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Посібник призначений для студентів перекладацьких відділень та філологічних факультетів університетів, а також для широкого загалу тих, хто вивчає англійську мову.

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Unit 1

MR KNOW-ALL

Pre-reading Tasks

1. People make actual journeys across land and sea. Other trips are personal journeys that take place in the mind and heart.

- 1) What journey, do you think, will the following story get you acquainted with?
- 2) What person would you like to travel with?
- 3) Would you prefer to stay in the room alone during a fortnight travel?
- 4) What company would you like to have during a voyage? Give your reasons.

2. Transcribe the following words and practise reading them:

exuberant _____;

doubtful _____;

exasperating _____;

loquacious _____;

argumentative _____;

overweening _____;

demeanour _____;

acrimonious _____;

vehement _____;

triumph _____.

I was prepared to dislike Max Kelada even before I knew him. The war had just finished and the passenger traffic in the ocean-going liners was heavy. Accommodation was very hard to get and you had to put up with whatever the agents chose to offer you. You could not hope for a cabin to yourself and I was thankful to be given one in which there were only two berths. But when I was told the name of my companion my heart sank. It suggested closed portholes and the night air rigidly excluded. It was bad enough to share a cabin for fourteen days with anyone (I was going from San Francisco to Yokohama), but I should have looked upon it with less dismay if my fellow-passenger's name had been Smith or Brown.

When I went on board I found Mr Kelada's luggage already below. I did not like the look of it; there were too many labels on the suitcases, and the wardrobe trunk was too big. He had unpacked his toilet things, and I observed that he was a patron of the excellent Monsieur Coty; for I saw on the washing-stand his scent, his hair-wash, and his brilliantine. Mr Kelada's brushes, ebony with his monogram in gold, would have been all the better for a scrub. I did not at all like Mr Kelada. I made my way into the smoking-room. I called for a pack of cards and began to play patience. I had scarcely started before a man came up to me and asked me if he was right in thinking my name was so-and-so.

"I am Mr Kelada," he added, with a smile that showed a row of flashing teeth, and sat down.

"Oh, yes, we're sharing a cabin, I think."

"Bit of luck, I call it. You never know who you're going to be put in with. I was jolly glad when I heard you were English. I'm all for us English sticking together when we're abroad, if you understand what I mean."

I blinked.

"Are you English?" I asked, perhaps tactlessly.

"Rather. You don't think I look American, do you? British to the backbone, that's what I am."

To prove it, Mr Kelada took out of his pocket a passport and airily waved it under my nose.

King George has many strange subjects. Mr Kelada was short and of a sturdy build, clean-shaven and dark-skinned, with a fleshy, hooked nose and very large, lustrous and liquid eyes. His long black hair was sleek and curly. He spoke with a fluency in which there was nothing English and his gestures were exuberant. I felt pretty sure that a closer inspection of that British passport would have betrayed the fact that Mr Kelada was born under a bluer sky than is generally seen in England.

"What will you have?" he asked me.

I looked at him doubtfully. Prohibition was in force and to all appearances the ship was bone-dry. When I am not thirsty I do not know which I dislike more, ginger-ale or lemon-squash. But Mr Kelada flashed an oriental smile at me.

"Whisky and soda or a dry Martini, you have only to say the word."

From each of his hip-pockets he fished a flask and laid them on the table before me. I chose the Martini, and calling the steward he ordered a tumbler of ice and a couple of glasses.

"A very good cocktail," I said.

"Well, there are plenty more where that came from, and if you've got any friends on board, you tell them you've got a pal who's got all the liquor in the world."

Mr Kelada was chatty. He talked of New York and of San Francisco. He discussed plays, pictures, and politics. He was patriotic. The Union Jack is an impressive piece of drapery, but when it is flourished by a gentleman from Alexandria or Beirut, I cannot but feel that it loses somewhat in dignity. Mr Kelada was familiar. I do not wish to put on airs, but I cannot help feeling that it is seemly in a total stranger to put mister before my name when he addresses me. Mr Kelada, doubtless to set me at my ease, used no such formality. I did not like Mr Kelada. I had put aside the cards when he sat down, but now, thinking that for this first occasion our conversation had lasted long enough, I went on with my game.

"The three on the four," said Mr Kelada. There is nothing more exasperating when you are playing patience than to be told where to put the card you have turned up before you have had a chance to look for yourself.

"It's coming out, it's coming out," he cried. With rage and hatred in my heart I finished. Then he seized the pack.

"Do you like card tricks?"

"No, I hate card tricks," I answered.

"Well, I'll just show you this one."

He showed me three. Then I said I would go down to the dining-room and get my seat at table.

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "I've already taken a seat for you. I thought that as we were in the same state-room we might just as well sit at the same table." I did not like Mr Kelada.

I not only shared a cabin with him and ate three meals a day at the same table, but I could not walk round the deck without his joining me. It was impossible to snub him. It never occurred to him that he was not wanted. He was certain that you were as glad to see him as he was to see you. In your own house you might have kicked him downstairs and slammed the door in his face without the suspicion dawning on him that he was not a welcome visitor. He was a good mixer, and in three days knew everyone on board. He ran everything. He conducted the auctions, collected money for prizes at the sports, got up quoit and golf matches, organized the concert, and arranged the fancy-dress ball. He was everywhere and always. He was certainly the best-hated man in the ship. We called him Mr Know-All, even to his face. He took it as a compliment. But it was at meal times that he was most intolerable. For the better part of an hour then he had us at his mercy. He was hearty, jovial, loquacious and argumentative. He knew everything better than anybody else, and it was an affront to his overweening vanity that you should disagree with him. He would not drop a subject, however unimportant, till he had brought you round to his way of thinking. The possibility that he could be mistaken never occurred to him. He was the chap who knew. We sat at the doctor's

table. Mr Kelada would certainly have had it all his own way, for the doctor was lazy and I was frigidly indifferent, except for a man called Ramsay who sat there also. He was as dogmatic as Mr Kelada and resented bitterly the Levantine's coxsureness. The discussions they had were acrimonious and interminable.

Ramsay was in the American Consular Service, and was stationed at Kobe. He was a great fellow from the Middle West, with loose fat under a tight skin, and he bulged out of his ready-made clothes. He was on his way back to resume his post, having been on a flying visit to New York to fetch his wife, who had been spending a year at home. Mrs Ramsay was a very pretty little thing, with pleasant manners and a sense of humour. The Consular Service is ill-paid, and she was dressed always very simply; but she knew how to wear her clothes. She achieved an effect of quiet distinction. I should not have paid any particular attention to her but that she possessed a quality that may be common enough in women, but nowadays is not obvious in their demeanour. You could not look at her without being struck by her modesty. It shone in her like a flower on a coat.

One evening at dinner the conversation by chance drifted to the subject of pearls. There had been in the papers a good deal of talk about the culture pearls which the cunning Japanese were making, and the doctor remarked that they must inevitably diminish the value of real ones. They were very good already; they would soon be perfect. Mr Kelada, as was his habit, rushed the new topic. He told us all that was to be known about pearls. I do not believe Ramsay knew anything about them at all, but he could not resist the opportunity to have a fling at the Levantine, and in five minutes we were in the middle of a heated argument. I had seen Mr Kelada vehement and voluble before, but never so voluble and vehement as now. At last something that Ramsay said stung him, for he thumped the table and shouted:

"Well, I ought to know what I am talking about. I'm going to Japan just to look into this Japanese pearl business. I'm in the trade and there's not a man in it who won't tell you that what I say about pearls goes. I know all the best pearls in the world, and what I don't know about pearls isn't worth knowing." Here was

news for us, for Mr Kelada, with all his loquacity, had never told anyone what his business was. We only knew vaguely that he was going to Japan on some commercial errand. He looked round the table triumphantly.

"They'll never be able to get a culture pearl that an expert like me can't tell with half an eye." He pointed to a chain that Mrs Ramsay wore. "You take my word for it, Mrs Ramsay, that chain you're wearing will never be worth a cent less than it is now."

Mrs Ramsay in her modest way flushed a little and slipped the chain inside her dress. Ramsay leaned forward. He gave us all a look and a smile flickered in his eyes.

"That's a pretty chain of Mrs Ramsay's, isn't it?"

"I noticed it at once," answered Mr Kelada. "Gee, I said to myself, those are pearls all right."

"I didn't buy it myself, of course. I'd be interested to know how much you think it cost."

"Oh, in the trade somewhere round fifteen thousand dollars. But if it was bought on Fifth Avenue I shouldn't be surprised to hear anything up to thirty thousand was paid for it."

Ramsay smiled grimly.

"You'll be surprised to hear that Mrs Ramsay bought that string at a department store the day before we left New York, for eighteen dollars."

Mr Kelada flushed.

"Rot. It's not only real, but it's as fine a string for its size as I've ever seen."

"Will you bet on it? I'll bet you a hundred dollars it's imitation."

"Done."

"Oh, Elmer, you can't bet on a certainty," said Mrs Ramsay. She had a little smile on her lips and her tone was gently deprecating.

"Can't I? If I get a chance of easy money like that I should be all sorts of a fool not to take it."

"But how can it be proved?" she continued. "It's only my word against Mr Kelada's."

"Let me look at the chain, and if it's imitation I'll tell you quickly enough. I can afford to lose a hundred dollars," said Mr Kelada.

"Take it off, dear. Let the gentleman look at it as much as he wants."

Mrs Ramsay hesitated a moment. She put her hands to the clasp.

"I can't undo it," she said. "Mr Kelada will just have to take my word for it."

I had a sudden suspicion that something unfortunate was about to occur, but I could think of nothing to say. Ramsay jumped up. "I'll undo it."

He handed the chain to Mr Kelada. The Levantine took a magnifying glass from his pocket and closely examined it. A smile of triumph spread over his smooth and swarthy face. He handed back the chain. He was about to speak. Suddenly he caught sight of Mrs Ramsay's face. It was so white that she looked as though she were about to faint. She was staring at him with wide and terrified eyes. They held a desperate appeal; it was so clear that I wondered why her husband did not see it.

Mr Kelada stopped with his mouth open. He flushed deeply. You could almost see the effort he was making over himself.

"I was mistaken," he said. "It is a very good imitation, but of course as soon as I looked through my glass I saw that it wasn't real. I think eighteen dollars is just about as much as the damned thing's worth."

He took out his pocket-book and from it a hundred-dollar note. He handed it to Ramsay without a word.

"Perhaps that'll teach you not to be so cocksure another time, my young friend," said Ramsay as he took the note. I noticed that Mr Kelada's hands were trembling. The story spread over the ship as stories do, and he had to put up with a good deal of chaff that evening. It was a fine joke that Mr Know-All had been caught out. But Mrs Ramsay retired to her state-room with a headache.

Next morning I got up and began to shave. Mr Kelada lay on his bed smoking a cigarette. Suddenly there was a small scraping sound and I saw a letter pushed

under the door. I opened the door and looked out. There was nobody there. I picked the letter and saw it was addressed to Max Kelada. The name was written in block letters. I handed it to him.

He took out of the envelope, not a letter, but a hundred-dollar note. He looked at me and again he reddened. He tore the envelope into little bits and gave them to me.

"Do you mind just throwing them out of the port-hole?"

I did as he asked, and then I looked at him with a smile.

"No one likes being made to look a perfect damned fool," he said.

"Were the pearls real?"

"If I had a pretty little wife I shouldn't let her spend a year in New York while I stayed at Kobe," said he.

At that moment I did not entirely dislike Mr Kelada. He reached out for his pocket-book and carefully put in it the hundred-dollar note.

Notes on the Text

1. **Monsieur Coty** – the famous French perfume firm.
2. **King George** – George V (1865-1936) King of the United Kingdom (1910-1936).
3. **Prohibition** – outlawing of trade in alcoholic beverages in the USA from 1920 to 1933.
4. **Kobe** – seaport on Honshu Island, Japan, on Osaka Bay.
5. **Fifth Avenue** – the fashionable street of New York.
6. **A Levantine** – a citizen of Levant, former name for the region in the Mediterranean comprising modern-day Lebanon, Israel, and parts of Syria and Turkey.

Reading Comprehension Check

1. Complete the story map with the information from “Mr. Know-All”.

Setting:
Main characters:
Goal:
Plot:
Outcome:

2. Complete the story frame below with the information from the text:

During a voyage from _____ to _____ the author _____ a cabin with _____. When the author saw his roommate _____. They didn't only share a cabin but also _____. It was impossible _____ Max Kelada. Everybody called him _____ even in his face. Mr. Kelada conducted _____. There was also _____ on board a ship travelling _____ though his service was _____. Mr. Ramsay's wife produced an impression _____. One evening the conversation _____ to _____ and led to _____. Mr. Kelada boasted he could _____. Mr. Ramsay and Mr. Kelada bet _____. Seeing terrified eyes of _____ the man admitted _____ and paid _____. Next morning a letter _____ with _____. After the episode the author's attitude to him _____.

3. Number the events in the order they actually happened.

- 1) One evening a conversation by chance drifted to the subject of pearls.
- 2) From each of his hip-pockets he fished a flask.
- 3) Suddenly there was a small scraping sound and I saw a letter.
- 4) Mr. Ramsay handed the chain to Mr. Kelada.

- 5) The Levantine took out a hundred-dollar note and handed it to Ramsay.
- 6) Mr. Kelada took out of his pocket a passport.
- 7) Mr. Kelada talked of New York and San Francisco.
- 8) When the author got on board he found Mr. Kelada's suitcases and a trunk.
- 9) Mr. Know-All stopped with his mouth open.
- 10) He tore the envelope into little bits.

Vocabulary and Grammar Practice

1. Memorize the following word combinations from the story. Recall the sentences they are used in:

- to put up with something;
- to stick together;
- to put on airs;
- to set somebody at one's ease;
- to be a good mixer;
- to take something as a compliment;
- to be British to the backbone;
- to tell with half an eye;
- to bet on smth.

2. Complete the following table by inserting the missing forms:

NOUN	VERB	ADJECTIVE
appearance		
	to betray	
loquacity		
		argumentative

dignity		
		doubtless
	to save	
discussion		
	to possess	
		triumphant
suspicion		
	to lose	
		terrified
imitation		
	to appeal	
		desperate
inspection		
	to wonder	
		thankful
	to resist	

3. Read each sentence containing a word with a negative prefix. Choose the correct meaning of the underlined word.

1) Hardly had Max Kelada arrived when he began to unpack his suitcase.

- a) to take contents from;
- b) to loosen;
- c) to unfold.

2) After undoing the chain Mr. Ramsay gave it to the Levantine.

- a) to unfasten;
- b) to undermine;
- c) to unfetter.

- 3) The doctor was quite indifferent of Mr. Kelada's cocksureness.
- a) important;
 - b) unwanted;
 - c) not concerned.
- 4) His behaviour during the meals was intolerable because Max always brought people round to his way of thinking.
- a) uncertain;
 - b) unpleasant;
 - c) international.
- 5) The author felt complete dislike to his roommate.
- a) distaste;
 - b) dismay;
 - c) dissatisfaction.
- 6) The unfortunate child lost his way home.
- a) unfamiliar;
 - b) unlucky;
 - c) unfriendly.

4. Use the words below to make compound words:

dark	bone
ginger	case
fancy	book
state	dress
pocket	room
hair	ale
suit	skinned
back	brush

5. Search the story for some more compound words and group them according to the model. Define their structure.

Closed	Open	Hyphenated
gentleman (adj + N)	hot dogs (N + N)	ready-made (adj + Part II)
porthole (N + N)	razor blade (N + N)	ocean-going (N + Part I)

6. a) Study phrasal verbs and their definition in the box.

<p>to put up with – to tolerate smb.</p> <p>to put smb. forward – to offer smb. as a candidate</p> <p>to put down – to write smth. on paper</p> <p>to put back – to return smth. to where it belongs</p> <p>to put aside – to save for later use</p> <p>to put smth off – to postpone smth</p>
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b) Complete the following sentences using suitable phrasal verbs.

- 1) I have no time to meet you today, Mr. Smith. Can we put _____ our meeting.
- 2) In order not to forget, please, put _____ my telephone number.
- 3) Max was put _____ as a headmaster.
- 4) Though Judy didn't learn much, she managed to put _____ ten

shillings each week.

- 5) Nancy is your mother-in-law and you are to put _____ her.
6) When you have finished your composition, put _____ the dictionary of synonyms.

7. Consult the dictionary of synonyms to differentiate pairs of words in the box. Think of situations where you could use them.

to flush to blush	to chaff to tease	pal friend	chap boy
to flourish to prosper	fortunate lucky	to kick to beat	terrified frightened

8. Learn the idioms suggested in the box and think of a character or situation from the story they can be applied to:

stuffed shirt = a man who is pompous and self important;
to take potluck = to accept whatever is available;
touch and go = something disastrous is expected to happen one moment and then is averted the next;
with bated breath = hardly breathing at all because of fear;
make one's blood boil = to cause someone to become extremely angry;
In Dutch, in hot water = in trouble;
eager beaker = a person who is very excited and enthusiastic;
to stretch the truth = to say something that is not completely true;
troubled waters = emotionally rough times or an unsettled situation.

9. Find Ukrainian equivalents to the following word combinations from the story.

to snub smb.

to make one's way

to be bone-dry

to share a cabin

the Levantine's coxsureness

flashing teeth

to fish a flask

to kick smb. downstairs

an acrimonious discussion

a heated argument

to resist an opportunity

10. Find corresponding English phrases to the given Ukrainian ones:

не пропустити чогось

позбутися когось

спадати на думку

знову приступати до виконання обов'язків

зменшувати ціну

містер Всезнайко

триматися разом

всім заправляти

поведінка

вражений скромністю

небажаний гість

подивитися з виглядом переможця

11. Explain in your own words, paying special attention to the italicized parts of the sentences below.

- 1) The *passenger traffic* in the ocean-going liners was heavy.
- 2) Mr. Kelada's brushes ... *would have been all the better for the scrub.*
- 3) I do not wish *to put on airs*, but I cannot help feeling that it is seemly in a total stranger to put mister before my name when he addresses me.

- 4) He spoke with a fluency in which there was nothing English and his *gestures were exuberant*.
- 5) ... but I could not walk round the deck *without his joining me*.
- 6) ... to all appearances the ship was *bone-dry*.
- 7) The Consular Service is *ill-paid*.
- 8) She achieved *an effect of quiet distinction*.
- 9) ... she possessed a quality that nowadays is not obvious in their *demeneour*.
- 10) It *shone* in her *like a flower*.

Points and Questions for Discussion:

- 1) Why was the narrator prepared to dislike Mr. Kelada beforehand?
- 2) Why didn't the narrator like the look of Mr. Kelada's luggage? Can you judge of a person by his things?
- 3) Recall when and where did Mr. Kelada meet the narrator? Any attending circumstances?
- 4) Describe Mr. Kelada. How can you account for the words chosen for it?
- 5) What kind of person was Mr. Kelada? Why was he called Mr. Know-All?
- 6) What did you learn of the Ramsays?
- 7) Give a character sketch of Mr. Ramsay. What traits of his character are revealed in his words and actions?
- 8) Describe the conversation at dinner table as if you were:
 - a) Mr. Kelada;
 - b) Mrs. Ramsay;
 - c) the narrator;
- 9) What did Ramsay and Kelada bet on?
- 10) Why did Mr. Kelada conceal the truth?
- 11) Did the narrator change his attitude to Mr. Kelada?
- 12) Comment on the behaviour of Mrs. Ramsay.

- 13) What would have happened if Mr. Kelada had stuck to his point of view on the pearls?
- 14) Why did the author suggest pearls as a reason of the bet?
- 15) Why did the writer choose the place of the action on board a steamer?
Give your reasons.
- 16) Which of the suggested proverbs corresponds to the end of the story and why?
 - All's well that ends well.
 - No wisdom like silence.
 - Lies have short legs.
 - Think today and speak tomorrow.
 - Let sleeping dogs lie.
 - Dot you i's and cross you t's.

Writing Practice

1. *Write a 200-word summary of the story.*
2. *Give a literary written translation of the passage: "I not only shared a cabin He was the chap who knew" (on p. 7)*
3. *Give a character sketch of Mr. Kelada and Mrs. Ramsay.*
What would have happened if Max Kelada had stuck to his point of view?