

**Elementary**

**Today we are going to start reading a short story from a book entitled *Stories from the Five Towns* by Arnold Bennett.**

Source: Oxford University Press  
[www.oup.hu](http://www.oup.hu)

Ma elkezdünk olvasni egy novellát Arnold Bennett Történetek Five Towns-ból című könyvéből.

Forrás: Oxford University Press  
[www.oup.hu](http://www.oup.hu)

**First read the excerpt. Először olvasd el a részletet.**

**News of the Engagement**

My mother never came to meet me at Bursley station when I arrived in the Five Towns from London. She always had other things to do; she was getting ready for me. So I always walked alone up Trafalgar Road, between the factories and past the football field. And so tonight, I had time to think. I had some very important news for my mother, and I didn't know how to tell her.

I wrote to my mother every week, to tell her what I was doing. She knew the names of all my friends. I often wrote about Agnes and her family. But it's difficult to write in a letter: 'I think Agnes likes me,' 'I'm in love with her,' 'I'm sure she likes me,' 'I think she loves me,' 'I'm going to ask her to marry me.' You can't do that. Well, I couldn't do it. And on the 20<sup>th</sup> December I asked Agnes to marry me, and Agnes said yes. But my mother didn't know anything about it. And now, on the 22<sup>nd</sup> December, I was coming to spend Christmas with my mother.

My mother was a widow. I was her only son- and now I was engaged and she didn't know. I was afraid she was going to be a little unhappy, and I was ready for a difficult evening.

I walked up to the front door, but before I put my hand up to ring, the door opened and there was my mother. She put her arms around me.

'Well, Philip! How are you?'

And I said, 'Oh! I'm all right, mother. How are you?'

She smiled at me. She looked excited and younger than forty-five years. There was something strange in her smile. I thought: 'She knows I'm going to get married. How does she know?'

But I said nothing. You have to be careful with mothers. 'I'll tell her at supper,' I decided.

I went upstairs to my bedroom. When I came down, my mother was busy in the kitchen. I went into the dining-room, and here I had a surprise. There were three chairs around the table, and three plates and three glasses.

So Agnes was coming! I didn't know how my mother knew, but she did know. She and my wonderful Agnes were planning a surprise for me. Agnes was coming to Bursley for Christmas!

There was a ring at the door. 'It's Agnes!' I thought, and running to the door, I opened it.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEDNESDAY  
JÖVŐ SZERDÁN FOLYTATJUK

**Now find the answers to these questions. Találd meg a válaszokat ezekre a kérdésekre.**

1. Where does the story take place?
2. When does the story take place?
3. Who are the two main characters?
4. Who does the man love?
5. Does his mother know about the engagement?
6. What do they celebrate in the story?



## Are these sentences true or false? Igazak vagy hamisak ezek a mondatok?

1. Philip lives with his mother.
2. His mother is a widow.
3. Philip and his mother get on well with each other.
4. Philip never writes to his mother.
5. His mother knows Agnes and about their engagement.

## Find these words in the text. Keresd meg ezeket a szavakat a szövegben.

1. Készülni
2. Gyár
3. Özvegy
4. Jegyben járni
5. Megölelni
6. Különös, furcsa

## Translate these sentences into English. Fordíts le ezeket a mondatokat angolra.

1. Nekem mindig órákba telik elkészülni.
2. Sok gyár van a városban.
3. A szomszédom özvegy, és egyedül lakik abban a nagy házban.
4. Hat hónapig jártunk jegyben, aztán összeházasodtunk.
5. Amikor találkoztam a barátommal, megöleltem, és nagyon boldog voltam.
6. Furcsa hangokat hallottam éjszaka a konyhából.

## Complete these sentences with information from the story. Egészítsd ki a mondatokat információkkal a történetből.

1. Philip came from \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_.
2. He walked up \_\_\_\_\_ to get home.
3. He wanted to tell \_\_\_\_\_.
4. On 20<sup>th</sup> December he \_\_\_\_\_.
5. When his mother opened the door, she \_\_\_\_\_.
6. When he entered the dining-room, he \_\_\_\_\_.

## Intermediate

***Today we are going to start reading a short story from a book entitled *The Hound of the Baskervilles* by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.***

Source: Oxford University Press  
[www.oup.hu](http://www.oup.hu)

## First read the excerpt.

### The Case Begins

The September sun was shining brightly into the windows of 221B Baker Street, and London was enjoying a beautiful late summer. I had finished my breakfast and was reading the newspaper. As usual, Holmes had got up late, and was still eating. We were expecting a visitor at half-past ten, and I wondered whether Holmes would finish his breakfast before our visitor arrived.



Holmes was in no hurry. He was reading once again a letter he had received three days ago. It was from Dr James Mortimer, who asked for an appointment with Holmes.

'Well, Watson,' Holmes said to me, 'I'm afraid that a doctor from Devonshire won't bring us anything of real interest. His letter doesn't tell us anything about his business though he says it's very important. I hope we can help him.'

At exactly half-past ten there was a knock on our front door.

'Good,' said Holmes. 'Dr Mortimer is clearly a man who will not waste our time.'

We stood up as our visitor was brought into the room.

'Good morning, gentlemen,' he said. 'I'm Dr James Mortimer, from Grimpen, in Devonshire, and I think you must be Mr Sherlock Holmes.' He shook hands with Holmes, who said:

'How do you do, Dr Mortimer? May I introduce my good friend, Dr John Watson, who helps me with my cases. I hope you will allow him to listen to our conversation.'

'Of course,' said Mortimer, as he turned to me and shook hands. 'I need your help very badly, Mr Holmes. If it will be useful for Dr Watson to hear what I have to say, please let him stay and listen.'

Mortimer did not look like a country doctor. He was very tall and thin. He had a long thin nose. His grey eyes were bright, and he wore gold glasses. His coat and trousers were old and worn. His face was young, but his shoulders were bent like an old man's and his head was pushed forward. He took some papers from his pocket, and said:

'Mr Holmes, I need your help and advice. Something very strange and frightening has been happening.'

'Sit down, Dr Mortimer,' said Holmes, 'and tell us your problem. I'll help you if I can.'

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## Now find the answers to these questions.

1. When does the story take place?
2. In which season does the story take place?
3. Is Holmes an early-riser?
4. Who do they expect?
5. Why does the doctor come?

## Are these sentences true or false?

1. Holmes usually gets up late.
2. The doctor didn't write a letter before the meeting.
3. The letter did not contain much information concerning the case.
4. Mortimer looks exactly like a country doctor.
5. Something beautiful has been happening to hi, and that's the reason for his visit.

## Find these words or expressions in the text.

1. Azon tünődtem, hogy vajon...
2. időpontot kérni
3. pazarolni az idődet
4. viseltes
5. hajlott váll

## Translate these sentences into English.

1. Útban az egyetem felé azon tünődtem, vajon átmegyek-e a vizsgán vagy sem.
2. Időpontot kell kérned, ha találkozni akarsz vele, ugyanis mostanában nagyon elfoglalt.
3. Nem érdemes erre pazarolnod az idődet. Úgysem fog sikerülni.
4. Nagyon lepattantnak tűnt a viseltes ruháiban.
5. Lehetett látni a hajlott vállairól, hogy nehéz élete volt.



**Complete these sentences with information from the story.**

1. Holmes and Watson were at \_\_\_\_\_.
2. Watson was \_\_\_\_\_, and Holmes was \_\_\_\_\_.
3. Dr Mortimer comes from \_\_\_\_\_.
4. At half past ten \_\_\_\_\_.
5. Mortimer let \_\_\_\_\_.

**Advanced**

***Today we are going to start reading One for my Baby by Tony Parsons.***

**First read the excerpt.**

There's something wrong with my heart.

It shouldn't be working like this. It should be doing something else. Something normal. More like everybody else's heart.

I don't understand it. I have only been running in the park for ten minutes and my brand-new trainers have luminous swoosh signs on the side. But already my leg muscles are burning, my breath is coming in these wheezing little gasps and my heart – don't get me started on my heart. MY heart is filling my chest like some giant undigested kebab.

MY heart is stabbing me in the back.

MY heart is ready to attack me.

It's Sunday morning, a big blue day in September, and the park is almost empty. Almost, but not quite.

In the patch of grass where they don't allow ball games, there is an old Chinese man with close-cropped silver hair and skin the colour of burnished gold. He has to be around my dad's age, pushing sixty, but he seems fit and strangely youthful.

He's wearing a baggy black outfit that makes him look like he is still in his pyjamas and he's very slowly moving his arms and legs to some silent song inside his head.

I used to see this stuff every day when I was living in Hong Kong. The old people in the park, doing their Thai Chi, moving like they had all the time in the world.

The old boy doesn't look at me as I huff and puff my way towards him. He just stares straight ahead, lost in his slow-motion dance. I feel a sudden jolt of recognition. I have seen that face before. Not his face, but ten thousand faces just like it.

When I lived in Hong Kong I saw that face working on the Star Ferry, saw it driving a cab in Kowloon, saw it looking forlorn at the Happy Valley racecourse. And I saw that face supervising some Bambi-eyed grandchild as she did her homework at the back of a little shop, saw it slurping noodles at a daipaidong food stall, saw it covered in dust, building spanking new skyscrapers on scraps of reclaimed land.

That face is very similar to me. It's impassive, self-contained and completely indifferent to my existence. That face stares straight through me. That face doesn't care if I live or die.

I saw it all the time over there.

It used to drive me nuts.

As I struggle past the old boy, he catches my eye. Then he says something. One word. I don't know. It sounds like 'Breed.'

And I get a pang of sadness as I think to myself – not much chance of that, pal.ú'l'm the last of the line.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEDNESDAY



## Now find the answers to these questions.

1. Is the main character the picture of health?
2. Where does he live?
3. Where did he use to live?
4. Who does he describe lengthily?
5. Does he like those people?

## Are these sentences true or false?

1. The story takes place in a sports centre.
2. The story takes place late in the afternoon.
3. The story teller has always lived in this town.
4. The old man is doing karate.
5. The story teller knows Chinese people inside out.

## Find these words in the text.

1. producing or reflecting bright light (especially in the dark)
2. to make a high, rough noise while breathing because of some breathing difficulty
3. describes hair or grass that has been cut very short
4. to breathe loudly, usually after physical exercise
5. a sudden violent movement, an unpleasant shock or surprise
6. alone and unhappy; left alone and not cared for
7. to drink a liquid noisily as a result of sucking air into the mouth at the same time as the liquid
8. very, completely
9. a small irregular piece of something or a small amount of information
10. a sudden sharp feeling, especially of painful emotion

## Translate these sentences into English.

1. Ne szürcsölj, mert az nagyon udvariatlan.
2. Mihelyst elment a férjem, nagyon elhagyatottnak éreztem magam.
3. Alig tettem le a telefont, amikor belém hasított a felismerés: hazudtak nekem.
4. A kivilágított kirakatok nagyon szépen néztek ki.
5. Bármennyit is edzek, mindig zihálok ötpercnyi futás után.