

**Elementary**

***Today we are going to finish up the story we started last week. The story is from a book 'Stories from the Five Towns' by Arnold Bennet and provided by Oxford University Press. Ma azt a történetet fogjuk befejezni, amit múlt héten lezdtünk. A történet Arnold Bennet Történetek Five Towns-ból című könyvéből való, amelyet az Oxford University Press biztosított.***

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

*Read the story first.  
Olvasd el először a történetet.*

It was Mr Nixon.

Mr Nixon was an old friend of the family. He was a large, strong man of about forty-nine or fifty. He was very helpful to my mother after my father's death.

'Good evening, young man,' he said. 'It's good to see you back in Bursley.'

'Mr Nixon has come for supper, Philip,' said my mother.

Mr Nixon came to supper during my visits to Bursley, but never on the first night. I liked him, but I wasn't very happy to see him tonight because I wanted to talk to my mother. I couldn't talk to her about Agnes with Mr Nixon sitting at the table.

We started our supper. We talked about this and that, but nobody ate very much. I was thinking about what to say to my mother when Mr Nixon went home. At the end of the meal I told my mother that I must go to the post office. I had an important letter to post.

'Can't it wait until tomorrow, my pet?' my mother asked.

'It can't,' I said.

My letter, of course, was to Agnes. A letter to Agnes could not wait until tomorrow! I walked over to the dining-room door.

'A letter to a lady?' asked Mr Nixon, laughing.

'Yes,' I replied.

I walked to the post office and posted my letter. When I got back home, I was sorry to see that Mr Nixon was still there. He was alone in the sitting room, smoking.

'Where's my mother?' I asked.

'She's just gone out of the room,' he said. 'Come and sit down. Have a cigarette. I'd like to talk to you, Philip.'

I took a cigarette and sat down. I hoped the talk was not going to be a long one.

'Well, my boy,' he said. 'Would you like me as a stepfather?'

For a second I could not move or speak.

'What?' I said. 'You mean... you and my mother....?'

'Yes, my boy, I do. I asked her yesterday, and she said yes. I've wanted to ask her for a long time – I think she knew that. Did she tell you in her letters? No? It's difficult to write in a letter, of course. She couldn't really write, "My dear Philip, an old friend, Mr Nixon, is falling in love with me and I think I'm falling in love with him. I think he'll ask me to marry him soon." I don't think your mother could write that, could she?'

I laughed.

'Shake hands,' I said. 'This is wonderful news.'

After a moment my mother came in, a little red in the face.

'The boy is very happy, Sarah,' said Mr Nixon.

I said nothing about my old plans that evening. It was something new to me that my mother could fall in love, and that a man could fall in love with her. It was something new to me that she was lonely in our old house and that perhaps she wanted a new life. Perhaps, like all sons, I thought only about myself and my life. So I decided to say nothing about my news, and that evening my mother came first for me. I could tell her about Agnes tomorrow. We live and learn.



Answer the questions. Válaszolj a kérdésekre.

1. Who did Philip expect to come?
2. Who came in reality?
3. Why wasn't Philip happy about the guest?
4. Where did he go after supper?
5. What happened when he got back home?
6. What was the lesson of this for Philip?

Now complete the sentences with information from the story. Most egészítsd ki a mondatokat a szövegből származó információkkal.

1. When Philip opened the door, he \_\_\_\_\_.
2. During dinner they \_\_\_\_\_.
3. After dinner he \_\_\_\_\_.
4. When he arrived, Mr Nixon was \_\_\_\_\_.
5. Mr Nixon was going to be his \_\_\_\_\_.
6. Philip realised \_\_\_\_\_.

Now translate the sentences into English using the words and expressions from the text. Most pedig fordítsd le a mondatokat angolra a szövegben szereplő szavak és kifejezések segítségével.

1. Körülbelül 40 éves csinos hölgy volt.
2. Beszélgettünk erről arról, de nem éreztük jól magunkat.
3. Van egy fontos email, amit meg kell írnom.
4. Annyira meg voltam lepődve, hogy egy másodpercig meg sem bírtam szólalni.
5. Ez nagyszerű hír.
6. Sajnos csak magamra gondoltam, de ez megváltozott.

## Intermediate

**Today we are going to finish up the story we started last week. The story is from a book 'The Hound of the Baskervilles' by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and provided by Oxford University Press.**

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

Read the story first.

### The Baskerville Papers

'These papers were given to me by Sir Charles Baskerville,' said Mortimer. 'He asked me to take good care of them. You may remember that Sir Charles died suddenly three months ago. His death caused much excitement in Devonshire, the country where Baskerville Hall is. Sir Charles was a sensible man, but he believed the story which is told in these papers.'

Dr Mortimer went on: 'The story is about the Baskerville family. I have come to see you because I need your help. I think that something terrible is going to happen in the next twenty-four hours. But you can't help me unless you know the story in these papers. May I read them to you?'

'Please continue, Dr Mortimer,' said Holmes, and sat back in his chair with his eyes shut.

Mortimer began to read in his high, rather strange, voice:

I, William Baskerville, write this for my sons in the year 1742. My father told me about the Hound of the Baskervilles. He told me when it was first seen, and I believe his story was true. I want you, my



sons, to read this story carefully. I want you to know that God punishes those who do evil. But never forget that He will forgive those who are sorry for any evil they have done.

A hundred years ago, in 1640, the head of the Baskerville family was Sir Hugo Baskerville. He was a wild and evil man. He was cruel and enjoyed hurting people. Sir Hugo fell in love with the daughter of a farmer who was a neighbour of his. The young woman was afraid of the evil Hugo, and avoided him. One day, Hugo heard that her father and brothers were away. He knew that she would be alone. So he rode to the farm with five or six of his evil friends. They made the girl go back to Baskerville Hall with them, and locked her in a room upstairs. Then they sat down in the great dining hall to drink. As usual, they drank bottle after bottle and soon they began to sing and laugh, and shout evil words.

The girl upstairs, who was already very frightened, felt desperate when she heard the terrible things they were shouting. So she did a very brave thing. She opened the window, climbed out of the room and down the ivy on the wall. Then she started to run across the moor towards her home. A little while later, Hugo left his friends and went upstairs to the room to take her some food and drink. When he found an open window and an empty room, he behaved like a man who was mad. He ran down the stairs. He screamed that he would give himself to the Devil if he caught the girl before she reached home. Some of Hugo's drunken friends told him to let the hounds chase her, and so he ran from the house and unlocked the dogs. Then he jumped on to his black horse, and rode off over the moor with the hounds running and crying around him.

Hugo's friends fetched their horses and followed him. There were thirteen of them. After a mile or two they passed an old farmer and asked him if he had seen Sir Hugo and his hounds. The man looked half mad and spoke with difficulty. He said that he had seen the girl and the hounds running close behind her. Sir Hugo had been riding just behind the hounds. 'But I have seen more than that,' the old man said. 'Behind Sir Hugo I saw a huge and terrible hound running silently. May God keep me safe from that hound of hell.'

The thirteen men laughed at the old man and rode on. But their laughter soon stopped when they saw Sir Hugo's horse running wildly towards them without a rider.

The thirteen men moved closer together as they rode on. They were suddenly afraid. Over the moor they went until, at last, they caught up with the hounds.

Everyone in the county knew that the Baskerville hounds were brave and strong. But now they were standing at the head of a deep valley in the moor with their ears and tails down. They were very frightened. Hugo's friends stopped. Most of them would not go on, but three were brave enough to go down into the valley.

The valley had a wide flat floor. In the middle of the flat ground stood two great stones. They had stood there for thousands of years. The moon was shining brightly on the great stones, and between them, on the flat ground, lay the girl. She had fallen there, dead of fear and exhaustion. Sir Hugo's body was lying near her. But it was not the sight of Sir Hugo or the girl that filled the men with fear. It was the sight of the huge animal that was standing over Sir Hugo. Its teeth were at his throat. It was a great black creature that looked like a hound. But it was larger than any hound they had ever seen.

As they watched, it tore out Hugo Baskerville's throat. Then it turned towards them. Its eyes were burning brightly. Its body shone with a strange light. Blood ran from its mouth. The men screamed and kicked their horses. They rode back up the valley as fast as they could go. Later that night one died from the horror he had seen. The other two were mad for the rest of their lives.

That was the first time the Hound appeared, my sons. It has been many times since then, and many of the Baskervilles have died in strange and terrible ways. Because of this I warn you not to cross the moors at night. The Devil finds it easy to do his work when the world is dark.

TO BE CONTINUED

*Decide whether the following statements are true or false.*

1. The letter was written by Sir Hugo.
2. Sir Hugo was a wild and evil man.
3. His neighbour's daughter was in love with him.



4. A strange hound killed Sir Hugo.
5. The three people who saw the murder all survived.
6. Everyone is warned against riding across the moor at night.

*Find these words in the text.*

1. értelmes
2. megbüntet
3. megbocsát
4. kétségbeesett
5. részeg
6. utolérni

*Now translate the sentences into English.*

1. Csak akkor fogod utolérni a csoportot, ha keményen tanulsz.
2. Ne ess kétségbe. Meg fogjuk oldani valahogy a problémát.
3. A lányom nagyon értelmes.
4. A részeg férfi csak nehézségek árán tudott beszélni.
5. Kérlek bocsáss meg neki, ne büntesd tovább.
6. Élete végéig szenvedni fog sajnos ettől a betegségtől.

## **Advanced**

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

*First read the excerpt.*

Hong Kong made us feel special.

We looked down on the glittering heart of Central and we felt like the heirs to something epic and heroic and grand.

We stared at all those lights, all that money, all those people living in a little outpost of Britain set in the South China Sea, and we felt special in a way that we had never felt special in London and Liverpool and Edinburgh.

We had no right to feel special, of course. We hadn't built Hong Kong. Most of us hadn't even arrived until just before it was time to hand it back to the Chinese. But you couldn't help feeling special in that bright shining place.

There were ex-pats who really were a bit special, hotshots in lightweight Armani suits working in Central who one day go home covered in glory with a seven-figure bank balance. But I wasn't one of them. Nowhere near it.

I was teaching English at Double Fortune language school to rich, glossy Chinese ladies who wanted to be able to talk to round-eye waiters in their native tongue. Waiter, there's a fly in my shark's fin soup. This is outrageous. These noodles are cold. Where is the manager? Do you take American Express? We conjugated a lot of service-related verbs because by 1996, the year I arrived in Hong Kong, there were a lot of white boys waiting at tables.

I was a little different from my colleagues. It seemed like all the other teachers at the Double Fortune Language School – our motto: 'English without tears in just two years' – had a reason to be in Hong Kong, a reason other than that special feeling.

There was a woman from Brighton who was a practising Buddhist. There was a quiet young guy from Wilmslow who spent every spare moment studying Wing Chun Kung Fu. And there was a BBC – British- born Chinese- who wanted to see where his face came from before he settled down into the family business on Gerrard Street in London's Chinatown. They all had a good reason to



be there. So did the ex-pats in the banks and law firms of Central. So did the other kind of ex-pats who were out on Lantau, building the new airport.

Everyone had a reason to be there. Except me.

I was in Hong Kong because I'd had my fill of London. I had taught English literature at an inner-city school for five years. It was pretty rough. You might even have heard of us. Does the Princess Diana Comprehensive School for Boys ring any bells? No? It was the one in north London where the woodwork teacher had his head put in his own vice. It was all in the papers.

If anything, the parents were more frightening than the children. Open evenings at the Princess Diana would find me confronted by all these burly bruisers with scowling faces and livid tattoos.

And that was just the mothers.

I was sick of it. Sick and tired. Sick of marking essays that began, 'Some might say Mercutio was a bit of a wanker.' Tired of teaching Romeo and Juliet to kids who laughed when one of the Shakespearns at the back inflated a condom while we were doing the balcony scene. Sick and tired of trying to explain the glory and wonder of the English language to children who poured 'fuck', 'fucking', and 'fucked' over their words like ketchup in a burger bar.

Then I heard that a Brit could still go to Hong Kong and automatically get a work permit for a year. But not for much longer.

It was around the time that one of my pupil's parents – one of the dads, funny enough, a man who was permanently dressed for the beach, even in the middle of winter – had a Great Britain tattoo on his arm and it was spelt wrong.

'Great Briten,' it said, just below the image of a rabid bulldog wearing a Union Jack T-shirt that was either cut a bit snug or a few sizes too small.

Great Briten.

Sweet Jesus.

So I got out. Deciding to really do it was the hard part. After that, it was easy. After twelve hours, our movies, three meals and two bouts of cramp in the back row of a 747, I landed at Hong Kong's old Kai Tak airport, the one where they came in for a heart-pumping landing between the forest of skyscrapers, close enough to see the washing lines drying on every balcony. And I stayed on because Hong Kong gave me that feeling- that special feeling.

It was a long way from 'Great Briten'. It was another world, when what I wanted most in my life was exactly that. Yet it was another world that made me love my country in a way that I had never done before.

Hong Kong made me feel as though my country had once done something important and unique. Something magical and brave. And when I looked at all those lights, they made me feel as though there was just a little bit of all that in me.

But I didn't have a real reason to be there, not like the BBC guy who was looking for his roots and like the people who were there because of Buddha or Bruce Lee.

Then I met Rose.

And she became my reason.

TO BE CONTINUED

*Answer the questions.*

1. What does the narrator do?
2. What was the last straw in deciding to move to Hong Kong?
3. How does he describe the people working in the Central?
4. Why do Brits move to Hong Kong?
5. What was he sick and tired of?
6. Did he finally find a reason to be there?



# NAPI PERCEK

Napi Angol Percek 2010. május 12.

*Find these words in the text.*

1. a person who will legally receive money, property or a title from another person, especially an older member of the same family, when that other person dies
2. someone who is skilful and successful at something
3. looking attractive, but often not having serious value or quality
4. to start living in a place where you intend to stay for a long time, usually with your partner
5. to sound familiar
6. describes a man who is large and strong

*Translate the sentences into English.*

1. Az örökösöknek végül sok vita után sikerült csak megegyezniük.
2. CSak nagyágyúk dolgozhatnak ennél a cégnél.
3. Ismerősnek hangzik a neve, de nem emlékszem, hol hallottam.
4. Szerintem legfőbb ideje, hogy megállapodj.
5. Az alcohol nagyon magabiztossá tett.
6. Afrikába megyek, hogy felkutassam a gyökereim.