

**Elementary**

**Today we are going to start another story from the book entitled *Stories From The Five Towns*, provided by Oxford University Press.**

**MA egy másik történetet fogunk olvasni a *Történetek Five Towns-ból* című könyvből, amelyet az Oxford University Press biztosított.**

Source: Oxford University Press

[www.oupbooks.hu](http://www.oupbooks.hu)

*First match the words with their explanations. Először párosítsd össze a szavakat a meghatározásaikkal.*

1. Court
2. Hate
3. Mad
4. Magistrate
5. Paint
6. Portrait
7. Potter
8. Pottery
9. Rid (get rid of)

- A. ill in the head
- B. a painting of a person
- C. plates, cups, etc. made out of clay and then baked
- D. the place where police take criminals (e.g. burglars); the court decides if they must go to prison
- E. to make a picture with colours
- F. to free yourself of something or someone
- G. to dislike something very strongly, the opposite of 'to love'
- H. a person who makes pottery
- I. the most important person in a court, who decides if a person goes free or not

*Now read the first part of the story entitled *The Burglary* and complete it with the words from the list. Olvasd le *Betörés* című történet első részét. Egészítsd ki a szöveget a listán szereplő szavakkal.*

**SMALL / FINEST / WORKERS / KEEP / PLAN / WALL / PORTRAIT / MORE / HOSPITALS / FACTORIES**

Lady Dain said: 'Jee, if that portrait stays there much longer, I shall go mad. I can't eat any more with it up there!' She looked up at the big 1. \_\_\_\_\_ on the wall opposite the breakfast table.

Sir Jehoshaphat said nothing.

Lady Dain did not like the portrait. Nobody in the Five Towns liked the portrait. But the portrait was by Cressage, the 2. \_\_\_\_\_ portrait painter in England, and a portrait by Cressage cost a thousand pounds or more.

Sir Jehoshaphat Dain was perhaps the cleverest and most successful businessman in the Five Towns. His business, called Dain Brothers, had one of the biggest pottery 3. \_\_\_\_\_ in England, and their cups and plates went all over the world. Sir Jehoshaphat was rich, because he sold his pottery very cheaply, and paid his 4. \_\_\_\_\_ very little. But Sir Jee liked to be important, so he used some of his money to pay for schools and hospitals for the people of the Five Towns.

The people of the Five Towns often laughed at Sir Jee, but they also wanted to say thank you for the schools and 5. \_\_\_\_\_. They decided to give him a portrait for a present. So Cressage painted the portrait and many people in London thought it was very good. 'A wonderfully clever



portrait of a successful businessman from a 6. \_\_\_\_\_ town; a little man who has made a lot of money and who thinks he is very important,' said one newspaper.

It was not a kind portrait and many of the people of the Five Towns laughed when they saw it. But Sir Jehoshaphat had to take his present, and to say thank you for it. Now it was on his 7. \_\_\_\_\_ in his home, Sneyd Castle, and after sixteen months Lady Dain was tired of looking at it.

'Don't be stupid, wife,' said Sir Jee. 'I'm not taking that portrait down, or selling it- not even for ten thousand pounds. I want to 8. \_\_\_\_\_ it.'

But that wasn't true. Sir Jee hated the portrait 9. \_\_\_\_\_ than his wife did. And he was thinking of a secret plan to get rid of it.

'Are you going into town this morning?' asked his wife.

'Yes,' he answered. 'I'm in court today'

He was one of the town magistrates. While he travelled into town, he thought about his plan for the portrait. It was a wild and dangerous 10. \_\_\_\_\_, but he thought it was just possible.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEDNESDAY  
JÖVŐ SZERDÁN FOLYTATJUK

*Now answer the questions. Most válaszolj a kérdésekre.*

1. What is the couple doing at the beginning of the story?
2. Who painted the portrait?
3. How much does it cost?
4. What does Sir Jehoshaphat do?
5. Why was he rich?
6. Was he selfish?
7. Who gave him the portrait?
8. Where does he live?
9. For how long has the picture been up on his wall?
10. Does he like his portrait?

*Now translate the sentences into English using the expressions from the text.  
Most fordítsd le amondatokat angolra a szöveg kifejezéseit felhasználva.*

1. Ha tovább is ilyen hangos marad a zene, akkor megőrülök.
2. A kedvenc könyvem az Üvöltő Szelek Bronte-tól.
3. Fred Krueger talán a legrémisztőbb és legkegyetlenebb gyilkos a horrorfilmek történetében.
4. Az osztálytársam lejött hozzám, mert köszönetet akart mondani a segítségemért.
5. Belefáradtam, hogy a hülye pletykáit hallgassam, ezért elkezdtem újságot olvasni.

## Intermediate

**Today we are going to continue reading *The Hound of Baskervilles* by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, provided by Oxford University Press.**

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

*Read the text first, and complete it with the words from the list. Be careful because there are more words than necessary.*

WET / NATURAL / SAD / BODY / WEAK / ILL / NEWSPAPER / BEFORE / INSTEAD OF / SENSIBLE / POOR / STEPS / FEET / BAGS / SUITCASES

## How Sir Charles died

When Dr Mortimer had finished reading this strange story, he looked across at Sherlock Holmes. Holmes looked bored.

'Did you find the story interesting?' asked Dr Mortimer.

'It may interest a collector of stories to frighten children,' said Holmes.

Dr Mortimer took a newspaper from another pocket. 'Now, Mr Holmes, let me read you something which was written only three months ago. It is from the Devonshire County 1. \_\_\_\_\_, and it is about the death of Sir Charles Baskerville.'

Holmes looked more interested. Dr Mortimer began to read:

The sudden death of Sir Charles Baskerville has caused great sadness in the county. Although he had lived at Baskerville Hall for only two years, everyone liked him. Sir Charles had lived abroad and made his money there. He came back to spend his fortune on repairing Baskerville Hall and its farms and villages, as the buildings and lands were in 2. \_\_\_\_\_ condition. He was a friendly and generous man, who gave freely to the poor.

The official report of his death does not explain everything that happened. However, it does show that there was no question of murder. Sir Charles died of 3. \_\_\_\_\_ causes, and the strange stories people are telling about his death are not true. His friend and Doctor, Dr James Mortimer, said that Sir Charles' heart had been weak for some time.

The facts are simple. Every night 4. \_\_\_\_\_ going to bed, Sir Charles went for a walk in the gardens of Baskerville Hall. His favourite walk was down a path between two hedges of yew trees, the famous Yew Alley of Baskerville Hall. On the night of 4<sup>th</sup> June he went out for his walk to think and to smoke his usual cigar.

Sir Charles was going to London on the next day, and Barrymore, his butler, was packing his 5. \_\_\_\_\_. By midnight Barrymore was worried that Sir Charles had not returned, so he went to look for him. He found the door of the Hall open. The day had been rainy and 6. \_\_\_\_\_ so Barrymore saw the prints left by Sir Charles' shoes as he had walked down the Alley. Half-way down the Alley is a gate, which leads to the moor. There were signs that Sir Charles had stood there for some time. Barrymore followed the footprints to the far end of the Alley. And there he found Sir Charles' 7. \_\_\_\_\_.

Barrymore reported something interesting about the footprints. He said that they changed between the moor gate and the end of the Alley. As far as the moor gate there was a whole footprint for each of Sir Charles' 8. \_\_\_\_\_. After he passed the gate, only toe prints could be seen. Barrymore thought that Sir Charles had walked on his toes.

A man called Murphy, who buys and sells horses, was not far away at the time of Sir Charles' death. He had been drinking a lot of beer, but he says he heard cries. He is not sure where they came from.

Dr Mortimer was called to look at Sir Charles' body. There were no signs that Sir Charles had been murdered, but Dr Mortimer did not recognize his friend's face. The whole shape of it was changed. However, this often happens with deaths which are caused by 9. \_\_\_\_\_ hearts. When Dr Mortimer looked at the body, he found that this was, in fact, what had happened. Sir Charles' weak heart had failed, and this had caused his death.

Everyone hopes that the new head of the Baskerville family will move quickly to the Hall. Sir Charles' good work must go on.

The new head of the Baskerville family will be Sir Henry Baskerville, if he is still alive and if the lawyers can find him. He is the son of Sir Charles Baskerville's younger brother, who died some years ago. The young man has been living in the USA. The Baskerville lawyers are trying to contact him to tell him about his good fortune.

Dr Mortimer put the newspaper back into his pocket.

'Those are the official facts about the death of Sir Charles. They are the facts that everyone knows, Mr Holmes,' he said.



'Thank you for informing me about this interesting case,' Holmes said. 'I read about it at the time, but I heard none of the details. The newspaper gives the facts that everybody knows. Now I want you to tell me all the other facts that YOU know. What do you know about the strange stories?'

'I haven't told anyone these other facts,' said Dr Mortimer. 'I am a man of science, as you know. I have always believed that there are 10. \_\_\_\_\_ explanations for everything. I didn't want to say anything that could stop Sir Henry from coming to live at the Hall. But I will tell you the details that were not in the report.'

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEDNESDAY

*Now decide if the sentences are true or false.*

1. Holmes is very much interested in the story right from the start.
2. Dr Mortimer has more information than what is stated in the newspaper.
3. Sir Charles was a generous man.
4. Although Sir Charles spent a lot of money on the Hall, people didn't like him.
5. His heart was strong and healthy.
6. Murder as a cause of his death could be ruled out according to the newspaper.
7. The weather was bright and shiny on the day of his death.
8. There were two different types of footsteps on the ground.
9. No one heard the cries.
10. Sir Charles' face was the same as when he was alive.

*Now translate the sentences into English using the expressions from the text.*

1. A rossz hír nagy szomorúságot okozott. Nem könnyű elveszíteni a kedvencünket.
2. A milliomos az összes vagyonát az éhező afrikai árvákra költötte.
3. Sajnos néhány iskolaépület nagyon rossz állapotban van, és némi felújításra szorulnának.
4. Már többször próbáltam kapcsolatba lépni vele, de nem veszi fel a telefont.
5. Az eső meggátolt minket abban, hogy elinduljunk Bécsbe.

## Advanced

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

*Read the excerpt first, and fill in the missing words.*

I met her on the Star Ferry, the old green-and-white, double-decker boats that shuttle between Kowloon on the tip of the Chinese peninsula and Hong Kong Island.

Well, that's not strictly true- I didn't really meet her on the Star Ferry. We didn't exchange names or numbers. We made no plans to meet again. I was never much of a pick-up artist, and that didn't change with Rose. But the Star Ferry is where I first saw her, struggling through the turnstile with a huge cardboard box in her arms, balancing it on her hip as she stuffed a few coins into the slot.

She joined the throng waiting for the ferry, a westerner surrounded by every kind of local- the smart young Cantonese businessmen heading to their offices in Central, the chic young office girls with their mobiles and miniskirts and swinging black hair, the shirt-sleeved street traders hawking up phlegm the size of a Hong Kong dollar, young mothers and their beautiful fat-faced babies with startling Elvis quiffs, the tiny old ladies with their gold teeth and scraped-back white hair, Filipina domestics heading for work and even the odd gweilo tourist quietly baking in the heat.

Her hair was black, as black as Chinese hair, but her skin was very pale, as though she had just arrived from some land where it never stopped raining. She was dressed in a simple two-piece business suit but the large cardboard box made her look as though she was going to work in one



of the little side-street markets above Sheung Wan, west of Central. But I knew that was impossible.

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I stood up.

'Excuse me? Do you want a seat?'

She just stared at me. I was really quite thin in those days. Not that I was Brad Pitt or anything, even during my lean period, but I wasn't the Elephant Man either. I wasn't expecting her to faint, with either desire or repulsion. But I expected her to do something. She just kept on staring.

I had assumed that she was British or American. Now I saw, with that hair and those eyes and those cheekbones, she could conceivably be some kind of Mediterranean.

'You speak English?'

She nodded.

'Do you want to sit down?'

'Thanks,' she said. 'But it's only a little journey.'

'But it's a big box.'

'I've carried bigger.'

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Her box was full of files, manila envelopes and documents with fancy red seals. So she was a lawyer. I felt a flash of resentment. She probably only talked to men in suits with six-figure salaries. And I was a man in a faded Sinatra T-shirt whose wage packet, when converted into pounds sterling, just about crawled into five figures.

'I don't think you're meant to offer your seat to a woman on the Star Ferry,' she said. 'Not these days.'

'I don't think you're meant to offer your seat to a woman anywhere,' I said. 'Not these days.'

'Thanks anyway.'

'No problem.'

I was about to sit down again when an old Chinese man with a nylon shirt a racing paper shoved me out of the way and plonked himself down in my seat. He hawked noisily and spat right between my Timberland boots. I stared at him dumbfounded as he opened up his paper and began to study the runners at Happy Valley.

'There you go,' she laughed. 'If you've got a seat, you better hold on to it.'

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I was suddenly gripped by the fear that I would never see her again.

'Do you want a coffee?' I said, blushing furiously. I was angry with myself. I know women never say yes to anything if you can't ask them without going red.

'A coffee?'

'You know. Espresso. Cappuccino. Latte. A coffee.'

'Come on,' she said. 'The seat was good. The coffee – I don't know. It's a bit predictable. And besides, I've got to drop this stuff off.'

The Star Ferry churned against the dock. The ramp clanged down. The crowds got ready to bolt.

'I'm not trying to pick you up,' I said.

'No?' Her face was serious and I couldn't tell if she was making fun of me or not. 'That's too bad.'

Then she was gone, swept off in a tide of Cantonese with her cardboard box full of legal documents to the wharf and, beyond that, the business district of Central.

I looked out for her on the Star Ferry the next day, and the day after that, and the day after that, expecting to suddenly find her smiling at someone she had struck with a large box of legal documents. Or – if I was very lucky – to strike me with her cardboard box. But she was never there.

Not that I had any slick new chat-up lines.

I just wanted to see that smile.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEDNESDAY



# NAPI PERCEK

Napi Angol Percek 2010. június 2.

*What does the writer mean with these expressions?*

1. I was never much of a pick-up artist.
2. shoved me out of the way
3. I stared at him dumbfounded
4. blushing furiously
5. It's a bit predictable.
6. slick new chat-up lines

*Find these expressions in the text.*

1. a device which controls the way into or out of a building, room or area of land, especially one which you have to pay to enter. It is a post with a number of short poles sticking out from it which have to be pushed round as each person walks through the entrance
2. a crowd or large group of people
3. strong dislike or disgust
4. possibly

*Now complete these sentences with one of the words from the exercise above.*

1. A huge \_\_\_\_\_ had gathered round the speaker.
2. The number of spectators going through the \_\_\_\_\_ is up on last season.
3. She could \_\_\_\_\_ have already left as the door is closed..
4. A look of \_\_\_\_\_ flashed across her face as he tried to kiss her.