it. That means he's not going to the match, and he will not let us go either."

An hour later, the sound of footsteps told the boys that the teams were lining up in the school yard ready to go. Jennings and Darbishire could see lunches in the pockets of everybody — except Bromwich who had eaten his lunch already and was wondering how he was going not to be hungry during the long hours of the excursion.

Jennings put down his pen and went up to the window. He saw Mr. Carter going out of the school yard at the head³ of the group. And then he saw Mr. Wilkins who was hurrying on to the school yard.

So Mr. Wilkins was going too!... Jennings was surprised. How, then, could they show him their work when they had

¹ But his plan did not work out — Но его план оказался не-реальным

² he'd let us go — он бы отпустил нас

³ at the head — во главе

finished it? And what a bad the man he must be if he had left two poor schoolboys in a classroom and went to watch a cricket match.

It must be said¹ that Mr. Wilkins did not want to do so. At first it was decided² that the Headmaster and Mr. Carter must go to Dunhambury, while Mr. Wilkins and Mr. Hind, a tall man who taught history and music, must go for a picnic.

Then, at the last moment, the Headmaster had had to stay in the school, and had sent Mr. Wilkins to go in his place.³

Mr. Wilkins was happy because he did not like to go for a picnic. But in the rush of last-minute preparations⁴ he quite forgot to release⁵ Jennings and Darbshire from their punishment.

He remembered it forty minutes later as he was getting off the bus near the Dunhambury cricket ground.⁶

"Oh, my goodness! Why didn't I think of them before?" he asked himself. But then it was too late to do anything. "Well, they can go for the picnic with Mr. Hind instead. Perhaps they will like it..." Perhaps!

Jennings stood watching at the window till the cricket teams left the school yard. Then he returned to his desk.

"Old Wilkie's gone too," he said sadly. "That shows how unfair teachers are. They punish you and then go away and have a good time."

They worked in silence for half an hour. Then Darbshire put down his pen and said. "I've finished the last exercise!..." And a few minutes later Jennings finished his work, too, and closed his exercise-book.

"I say, Darbi, I've just thought of something," he exclaimed. "Old Wilkie wants to see this work as soon as we've finished it. He said so, after breakfast."

"He'll be unhappy, then. We can't show it to him if he isn't here, can we?"

Jennings jumped to his feet, his eyes were shining.

¹ It must be said — Надо сказать

² At first it was decided — Сначала было решено

³ in his place — вместо него

⁴ in the rush of last-minute preparations [ˌprepa'reɪʃənz] — в спешке последних приготовлений

⁵ to release [rɪ'li:s] — освободить

⁶ a cricket ground — площадка для игры в крикет

mustn't go. And we can't show him the work unless we go."¹

Darbishire liked the idea, but...

"But what will he say when he sees us?" he asked.

"He must be very glad if he really wants to correct our exercises," answered Jennings.

Darbishire wanted to see the cricket match very much, but...

"Yes, but can we get there? It's five miles to Dunham-bury," he said.

"We'll go by bus. I've got a few pence, that'll be enough."

"Yes, but if we spend it on bus fares we shan't have any money to buy tickets for the cricket match. Mr. Carter's paying for all the other boys, don't forget."

Jennings had not thought of that and could not think of anything now.

"Well, you think of something, then," he said.

There was silence for some moments.

"If we could only get two bicycles from the day boys,"² said Darbishire, "then we could take a short cut³ and get there sooner than the cricket teams."

"Yes, that's right. And we'll join the other boys in time for lunch. Let's do it."

"We can't," said Darbishire. "The day boys aren't here this morning, so there aren't any bicycles to take."

"Well, why did you say that, if you knew that we could not do that?"

"I was just thinking what we could do."

There was again silence.

Suddenly Jennings exclaimed: "I know! We'll hitch-hike!⁴ Somebody will certainly give us a lift,⁵ and then we'll still have money when we get there."

Darbishire did not like the idea very much, but that

¹ unless [an'les] we go — если мы не поедом

² a day boy — ученик, который не живет в интернате, а приходит каждый день

³ to take a short cut — поехать кратчайшим путем

⁴ to hitchhike ['hitʃhaɪk] — путешествовать бесплатно на попутных машинах

⁵ to give a lift — подвезти

was a chance, of course. "If we get there, I shall have autographs of famous sportsmen," he thought. "And I'm sure that R. J. Findlater will play today."

"All right," he said. "What are we waiting for?"

Jennings put his and Darbishire's exercise-books into his pocket, and Darbishire took the autograph book from his desk.

Then they hurried downstairs and out on to the school yard. There they saw Mr. Hind and a group of boys who were going for a picnic.

"Nobody sees us," said Jennings. "Let's go," and the boys went towards the Dunhambury road.

For some time nobody wanted to give them a lift. Car after car went by, but no car stopped.

"I'm tired of it," said Darbishire. "Nobody wanted to stop, except that boy on a bicycle."

"He only stopped because you almost struck him with your autograph book," said Jennings. "You don't have to wave like this, you know."

He looked back along the way which they had come, and saw a green sports car going up the hill towards them. "It won't stop," Jennings thought, but still he decided to wave.

The car went up the hill and then stopped. A man with a large moustache¹ put his head out of the car window and with his arm asked them to come nearer.

"He's stopped for us," cried Jennings happily.

They ran up to the car.

"I say, excuse me, but can you give us a lift, please?" Jennings asked.

The man opened the door.

"Get in, boys," said the man. "I'm in a hurry."

The boys got in and the car started.

"This is very kind of you," said Darbishire from the back seat. "The other boys all went by bus, but we had to stay behind and do our exercises."

"Wonderfull! A lot of exercise will keep you fit,"² said the man with the moustache.

"Not those exercises. Ours were in English grammar," explained Jennings.

¹ moustache [mə'stɑ:f] — усы

² will keep you fit — сделают вас бодрыми и здоровыми

"We're trying to get to Dunhambury to watch the cricket. Aren't you going anywhere near the cricket ground?" said Darbshire.

"You're lucky," said the man. "That's the place where I'm going."

Jennings smiled and suddenly saw a large cricket bag¹ near his feet.

A cricket bag! And the man was going to the cricket ground!... Jennings looked at the man, but he could not see his face.

"Excuse me, are you playing in the match?" Jennings asked.

"I am," answered the man. "That's why I'm in a hurry to get there. Something was wrong with my car, so I'm a little late."

Jennings looked in the driving mirror.² Now he could see the man's face. Why, of course! He had often seen this face in newspapers. That was R. J. Findlater!

"Excuse me, sir, but I think I've seen you before. You are Mr. R. J. Findlater, aren't you?"

"That's right... And you?"

"I'm Jennings and this is Darbshire. We're also cricket players, but I don't think you've ever heard of us. I'm in the Linbury Court second team, and Darbshire's our scorer."

Darbshire sat listening and could hardly believe his ears. So this was R. J. Findlater himself. And he, Darbshire, was sitting three feet away from the great man — so near that he could touch him. Darbshire was so surprised and happy that he could not say a word.

"Well, Darbshire, say something," Jennings whispered into his ear. "Don't just sit there and keep silent. Haven't you ever met any famous sportsman?"

"Oh, yes, of course. I was—er—was just thinking what a funny thing it was that Mr. Findlater was giving us a lift; it was because of him that we couldn't go with the others."

"Because of me?" Mr. Findlater was surprised. "And what did I do?"

"Oh, it wasn't really your fault," said Jennings. "I was just showing Darbshire with the help of a blackboard

¹ a cricket bag — специальная сумка с принадлежностями для игры в крикет

² a driving mirror ['mɪrə] — автомобильное зеркало

duster how you hit a ball. And one of our masters came and the duster hit the wall above his head and fell down on his shoulder."

They were coming near to the Dunhambury cricket ground when Darbishire took his autograph book from his pocket and said: "I say, Mr. Findlater, will you sign my autograph book for me, please? I've got six pages special for famous sportsmen."

"I can't write while I'm driving: give me the book and I'll do it later."

"Oh, thank you very much," said Darbishire and put the book into Mr. Findlater's cricket bag. He was already thinking what his friends in Form 3 would say.

"And perhaps you can even ask some of the other players to sign their names, too," said Darbishire.

At that moment the car went in through the gates of the cricket ground and stopped.

Jennings said that they hadn't got tickets, and Mr. Findlater invited them into the Members' Enclosure¹ as his guests. Then he hurried into the pavilion to change.

The boys were happy. The Members' Enclosure!... Comfortable chairs in the best place of the cricket ground. And the Linbury Court group on the far side of the cricket ground were sitting on hard wooden benches!

They would have to go and find Mr. Wilkins and report to him. But before that they would enjoy sitting importantly in the Members' Enclosure as guests of one of England's famous players.

QUESTIONS

1. Why did Mr. Wilkins give Jennings and Darbishire some work to do on the day of the cricket match?
2. Was Mr. Wilkins going to allow them to go to Dunhambury, wasn't he?
3. Why didn't he do it?
4. In what way did Jennings and Darbishire decide to get to Dunhambury?
5. Who gave them a lift?

¹ the Members' ['membəz] Enclosure [m'klouʒə] — специальные места на трибуне для игроков

On the far side of the cricket ground Mr. Carter and Mr. Wilkins sat watching the game with the group of Linbury boys.

Temple was watching the game through Mr. Carter's binoculars¹ and telling the other boys little details of the game which they could not see.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed suddenly.

"What's the matter?" asked Atkinson.

"I can see Jennings and Darbshire in the Members' Enclosure!"

Mr. Wilkins gave a little start.² He still felt uncomfortable because he had left Jennings and Darbshire in the school.

"Don't talk such nonsense, you silly little boy. If that's all you can see through the binoculars, pass them to somebody else who can see better," said Mr. Wilkins.

"But I can see them, sir," said Temple.

Mr. Wilkins looked through his binoculars at the place which Temple pointed to him.

"I—I—Corwumph! I say, Carter, the boy's right. It is Jennings and Darbshire. How did they get there? I left them doing an English exercise."

Mr. Carter took his binoculars from Temple. "Yes, I can see them, too," he said. "I think you must go and find it out at once, before the lunch interval,³ Wilkins."

Mr. Wilkins was already on his feet. "I certainly will go this minute."

"Oh, sir, you can't, sir," cried Temple.

"Why not?"

"Because they're in the Members' Enclosure, sir. They don't let ordinary⁴ people like you enter the Members' Enclosure, sir."

¹ binoculars [bɪˈnɒkjʊləz] — бинокль

² gave a little start — слегка вздрогнул

³ Во время игры в крикет команды имеют обеденный перерыв.

⁴ ordinary ['ɔːdɪnəri] — обыкновенный, простой

"Well, you can't go in. You'll have to wait till he comes out," he answered.

"Well, but if I wait here, will you go in and find him for me?"

The man shook his head. "I can't leave the gate."

"But it's important," said Darbishire, "I must go by the six-thirty bus."

The man shook his head and turned away.

"It's useless," said Jennings. "Let's go round to the back of the pavilion. Perhaps we'll see Mr. Findlater and wave to him through the window."

They hurried to the back of the pavilion where a row of windows overlooked a deserted part of the cricket ground.¹ One of the windows was open, and the boys stood on tip-toe² and looked through the window of a changing-room. The players' clothes hung on pegs³ round the walls and in the middle of the room was a table on which stood a large cricket bag, with the letters "R.J.F." on its side.

"Look, there's his bag. I'm sure my autograph book is in it," cried Darbishire. "If only we could get it."

"Why not! I'll give you a leg-up⁴ through the window," said Jennings.

Darbishire was not sure it was a right thing to do. "I can't get in without permission," he said. "They may arrest me."

"Don't be so silly, Darbi. They can't arrest you for taking your own autograph book; you've got a right to go in and take it."

Darbishire thought for a moment and then decided. "Well, all right, then; but you'll have to come with me."

"Of course, I will," agreed Jennings.

With some difficulty the boys climbed over the sill.⁵ Inside the room they did not want to lose time. Darbishire went straight to the cricket bag. His autograph book was certainly inside where he had left it. He took the book and went back to the window.

¹ where a row [rou] of windows overlooked [juvə'lukt] a deserted [dɪ'zɜ:tɪd] part of the cricket ground — где ряд окон выходил на заброшенную часть стадиона

² on tip-toe — на цыпочках

³ a peg — крючок

⁴ I'll give you a leg-up — Я тебя подсажу

⁵ a sill — подоконник

and take the pen from his pocket. Then he thought for a moment as if he did not know what to write. At last he wrote something and gave the book back to Darbshire.

"I must hurry now, or I'll miss the train," said the man and went quickly towards the door.... The next moment he left the pavilion.

"That's fine!" said Darbshire. "I have one more signature of a cricket player. I wonder who he ..."

Darbshire looked at the autograph in great surprise.

"Look, Jen, what he's written in my book," he exclaimed. "R. J. Findlater!"

Jennings looked at the signature in surprise, too.

"But that can't be!" he exclaimed. "That man wasn't Findlater. Why did he pretend to be Findlater?"

"I don't know," answered Darbshire.

"Perhaps it was a joke," said Jennings.

"A very strange joke, then," Darbshire decided. He was angry because one of the pages of his autograph book was spoilt.¹

"Never mind, you've got your book back," said Jennings. "Let's better hurry up. Old Wilkie will be angry if we are late."

He turned towards the window: but before he had had time to climb over the sill, the door opened and a tall man with a moustache came in.

"Gosh! Here is Mr. Findlater!" Jennings exclaimed. "Congratulate you, Mr. Findlater."

The cricket player had not expected to find the boys in the room.

"Thank you," he answered. "But what are you two boys doing in here? We don't allow anybody to be in the changing-room, you know."

"I know, sir. We just came in for my autograph book," Darbshire explained.

"Oh, yes, of course. I think I haven't written anything in it yet. I'll do it for you now."

Darbshire shook his head sadly. "It's too late. Somebody else has already done it."

"I don't understand," said Mr. Findlater.

So they told him about the little man in the blue suit and showed him the autograph.

¹ spoilt — испорчена

Mr. Findlater smiled when he saw "his" autograph. "That was a joke, of course," he said. "Wait till I take my pen and I'll sign your book for you."

He took his jacket from the peg. But his pen wasn't there. And not only his pen, but also his wallet,¹ his watch, everything had disappeared from his jacket.

"Do you boys know anything about this?" he asked. "Somebody has stolen everything I had had in my jacket."

"You don't think we did it?" asked Jennings.

"I don't know what to think," said Mr. Findlater. He looked over the jackets and trousers of the other cricket players. "All I know is the whole team has been robbed² of everything they left in their pockets."

The answer came to Jennings at once.

"I know who did that. The man who signed Darbshire's book! That's why he pretended to be one of the players when we found him in the changing-room!"

"Gosh, yes!" exclaimed Darbshire. "And when we asked him for signature, I think he just wrote down the first player's name he could think of."

"Was he carrying a bag or anything, did you notice?" Mr. Findlater asked.

"No, he wasn't, but his pockets bulged,"³ answered Jennings.

"Come with me, then: let's see if we can find him. He can't be far away."

With these words Mr. Findlater hurried out of the pavilion. Behind him ran Jennings and Darbshire.

QUESTIONS

1. Why didn't Mr. Wilkins get angry when he saw Jennings and Darbshire at the match?
2. Why did Jennings and Darbshire have to go to the players' changing-room?
3. How did they get there?
4. Who was a strange man the boys met in the changing-room?

¹ a wallet ['wɒlɪt] — бумажник

² the whole team has been robbed — всю команду ограбили

³ his pockets bulged [bʌldʒd] — его карманы были набиты до предела

When Mr. Findlater, Jennings and Darbshire came out of the pavilion, many people were already leaving the cricket ground.

Mr. Findlater stopped not far from the main gate. "Are you sure you'll know the man again?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, easily, sir," Jennings answered.

Jennings and Darbshire were looking at the people in the hope to see the thief. Darbshire was also looking for the schoolboys, because he did not want to keep them waiting.

"I say, Jen, what about ¹ Mr. Carter and Old Wilkie?" he asked. "They'll worry if we don't come in time."

"They'll have to worry, this is more important," was Jennings' answer.

"Yes, but..." Darbshire shook his head; then he went on: "I tell you what: you'll look out for the thief, and I'll the schoolboys, because he did not want to keep them miss the bus."

The crowd by the gate was growing larger every moment. "How could the boys hope to find the man in such a crowd?" thought Findlater.

"Tell me at once, if you see him," he said.

"Yes, sir."

A few minutes later Darbshire saw Mr. Wilkins. It was clear from the expression of his face that he had already waited longer than he thought necessary.

Darbshire was glad to see him. Here was the chance to explain everything to him.

"There he is!" he cried. "Waiting over there." ²

"Where?" asked Jennings and Findlater together.

"Can't you see him?" Darbshire pointed to Mr. Wilkins. "He's looking at his watch. Let's go and tell him at once, before..."

¹ what about — а как же

² over there — вот там

"I see him! All right! Leave this to me," said Mr. Findlater and hurried off.

"Well, I can't see him," said Jennings. "The only man I can see there is Old Wilkie."

"Yes, of course! That's who I meant!"

"What!" Jennings cried out in surprise. "You silly Darbshire—Old Wilkie isn't the thief!"

"I never said he was," said Darbshire. "You were looking for the thief. I said I would look for Mr. Wilkins."

"Yes, but Mr. Findlater has never seen Mr. Wilkins or the thief. And now you've sent him after Old Wilkie, by mistake."¹

Darbshire put his hand to his mouth in horror as he understood what he had done.

"Oh, gosh! I never thought of that. What shall we do?"

"Let's better go and find him. Hurry up, Darbi, we mustn't lose time."

They could not go fast because of the crowd. So they had to move very slowly. They had not gone many yards when Jennings suddenly stopped and took his friend by the arm.

"Look, Darbi — just in front of us! It's the man who signed your book."

"So it is! And look at his pockets!"

They were sure it was the thief. But what must they do?... Now they had found the thief, but they had lost Mr. Findlater who was going after Mr. Wilkins thinking that he was the thief.

"I'll follow this man," Jennings decided quickly, "and you run after Mr. Findlater and bring him back."

"Yes, but what I—"

"Oh, hurry up, Darbi, don't want to lose him!" said Jennings and disappeared into the crowd.

Darbshire hurried forward and soon saw an awful scene.² The famous English cricket player was holding Mr. Wilkins' arm, while the master was protesting in surprise.

"I—I—Corwumph! This is nonsense. You must be crazy," cried Mr. Wilkins. "I've never been inside your pavilion in my life."

¹ by mistake — по ошибке

² an awful ['ɔ:ful] scene [si:n] — ужасная сцена

"We'll see about that," Mr. Findlater answered. "The boys recognized you as the man whom they saw in players' changing room..."

"Which boys?... What boys?... Where are the boys who said it?"

Mr. Findlater looked over Mr. Wilkins' shoulder and saw Darbshire.

"Here's one of them coming here now," he said.

Mr. Wilkins turned round.

"Darbshire!" he exclaimed.

Darbshire was usually very excited when he had to solve a difficult problem. He stood first on one leg, then on the other, and was red to the ears.

"I'm very sorry, sir, I made a mistake! I mean... I didn't mean..." How could he explain?

By this time Mr. Findlater had understood that all was not well.

"Do you mean to say this isn't the right man?" he asked Darbshire.

"Yes — I mean no, of course, he isn't. That's Mr. Wilkins, one of our masters."

"You told me he was the thief!"

"What... what?... I—I—Corwumph!"

"Yes, I know," said Darbshire, "but I mixed them up,¹ by mistake. If you see what I mean."

"Mistake?" asked Mr. Findlater in surprise. "But you certainly know the difference between one of your masters and a thief!"

"Well, yes, of course I do, really."

"I hope so," said Mr. Wilkins. "The silly little boy has seen me every day for I don't know how long. So it's time to recognize me."

Slowly came the explanation. Mr. Findlater said that he was very sorry, and Mr. Wilkins said it was all right.

But the problem how to find the real thief remained.

"We'll never find him now — we've lost so much time," said Mr. Findlater while Darbshire was looking down on the ground. "I think he's half a mile away already."

¹ to mix up — перепутать

"What happened?" Darbishire asked.

"Well, I was following this man when he looked round and saw me. He dodged in and out of the crowd;¹ and when he thought I was not looking he hid himself in a little house."

"The groundsman's shed,"² said Mr. Findlater. "It's a pity you didn't tell me about it earlier."

"I'm sorry, but I couldn't find you before," said Jennings. "The best thing, of course, was to lock him in,"³ but—"

"You want to say you could lock him in and you didn't do it!" exclaimed Mr. Findlater.

"Well, no, I couldn't really, because there wasn't a key in the door. I was only thinking what I could have done."⁴

"Never mind what you could have done. What did you do?" asked Mr. Wilkins. "You just walked away and left the man to escape, I think?"

"Oh no, sir," Jennings answered. "There was a long rope near the shed so when the man went in and shut the door, I tied one end of the rope round the door handle⁵ and the other end to a heavy roller⁶ that was just standing outside."

"You want to say he's still there?" cried Mr. Findlater and Mr. Wilkins together.

"Oh, yes: that's what I came to tell you, sir. He can't come out till somebody opens the door. Of course, I don't know if I did right, but..."

He stopped in surprise because he found that only Darbishire stayed to listen to the story. The cricket player and the master were running towards the groundsman's shed.

When all the members of the Linbury group gathered at last they went to the bus stop very happy and excited.

¹ He dodged [dɒdʒd] in and out of the crowd.—Он то прятался в толпу, то выбегал из толпы

² a groundsman's shed — сарай сторожа стадиона

³ to lock him in — запереть его внутри

⁴ what I could have done — что бы я мог сделать

⁵ a door handle — дверная ручка

⁶ a roller ['roulə] — каток

They did not see the arrival of the police car which came to through the gate of the cricket ground soon after they had gone. When the car left a few minutes later, the small thin man was sitting in the back seat between two policemen.

All the way back to school, the Linbury boys could talk of nothing but the adventures of Jennings and Darbshire.

Only Darbshire sat quiet, and when the boys got off the bus near the school gates, Jennings asked him, "Why are you looking so sad, Darbi?"

"My autograph book," answered Darbshire sadly, "I haven't got even R. J. Findlater's autograph."

A week later the Headmaster sent for Jennings and Darbshire to report to his study at the end of afternoon school.

When Jennings learnt about it he began to worry. "We haven't done anything wrong," he said.

But the Headmaster smiled when the boys reported to him in his study.

"I have received a letter from Mr. Findlater," he told them.

Jennings and Darbshire opened their eyes wide in surprise. They had not expected to hear that at all.

"He says that you are responsible for the fact that the players did not have to go home with empty pockets," continued the Headmaster. "So he sends you his own bat with the autographs of all the members of both teams."

The boys were really happy. "Oh, sir... Thank you, sir... Thank you very much, sir...!"

They hurried from the Headmaster's study. Jennings was holding the bat, and Darbshire was trying to read the autographs.

"I think it belongs to both of us," said Jennings.

"Yes, of course; but what'll happen if we both want to use it at the same time?" Darbshire asked.

"How will it be if we say that the bat is mine, and the famous signatures are all yours?" said Jennings. "I don't collect autographs, and the bat is useless for you, because everybody knows how you play cricket."

"All right," agreed Darbshire.

"Then let's go and try the bat out on the cricket field," said Jennings.



There had been some rain that morning, and though the sun was shining brightly, the grass was still wet when the boys arrived on the field.

Atkinson, Bromwich and Jones were throwing a cricket ball to one another, but they stopped playing and hurried to Jennings and Darbishire to hear the good news and look at the bat.

"Isn't it wonderful?" cried Atkinson.

"Yes, and it's Mr. Findlater's own bat," said Jennings.

"And it's got twenty-two autographs of famous cricket players," said Darbishire. "I think they look much better on the bat than on the pages of my autograph book."

Once after he stubbed his toe¹ Jennings decided to go to Matron and ask her for a piece of sticking-plaster.² When Jennings was coming up to her room she was talking to Mr. Wilkins.

"I wonder if you could help me, Matron," Mr. Wilkins had said when he had arrived at her sitting-room a few minutes earlier. "An old friend of mine is getting married on Saturday week;³ and the Headmaster has given me permission to go up to London the day before and stay there for the week-end. As soon as I had learnt about it, I went to Brighton and ordered a new suit. The tailor told me that he would send the suit as soon as it was ready. But he could not promise that it would arrive earlier than on the next Friday afternoon," explained Mr. Wilkins. "I want to go up to town on the Friday morning. I don't want to spend the day waiting for the postman. You see, I must be back in time for school on the following Monday morning."

"That's all right, Mr. Wilkins," answered Matron. "Tell me your address, I'll send it to you."

At that moment there was a knock at the door and Jennings went into the sitting-room.

"Oh, please, Matron, I want some sticking-plaster — I've stubbed my toe."

"Come and sit down, Jennings. I'm busy at the moment," she said and turned again to Mr. Wilkins: "Let me make sure⁴ I've understood you correctly. You are leaving next Friday — is that so?"

"That's right, Matron," answered Mr. Wilkins. "First train after breakfast! I shan't be sorry to go. Somebody else can fight against Form Three, and I hope they will like it."

¹ stubbed his toe — ушиб палец на ногу

² sticking-plaster ['stikin'plæstə] — лейкопластырь

³ An old friend of mine is getting married ['mærid] on Saturday week — Мой старый друг женится через неделю в субботу

⁴ Let me make sure — Я хочу убедиться

"Oh, don't say that," she answered with a smile. "I think Form Three will be sorry to lose you. Don't you agree, Jennings?"

But Jennings could only look surprised at what he had just heard.

So Mr. Wilkins was leaving! Jennings could not believe his own ears. And yet, it must be true. Mr. Wilkins said it himself. It was very important news.

Every pupil at Linbury Court School knew that he mustn't believe everything Jennings said. And here was another proof¹ of it. If only he had asked Matron, she could have told him² that Mr. Wilkins would return in time for school on the following Monday.

But Jennings did not ask Matron. Instead he ran to the common room to tell everybody the news that Mr. Wilkins was going.

"I say, have you boys heard? Very important news!" he cried. "You'll never guess what it is!"

"I think something unusual — like kippers³ for tea," said Temple.

"No, it isn't, it's — well — I'll tell you, Mr. Wilkins is leaving!"

There followed a few seconds of silence. Then everybody began to shout.

"Don't believe him," Venables warned the boys.

"Well, this time it's true," said Jennings. "If you don't believe me, you can ask Matron. I heard him tell her which train he was going on."

They believed him: if Matron knew all about it, it must be true.

At first everybody was happy.

"No more tests of Fridays," cried Atkinson.

But by bed time their mood had changed. Mr. Wilkins had his faults, everybody agreed. But he had a kind heart.

"I'm very sorry he's leaving," said Temple when he went to bed in Dormitory 4 that evening.

¹ proof — доказательство

² If only he had asked Matron, she could have told him — Если бы он только спросил сестру-хозяйку, она могла бы рассказать ему

³ kipper — копченая селедка

It was then that Jennings had a bright idea.

"I think we must buy Old Wilkie a little present, just to show him how sorry we are that he's leaving."

Everybody in Dormitory 4 felt a little happier after they had decided to buy a present for Mr. Wilkins.

While they took off their clothes they talked about how they could make his last ten days at Linbury happy.

Outside, Mr. Wilkins, who was the master on duty that evening, was telling somebody how important it was to wash behind both ears.

"He's coming!" said Jennings in a loud whisper. "Don't forget — we must be especially decent to him from now."

When Mr. Wilkins came up to the door of Dormitory 4, he was greatly surprised. Instead of usual noise, he found that everybody — except Jennings — was already in bed.

That could only mean that something was wrong, thought Mr. Wilkins. He looked round the room, but could see nothing unusual. So he turned to the one boy who was still out of bed.

"Quickly now, Jennings," he said. "I'm tired of standing in draughty¹ dormitories and waiting for you to get into bed."

"You're tired, sir? Do you want to sit down? You can sit on my bed if you like, sir," said Darbishire with a smile.

"No, sit on mine, sir," said Temple.

Mr. Wilkins was surprised. He was still more surprised when Jennings quickly went to the window and closed it.

"What are you doing, boy?" the master asked angrily.

"I'm closing the window, sir. You said it was draughty in the dormitories, sir. You may catch a cold² if you sit in a draught."

Mr. Wilkins was still more surprised. He felt that something was wrong when he turned off the dormitory light and went downstairs to the staff room. Here he found Mr. Carter.

"I say, Carter, something is going on in Dormitory 4. They are so polite that I'm sure something is wrong there."

"You are certainly not sorry that they're polite, are you?" asked Mr. Carter.

¹ draughty ['dra:ft] — комната, продуваемая сквозняками;
draught [dra:ft] — сквозняк

² to catch a cold — схватить простуду, простудиться

"No, no, of course not. But I ask you, C. O. Carter, do you believe it that a boy like Jennings feels worried standing in the draught?"

Mr. Carter agreed that he had not heard of such before.

Jennings spent most of his free time one day and two days collecting money for Mr. Wilkins.

On Thursday evening, just a week before Mr. Wilkins was leaving, Jennings and Darbishire sat at a table discussing their future plans. They put it on a desk money which they had collected. It was a pound.

"That's good," said Venables. "Now we've got to we're going to buy him."

At that moment they heard Mr. Wilkins in the corridor. They immediately began to take the desk and put it back in the money-box.

"Open the cupboard quick, Darbi," he said. "I think Old Wilkie will put his head in the cupboard."

"Jennings!"

The boy turned round and found Mr. Wilkins in the classroom near the door looking at him.

"What did you say?" the master asked.

"Nothing, sir..." Jennings did not know.

"Well, boy, no nonsense now. What's that you're saying? Old — er — about me, when I came in?"

"I was just saying that I didn't think you'd put your head in the cupboard, sir."

"Put my head in the cupboard!" exclaimed Mr. Wilkins.

"I think Jennings meant that it wouldn't be a comfortable place to put it, sir," said Darbishire.

By this time Mr. Wilkins was sure that the problem was in the cupboard. So he went to the money-box which was standing on a table towards the cupboard and opened its door. He could not find anything unusual in the cupboard. Angry, he shut the cupboard door and went without another word.

"It's very difficult to try to be decent," said Jennings.

¹ a money-box — копилка

During break the next morning Jennings ran up to Darbshire.

"Listen, Darbi, I have an idea," he said. "How about ¹ a clock?"

"That's a good idea," agreed Darbshire.

"I think they've got some good clocks at that shop in the village," Jennings went on. "So if I get permission to go to Linbury and buy it next Wednesday, we can show it to all the boys, and then give it to Old Wilkie when he has an English lesson on Thursday afternoon. It'll be his very last lesson on Thursday afternoon."

On Wednesday Jennings decided to go to Linbury to buy a clock which they were going to give Mr. Wilkins on Thursday afternoon.

"I've got a nice clock for twelve pounds," said Mr. Higgins, the owner ² of the shop. "Or that one," he pointed to the shelf, "for fourteen pounds."

Haven't you got anything cheaper? I've only got a pound," Jennings said.

"I have nothing at that price, I'm afraid," said Mr. Higgins. "Oh, yes, maybe an alarm-clock?"

From under the counter Mr. Higgins took a little green alarm-clock.

"How about this?" he asked. "A very good alarm-clock. It makes enough noise to wake the dead."

He put the alarm-clock down on the counter more heavily ³ than he had wanted, and immediately the alarm went off ⁴ so loudly that Mr. Higgins jumped in surprise.

"You must be careful with it," he warned Jennings.

Jennings was happy. Did it cost more than a pound, he wanted to know?

Mr. Higgins looked at Jennings' money-box. "It costs a little more than a pound," he said, "but I'll take a pound if it's all you've got."

"Thank you very much," said Jennings. "I'll have it then, please."

¹ How about — Что ты думаешь насчет

² an owner ['ounə] — владелец

³ more heavily ['hevili] — с большей силой

⁴ the alarm [ə'laɪm] wen off — раздался звонок

The boys liked the alarm-clock; and when they heard the ear-splitting sound¹ of the alarm-bell they plugged the ears² with their fingers and happily jumped up and down.

"The bell goes on very long if you let it," Jennings explained. Then he switched off³ the alarm and set it again at random.⁴ "Let's put it in the cupboard till the end of the lesson."

"Look out! He's coming," warned Temple, who was standing at the classroom door.

The boys hurried to their desks. They were happy and proud with their idea.

The door opened ... Mr. Wilkins had arrived for what the boys thought must be the last lesson with Form 3.

The master was greatly surprised at unusual silence at the same time he was sure something was happening.

Mr. Wilkins quickly went to the master's desk and opened a book of poems by Alfred Tennyson.⁵

"Now I'm going to read you some poems by Alfred Tennyson, and then I'm going to ask you some questions about them," said Mr. Wilkins and began *Ring Out, Wild Bells* by Alfred Tennyson:

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky ..."

At that moment Venables, who had a bad cold,⁶ began to cough.⁷

"I'm very sorry, sir. It's my cough, sir. Matron is giving me some medicine for it, but ..."

"All right, all right! Only be quiet while I'm reading

The boys sat still, as still as they had never sat before.

"*Ring Out, Wild Bells* by Alfred Tennyson," Mr. Wilkins said.

"Ring out, wild bells ..."

That was all Mr. Wilkins could say. Because at the moment everybody in the classroom heard the ear-splitting sound of a bell from inside the cupboard.

¹ the ear-splitting ['tə,splitɪŋ] sound — оглушительный звук

² they plugged the ears — они заткнули уши

³ to switch off — выключать

⁴ and set it again at random ['rændəm] — и снова поставил наугад

⁵ Alfred Tennyson ['ælfɪd 'tenɪsən] — A famous English poet.

⁶ to have a bad cold — сильно простудиться

⁷ to cough [kɒf] — кашлять

Mr. Wilkins was so surprised that he could not say a word. And all the time the ringing of the alarm-bell went on ... and on ... and on.

At last Mr. Wilkins found his voice.

"I—I—Corwumph! Who's ringing out that wild bell? ... I mean who is responsible for this noise?"

The ringing stopped as Jennings put up his hand.

"It wasn't meant to go off then, sir,"¹ he explained in a sad voice. "It was a special secret surprise that we were planning for you, sir."

"How dare you plan secret surprises in my lesson? I never heard of such a thing. And this, I think, is the real meaning of your behaviour I noticed the last few days."

"Oh, no, sir!"

"Oh, yes! You were planning to play this joke with the alarm-clock in the middle of my lesson."

"But, sir, you don't understand, sir."

But Mr. Wilkins was sure that at last he understood, and that he had solved the problem which had worried him for the last ten days.

"Take this thing out of the cupboard, and bring it up to me at once!" he shouted.

Jennings went to the cupboard. If only² Mr. Wilkins wanted to listen! If he only let us explain!

But Mr. Wilkins did not want to listen. When Jennings put the alarm-clock on his desk before him, he said angrily: "How dared you, Jennings, to hide this thing in the cupboard and set it off³ in the middle of my lesson, I—I—well, I don't know!"

"Oh, but, sir, I didn't, sir."

"Quiet, boy! I shall confiscate this thing and tell the Headmaster what has happened in today's lesson. Now we'll go on with the poem."

All the boys of Form 3 gathered in the common-room that evening to discuss what they must do.

"It's all your fault, Jennings," said Venables.

"Well, it's useless to discuss whose fault it was," said

¹ It wasn't meant [ment] to go off then, sir — Он не должен был тогда звонить, сэр

² If only — Если бы только

³ and set it off — и сделать так, чтобы она зазвонила

Jones. "The important thing is what we are going to do now."

While other boys were busy talking among themselves, Jennings went out of the room, and decided to go and talk to Mr. Carter.

Mr. Carter was correcting the exercise-books in his study when Jennings knocked at the door.

"Come in!" said Mr. Carter.

"Sir, please, sir, may I speak to you? Something awful has happened, sir," said Jennings.

"I'm sorry to hear it. Can I do anything to help you?"

So Jennings told Mr. Carter what had happened during Mr. Wilkins' lesson.

Mr. Carter agreed that the situation was not simple. At the same time he could not quite understand why they had bought the alarm-clock.

"Well, sir," Jennings explained, "as soon as we heard that he was leaving we decided to ..."

"Leaving?" Mr. Carter exclaimed in surprise. "But why do you think that Mr. Wilkins is leaving?"

"Everybody knows he's leaving, sir. I heard Mr. Wilkins telling Matron about it. He said he was going by the earliest train tomorrow morning, sir."

Mr. Carter shook his head sadly. "Well, Jennings, Mr. Wilkins is certainly leaving tomorrow morning... But he is coming back on Monday. He's only going away for the week-end!"

"What!"

The room swam before Jennings' eyes, and he looked at Mr. Carter in surprise.

Mr. Carter noticed that. "I think perhaps I'll see Mr. Wilkins for you, and try to explain everything to him."

"Oh, sir, please, sir."

"I can't see him today because he's busy," Mr. Carter said, "but I think you will have your alarm-clock back when Mr. Wilkins comes back on Monday."

In the dormitory that evening Jennings said: "I say, you boys, I've got some good news for you. We mustn't worry because we didn't give Old Wilkie his clock. He won't need it."

"Why not?" asked Dormitory 4 in surprise.

"Because — well, because he's not leaving."

Jennings went forward and put the alarm-clock into her hands.

"As it's your birthday, Matron, and because you've been so decent to us, all the boys want me to give you this."

Matron looked at the present with pleasure and surprise.

"Happy Birthday to you!" Jennings sang loudly. "Happy Birthday to you!"

And then all the boys and Mr. Carter began to sing:

"Happy Birthday, dear Matron,

Happy Birthday to you!"

At that time Mr. Wilkins, who was going along the corridor, heard the noise from the common-room. He opened the common-room door and saw Matron holding the alarm-clock. Then he saw Jennings standing near her....

As the boys finished the last word the ear-splitting ringing of the alarm-bell sounded in the air.

Matron jumped up and nearly dropped the clock. Then she recovered¹ and began to laugh. Soon everybody was laughing with her.

Mr. Wilkins did not laugh. But he was smiling as he closed the door and went along the corridor.

"Silly little boys," he said to himself. "Silly little boys."

QUESTIONS

1. What did Mr. Wilkins ask Matron to do for him and why?
2. How did Jennings understand that?
3. What did the boys buy Mr. Wilkins as a present?
4. What was Mr. Wilkins going to read the boys during the lesson?
5. What happened while Mr. Wilkins was reading?
6. Who did the boys give the alarm clock to and why?

¹ Then she recovered [rɪ'kʌvəd] - Затем она пришла в себя

VOCABULARY

A

above [ə'baʊ] *prep* над
absence ['æbsəns] *n* отсутствие
ache [eɪk] *v* болеть
actor ['æktə] *n* артист
add [æd] *v* добавлять
admiration [æd'mɜː'reɪʃən] *n* во-
 сторг; восхищение
admit [əd'mɪt] *v* признавать
adventure [əd'ventʃə] *n* приклю-
 чение
advise [əd'vaɪz] *v* советовать
afraid [ə'freɪd] *a*: be afraid of
 бояться
against [ə'geɪnst] *prep* против
age [eɪdʒ] *n* возраст
agree [ə'ɡri:] *v* соглашаться
alarm [ə'lɑːm] *n* тревога
alarm-clock [ə'lɑːm'klɒk] *n* бу-
 дильник
algebra [æl'dʒɪbrə] *n* алгебра
all [ɔ:l] *pron*: at all совсем
allow [ə'lau] *v* разрешать, по-
 зволять
anger ['æŋɡə] *n* злость, гнев
angry ['æŋɡri] *a* сердитый, злой;
 get angry рассердиться
anywhere ['eniwɛə] *adv* куда-ли-
 бо, куда угодно
applaud [ə'plɔ:d] *v* аплодиро-
 вать
approval [ə'pru:vəl] *n* одобре-
 ние
argue ['ɑːɡju:] *v* спорить
arm [ɑ:m] *n* рука
arm-chair ['ɑ:m'tʃeə] *n* кресло
around [ə'raʊnd] *prep* вокруг;
 поблизости
arrest [ə'rest] *v* арестовать
arrival [ə'raɪvəl] *n* прибытие,
 приезд
article ['ɑ:tɪkl] *n* статья
as [æz] *prep*: as if как будто; as
 soon as как только

attentively [ə'tentɪvli] *adv* вни-
 мательно
attic ['ætɪk] *n* чердак
autograph ['ɔ:təɡrɑ:f] *n* авто-
 граф; autograph book альбом
 для автографов
away [ə'wei] *adv* прочь; вдали;
 вдали от дома
awful ['ɔ:ful] *a* ужасный

B

back [bæk] *n* задняя сторона;
a задний
bash [bæʃ] *v*: bash up бить, из-
 бить
bat [bæt] *n* бита, лапта
beard [biəd] *n* борода
behave [bɪ'heɪv] *v* вести себя
behaviour [bɪ'heɪvjə] *n* поведе-
 ние
believe [bɪ'li:v] *v* верить
belong [bɪ'lɒŋ] *v* принадлежать
besides [bɪ'saɪdɪz] *adv* кроме
 того
bicycle ['baɪsɪkl] *n* велосипед
bit [bɪt] *см.* bite
bite [baɪt] (bit, bitten) *v* ку-
 сать; *n* укус
bitten ['bɪtn] *см.* bite
blame [bleɪm] *v* обвинять
blew [blu:] *см.* blow
blotting ['blɒtɪŋ] *a*: blotting-pa-
 per промокательная бумага
blow [blou] (blew, blown) *v*
 дуть; свистеть
boarding ['bɔ:dɪŋ] *a*: boarding
 school интернат
boat [bəʊt] *n* лодка
bookcase ['bʊkkeɪs] *n* книжный
 шкаф
both [bəʊθ] *pron* оба
break [breɪk] *n* перемена, пе-
 рерыв
breathe [bri:ð] *v* дышать

cabbage ['kæbɪdʒ] *n* капуста
call [kɔ:l] *v* звать, называть
cancel ['kænsəl] *v* отменять
capital ['kæpɪtəl] *a* заглавный
(о букве)
captain ['kæptɪn] *n* капитан
careful ['keəfəl] *a* осторожный
ceiling ['si:lɪŋ] *n* потолок
centre-forward ['sentə,fɔ:wəd] *n*
 центральный нападающий
chance [tʃɑ:ns] *n* возможность;
by chance случайно
change [tʃeɪndʒ] *v* передевать-
 ся; изменяться
changing-room ['tʃeɪndʒɪŋru:m] *n*
 раздевалка
cheap [tʃi:p] *a* дешевый
check [tʃek] *v* проверить
cheer [tʃiə] *v*: **cheer up** подбо-
 рить
choose [tʃu:z] (*chose, chosen*) *v*
 выбирать
chose [tʃouz] *см.* **choose**
clear [kliə] *a* ясный, понятный
climb [klaɪm] *v* влезать, взби-
 раться
clumsy ['klʌmzi] *a* неуклюжий
collar ['kɒlə] *n* воротник
collect [kə'lekt] *v* собирать
come [kam] (*came, come*) *v*:
come on! давай! пошли!
comfortable ['kamfətəbl] *a* удоб-
 ный
comment ['kɒment] *n* коммента-
 рий
committee [kə'mɪtɪ] *n* комитет
common-room ['kɒmənru:m] *n*
 общая комната
condition [kən'dɪʃən] *n* состоя-
 ние
confiscate ['kɒnfɪskeɪt] *v* кон-
 фисковать
congratulate [kən'grætjuleɪt] *v*
 поздравлять
contain [kən'teɪn] *v* содержать
continue [kən'tɪnju:] *v* продол-
 жать(ся)
conversation [kɒnvə'seɪʃən] *n*
 разговор, беседа

counter ['kaʊntə] *n* прилавок
cover ['kʌvə] *v* накрывать, по-
 крывать
crazy ['kreɪzi] *a* сумасшедший
cross [krɒs] *v* пересекать; вы-
 черкивать
cry [kraɪ] *n* крик
cupboard ['kʌbəd] *n* шкаф

D

danger ['deɪndʒə] *n* опасность
dangerous ['deɪndʒərəs] *a* опас-
 ный
dare [deə] *v* осмеливаться
date [deɪt] *n* число, дата
dead [ded] *a* мертвый
decent ['di:snt] *a* добрый; спра-
 ведливый
depend [dɪ'pend] *v* зависеть
despair [dɪs'peɪ] *n* отчаяние
detail ['di:teɪl] *n* подробность,
 деталь
diary ['daɪəri] *n* дневник
difference ['dɪfrəns] *n* разница
different ['dɪfrənt] *a* различный
difficulty ['dɪfɪkəlti] *n* труд-
 ность
dining-hall ['daɪnɪŋhɔ:l] *n* столо-
 вая
disappear [dɪsə'piə] *v* пропа-
 дать; исчезать
disappoint [dɪsə'pɔɪnt] *v* разоча-
 ровывать
discuss [dɪs'kas] *v* обсуждать
disguise [dɪs'gaɪz] *v* передевать-
 ся; маскироваться; *n* пере-
 одевание; маскировка
divide [dɪ'vaɪd] *v* делить
document ['dɒkjumənt] *n* доку-
 мент
dormitory ['dɔ:mɪtri] *n* общая
 спальня
downstairs ['daʊn'steɪz] *adv*
 вниз (*по лестнице*)
drag [dræg] *v* тянуть, тащить
driver ['draɪvə] *n* шофер
drop [drɒp] *v* уронить; *n* капля
dry [draɪ] *a* сухой
duster ['dʌstə] *n* тряпка

Е

easily ['i:zli] *adv* легко
easy ['i:zi] *a* легкий; спокой-
 ный; покладистый
edge [edʒ] *n* край
empty ['empti] *a* пустой; *v* опу-
 стошать
encyclopedia [en,saɪkloʊ'pi:dʒə] *n*
 энциклопедия
enter ['entə] *v* входить
enthusiasm [ɪn'tʃu:ziæzm] *n* эн-
 тузиазм; восторг
entrance ['entrəns] *n* вход
escape [ɪs'keɪp] *n* побег, спасе-
 ние; *v* сбежать
especially [ɪs'peʃəli] *adv* особен-
 но; специально
except [ɪk'sept] *prep* кроме
excite [ɪk'saɪt] *v* волноваться;
 возмущаться
exclaim [ɪks'kleɪm] *v* воскли-
 цать
excuse [ɪks'kju:s] *n* предлог, от-
 говорка
exist [ɪg'zɪst] *v* существо-
 вать

F

fact [fækt] *n* факт
fair [feə] *a* справедливый
false [fɔ:ls] *a* фальшивый, ис-
 кусственный; ложный
fare [feə] *n* плата за проезд
farmer ['fɑ:mə] *n* фермер
fast [fɑ:st] *a* быстрый; *adv* бы-
 стро
fate [feɪt] *n* судьба
fault [fɔ:lt] *n* вина; недостаток
feeling ['fi:lɪŋ] *n* чувство
few [fju:] *pron* мало; *a few* не-
 сколько
figure ['fɪgə] *n* фигура
final ['faɪnəl] *a* финальный
find [faɪnd] (**found, found**) *v*
 находить; **find out** выяснять,
 узнавать
finger ['fɪŋgə] *n* палец

follow ['fɒləʊ] *v* следовать за
following ['fɒləʊɪŋ] *a* следую-
 щий
fool [fu:l] *n* дурак
foot [fʊt] *n* (*pl* feet) фут (около
 30,5 см)
footprint ['fʊtprɪnt] *n* след
 (ноги)
footstep ['fʊtstep] *n* шаг
forehead ['fɔ:ɪd] *n* лоб
forgive [fə'gɪv] (**forgave, forgiv-
 en**) *v* прощать
forward ['fɔ:wəd] *n* нападаю-
 щий
fountain-pen ['faʊntɪnpen] *n*
 авторучка
friendly ['frendli] *adv* друже-
 ски; дружно
frighten ['fraɪtən] *v* пугать
front [frʌnt] *n* передняя сто-
 рона
frosty ['frɒsti] *a* морозный
funny ['fʌni] *a* смешной, забав-
 ный

G

gate [geɪt] *n* калитка; ворота
geometry [dʒɪ'ɒmɪtri] *n* геомет-
 рия
get [get] (**got, got**) *v* доставать;
get in (into) забираться, попа-
 дать; **get out** выезжать, вы-
 бираться; **get ready** готовить-
 ся; **get to** добираться до; **get
 used to** привыкать к
glad [glæd] *a* радостный
go [ɡəʊ] (**went, gone**) *v*: **go by**
 проходить мимо; **go on** про-
 должать(ся), происходить
goal [ɡəʊl] *n* ворота (футболь-
 ные); гол
goalkeeper ['ɡəʊl,ki:pə] *n* вра-
 тарь
goal-post ['ɡəʊlpəʊst] *n* штанга
gosh [ɡɒʃ] *int* черт возьми!
grab [ɡræb] *v* быстро схватить
grandson ['grændsən] *n* внук
great [ɡreɪt] *a* большой, силь-
 ный
greatly ['ɡreɪtli] *adv* очень;
 сильно
greet [ɡri:t] *v* приветствовать
grow [ɡrəʊ] (**grew, grown**) *v* ра-
 сти; выращивать; становиться

guilty ['ɡʌɪ] *a* виноватый
guinea-pig ['ɡɪni:pɪɡ] *n* морская свинка

Н

half-back ['hɑ:f'bæk] *n* полузащитник

hang [hæŋ] (*hung, hung*) *v* висеть; вешать

happen ['hæpən] *v* случаться; происходить

hard [hɑ:d] *a* трудный, тяжелый; твердый

hardly ['hɑ:dlɪ] *adv* едва, с трудом

headmaster ['hed,mɑ:stə] *n* директор (*школы*)

health [helθ] *n* здоровье

heavy ['hevi] *a* тяжелый

hedge [hedʒ] *n* живая изгородь

helpless ['helpɪs] *a* беспомощный

hey [hei] *int* эй!

hid [hɪd] *см.* **hide**

hide [haɪd] (*hid, hidden*) *v* прятаться

himself [hɪm'self] *pron* сам

hit [hɪt] (*hit, hit*) *v* ударять; попадать

hold [həʊld] (*held, held*) *v* держать; проводить *что-л.*

hole [həʊl] *n* дыра, яма

hopefully ['həʊpɪfʊlɪ] *adv* с надеждой

hopeless ['həʊplɪs] *a* безнадеежный

horror ['hɒrə] *n* ужас

hotel [həʊ'tel] *n* гостиница

hung [hʌŋ] *см.* **hang**

hypnotize ['hɪpnətaɪz] *v* гипнотизировать

I

if [ɪf] *с* ли

illness ['ɪlnɪs] *n* болезнь

imitate ['ɪmɪteɪt] *v* подражать, копировать *кого-л.*

immediately [ɪ'mɪdɪətli] *adv* немедленно

in [ɪn] *prep* через

initials [ɪ'nɪʃəlz] *n* инициалы

надпись

inside ['ɪn'saɪd] *adv* внутри

inside-right ['ɪnsaɪd,raɪt] *n* правый полусредний

instead [ɪn'sted] *prep*: instead of вместо

instrument ['ɪnstrəmənt] *n* инструмент

interrupt [ɪntə'rʌpt] *v* прерывать, перебивать

interval ['ɪntəvəl] *n* перерыв

invisible [ɪn'vɪzəbl] *a* невидимый

J

jacket ['dʒækɪt] *n* пиджак

join [dʒɔɪn] *v* присоединиться

joke [dʒəʊk] *v* шутить

journey ['dʒɜ:nɪ] *n* путешествие

just [dʒʌst] *adv* только; как раз

K

key [ki:] *n* ключ

kick [kɪk] *v* бить (*ногой*)

kind [kaɪnd] *a* добрый; *n* вид; сорт

knee [ni:] *n* колено

knock [nɒk] *v* стучать; **knock off** сбивать; *n* стук

knot [nɒt] *n* узел

knowledge ['nɒlɪdʒ] *n* знание

L

lace [leɪs] *n* шнурок

last [lɑ:st] *a*: at last наконец

late [leɪt] *adv*: later on позже, позднее

Latin ['lætɪn] *n* латинский язык

lay [leɪ] *см.* **lie**

lead [li:d] (*led, led*) *v* вести

led [led] *см.* **lead**

lid [lɪd] *n* крышка

lie [laɪ] (*lay, lain*) *v* лежать

like [laɪk] *a*: be (look) like быть похожим на; выглядеть как

likeness ['laɪknɪs] *n* сходство

limp [lɪmp] *v* хромать

line [laɪn] *v*: line up выстраиваться в ряд; *n* линия; строй

list [lɪst] *n* список
 lonely ['lʌnli] *a* пустынный
 look [lʊk] *v*: look after при-
 сматривать за кем-л., забо-
 титься; look out выглядывать;
 беречься
 lot [lɒt] *n*: a lot of большое ко-
 личество; много
 low [ləʊ] *a* низкий; *adv* низко
 lucky ['lʌki] *a* счастливый,
 удачливый

М

main [meɪn] *a* главный
 master ['mɑːstə] *n* учитель
 matron ['meɪtrən] *n* сестра-хо-
 зяйка
 matter ['mætə] *v*: it doesn't mat-
 ter не имеет значения
 maybe ['meɪbi:] *adv* может
 быть
 mean [miːn] (meant, meant) *v*
 значить, означать; иметь в
 виду
 meant [ment] *см.* mean
 member ['membə] *n* участник
 mend [mend] *v* чинить
 mention ['menʃən] *v* упоми-
 нать
 mind [maɪnd] *v* возражать; ne-
 ver mind неважно; не имеет
 значения
 miss [mɪs] *v* пропускать; про-
 махнуться
 model ['mɒdl] *n* модель
 modest ['mɒdɪst] *a* скромный
 mood [muːd] *n* настроение
 most [məʊst] *n* большинство
 move [muːv] *v* двигаться; пере-
 двигать
 mystery ['mɪstəri] *n* тайна

N

narrow ['nærəʊ] *a* узкий
 nearby ['nɪəbaɪ] *adv* поблизости
 nearly ['nɪʃli] *adv* почти, чуть не
 need [niːd] *v* нуждаться
 nervous ['nɜːvəs] *a* нервный;
 взволнованный
 net [net] *n* сетка
 news [njuːz] *n pl* новость
 nil [nɪl] *n* ноль

noisily ['nɔɪzɪli] *adv* шумно, с
 шумом
 noisy ['nɔɪzi] *a* шумный
 nonsense ['nɒnsəns] *n* чепуха,
 бессмыслица
 notice ['nəʊtɪs] *v* замечать
 notice-board ['nəʊtɪsbɔːd] *n* дос-
 ка для объявлений
 nowhere ['nəʊwɛə] *adv* нигде;
 никуда

O

obey [ə'beɪ] *v* подчиняться; со-
 блюдать (*правила*)
 object ['ɒbdʒɪkt] *n* предмет
 off [ɒf] *adv* прочь
 offer ['ɒfə] *v* предлагать
 oil [ɔɪl] *n* смазка; *v* смазывать
 okay ['ou'keɪ] *a* все в порядке;
 хорошо
 once [wʌns] *adv* один раз;
 однажды; at once немедлен-
 но
 only ['əʊnli] *a* единствен-
 ный
 opponent [ə'pəʊnənt] *n* против-
 ник
 order ['ɔːdə] *v* заказывать
 ours ['aʊəz] *pron* наши
 outside ['aʊt'saɪd] *adv* снару-
 жи, извне
 outside-left ['aʊtsaɪd'left] *n* ле-
 вый крайний
 over ['əʊvə] *prep* по; через; на
 overcoat ['əʊvəkəʊt] *n* пальто
 own [əʊn] *a* собственный

P

pack [pæk] *v* упаковывать
 pair [peə] *n* пара
 parcel ['pɑːsl] *n* посылка; свер-
 ток
 pass [pɑːs] *v* передавать; про-
 ходить (*мимо*); *n* пасс
 passenger ['pæʃɪndʒə] *n* пасса-
 жир
 patient ['peɪʃənt] *a* терпеливый
 pavilion [pə'veɪljən] *n* павильон
 peaceful ['piːsfʊl] *a* спокойный
 pence [pens] *см.* penny
 penknife ['penkaɪf] *n* перочни-
 ный ножик

penny ['peni] (*pl pence*) пенни, пенс (*денежная единица*)
perhaps [pə'heəps] *adv* может быть, возможно
permission [pə'mɪʃən] *n* разрешение
pet [pet] *n* любимое домашнее животное
pick [pɪk] *v* рвать; собирать
pillow ['pɪləʊ] *n* подушка
pin [pɪn] *v* приколоть
pink [pɪŋk] *a* розовый
pity ['pɪti] *n*: it's a pity жалко
plan [plæn] *n* план; *v* планировать
player ['pleɪə] *n* игрок; **cricket player** игрок в крикет
pleasant ['pleznt] *a* приятный
pleasure ['pleɪʒə] *n* удовольствие
point [pɔɪnt] *v* указывать, показывать
poisonous ['pɔɪznəs] *a* ядовитый
police [pə'li:s] *n* полиция
policeman [pə'li:smən] *n* полицейский
polish ['pɒlɪʃ] *v* чистить; натирать
polite [pə'laɪt] *a* вежливый
porridge ['prɒdʒ] *n* овсяная каша
possible ['pɒsəbl] *a* возможный
post [pəʊst] *n* столб
post-card ['pəʊst,kɑ:d] *n* почтовая открытка
postman ['pəʊstmən] *n* почтальон
pound [paʊnd] *n* фунт (*денежная единица*)
practice ['præktɪs] *n* тренировка
practise ['præktɪs] *v* тренироваться
prepare [prɪ'preə] *v* готовить(ся)
presence ['preznəs] *n* присутствие
pretend [prɪ'tend] *v* делать вид, притворяться
price [praɪs] *n* цена
probably ['prɒbəblɪ] *adv* возможно, вероятно
problem ['prɒbləm] *n* проблема
promise ['prɒmɪs] *v* обещать
properly ['prɒpəli] *adv* как следует

protest [prə'test] *v* возражать; протестовать
protractor [prə'træktə] *n* транспортир
proud [praʊd] *a* гордый
prove [pru:v] *v* доказывать
pure [pjʊə] *a* чистый
push [pʊʃ] *v* толкать
put [put] (*put, put*) *v*: put on вешать; put up поднимать (*пук*); put down опустить (*пук*)

Q

quarantine ['kwɒrəntɪn] *n* карантин
quiet ['kwaɪət] *a* тихий
quite [kwaɪt] *adv* совсем, совершенно

R

rabbit ['ræbɪt] *n* кролик
rag [ræg] *n* тряпка
raincoat ['reɪnkəʊt] *n* плащ
raise [reɪz] *v* поднимать
rare [reə] *a* редкий
raw [rɔ:] *a* сырой
reach [ri:tʃ] *v* достигать; доходить до
reason ['ri:zn] *n* причина
receiver [rɪ'si:və] *n* телефонная трубка
remind [rɪ'maɪnd] *v* напоминать
report [rɪ'pɔ:t] *v* явиться
reporter [rɪ'pɔ:tə] *n* репортер, корреспондент
respect [rɪs'pekt] *n* уважение
responsible [rɪs'pɒnsəbl] *a* ответственный
result [rɪ'zʌlt] *n* результат
return [rɪ'tɜ:n] *v* возвращаться; *n* возвращение
right [raɪt] *n* право
risk [rɪsk] *v* рисковать
road [rəʊd] *n* дорога
roll [rəʊl] *v* катиться
room [ru:m] *n* место
rope [rəʊp] *n* веревка
round [raʊnd] *adv* вокруг; *a* **row** [raʊ] *n* шум, скандал; **row** [raʊ] *n* ряд
ruler ['ru:lə] *n* линейка

sad [sæd] *a* печальный
 safe [seɪf] *a* безопасный
 safely ['seɪfli] *adv* благополучно; спокойно
 sandwich ['sænwɪdʒ] *n* сэндвич
 save [seɪv] *v* спасать
 scissors ['si:zəz] *n* ножницы
 score [skɔ:] *n* счет; score a goal забить гол
 Scotland ['skɒtlənd] *pr n* Шотландия
 secret ['si:kri:t] *a* тайный; *n* тайна
 seldom ['seldəm] *adv* редко
 senior ['si:njə] *a* старший
 sentence ['sentəns] *n* предложение
 serious ['siəriəs] *a* серьезный
 several ['sevrəl] *a* несколько
 severe [si'viə] *a* строгий
 shake [ʃeɪk] (shook, shaken) *v* трясти(сь), качать(ся)
 share [ʃeə] *v* (по)делиться
 shepherd ['ʃepəd] *n*: shepherd's pie картофельная запеканка с мясом
 shilling ['ʃɪlɪŋ] *n* шиллинг (денежная единица)
 shine [ʃaɪn] (shone, shone) *v* светить
 shook [ʃuk] *см* shake
 shoot [ʃu:t] (shot, shot) *v* бить, посылать мяч
 shot [ʃɒt] *v см.* shoot; *n* удар
 shoulder ['ʃouldə] *n* плечо
 shout [ʃaʊt] *n*: to give a great shout громко закричать
 shut [ʃʌt] (shut, shut) *v* закрывать
 sick [sɪk] *n* больная
 sick-room ['sɪkrum] *n* комната для больного
 sigh [saɪ] *v* вздыхать
 sign [saɪn] *v* подписывать; *n* вывеска
 signature ['sɪɡnətʃə] *n* подпись
 silent ['saɪlənt] *a* молчаливый
 silly ['sɪli] *a* глупый
 sitting-room ['sɪtɪŋrum] *n* гостиная
 situate ['sɪtjuet] *v*: be situated быть расположенным

situation [ˌsɪtju'eɪʃən] *n* ситуация; положение
 sleeve [sli:v] *n* рукав
 slip [slɪp] *v* поскользнуться
 snake [sneɪk] *n* змея
 soap-dish ['səʊpdrɪʃ] *n* мыльница
 sock [sɒk] *n* носок
 solve [sɒlv] *v* решать
 somewhere ['somweə] *adv* где-либо; куда-либо
 sound [saʊnd] *n* звук
 specially ['speʃəli] *adv* специально; нарочно
 spectacles ['spektəklz] *n* очки
 speech [spi:tʃ] *n* речь; to make a speech произносить речь
 spend [spend] (spent, spent) *v* тратить (деньги); проводить (время)
 spider ['spaɪdə] *n* паук
 spill [spɪl] (spilt, spilled) *v* проливать
 spilt [spɪlt] *см.* spill
 spoil [spɔɪl] *v* портить
 spot [spɒt] *n* пятно
 stair [steə] *n* ступенька
 start [stɑ:t] *v* начинать; отпираться; *n* начало
 steal [sti:l] (stole, stolen) *v* украсть
 step [step] *n* шаг
 stolen ['stəʊlən] *см.* steal
 stop [stɒp] *n* остановка
 storey ['stɔ:ri] *n* этаж
 straight [streɪt] *a* прямой; *adv* прямо
 strange [streɪndʒ] *a* странный
 strike [straɪk] (struck, struck) *v* бить, ударять; *n* удар
 string [striŋ] *n* веревка, бечевка
 struck [strʌk] *см.* strike
 study ['stʌdi] *n* кабинет
 such [sʌtʃ] *a* такой
 suppose [sə'pəʊz] *v* предполагать
 surprise [sə'praɪz] *n* удивление; сюрприз; *v* удивлять; be surprised удивляться
 surround [sə'raʊnd] *v* окружать
 sweater ['swetə] *n* свитер
 swell [swel] (swelled, swollen) *v* пухнуть, распухать
 swollen ['swəʊlən] *a* опухший