



LEGAL ENGLISH

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The practical textbook is offered to the students of the first-second courses of legal specialty and everybody who wants to practice legal terminology that is aimed to form a practical basis for business communication in a foreign language in oral and written forms.

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**DNIPROPETROVSK STATE UNIVERSITY
OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS**

LAW FACULTY

SOCIAL AND HUMANITIES DEPARTMENT

**PRACTICAL TEXTBOOK
LEGAL ENGLISH**

General edition – Iryna Grytsai

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PREFACE

Successful acquisition of a foreign language that takes into account modern professional challenges is an obligatory part of general education training of a specialist of European and national higher school. It determines the status of a foreign language as a normative discipline in a higher educational institution of the system of the Ministry of Internal Affairs of Ukraine.

The structure of the practical textbook is developed in accordance with the methodological recommendations of the Ministry of Education and Science of Ukraine. All units of the practical textbook correspond to the current requirements. The textbook follows general-didactic principles of learning: accessibility, logic, consciousness, activity and visibility.

The practical textbook "Legal English" is recommended to the students of the first-second courses of legal specialty and is aimed to form a practical basis for business communication in a foreign language in the oral and written forms for the future lawyers.

The purpose of the textbook is to teach students to put into practice a legal terminology that is aimed to develop analytical thinking and activating speech communication.

The structure of the textbook consists of 20 thematic units, texts for reading, a final test and vocabulary. All units are similar in structure. They consist of the text and lexical grammatical tasks. Legal vocabulary is introduced thematically and is exercised in various tasks. The textbook contains modern authentic materials that adapted for legal students.

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UNIT 1 / LAW. ORIGIN OF LAW

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

WARMING-UP!

- 1 Before reading the text talk about these questions.**
How do you understand the meaning of the word "law"?
Where do you face the law in your life?



READING!

What is a law? Why do we have legal system? At one level, laws can be seen as a type of rule which should govern behavior between people. We can find these rules in almost all public organizations. Law, the body of official rules and regulations, generally found in constitutions and legislation, is used to govern a society and to control the behavior of its members. In modern societies, a body with authority, such as a court or the legislature, makes the law, and a law enforcement agency, such as the police, makes sure it is observed. In addition to enforcement, a body of expert lawyers is needed to apply the law. This is the role of judiciary, the body of judges in particular country.

Law has its origin in the early developments of civilized society, and through time there have been major influences on the laws that we follow today.

2 Answer the questions.

1. What is the most common definition of the word "law"?
2. What are the main functions of the law?
3. Do you have the legal system in your country?
4. What classifications of law do you know?
5. Which body makes the law?
6. Does the legal system vary between countries?
7. Do you know any sources of law?

3 True or false.

1. Law is definable as a system of rules.
2. In common law judges resolve disputes by referring to statutory principles arrived at in advance.
3. In modern societies some authorized body such as legislature or a court makes the law.
4. Roman law is based on the principle of deciding cases by reference to previous judicial decision rather than to written statutes drafted by legislative bodies.
5. Judiciary is the body of judges who make the law.
6. Common law evolved from the tribal and local laws in England.
7. Laws regulate social behavior, which leads to a society that runs efficiently.



UNIT 1 / LAW. ORIGIN OF LAW

4 Match the words and word-combinations with the definitions.

- | | |
|---------------------------|--|
| 1) govern | a) members of the legal profession |
| 2) authority | b) acts passed by a law-making body |
| 3) law enforcement agency | c) to rule a society and control the behavior of its members |
| 4) rule | d) an official body that authority has to try criminals, resolves the disputes or make other legal decisions |
| 5) legislation | e) the control resulting from following a system of rules |
| 6) lawyers | f) an organization responsible for enforcing the law |
| 7) court | g) community behavior binding or enforceable by authority |

GRAMMAR!

NOUNS. PLURALS

Nouns give names to things, people, and places and answer the questions "What is it?" and "Who is it?"

Most singular nouns form the plural by adding -s: a lawyer – lawyers.

A singular noun ending in -s, -x, -z, -ch, -sh makes the plural by adding -es: a witness – witnesses.

A singular noun ending in a consonant and then -y makes the plural by dropping the -y and adding -ies: a jury – juries.

Note:

There are some irregular noun plurals:

a man – men

a woman – women

a child – children

a person – people

a thesis – theses

a phenomenon – phenomena

a datum – data

UNIT 1 / LAW. ORIGIN OF LAW

5 Write nouns in plural form.

1. a judge -
2. a process -
3. an attorney -
4. an authority -
5. a body -
6. a person -
7. a society -
8. a country -
9. an enforcement agency -
10. a case -
11. a copy -
12. a correctional facility -
13. a liability -
14. a lie -
15. a perjury -



SPEAKING!

- 6 Tell about your future plans concerning your legal activities.

WRITING!

- 7 Write an essay on the following topic "Why do we have laws and legal system?" (100 - 120 words).



WARMING-UP!

1 Before reading the text, talk about these questions.

- 1 What does the term "law" mean?
- 2 Must people obey the laws?

READING!

Law is a body of official rules and regulations, generally found in constitutions, legislation, judicial opinions, and so on, that is used to govern and control a society.

The law serves many purposes and functions in society. Four principal purposes and functions are establishing standards, maintaining order, resolving disputes and protecting liberties and rights.

The nature and functions of law have varied throughout history. In modern societies, some authorized body such as a legislature or a court makes the law. It is backed by the coercive power of the state, which enforces the law by means of appropriate penalties or remedies.

Each country's legal system has its own sources of law, with greater weight placed on some sources than others. In developing an infrastructure project, it's important to identify which sources of law are applied in the host country and their legal validity.

There are numerous sources of law, including constitutions, legislatures, executives, judiciaries, administrative agencies and international organizations.

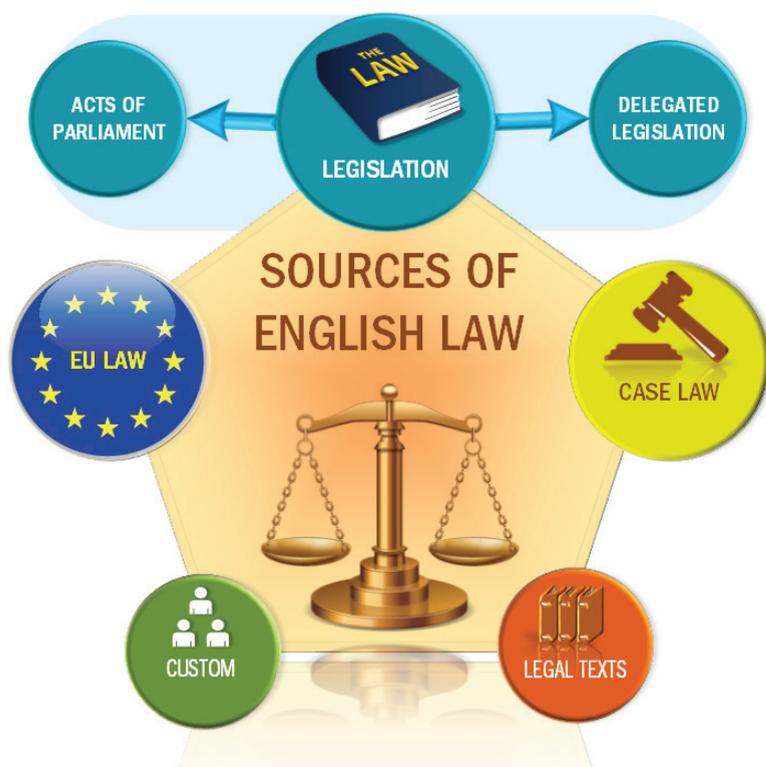
2 Answer the questions.

1. Does everyone adhere to the law in our country?
2. Do you think the laws in your country are similar to those in other countries?
3. What is the Fundamental law of Ukraine?
4. Can a society develop without laws? Why? Why not?
5. Are all the laws good enough in your country? Why? Why not?
6. What is democracy?
7. How are laws created in Ukraine?

UNIT 2 / LAW. SOURCES OF LAW

3 True or false.

1. Law is used to govern a society and control the behavior of its members.
2. The term "sources of law" also refers to the sovereign or the state from which the law derives its force or validity.
3. Only Ukraine has its own sources of law.
4. Every country must guarantee care and protection to its citizens.
5. People never turn to the laws.
6. When governments make laws for their citizens, they use a system of courts.
7. Laws should be applied to every person in the society.



4 Match the words with the definitions.

- | | |
|---------------|--|
| 1) law | a) a person who makes laws |
| 2) statute | b) the action of protecting someone or something, or the state of being protected |
| 3) legislator | c) the power to influence or direct people's behavior |
| 4) protection | d) punishment for breaking a law |
| 5) penalty | e) destruction or impediment of something deliberately, as a part of the war, a political or labor dispute |
| 6) control | f) a written law passed by legislative body |
| 7) sabotage | g) the system of rules in a particular country or community |

GRAMMAR!

ADJECTIVE. DEGREES OF COMPARISON

Adjectives come in three forms: positive, comparative, superlative. Positive adjectives describe something in its own right.

- *legal act*
- *independent state*

Comparative adjectives make a comparison between two or more things. For most one-syllable adjectives, the comparative is formed by adding the suffix *-er* (or just *-r* if the adjective already ends with an *e*). For two-syllable adjectives ending in *-y*, replace *-y* with *-ier*. For multi-syllable adjectives, add the word "more".

- *faster policeman*
- *happier student*
- *more qualified notary*

Superlative adjectives indicate that something has the highest degree of the quality in question. One-syllable adjectives become superlatives by adding the suffix *-est* (or just *-st* for adjectives that already end in *e*). Two-syllable adjectives ending in *-y* replace *-y* with *-iest*. Multi-syllable adjectives add the word "most". When you use an article with a superlative adjective, it will always be the definite article (*the*).

- *the highest body*
- *the most interesting case*

Note: Irregular forms

Positive

good
bad
much/many
little
far

Comparative

better
worse
more
less
further/farther

Superlative

the best
the worst
the most
the least
the furthest/farthest

UNIT 2 / LAW. SOURCES OF LAW

- 5** Open the brackets and put the adjective into positive, comparative and superlative forms.
1. Roman law is one of the (great) systems that has ever existed.
 2. The (high) body of the executive power is the Cabinet of Ministers.
 3. This investigator is (busy) than that one.
 4. One of the (early) laws of which we have knowledge is the collection of laws, known as the Code of Hammurabi.
 5. The problem was (serious) than the deputies had expected.
 6. No one could answer this (difficult) question.
 7. She is the (clever) student in our university.
 8. He got a very (good) mark on his exam. The exam was (easy) than he had expected.
 9. There are (many) crimes in big cities than in small ones.
 10. The chief told me that I couldn't go to work if I felt (bad) tomorrow.

SPEAKING!

- 6** Work in pairs. Imagine your friend is a Deputy of the Verkhovna Rada. Discuss with him/her the problems of making the laws.

WRITING!

- 7** Write an essay on the following topic "Do people need laws? Why? Why not?" (100 - 120 words).



UNIT 3 / PROFESSION OF LAWYER IN UKRAINE

WARMING-UP!

- 1 Before reading the text talk about these questions.**
Why do people decide to begin the complaint in a court?
What special characteristics should the lawyer have?

READING!

Modern society in Ukraine represents the profession of a lawyer as extremely prestigious and paid. This is responsible work, because it is always associated with the fate of people, and there should be no mistakes. The main legal professions are an investigator, a judge, a prosecutor, a lawyer, a legal adviser, and a notary.

Lawyers are professionals who have higher education in legal sphere. They protect the law and the interests of citizens who turned to them for help. There are some types of legal professions. They are the following:

Advocate is a lawyer who provides professional legal assistance to citizens and legal entities through the realization of the right in their interests.

Judge is a person who administers Justice. Judges make a compulsory opinion of other people regarding their actions according to the law.

Notary is a person specifically authorized to perform notarial acts, including confirmation of the consistency of copies of documents and extracts from them, certification of the authenticity of the signature on documents.

Investigator is a specialist-lawyer who prepares a criminal case for further consideration in court. The investigator establishes the persons who committed a crime.

Prosecutor is a person responsible for providing evidence against a person suspected of committing an offence.

Legal adviser is a lawyer who works in a state or non-government institution and performs the functions of legal maintenance of activities. The work of the legal counsel is close to the work of the lawyer: they give advice, make the necessary legal documents, and speak in court.

UNIT 3 / PROFESSION OF LAWYER IN UKRAINE

2 Answer the questions.

1. What legal profession do you know?
2. What is the main task of a lawyer?
3. How do we call a lawyer who provides professional legal assistance to citizens and legal entities in the court?
4. What are the judge's duties?
5. What is the specialization of a notary?
6. Who prepares a criminal case for further consideration in court?
7. Which way does a lawyer need to be educated?



3 True or false.

1. An investigator establishes the persons who committed a crime.
2. An investigator is not responsible to the circumstances of the commission of the crime.
3. The lawyer must not be educated at high - level institutes.
4. In Ukraine an advocate is an individual who carries out advocacy activity.
5. Notary is a person who carries out the function of supervision.
6. The investigator is a lawyer who performs a confirmation of the consistency of copies of documents.
7. The investigator makes a compulsory opinion of other people regarding their actions.

UNIT 3 / PROFESSION OF LAWYER IN UKRAINE

4 Match the words with the definitions.

- | | |
|-----------------|---|
| 1) notary | a) a person who carries out pre-trial investigation of offenses |
| 2) judge | b) an official who has powers to administer justice |
| 3) investigator | c) a person who performs notarial acts |
| 4) advocate | d) a person who conducts a professional advocate activity |
| 5) prosecutor | e) the main legal representative of the prosecution |
| 6) notary | f) a person who carries out the function of supervision |
| 7) prosecutor | g) a person authorized to confirm the authenticity of signature |

GRAMMAR!

PRONOUNS

Personal pronouns		Possessive adjectives	Possessive pronouns	Reflexive – Emphatic pronouns
before verbs as subject	after verbs as object	followed by nouns	not followed by nouns	
I you he she it we you they	me you him her it us you them	my your his her its our your their	mine yours his her - ours yours theirs	myself yourself himself herself itself ourselves yourselves themselves

PERSONAL PRONOUNS

We use personal pronouns to refer to people, things or animals. *We take legal actions against him. He is accused of committing a crime.*

Possessive adjectives \ pronouns

They can be used to talk about ownership or the relationship between people. *This is my legal form book. It is mine.*

UNIT 3 / PROFESSION OF LAWYER IN UKRAINE

Possessive case with ' s or s' for people

- singular nouns + s' the attorney 's notes
- regular plural nouns ending in - s + ' the attorney s' notes
- irregular plural nouns not ending in -s + 's the men's legal actions
- compound nouns + s' his sister – in –law's evidences

Reflexive – Emphatic pronouns

- reflexive – Emphatic pronouns are used with certain verbs such as behave, burn, cut, enjoy, hurt, kill, introduce, etc. or with prepositions when the subject and the object of the verb are the same.

He behaves himself like a criminal.

- certain verbs do not normally take a reflexive pronoun.

These are: wash, shave, complain, meet, rest, relax, stand up, get up, sit down, etc.

He complained about the criminal offence.

5 Fill in the correct form of the noun in brackets.

1. They accused ... (I) of a crime.
2. We charge ... (they) with murder.
3. The judge sentenced ... (you) to a punishment.
4. The attorney did not help ... (he) friend last year.
5. I saw ... (he) in the court yesterday.
6. I will call the police by ... (I)
7. It is not possible ... (he) killed ... (he). It cannot be suicide.
8. This is my attorney and that is ... (you).
9. The building ... (it) caught fire.
10. The investigator found evidences and took ... (they).

SPEAKING!

- 6 Discuss the problem how to be hired by the company when you graduated from the university.

WRITING!

- 7 Write an essay on the following topic "What kind a person should be the lawyer?" (100 - 120 words).

UNIT 4 / THE LEGAL PROFESSION IN GREAT BRITAIN

WARMING-UP!

1 Before reading the text talk about these questions.

What are different types of legal professions in Great Britain?
What is the difference between legal professions in Great Britain and Ukraine?

READING!

There are different types of legal professions in Great Britain, such as Solicitors, Barristers, Judges, Coroners and Clerks of the Court. Two main groups of the legal profession in England are barristers and solicitors. The distinction between solicitors and barristers is that barristers work in the court and solicitors work in the office.

Functions of solicitors:

give legal advice;

prepare cases for barristers to conduct in court;

prepare different legal documents.

Functions of barristers:

defend or prosecute in the higher courts;

represent clients in court.

Judges in Great Britain are ordinary citizens who are called Magistrates and their work is unpaid. Unfortunately, there is a small group of judges called High Court Judges. They deal with serious cases.

2 Answer the questions.

1. Why do people choose law as a career in Great Britain?
2. What is the main difference between barristers and solicitors?
3. What is the difference between judges in England and judges in Ukraine?
4. Can a person become a lawyer in England?
5. To your mind, which legal profession in Great Britain is the most difficult? Why?
6. What is the main role of jury in England?
7. What type of legal professions do you prefer more, a legal profession in the UK or in Ukraine? Why?

UNIT 4 / THE LEGAL PROFESSION IN GREAT BRITAIN

3 True or false.

1. The main type of legal profession in Great Britain is a lawyer.
2. Solicitors are hired to defend the accused.
3. Barristers and Solicitors are legally qualified.
4. The main function of solicitors is to give legal advice.
5. Barristers prepare different legal documents.
6. Barristers represent clients in court.
7. The work of the judges is well paid in Britain.

4 Match the words and word-combinations with the definitions.

- | | |
|-----------------|---|
| 1) barrister | a) is a category of lawyers in the UK who conduct cases in courts. |
| 2) solicitor | b) is a category of lawyers in the UK that conducts the preparation of court materials for conducting cases by barristers |
| 3) magistrate | c) a person who acts as a judge in a law court that deals with crimes that are less serious |
| 4) legal advice | d) an opinion that lawyers offer you about what you should do or how you should act in a legal case |
| 5) represent | e) to speak, act for another person |
| 6) coroner | f) an official who examines the reasons for a person's death, especially if it was violent or unexpected |
| 7) clerk | g) a person who works with a judge and helps the judge make decision |



UNIT 4 / THE LEGAL PROFESSION IN GREAT BRITAIN

GRAMMAR!

NUMERALS

A numeral is a figure, a letter, a word (or their combinations) representing a number. They may be divided into two major types: cardinal and ordinal numerals. Cardinal numerals indicate number, quantity or amount and are used

Cardinal numerals

Symbol	Word	Symbol	Word	Symbol	Word
0	zero, oh, nil, naught	11	eleven	30	thirty
1	one	12	twelve	40	forty
2	two	13	thirteen	50	fifty
3	three	14	fourteen	60	sixty
4	four	15	fifteen	70	seventy
5	five	16	sixteen	80	eighty
6	six	17	seventeen	90	ninety
7	seven	18	eighteen	100	one hundred
8	eight	19	nineteen	1 000	one thousand
9	nine	20	twenty	1 000 000	one million
10	ten	21	twenty-one	1 000 000 000 000	one billion

UNIT 4 / THE LEGAL PROFESSION IN GREAT BRITAIN

Ordinal numerals

In figures	In words	In figures	In words	In figures	In words
1st	the first	11th	the eleventh	21st	the twenty-first
2nd	the second	12th	the twelfth	30th	the thirtieth
3rd	the third	13th	the thirteenth	40th	the fortieth
4th	the fourth	14th	the fourteenth	50th	the fiftieth
5th	the fifth	15th	the fifteenth	60th	the sixtieth
6th	the sixth	16th	the sixteenth	70th	the seventieth
7th	the seventh	17th	the seventeenth	80th	the eightieth
8th	the eighth	18th	the eighteenth	90th	the ninetieth
9th	the ninth	19th	the nineteenth	100th	the hundredth
10th	the tenth	20th	the twentieth	101th	the hundred and first

Note:

Pay attention to the differences in the spelling and pronunciation of the following cardinal and ordinal numerals.

Two, twelve, twenty, twenty-two – second, twelfth, twentieth, twenty-second;
 Three, thirteen, thirty, thirty-three – third, thirteenth, thirtieth, thirty-third;
 Four, fourteen, forty, forty-four – fourth, fourteenth, fortieth, forty-fourth;
 Five, fifteen, fifty, fifty-five – fifth, fifteenth, fiftieth, fifty-fifth;
 Eight, eighteen, eighty, eighty-eight – eighth, eighteenth, eightieth, eighty-eighth;
 Nine, nineteen, ninety, ninety-nine – ninth, nineteenth, ninetieth, ninety-ninth.

UNIT 4 / THE LEGAL PROFESSION IN GREAT BRITAIN

5.1 Write the numbers in brackets as words.

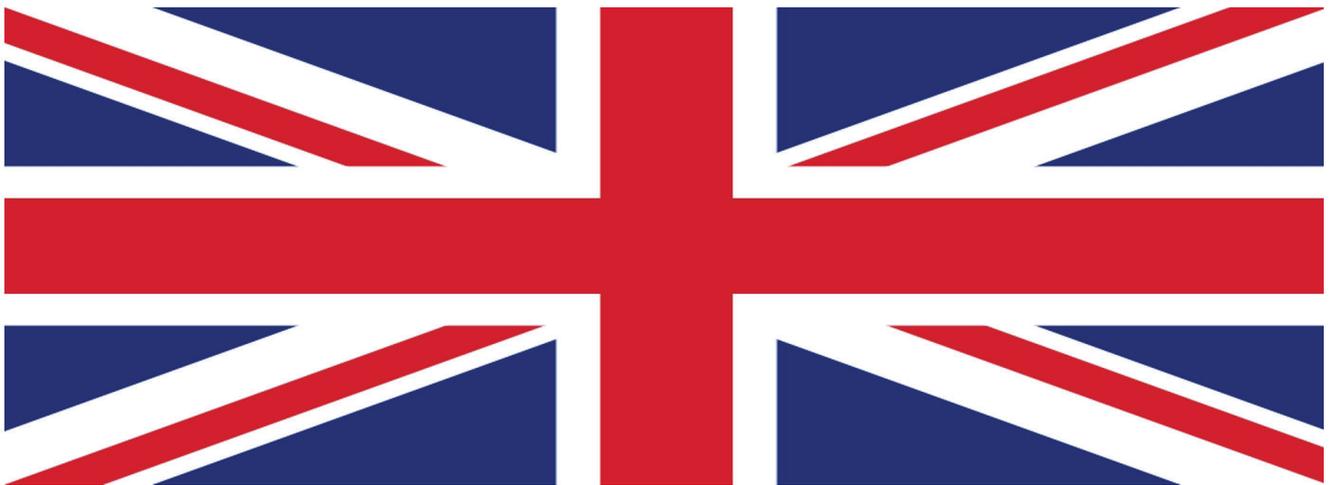
1. ... (14) lawyers work in our company.
2. The police have ... (22) suspects.
3. The court reviewed ... (57) complaints last week.
4. Police uncover ... (99) % of crimes.
5. The jury consists of ... (12) people.

5.2 Rewrite cardinal numerals to ordinal numerals.

1. Three witnesses -
2. Twelve lawsuits -
3. Forty lawyers -
4. Sixty-six pages of the Code -
5. Nine criminals -

SPEAKING!

- 6 **Think about the different types of legal professions in England and which one would you choose, and why? Give advice to your friends who would like to become lawyers in the UK.**



WRITING!

- 7 **Write an essay on the following topic "In what way can a person become a lawyer in Ukraine?" (100 – 120 words).**

WARMING-UP!

1 Before reading the text talk about these questions.

What are different types of legal professions in the USA?
What is the difference between legal professions in the USA and Ukraine?

READING!

The legal profession in the USA is a socially influential, prestigious, self-governing, mass and profitable profession. Legal education is one of its cornerstones. The legal tradition and the legal system, the leading role of the court in the United States have significantly influenced the formation of the traditions of the legal profession and education in this country.

To date, the United States has approximately 900,000 lawyers, most of whom have a lawyer's patent, which is one of the first conditions for engaging in any kind of practical activity.

There are three types of lawyers:

- practicing lawyers usually engage in activities that are in any way related to legal (the largest groups are lawyers engaged in private practice and legal consultants);
- persons who have a diploma, but direct activities with the right is not connected;
- those who are engaged in scientific activity.

2 Answer the questions.

1. Why do people choose law as a career in the USA?
2. What is the main difference between barristers and solicitors?
3. What is the difference between judges in the USA and judges in Ukraine?
4. How do you think, to become a lawyer in the USA?
5. To your mind, which legal profession in the USA is the most difficult? Why?
6. What is the main role of jury in the USA?
7. What type of legal professions do you prefer more, a legal profession in the USA or in Ukraine? Why?

UNIT 5 / THE LEGAL PROFESSION IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

3 True or false.

1. The legal profession in the USA is a prestigious and profitable profession.
2. You don't need to have special education to be a lawyer in the USA.
3. You need to have patent for practical activity.
4. Lawyers in the USA are never engaged in scientific activity.
5. The most unclaimed profession in the USA is law profession.
6. There are no Judges in the USA.
7. Police work in the USA is a law profession.

4 Match the words with the definitions.

- | | |
|-----------------|---|
| 1) influential | a) having a lot of influence on someone or something |
| 2) cornerstone | b) something of great importance that everything else depends on |
| 3) formation | c) the way something is naturally made or the way it has been arranged |
| 4) patent | d) the official legal right to make an invention for a particular number of years |
| 5) conditions | e) all the particular things that influence someone's living or working environment |
| 6) practical | f) relating to experience, real situations, or actions rather than ideas or imagination |
| 7) consultation | g) a meeting to discuss something or to get advice |



GRAMMAR!

TO BE

We use verb to be:

- as a main verb for a number of purposes including to express someone's role in society or a relationship:

I am a student of Law Faculty.

Tom is a practicing lawyer.

We are jurors in court.

- with an adjective:

Merry is very clever.

- with the -ing form to make the continuous aspect

We were walking to the court.

- to talk about our nationality and our identity within groups or clubs:

I am Ukrainian.

He is a member of legal club.

- to talk about time and dates:

What time is it?

The trial was at eleven o'clock.



UNIT 5 /



Affirmative	Negative	Interrogative
Present		
I am He is / He's She is It is You are We are They are	I am not / I'm not He is not / He isn't She is not / She isn't It is not / It isn't You are not / You aren't We are not / We aren't They are not / They aren't	Am I Is he Is she Is it Are you Are we Are they
Past		
I was He was She was It was You were We were They were	I was not He was not She was not It was not You were not We were not They were not	Was I Was he Was she Was it Were you Were we Were they
Future		
I will be He will be She will be It will be You will be We will be They will be	I will not be He will not be She will not be It will not be You will not be We will not be They will not be	Will I be Will he be Will she be Will it be Will you be Will we be Will they be



UNIT 5 / THE LEGAL PROFESSION IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

5 Use the correct form of the verb in brackets.

1. The legal profession ... (to be) a profitable profession.
2. The legal traditions ... (to be) constituents of legal education.
3. A lawyer's patent ... (to be) the first conditions for engaging practical activity.
4. I ... (to be) a practicing lawyer.
5. We ... (not, to be) students of medical college.
6. Tom ... (not, to be) practicing lawyer. He and Marry ... (to be) engaged in scientific activity.
7. My work ... (not, to be) connected with law.
8. ... John (to be) a student of Law Faculty in Ukrainian university?
9. ... they (to be) in court now?
10. What time ... (to be) our Criminal Law classes?



SPEAKING!

- 6 Express your opinion about the national American traditions and their role in legal education in America. What legal profession would you choose?

WRITING!

- 7 Write an essay on the following topic "The legal traditions as a basis of legal education in the USA" (100 – 120 words).

UNIT 6 / NOTARY

WARMING-UP!

1 Before reading the text talk about these questions.

What legal professions can you name?

Do you have any notaries among the members of your family?

READING!

Accomplishing the notarial acts in Ukraine is entrusted to notaries working in state notary office or state notarial paper-office (notary public). They can also be engaged in private notarial activities (private notary). The documents issued by state or private notary are legally effective.

Notary is a natural person authorized by state who realizes notarial service in state notary office, state notarial paper-office or independent professional notarial service, in particular, certifies laws and facts that have legal value, and commits the other notarial acts as provided for by law in order to give them judicial reliability. It is necessary to be a citizen of Ukraine, have higher legal education and speak Ukrainian if you are going to work as a notary. Also you need to possess at least six years of professional experience in the field of law. A person with a criminal record may not work as a notary.

2 Answer the questions.

1. Whom are notaries public appointed by?
2. What are notaries responsible for?
3. Do state and private notaries have any differences?
4. Does a notary have any limitation of the notarial acts?
5. What do you know about private notaries?
6. What body of authority can cancel the certificate on the right to realize notarial service?
7. What are main requirements for working as a notary?



3 True or false.

1. A notary public is a public official who is given the authority to acknowledge signatures, take depositions, certify copies of documents, administer oaths, and issue subpoenas.
2. The notary may ask the person to take an oath or may have the signer read an affidavit aloud.
3. The term notary public doesn't refer to common-law notaries.
4. In most cases, an individual can become a notary only by filling out an application and submitting a fee.
5. Typically, notaries work in private practice and are fee earners, but small minorities of countries have salaried public service notaries.
6. Some American states permit notaries to perform civil marriage ceremonies.
7. The notary cannot witness business documents and may not witness personal documents for employees.

4 Match the words and the word-combinations with the definitions.

- | | |
|----------------------|---|
| 1) notarial acts | a) a document showing any crimes you have committed |
| 2) paper-office | b) a living, breathing human being, as opposed to a legal entity such as a corporation |
| 3) a natural person | c) archive |
| 4) a citizen | d) practical contact with and observation of facts or events |
| 5) experience | e) an inhabitant of a particular town or city |
| 6) a criminal record | f) action performed by a notary public in his or her official capacity, such as in authenticating a document by witnessing it and placing the notarial seal on it |
| 7) responsible | g) having an obligation to do something, or having control over or care for someone, as part of one's job or role. |



GRAMMAR!

THERE IS/ THERE ARE

We use there is/ there are to say that something/someone exists.

There is a private notary in my town.

There are lots of protocols when appearing in court.

Affirmative	Negative	Interrogative
<i>There is a court.</i>	<i>There isn't a court.</i>	<i>Is there a court?</i>
<i>There are some courts.</i>	<i>There aren't any courts.</i>	<i>Are there any courts?</i>

5 Use the correct form of the verb to be.

1. There ... (to be) several similar cases in here.
2. There ... (to be) a precedent from a lawsuit.
3. ... there (to be) any precedents that we can refer to?
4. There ... (to be) not any attorneys working at the firm.
5. ... there (to be) any cases in which a client waives attorney-client privilege?
6. There ... (to be) a long interval before the criminal trial begins.
7. ... there (to be) any other class evidence?
8. There ... (to be) two types of evidence.
9. ... there (to be) so many chapters and articles as in present Constitution?
10. How many states ... (to be) there in the United States of America?

SPEAKING!

- 6 Share your thoughts on the point how to become a highly qualified notary specialist.

WRITING!

- 7 Write an essay on the following topic "I would like to become a professional notary because..." (100 - 120 words).

WARMING-UP!

1 Before reading the text talk about these questions.

What do you know about the Prosecutor's Office of Ukraine in general?
What is the difference between legal Prosecutors in Great Britain and Ukraine?

READING!

Prosecutor is a government official charged with bringing defendants in criminal cases to justice in the name of the state. Although responsibilities vary from one jurisdiction to another, many prosecutors are in charge of all phases of a criminal proceeding from investigation by the police through trial and beyond to all levels of appeal. Also defend the state in civil actions.

Functions of The Prosecutor's office:

- 1) prosecution in court on behalf of the State;
- 2) representation of the interests of a citizen or of the State in court in cases determined by law;
- 3) supervision of the observance of laws by bodies that conduct detective and search activity;

The Prosecutor's Office of Ukraine is headed by the General Prosecutor of Ukraine. The term of authority of the General Prosecutor of Ukraine is five years.

2 Answer the questions.

1. How can a person become a prosecutor in Ukraine?
2. What are the main functions of the Prosecutor's office?
3. Who is the head of the Prosecutor's Office?
4. What prosecutor's limitations in Ukraine do you know?
5. What is the responsibility of the Prosecutor's office?
6. In which cases do prosecutors provide protection to citizens?
7. What does the word "supervision" mean to you?



UNIT 7 / THE PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE OF UKRAINE

3 True or false.

1. Prosecutors accuse defendants in the name of citizens.
2. Prosecutor doesn't defend the state in civil actions.
3. Prosecutor defends the state in criminal cases.
4. The main function of the Prosecutor's office is prosecution in court on behalf of the State.
5. The General Prosecutor of Ukraine serves for life.
6. Every criminal case begins with the prosecutor.
7. In Ukraine the powers of lawyers include prosecuting.



4 Match the words with the definitions.

- | | |
|-------------------|--|
| 1) prosecutor | a) the main legal representative of the prosecution |
| 2) jurisdiction | b) competence of a court or other public authority |
| 3) prosecution | c) activity aimed at tracing, detaining and bringing to justice the alleged offender by way of his being exposed in a certain crime and applying to him the punishment imposed by the judiciary. |
| 4) supervision | d) form of activity of the bodies of the Prosecutor's Office to ensure lawfulness, to identify, eliminate and prevent violations of the law. |
| 5) representation | e) procedural activity performed on behalf and in the interests of the persons participating in the case: the prosecutor, state bodies, local self-government bodies and other bodies. |
| 6) defend | f) to speak in favor of someone or something |
| 7) justice | g) the system of laws in a country that judges and punishes people |

UNIT 7 / THE PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE OF UKRAINE

GRAMMAR!

PRESENT SIMPLE

We use Present Simple:

- to express habits, general truths, repeated actions or unchanging situations, emotions and wishes:

I read Law Magazine every Monday (habit);

He works in Prosecutor's Office (unchanging situation);

Ukraine is a European country (general truth).

- to give instructions or directions:

You walk for three hundred meters, then you get to the Court.

- to express fixed arrangements, present or future:

Your hearing begins at 13.15

- to express sequence of actions in the present:

First of all, I get acquainted with the case materials and then express my opinion.

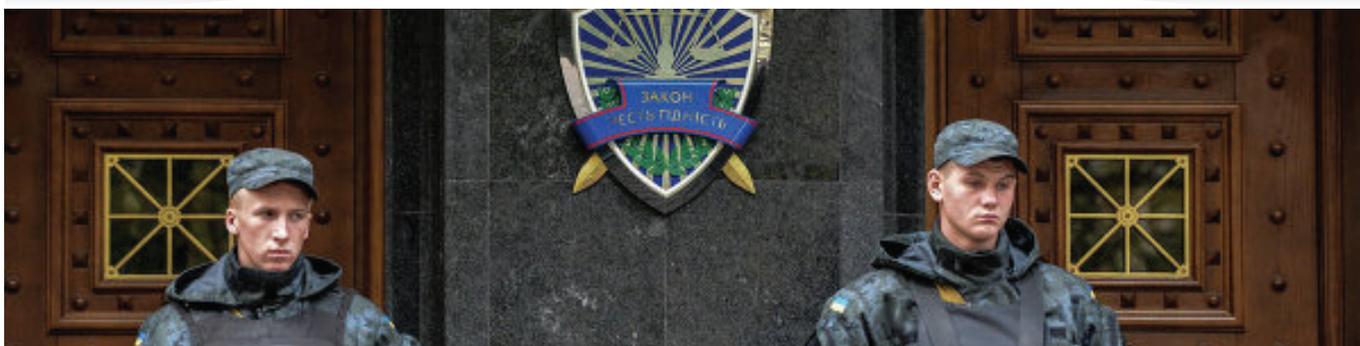
- to give instructions:

Open your Codes at page 132.

Affirmative	Negative	Interrogative
<i>I make</i>	<i>I do not make</i>	<i>Do I make</i>
<i>He makes</i>	<i>He does not make</i>	<i>Does he make</i>
<i>She makes</i>	<i>She does not make</i>	<i>Does she make</i>
<i>It makes</i>	<i>It does not make</i>	<i>Does it make</i>
<i>You make</i>	<i>You do not make</i>	<i>Do you make</i>
<i>We make</i>	<i>We do not make</i>	<i>Do we make</i>
<i>They make</i>	<i>They do not make</i>	<i>Do they make</i>

Time words:

Always, often, usually, sometimes, seldom, never, every day, every week, every year, on Mondays.



UNIT 7 / THE PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE OF UKRAINE

Notes:

1) In the third person singular the verb always ends in -s:

he makes, she reads, he gives, she kills.

Negative and question forms use DOES

He wants to become a prosecutor. Does he want to work in Prosecutor's Office? He does not go to the trial.

2) Verbs ending in -y : the third person changes the -y to -ies:

cry - cries

Exception: if there is a vowel before the -y:

pray - prays

3) Add -es to verbs ending in: -ss, -x, -sh, -ch:

he passes, she catches, he fixes, it pushes



5 Open the brackets and put the verbs into the Present Simple form.

1. Tom ... (to work) in the Prosecutor's Office.
2. Marry ... (to want) to become a prosecutor.
3. My friends and I ... (to go) to practice to the Prosecutor's office.
4. I always ... (to dream) of being a good lawyer.
5. My father ... (not, to want) that I become a prosecutor.
6. Lily ... (not, to like) to read Constitution of Ukraine.
7. They ... (not, to kill) anyone.
8. Why you ... (to choose) prosecutor as a profession?
9. Scarlet ... (to do) her work well every day?
10. When our trial ... (to start)?

UNIT 7 / THE PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE OF UKRAINE

SPEAKING!

6 With a partner act the roles on the following topic.

What does it mean to be a prosecutor?

Student 1: You are a correspondent of the newspaper.

Talk to the prosecutor about his work.

Ask Student 2 about:

- the prosecutor's office
- how to become a qualified prosecutor?
- what does it mean to be a prosecutor?

Student 2: You are a prosecutor. Answer Student's 1 questions.

WRITING!

7 Write an essay on the following topic "What does the word "Prosecutor" mean to you?" (100 – 120 words).



UNIT 8 / THE NATIONAL POLICE OF UKRAINE

WARMING-UP!

1 Before reading the text talk about these questions.

Do you want to be a police officer? Why? Why not?
What should people do when something bad has happened to them?

READING!

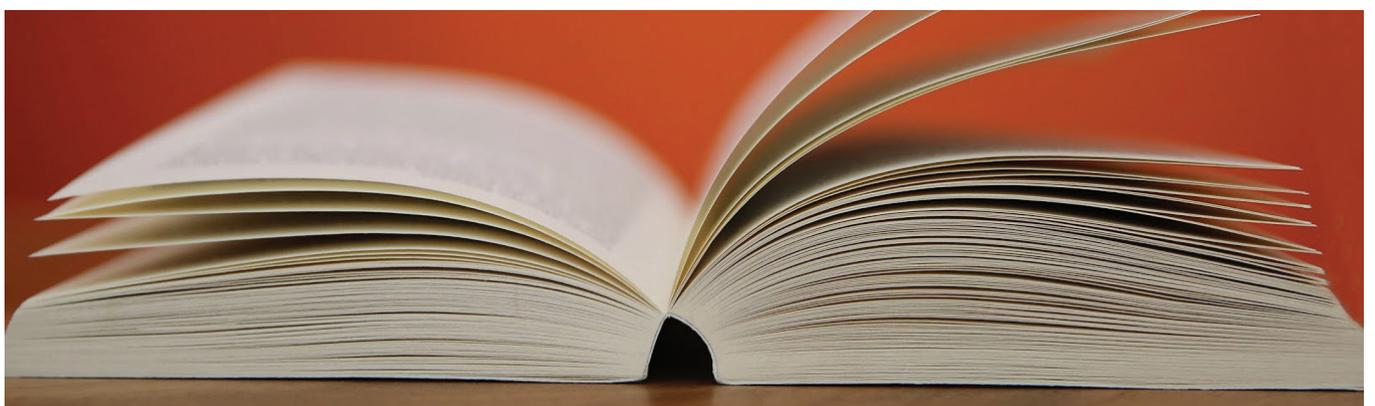
The National Police of Ukraine is a law enforcement central body of executive power, established in 2015 on the basis of militia. The idea of creation arose in 2014 as a reform of the law enforcement system. So the law of Ukraine "On The National Police" was adopted on July 2, 2015 and came into force on November 7, 2015.

Police serves society by ensuring the protection of rights and freedoms, combating crime, maintaining public safety and order. Its activity is directed and coordinated by the Cabinet of Ministers of Ukraine through the Minister of Internal Affairs of Ukraine according to the law.

In order to become a police officer it is necessary to be a citizen of Ukraine with full general secondary education, regardless of race, colour, political, religious and other beliefs, sex, ethnic and social origin, property status, place of residence and speak Ukrainian. A police officer cannot be a member of a political party, organize strikes and participate in them.

The main tasks of the police are the following:

- providing public security and order;
- protection of the rights and freedoms of the citizens;
- protection the interests of society and the state;
- fighting crime.



UNIT 8 / THE NATIONAL POLICE OF UKRAINE

2 Answer the questions.

1. When do most people deal with the police?
2. When was the law of Ukraine "On The National Police" adopted and came into force?
3. Which are the main tasks of the police?
4. What laws are the police regulated by in their activities?
5. Who is police activity directed and coordinated by?
6. Who is the Minister of Internal Affairs in your country?
7. What are the requirements to become a police officer?

3 True or false.

1. Police can protect only children and pensioners.
2. As a rule, if people break the law, they may be forced to pay a fine or go to prison.
3. In our country women can't work in the police.
4. Police activity is directed and coordinated by people who usually break the laws.
5. The police must provide public safety and order, protect the rights and freedoms of the citizens.
6. Any police officer can be a member of a political party and do everything they want.
7. Every citizen in our country may be a police officer despite being twice convicted.



4 Match the words with the definitions.

- | | |
|-------------------|--|
| 1) defense | a) a breach of a law or rule |
| 2) penalty | b) a mark made on a surface by a person's fingertip |
| 3) police officer | c) the action of defending from or resisting attack |
| 4) society | d) the aggregate of people living together in a more or less ordered community |
| 5) offense | e) a member of a police force |
| 6) security | f) punishment for breaking a law |
| 7) fingerprint | g) the state of being free from danger or threat |

UNIT 8 / THE NATIONAL POLICE OF UKRAINE

GRAMMAR!

PAST SIMPLE

We use Past Simple for:

- past actions which happened one after the other: *He took the gun, looked around and shot.*
- to express a past state or habit: *We used to go/went to the university on foot.*
- actions which happened at a stated time in the past: *He bought this gun two days ago. (When? Two days ago.)*

Time expressions used with:

Yesterday, last week/month/year, Monday/Tuesday etc, ago, then, in 1987 etc.

Affirmative	Negative	Interrogative
<i>I made</i>	<i>I did not (didn't) make</i>	<i>Did I make</i>
<i>He made</i>	<i>He did not (didn't) make</i>	<i>Did he make</i>
<i>She made</i>	<i>She did not (didn't) make</i>	<i>Did she make</i>
<i>It made</i>	<i>It did not (didn't) make</i>	<i>Did it make</i>
<i>We made</i>	<i>We did not (didn't) make</i>	<i>Did we make</i>
<i>You made</i>	<i>You did not (didn't) make</i>	<i>Did you make</i>
<i>They made</i>	<i>They did not (didn't) make</i>	<i>Did they make</i>

5 Open the brackets and put the verbs into the Past Simple form.

1. Mr. Brown ... (to work) in court in 2016.
2. The Prime Minister of Ukraine ... (to visit) France last month.
3. Your sister ... (to study) at the University of Internal Affairs last year?
4. My friend Mike ... (to be) a student, when he ... (to get) married to our groupmate.
5. Last Monday the investigator ... (to invite) this witness to get some new evidence.
6. A minute ago he ... (to notice) the prisoner escaping from prison.
7. The agent in Turkey ... (not, to send) very concrete information the day before yesterday.
8. The deputies ... (to discuss) the new law a week ago?
9. About 594 B.C. Solon, the famous Athenian law-maker, ... (to provide) a new law code.
10. The traffic policeman ... (not, to stop) this automobile last week.

UNIT 8 / THE NATIONAL POLICE OF UKRAINE

SPEAKING!

- 6** **Work in groups and discuss the following questions.**
Why do we need police?
How quickly can police respond to emergencies in your country?
Do you know how to protect yourself from criminal?

WRITING!

- 7** **Write an essay on the following topic "What would you suggest to change in the law of Ukraine "On The National Police" if you were the Minister of Internal Affairs?" (100 - 120 words).**



UNIT 9 / THE BRITISH POLICE

WARMING-UP!

1 Before reading the text talk about these questions.

What do you know about the British Police?

What features of character are necessary for a successful work of the police officers?



READING!

The police play the most important part in keeping public order and protecting people and property. To do their work properly the police need relevant authority. They have the power to intervene in order to prevent crimes.

The first modern police force in the world was The British Police. It began its activity in 1829. The British Police Officer is sometimes called the "bobby" after Sir Robert Peel (Bobby), the founder of the police force is a person well-known to everybody.

The main duties of the British Police are the prevention of crimes and disorder, the preservation of the peace, the apprehension of offenders, the recovery of lost or stolen property and the protection of life, property and personal liberties.

All members of the British Police must gain a certain level of academic qualifications at school and undergo a period of intensive training. The career structure in the British police force allows to be promoted from Constable to Sergeant, then through Inspector and Superintendent to Chief Constable. In London the Head of the Force is called the Metropolitan Commissioner. Women make up about 10 % of the British Police.

The British police officers are not allowed to carry guns, except in North Ireland. Only a few police officers are regularly armed – for instance, those who guard politicians, diplomats or patrol airports.

UNIT 9 / THE BRITISH POLICE

2 Answer the questions.

- 1 What are the tasks of the British Police?
- 2 Who was the founder of the British Police?
- 3 What are the reasons citizens call the police?
- 4 Where do the police officers usually take arrested people?
- 5 What do people have to do when they see a wanted criminal?
- 6 Are the British policemen allowed to carry guns in Great Britain?
- 7 In what cases are police officers armed?

3 True or false.

- 1 Police officers always behave properly and never break laws themselves.
- 2 All members of the British Police have to gain a certain level of academic qualifications at school and undergone a period of intensive training.
- 3 The first modern police force in the world was in Ukraine.
- 4 The police officers usually take arrested people to the Prosecutor's Office.
- 5 The police control only the moral behavior of individuals.
- 6 The police officers have the power to arrest people and detain them for a limited time.
- 7 The police have the power to intervene in order to prevent crimes.

4 Match the words with the definitions.

- | | |
|-------------|--|
| 1) motive | a) a thing or things belonging to someone |
| 2) prisoner | b) the state of being without danger |
| 3) arrest | c) a reason for doing something |
| 4) witness | d) a person who is kept in a detention center |
| 5) safety | e) an act of depriving people of their liberty |
| 6) crime | f) a person who has seen a crime or accident |
| 7) property | g) illegal act |



GRAMMAR!

FUTURE SIMPLE

We use Future Simple:

for general intentions (to talk about things someone will probably do).

He will change his job.

They won't change the telephone number.

Will you take the exam?

- for predictions or opinions (we suppose that something will or will not happen).

It will snow in winter.

The advocate will not win.

It is typically used with verbs or adverbs such as *think, be sure, hope, believe, suppose, perhaps, possibly, probably, surely.*

They'll probably study at the university.

Affirmative	Negative	Interrogative
<i>I will (I'll) make</i>	<i>I will not (won't) make</i>	<i>Will I make</i>
<i>He will (He'll) make</i>	<i>He will not (won't) make</i>	<i>Will he make</i>
<i>She will (She'll) make</i>	<i>She will not (won't) make</i>	<i>Will she make</i>
<i>It will (it'll) make</i>	<i>It will not (won't) make</i>	<i>Will it make</i>
<i>You will (you'll) make</i>	<i>You will not (won't) make</i>	<i>Will you make</i>
<i>We will (we'll) make</i>	<i>We will not (won't) make</i>	<i>Will we make</i>
<i>They will (they'll) make</i>	<i>They will not (won't) make</i>	<i>Will they make</i>

Time expressions used with:

Tomorrow, the day after tomorrow, tonight, next week/month/year, in two days, the day after tomorrow, soon, in a week/month and so on.

Notes:

Shall is used: with I/we in questions, suggestions, offers or when asking for advice.

What shall I do?

Will is used: to express offers, threats, promises, predictions, warnings, requests, hopes, fears, comments (mainly with: think, expect, believe, I'm sure, hope, know, suppose).

I hope they'll be on time.

UNIT 9 / THE BRITISH POLICE

5 Open the brackets and put the verbs into the Future Simple form.

1. We ... (to meet) the Prime Minister after in two weeks.
2. I'm sure she ... (to be) one of the best notaries in the city.
3. A lawyer ... (not, to be) in the office tomorrow.
4. The police ... (to make) inquires the day after tomorrow.
5. The notary ... (to arrive) next month.
6. She ... (to send) you the information when she gets it.
7. My friend's wife ... (not, to work) in prison.
8. Dan ... (to study) at the University of Internal Affairs, he wants to be a lawyer.
9. I ... (to see) the witnesses in the court next Tuesday.
10. The investigator ... (to inform) them if something happens?

SPEAKING!

- 6 **Work in pairs. Imagine your friend is a police officer. You want to know why he/she has chosen this profession.**

WRITING!

- 7 **Write an essay on the following topic "The history of the British police" (100 - 120 words).**



UNIT 10 / POLICE IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

WARMING-UP!

1 Before reading the text talk about these questions.

In what cases do people usually call the police?

What special characteristics should the police officers have?

READING!

The United States of America do not have a single police department, so, there is no official term "US Police". Instead, each state, and also every large city, and sometimes even a smaller settlement, has its own police department, independent of the others.

The US police system arose under the influence of the democratic ideas of the Declaration of Independence of 1776 and the principles of the Constitution of 1787. In the USA there are three levels of state power: federal, state and local.

In the US there are federal law enforcement agencies that investigate federal crimes (FBI, Office for Drug Control, Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms and Explosives, Secret Service, Federal Marshals, US Immigration and Customs Police and others). But the main burden falls on the police of states and cities. The head of the local police authority is commissar, superintendent or chief of police. He is usually appointed by the mayor, the head of the city or local legislature, and is sometimes chosen by popular vote. At the district level, the head of the police department is usually called the "sheriff". The sheriffs are almost universally elected to this position and are given the right to appoint their assistant. The sheriff's administration also deals with the maintenance of the district jail and the security of the courtroom.

2 Answer the questions.

1. Is there an official term "US Police"? Give your explanation.
2. Which way is the power of police department spread through the USA?
3. How many levels of state power are there in the USA?
4. What are the main tasks of federal law enforcement agencies?
5. How do they call the head of the police department at the district level?
6. Who is the head of the state local police authority?
7. What official body deals with the maintenance of the district jail?

UNIT 10 / POLICE IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

3 True or false.

1. The problem of firearms and explosives are resolved by federal law enforcement agencies.
2. Only a large city has its own police department.
3. The US police system followed the democratic ideas of the Declaration of Independence of 1776.
4. Federal law enforcement agencies investigate state crimes.
5. The sheriff's administration is not interested in the security of the courtroom maintenance.
6. All officers of the police department are usually called the "sheriff".
7. The main part of work falls on the police of states and cities.

4 Match the words with the definitions.

- | | |
|----------------|---|
| 1) courtroom | a) a load, weight especially a heavy one |
| 2) jail | b) the act of compelling observance with a law, rule |
| 3) settlement | c) to behave toward or to have business in a certain way |
| 4) burden | d) the process of maintaining or preserving someone |
| 5) maintenance | e) a community of people who live close together in a small group in a small area |
| 6) enforcement | f) the place or room in which a court of law meets |
| 7) deal with | g) a place for the confinement of people accused or convicted of a crime |



UNIT 10 / POLICE IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

GRAMMAR!

PRESENT CONTINUOUS

We use Present Continuous for:

- temporary situation.

She is working with documents on a crime this week.

- changing or developing situation.

The level of democracy is getting higher in this country.

- frequently repeated actions with always, expressing annoyance or criticism.

They are always changing the Tax Law.

(Here 'always' means constantly.)

- actions happening at \ around the moment of speaking.

They are making the contract at the moment.

- fixed arrangements in the future.

I'm meeting the attorney tomorrow.

Time expressions used with:

Now, at the moment, at present, nowadays, today, tonight, still.

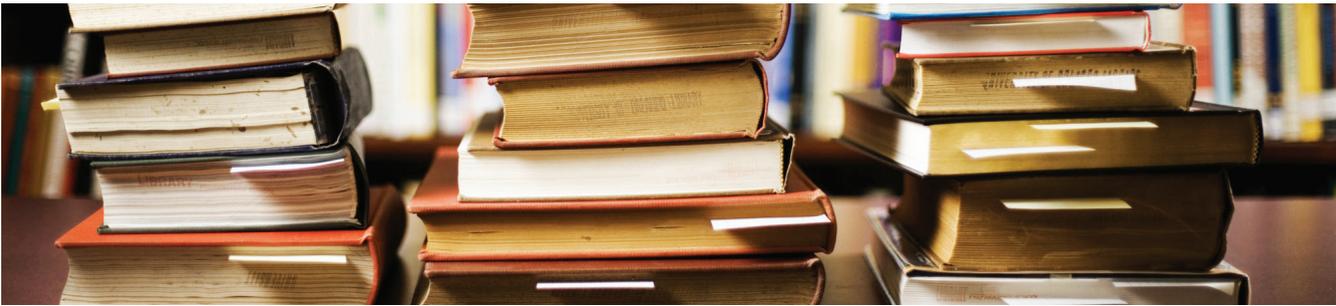
Affirmative			Interrogative			Negative		
I	am	making	Am	I	making	I	am not	making
You	are	making	Are	you	making	You	are not	making
He	is	making	Is	he	making	He	is not	making
She	is	making	Is	she	making	She	is not	making
It	is	making	Is	it	making	It	is not	making
We	are	making	Are	we	making	We	are not	making
You	are	making	Are	you	making	You	are not	making
They	are	making	Are	they	making	They	are not	making



UNIT 10 / POLICE IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

5 Open the brackets and put the verbs into the Present Continuous form:

1. They ... (to check) his passport now.
2. The driver ... (to make) an illegal turn now.
3. The lawyer ... (to sign) the contract of employment now.
4. They ... (to discuss) the delivery contract today.
5. The new inspector ...still (to examine) an agreement of distribution.
6. The company ... (to plan) to hire expert witnesses now.
7. The investigator ... (to look for) information about burglary the whole day.
8. The prosecutor ... (to think) about the standard of moral and ethical principles now.
9. The attorneys ... (to read) trial briefs for their personal use at the moment.
10. The jury ... (to exchange) the detailed information about the case now.



SPEAKING!

- 6 Discuss advantages and disadvantages of the US police system.

WRITING!

- 7 Write an essay on the following topic "Main characteristic of the US police system" (100 - 120 words).

UNIT 11 / THE SECURITY SERVICE OF UKRAINE

WARMING-UP!

1 Before reading the text talk about these questions.

Do you know what the abbreviation the "SSU" means?
Do you know any Security Services in other countries?

READING!

In accordance with Ukrainian legislation the Security Service of Ukraine (SSU) is a part of law-enforcement system which includes: the central administration of the Security Service of Ukraine; regional organs subordinated to the central administration; organs of military counterintelligence, military forces; educational, research and other institutions of the Security Service of Ukraine.

This system is headed by the Chief of the Security Service of Ukraine. Now the leader of this special service is a Ukrainian military, head of the antiterrorist center in the Security Service of Ukraine, army general of Ukraine Vasyl Hrytsak. He is subordinated to the President of Ukraine.

The law of Ukraine "On the Security Service of Ukraine" was adopted on March 25, 1992 by the Verkhovna Rada of Ukraine.

The Security Service of Ukraine must perform functions by law, act in conformity with law, secure rights and freedoms of an individual and citizen. Legislation in force sets up the tasks and authorities of the Security Service of Ukraine. They must protect state sovereignty, constitutional order, territorial integrity, lawful interest of the state, prevent interference of separate organizations, groups and persons.

Additional tasks are prevention, disclosing and exposing crimes against peace and security of mankind, act of terrorism, corruption and organized crime in economic sphere and other unlawful actions that threaten vital interests of Ukraine.

Work of the Security Service of Ukraine is founded on legality, respect of rights and freedoms of an individual, responsibility before Ukrainian people and on the principle of not belonging to any political party.

UNIT 11 / THE SECURITY SERVICE OF UKRAINE

2 Answer the questions.

- 1 What is the Security Service of Ukraine?
- 2 What powers does the Security Service of Ukraine have?
- 3 What are the main purposes of the Security Service of Ukraine creation?
- 4 Who is the Chief of the Security Service of Ukraine now?
- 5 When was the Security Service of Ukraine adopted?
- 6 Whom is the Security Service of Ukraine subordinated to?
- 7 What ideas do you have to improve the work of the Security Service of Ukraine?

3 True or false.

1. The tasks of the Security Service of Ukraine are to protect state sovereignty, constitutional order, territorial integrity, lawful interest of the state, prevent interference of separate organizations, groups and persons.
2. Prime Minister of Ukraine is the head of the Security Service of Ukraine.
3. The Security Service of Ukraine is a judicial body in Ukraine.
4. The Security Service of Ukraine is Ukraine's law-enforcement authority and main government security agency in the areas of counterintelligence activity and terrorism combating.
5. The Security Service of Ukraine appeared only at the beginning of the XXI century.
6. The Security Service of Ukraine is a private organization with own rules and laws.
7. The twenty-fifth of March is a public holiday in Ukraine. Citizens celebrate Independence Day.

4 3 Match the words with the definitions.

- | | |
|------------------------|---|
| 1) authority | a) dishonest or fraudulent conduct by those in power, typically involving bribery |
| 2) to protect | b) the use of violence and intimidation in the pursuit of political aims |
| 3) counterintelligence | c) to keep something from happening or arising |
| 4) corruption | d) the power or right to give orders, make decisions and enforce obedience |
| 5) to prevent | e) activity designed to prevent or thwart spying, intelligence gathering and sabotage by an enemy or other foreign entity |
| 6) terrorism | f) the state or fact of having a duty to deal with something or of having control over someone |
| 7) responsibility | g) to keep from harm or injury |

UNIT 11 / THE SECURITY SERVICE OF UKRAINE

GRAMMAR!

PAST CONTINUOUS TENSE

We use Past Continuous for:

- an action that was in the middle of happening at a stated time in the past: *At 9 o'clock last night an investigator was looking through the criminal case.*
- two or more actions which were happening at the same time in the past: *We were listening to the lecturer while he was telling us about the civil accident.*
- a past time action which was in progress when another action interrupted it. We use Past Continuous for the interrupted action and Past Simple for the action which interrupts it: *The judge was pronouncing the verdict when suddenly somebody ran into the court room.*

Time expressions used with: *while, when, as.*

Affirmative	Negative	Interrogative
<i>I was making</i>	<i>I was not (wasn't) making</i>	<i>Was I making</i>
<i>He was making</i>	<i>He was not (wasn't) making</i>	<i>Was he making</i>
<i>She was making</i>	<i>She was not (wasn't) making</i>	<i>Was she making</i>
<i>It was making</i>	<i>It was not (wasn't) making</i>	<i>Was it making</i>
<i>We were making</i>	<i>We were not (weren't) making</i>	<i>Were we making</i>
<i>You were making</i>	<i>You were not (weren't) making</i>	<i>Were you making</i>
<i>They were making</i>	<i>They were not (weren't) making</i>	<i>Were they making</i>



UNIT 11 / THE SECURITY SERVICE OF UKRAINE

5 Open the brackets and put the verbs into Past Continuous Tense.

1. While we ... (to drink) our coffee, we ... (to talk) about the accident.
2. The investigator ... (to sign) the documents when a witness came in.
3. She ... (to go) to buy some food, but a robber took all her money.
4. He ... (not, to listen) to this police officer when he tried to warn him.
5. A man ... (to walk) along the street when somebody attacked him.
6. They ... (to look) for something when I entered the hall.
7. Dan was very busy yesterday. He ... (to prepare) for his final exams the whole day.
8. I ... (to make) my way around suddenly I heard the shot.
9. The students (to sit) at their desks when a dean entered?
10. What you (to do) when I phoned you yesterday?



SPEAKING!

- 6 Imagine you are a newly elected Chief of the Security Service of Ukraine. Prepare a speech about your plans for making improvements in future work of the Security Service of Ukraine.

WRITING!

- 7 Write an essay on the following topic "Special Forces of the Security Service of Ukraine" (100 - 120 words).

UNIT 12 / CRIME DETECTION

WARMING-UP!

1 Before reading the text talk about these questions.

What are some features that make suspects easy to recognize?
What questions should police ask the victim of a crime?

READING!

Crime detection and investigation used to depend mostly on witnesses, hearsay or forced confessions. The first modern crime detection organization was Scotland Yard, established in the 19th century.

Crime detection begins with the discovery of a crime scene, and proceeds through the process of evidence collection, identification and analysis.

Crime scene investigation employs many forensic techniques, examining hairs or fibers, firearms, anatomy, bodily fluids and chemistry.

Surveillance is used when there is a high probability of a crime taking place at a specific place and time. Detectives are bound by all privacy laws, and must obtain a court order to intrude on privacy.

Detectives interview all known victims or witnesses and interrogate suspects to further their investigation. Interrogation is probably the oldest crime detection and investigation technique.

2 Answer the questions.

1. When and where was the first modern crime detection organization established?
2. Are there any detective agencies in your city?
3. What does forensic technique include?
4. When should surveillance be used?
5. How does interviewing witnesses help to catch criminals?
6. What should someone do in order to prevent a crime?
7. Have you ever read a detective story in English?



UNIT 12 / CRIME DETECTION

3 True or false.

1. The first modern crime detection organization was Scotland Yard, established in the 18th century.
2. Surveillance is used when there is a very low probability of a crime taking place at a specific place and time.
3. Interrogation is the newest crime detection and investigation technique.
4. In most countries the detection of crime is the responsibility of the police, though special law enforcement agencies may be responsible for the discovery of particular types of crime.
5. Many crimes are discovered and reported by persons rather than the police.
6. Forensic science doesn't play an important role in the investigation of serious crimes.
7. An important aspect in the investigation of offenses isn't the interrogation of suspects.



4 Match the words and words-combinations with the definitions.

- | | |
|--------------------|---|
| 1) investigation | a) the place where an offence has been committed and forensic evidence may be gathered |
| 2) victim | b) to examine, study, or inquire into systematically |
| 3) crime detection | c) a person thought to be guilty of a crime or offence |
| 4) interview | d) a person harmed, injured, or killed as a result of a crime, accident, or other event or action |
| 5) crime scene | e) the process of uncovering criminal activity and acquiring evidence in order to identify and prosecute its perpetrators |
| 6) witness | f) a meeting of people face to face, especially for consultation |
| 7) suspect | g) a person who sees an event, typically a crime or accident |

UNIT 12 / CRIME DETECTION

GRAMMAR!

PRESENT PERFECT

We use Present Perfect:

- to describe an action or situation that started in the past and continues in the present

I have worked in the court since 2007 (= and I still do.)

- to describe an action performed during a period that has not yet finished

She has been to the police office twice this week (= and the week isn't over yet.)

- to describe a repeated action in an unspecified period between the past and now

We have visited a judge several times.

- to describe an action that was completed in the very recent past, expressed by 'just'.

I have just finished my report.

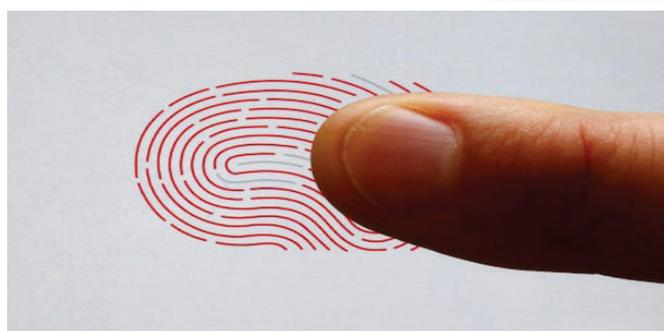
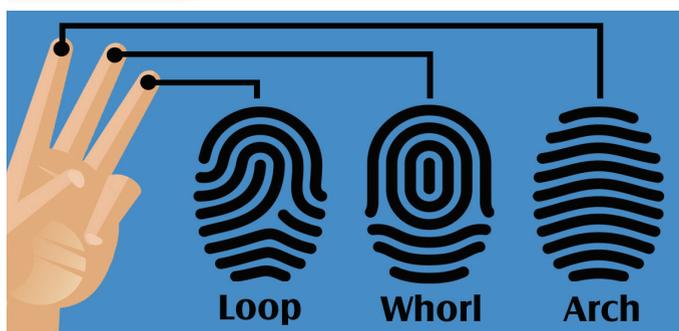
- to describe an action when the time is not important.

The judge has made the decision. (= the result is important.)

Time words used with:

Just, already, yet, since, for, ever, never.

Affirmative	Negative	Interrogative
<i>I have made</i>	<i>I haven't made</i>	<i>Have I made?</i>
<i>You have made</i>	<i>You haven't made</i>	<i>Have you made?</i>
<i>He has made</i>	<i>He hasn't made</i>	<i>Has he made?</i>
<i>She has made</i>	<i>She hasn't made</i>	<i>Has she made?</i>
<i>It has made</i>	<i>It hasn't made</i>	<i>Has it made?</i>
<i>We have made</i>	<i>We haven't made</i>	<i>Have we made?</i>
<i>You have made</i>	<i>You haven't made</i>	<i>Have you made?</i>
<i>They have made</i>	<i>They haven't made</i>	<i>Have they made?</i>



5 Open the brackets and put the verbs into the Present Perfect form.

1. She ... (to find) a possible new property to use as a shop and wants to make an offer to buy it immediately.
2. The government just ... (to make) some changes to the laws that relate to government power.
3. Why the victim ... (to complain) about this?
4. He ... (to work) as a lawyer for about seven years.
5. This local juvenile court never ... (to see) this case.
6. What is the reason the criminal ... (to reject) the plea bargain?
7. The fingerprints ... (to be) there for several days already.
8. Since you ... (not, to respond) to my request to meet with a neutral mediator, I am forced to consider legal action.
9. ... (to be) you recently the injured party in an accident or in a case of misconduct?
10. A group of teenagers ... (to break) into the houses since 2016 and ... (not, to catch) yet.

SPEAKING!

- 6 You believe you have seen a criminal. Describe the suspect to the police officer (suspect's build, hair, distinguishing marks).

WRITING!

- 7 Write an essay on the following topic "How to describe a suspect? (100 - 120 words).



WARMING-UP!

1 Before reading the text talk about these questions.

Do all states possess permanent population, and a defined territory?

Are the states important in our lives?

READING!

State is identified as a primarily political entity, historically defined as the defender of territorial integrity and law and order.

The main features of the state are territoriality, population, power, state symbols, constitutionality, sovereignty, taxation, laws, etc.

State is very important in our everyday life. It takes nearly half our income in taxes. It registers our birth, marriages and death. It educates our children and pays our pensions. The state has a unique power to compel, in some cases exercising the ultimate sanctions of preserving life and ordering deaths.

In social states, the state intervenes in economy and provides its citizens with social services to achieve more equality.

A democratic state is one where

- government is accountable to the people through free and fair elections to public office;
- adults have equal rights to vote and stand for election;
- civil and political rights are respected;
- political organizations independent of state exist.

The Rule of law prevails in a state where all institutions are subject to the law and no person or institution is above the law.

2 Answer the questions.

1. What is historical definition of state?
2. How is the state identified?
3. Why is the state important in our everyday life?
4. What unique power has the state?
5. What are the main features of the state?
6. What does a democratic state mean?
7. In what state does the rule of law prevail?

3 True or false.

1. The state is the defender of territorial integrity and law and order.
2. The main feature of the state is levying taxes.
3. In a democratic state government is accountable to the people through free and fair elections.
4. The state is a system of official institutions and agencies.
5. State is an organized group of people who have similar ideas about the way in which the country should be governed.

4 Match the words and word-combinations with the definitions.

- | | |
|--------------------|--|
| 1) integrity | a) a situation in which everyone in a country is expected to obey the laws |
| 2) income | b) a person who is no longer a child and is legally responsible for his/her actions |
| 3) ultimate | c) the quality of being complete or whole |
| 4) taxation | d) money that you earn by working, investing or producing goods |
| 5) election | e) having more power or responsibility |
| 6) adults | f) the system that a government uses for collecting money from people in the form of taxes |
| 7) the Rule of law | g) a time when people vote in order to choose someone for a political or official job |



GRAMMAR!

PAST PERFECT

We use the Past Perfect Active:

- when we talk about past action which occurred before another past action or before a specific time in the past:

When they entered the hall, the Parliament had already passed the important legislation.

-when we talk about complete past action, which had visible results in the past:

She was sad because she had failed the test.

-the past perfect is the past equivalent of the present perfect:

(He can't find his watch. He has lost it)

He couldn't find his watch yesterday. He had lost it.

Time expressions used with:

For, since, already, after, just, never, yet, before, by, by the time, etc.

Affirmative	Negative	Interrogative
<i>I had made</i>	<i>I hadn't made</i>	<i>Had I made?</i>
<i>You had made</i>	<i>You hadn't made</i>	<i>Had you made?</i>
<i>He (she, it) had made</i>	<i>He (she, it) hadn't made</i>	<i>Had he (she, it) made?</i>
<i>You had made</i>	<i>You hadn't made</i>	<i>Had you made?</i>
<i>They had made</i>	<i>They hadn't made</i>	<i>Had they made?</i>



5 Open the brackets and put the verbs into the Past Perfect.

1. He said he ... (not, to see) him for three years.
2. They ... (to introduce) already that bill in Parliament?
3. We could not discuss the new legislation. We ... (not, to be acquainted) with it.
4. He ... (not, to meet) his voters yet.
5. You already ... (to prepare) the report on theory of state and law?
6. The members of Parliament ... (to introduce) many amendments to the new bill before the session began.
7. They just ... (to finish) writing the report about the origin of states.
8. He didn't recognize the city. It ... (to change) a lot.
9. The Professor told that states never ... (to exist) in isolation.
10. There was a car at the side of the road. It ... (to break) down.

SPEAKING!

6 Agree or disagree with the following sayings.

1. The ballot is stronger than the bullet. Abraham Lincoln
2. The State is to make what is useful. The individual is to make what is beautiful. Oscar Wilde
3. Democracy is when the indigent, and not the men of property, are the rulers. Aristotle

WRITING!

7 Write an essay on the following topics "The Role of State in Society" and "An Ideal Model of the Welfare State" (100 - 120 words).



UNIT 14 / TYPES OF STATES

WARMING-UP!

1 Before reading the text talk about these questions.

What types of states do you know?
In what way do they differ?

READING!

States may be classified as monarchical or republican. States variations are based on that who holds power, who elects the empowered, and how authority is maintained. There is a way to classify these governments by looking at how leaders gain power. Under this system, governments fall into general categories of authoritarianism, oligarchy, and democracy.

A monarchy is a form of government in which supreme power absolutely or nominally belongs to an individual, who is the head of state, often for life. The person who heads a monarchy is called a monarch. There are hereditary and absolute monarchies, parliamentary monarchies. Some states have hereditary rulers, but are considered republics. Today, there are fewer than 30 monarchies. Democracy is a form of government in which the right to govern is held by the majority of citizens within a country or a state. All members of the society have equal access to power and all members enjoy universally recognized freedoms and liberties.

An oligarchy is a form of government in which power effectively rests with a small elite segment of society. An oligarchy is different from a true democracy because very few people are given the chance to change things. One common example is that of theocracy.

2 Answer the questions.

1. What types of states exist in the world?
2. What are the states variations based on?
3. Is there the way to classify governments?
4. What is monarchy?
5. Who is the person that heads monarchy?
6. What is democracy?
7. Who exercises power in a democratic state?
8. What form of government is oligarchy?
9. What is the difference between oligarchy and real democracy?
10. What form of government is theocracy?

UNIT 14 / TYPES OF STATES

3 True or false.

1. States variations are based on differences between people.
2. In a democratic state all people have equal access to power.
3. In an oligarchic state all power belongs to a small group of people.
4. Theocracy is a democratic form of government.
5. Theocracy is a new form of government.
6. Democracy is a form of government in which the right to govern is held by the majority of citizens.
7. Parliamentary monarchies are democratic states.



4 Match the words with the definitions.

- | | |
|---------------|---|
| 1. to empower | a) a small group of people who have a lot of power or advantages |
| 2. citizen | b) most of the people or things in a group |
| 3. hereditary | c) government led by religious leaders |
| 4. absolute | d) political system in which complete power is held by one person |
| 5. elite | e) to give someone the legal authority to do something |
| 6. theocracy | f) title or right officially passed from a parent to their child |
| 7. majority | g) someone who has the right to live permanently in a particular country and has the right to the legal and social benefits of that country |

UNIT 14 / TYPES OF STATES

GRAMMAR!

FUTURE PERFECT

We use Future Perfect:

- when we talk about actions which will have finished before a stated future time:

The Parliament will have prepared the important legislation by the end of this year.

Time words used with: tomorrow by 5 o'clock, by the year 2018, etc

<i>Affirmative</i>	<i>Negative</i>	<i>Interrogative</i>
<i>I will have made</i>	<i>I won't have made</i>	<i>Will I have made?</i>
<i>You will have made</i>	<i>You won't have made</i>	<i>Will you have made?</i>
<i>He (she, it) will have made</i>	<i>He (she, it) won't have made</i>	<i>Will he (she, it) have made?</i>
<i>You will have made</i>	<i>You won't have made</i>	<i>Will you have made?</i>
<i>They will have made</i>	<i>They won't have made</i>	<i>Will they have made?</i>

5 Open the brackets and put the verbs into the Future Perfect form.

1. You ... (to pass) your examination in theory of state and law by the end of January.
2. The leaders of the states ... (to discuss) the treaty by tomorrow.
3. She ... (to write) the composition by the time her friend comes back?
4. The Parliament ... (to ratify) this treaty by the end of this year?
5. They ... (not, to settle) this problem by the end of the hearing.
6. The parliament ... (to stop) the action of this law by the end of this month.
7. The leader of our state ... (to pay) visit to the USA by the end of this year.
8. When they ... (to organize) the demonstration against the causes of climate change)? - By the end of November.
9. The government ... (to cut) taxes by the time when the new law comes in power.
10. The head of state ... (to sign) the agreement with other countries by the end of the year.



SPEAKING!

6 Suggest your ideas on the following statements.

1. What kinds of monarchy can you name? What are the pluses and minuses of living in the country ruled by king or queen?
2. What is the difference between true monarchy and oligarchy? Do people have the same rights and freedoms in these types of democracy?

WRITING!

7 Write an essay on the following topics “The Role of State in Society” and “An Ideal Model of the Welfare State” (100 - 120 words).

1. Democracy is the best form of government.
2. What is the difference between absolute and parliamentary monarchies?
3. What is democracy? Definition, Types and Principles.

UNIT 15 / COURTS IN UKRAINE

WARMING-UP!

1 Before reading the text talk about these questions.

What are different types of courts in Ukraine?
Why is it important to maintain order in court?

READING!

The judicial system of Ukraine is a set of all courts of the state, based on the unified principles of organization and activities exercising judicial power.

The judicial system of Ukraine consists of courts of general jurisdiction and the Constitutional Court of Ukraine, which is the only body of constitutional jurisdiction. Courts of general jurisdiction form a unified system of courts, which consists of general and specialized courts.

Requirements for persons who want to become judges – a citizen of Ukraine of at least 25 years old, who has higher legal education and work experience in the sphere of law for three years, has resided in Ukraine at least 10 years and speaks state language.

The independence and immunity of judges are guaranteed by the Constitution and laws of Ukraine.

2 Answer the questions.

1. What is the main role of the Ukrainian courts?
2. What is court jurisdiction?
3. How, do you think, to become a judge in Ukraine?
4. What types of professions in court do you know?
5. Why does the Constitutional Court exist in Ukraine?
6. Why do judges need judicial immunity?
7. What changes would you like to make to the judicial system of Ukraine?

3 True or false.

1. Judicial power belongs to the executive branch of government.
2. In Ukraine there is only one type of courts.
3. In Ukraine there are courts of general jurisdiction and the Constitutional Court.
4. To become a judge you need to reach the age of 25.
5. You don't need to have higher legal education to be a judge in Ukraine.
6. You must be a resident of Ukraine for 10 years to become a judge.
7. Judges in Ukraine do not have judicial immunity.

UNIT 15 / COURTS IN UKRAINE

4 Match the words and word-combinations with the definitions.

- | | |
|-------------------|---|
| 1) court | a) the constitutional authority vested in courts and judges to hear and decide justifiable cases |
| 2) judicial power | b) the authority of a court or official organization to make decisions and judgments |
| 3) jurisdiction | c) a place where trials and other legal cases happen, or the people present in such a place, especially the officials and those deciding if someone is guilty |
| 4) specialize | d) something that you must do |
| 5) requirement | e) to live in a place permanently or for an extended period |
| 6) reside | f) a situation in which you are protected against disease or from legal action |
| 7) immunity | g) relating to one particular area or designed for a particular purpose |

GRAMMAR!

SIMPLE PASSIVE

In English, all sentences are in either "active" or "passive" voice. In active sentences the subject is the focus of the sentence:

The judge made the decision.

In this sentence the judge is the subject and the decision is the object.

In passive sentences the object becomes the subject and focus of the sentence:

The decision was made by the judge.

We use the Simple Passive:

- when we do not know who did the action or it is not important who did the action:

The law was adopted in 2016.

- when we are talking about general truth:

Rules are made to be broken.

- when you want to be vague about who is responsible:

Crimes were made.

UNIT 15 / COURTS IN UKRAINE

<i>Affirmative</i>	<i>Negative</i>	<i>Interrogative</i>
Present		
I am made He is made She is made It is made You are made We are made They are made	I am not made He is not made She is not made It is not made You are not made We are not made They are not made	Am I made Is he made Is she made Is It made Are you made Are we made Are they made
Past		
I was made He was made She was made It was made You were made We were made They were made	I was not made He was not made She was not made It was not made You were not made We were not made They were not made	Was I made Was he made Was she made Was it made Were you made Were we made Were they made
Future		
I will be made He will be made She will be made It will be made You will be made We will be made They will be made	I will not be made He will not be made She will not be made It will not be made You will not be made We will not be made They will not be made	Will I be made Will he be made Will she be made Will it be made Will you be made Will we be made Will they be made



UNIT 15 / COURTS IN UKRAINE

5 Open the brackets and put the verbs into the Future Perfect form.

1. The letters for that trial ... (to send) yesterday.
2. It seems this Code ... (to read) every day.
3. Documents on this case ... (to store) in that cabinet.
4. All necessary evidence ... (to provide) tomorrow.
5. They ... (not, to attack) by criminals yesterday.
6. She ... (not, to support) by a jury.
7. These documents ... (not, to make) by us tomorrow.
8. the criminal ... (to catch) by the police yesterday?
9. the sentences ... (to pass) by the judges every day?
10. the suit ... (to prepare) by us next week?

SPEAKING!

6 With a partner act the roles on the following topic.

Courts system in Ukraine.

Student 1: You are a young lawyer. Talk to your experienced colleague about Ukrainian court system. Ask Student 2 questions about:

- types of jurisdiction
- types of courts
- what role do the courts in Ukraine?
- what changes would you make to the judicial system?

Student 2: You are a lawyer. Discuss the questions with Student 1.

WRITING!

7 Write an essay on the following topic "Organization of the courts and judiciary in Ukraine" (100 – 120 words).



UNIT 16 / BRITISH COURTS

WARMING-UP!

1 Before reading the text talk about these questions.

What are the types of jurisdiction in the UK?
What is the relationship between different courts?



READING!

The court system in England and Wales can be considered as consisting of five levels: Supreme Court (formerly the House of Lords), Court of Appeal, High Court, Crown Court and County Courts, Magistrates' Courts and the Tribunals Service.

In 2009, the Supreme Court replaced the House of Lords as the highest and final court in England, Wales and Northern Ireland. The Supreme Court hears appeals from the Court of Appeal and the High Court. Appeals are normally heard by five Justices (Law Lords), but there can be as many as nine.

The Court of Appeal consists of two divisions, the Criminal Division and the Civil Division. Decisions of the Court of Appeal may be appealed to the Supreme Court.

The High Court consists of three divisions, the Chancery Division, the Family Division, and the Queen's Bench Division. Decisions of the High Court may be appealed to the Civil Division of the Court of Appeal.

The County Courts deal with civil cases: landlord and tenant disputes, possession, repairs, consumer disputes, personal injury claims, traffic accidents or accidents at work with a value of £10,000 or less. The losing party will not have to pay the other Party's costs. Cases are heard by a judge, without a jury. Decisions of the County courts may be appealed to the appropriate Division of the High Court.

The Crown Courts deal with indictable criminal cases that have been transferred from the Magistrates' Courts, including hearing of serious criminal cases (such as murder, rape and robbery), cases sent for sentencing, and appeals. Cases are heard by a judge and a jury. Decisions of the Crown Court may be appealed to the Criminal Division of the Court of Appeal.

The Magistrates' Courts deal with criminal and some civil cases. 95 % of all criminal cases are tried there. Cases are normally heard either by a panel of three magistrates (who are also called Justice of Peace) or by a District Judge, without a jury. Magistrates have no legal qualifications. The clerk helps them on points of law. Magistrates receive no payment for their work.

Criminal decisions of the Magistrates' Courts may be appealed to the Crown Court. Civil decisions may be appealed to the County Courts.

The youth court is part of the magistrates' court and up to the three specially trained magistrates hear the case. The youth court deals with young people who have committed criminal offences, and who are aged between 10 and 17.

UNIT 16 / BRITISH COURTS

2 Answer the questions.

1. What is the highest court in the United Kingdom?
2. What is the role of the Courts of Appeal?
3. What cases do the Crown Courts deal with?
4. What cases do the County Courts hear?
5. Do the Crown Courts hear only indictable offences?
6. Can the Magistrates' Courts deal with civil cases?
7. Whom do the Youth Courts deal with?
8. Where may a convicted person appeal?
9. What cases does the youth court hear?
10. What judges deal with juvenile criminal cases?

3 True or false.

1. The House of Lords is the final court of appeal for civil and criminal cases.
2. A jury is always present at the Crown Court hearings.
3. All English judges and magistrates are professional lawyers.
4. The County Courts hear cases concerning statute law.
5. The Magistrates' courts hear certain categories of less important cases.
6. Jurors sit in Magistrate's Courts.
7. The Supreme Court is the senior and final court of appeal.

4 Match the words and word-combinations with the definitions.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--|
| 1) the Crown Court | a) a special law court organized to judge a particular case |
| 2) the Magistrates Court | b) someone who didn't win |
| 3) the County Court | c) division of the British High Court of Justice that deals with contracts and torts |
| 4) the losing party | d) the court with jury that hears serious criminal cases |
| 5) tribunal | e) a local court that deals with minor legal issues |
| 6) The Chancery Division | f) a court where minor crimes are judged |
| 7) the Queen's Bench Division | g) division of the British High Court of Justice that deals with taxes, bankruptcy and patents |

GRAMMAR!

PERFECT PASSIVE

The Perfect Passive is formed with the verb to be in the appropriate form + *Participle II* (*made, written, appealed*).

	Active Voice	Passive Voice
Present Perfect	<i>They have made laws</i>	<i>Laws have been made</i>
Past Perfect	<i>They had made laws</i>	<i>Laws had been made</i>
Future Perfect	<i>They will have made laws</i>	<i>Laws will have been made</i>
Modals	<i>They must make laws</i>	<i>Laws must be made</i>

The Perfect Passive is used:

- when the agent (the person) is unknown, unimportant or obvious from the context:

The kidnappers have been arrested. (by the police – obvious agent)

-to make statements more polite or formal:

My suit has been burnt. (it's more polite than saying "You have burnt my suit.")

-when the action is more important than the agent (in news reports, formal notices, instructions, processes, headlines, advertisements, etc.):

The local bank had been robbed for the second time. (news report)

5 Open the brackets and put the verbs into the Perfect Passive form.

1. Appeals in the Supreme Court just ... (to hear) by five Justices.
2. The Supreme Court building looks nice. It ... (to paint).
3. Decisions of the Court of Appeal ... (to appeal) to the Supreme Court by tomorrow.
4. The case ... (to decide) in two hours.
5. Decisions of the High Court already ... (to appeal) to the Civil Division of the Court of Appeal.
6. The man ... (to sentence) for committing crime by tomorrow.
7. The timetable of the court sittings ... (to hang up) before the witnesses came.
8. Cases ... (to hear) already by a panel of three magistrates without a jury.
9. The judges settled this case. Civil decisions of this case ... (to appeal) to the County Court during five days.
10. When ... (to review) criminal decisions of the Magistrates' Courts by the Crown Court? - By the end of the week.

UNIT 16 / BRITISH COURTS

SPEAKING!

- 6 Imagine you are delivering a speech at a seminar. You represent the organization of Judiciary in Great Britain. Speak about criminal and civil courts. Make up the chart to show the hierarchy and jurisdiction of the courts.

WRITING!

- 7 Write an essay on the following topics "English System of Trial Courts", "Supreme Court Activity" or "The Supreme Court Composition" (100 - 120 words).



UNIT 17 / JUDICIARY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

WARMING-UP!

1 Before reading the text talk about these questions.

What types of state are familiar to you?
What type of state is the United States of America?

READING!

Federalism divides power between federal state and governments. As a result, there are both federal and state court systems in the United States of America.

Federal courts are grouped geographically in circuits. Circuit Courts of Appeal hear appeals from the trial level District Courts which are located in each state.

Each state also has a court system with trial and appellate level courts. Different states may have different names for their courts.

2 Answer the questions.

1. What is federalism?
2. What are the main functions of the American Courts?
3. How do federal and state courts differ?
4. How do they call the lowest courts in the USA?
5. What is the highest court in the USA?
6. What do courts of appeal deal with?
7. Are there any special courts in the US?



UNIT 17 / JUDICIARY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

3 True or false.

1. Being the federal republic, the USA has both a federal and a state court system.
2. The federal court system is responsible for interpreting and applying the laws created by the state government.
3. Because states are responsible for their own laws, state courts are individually responsible for interpreting and deciding matters of their state constitutions.
4. Federalism divides power between only two federal states.
5. The state lower courts usually operate on a county level, though different states call these courts by different names.
6. If a defendant loses in a lower court, he or she can sometimes appeal the case to the state appellate court.
7. Supreme Court is the court of last resort or highest court for the state.

4 Match the words with the definitions.

- | | |
|---------------|--|
| 1) federalism | a) a proceeding in which opposing parties in a dispute present evidence and make argument on the application of the law before a judge or jury |
| 2) circuit | b) the federal principle or system of government |
| 3) appeal | c) court system |
| 4) trial | d) a nation or territory considered as an organized political community under one government |
| 5) district | e) a particular area containing different courts that a judge visits |
| 6) judiciary | f) an area of a country or city, especially one characterized by a particular feature or activity |
| 7) state | 7) g) an application to a higher court for a decision to be reversed |



UNIT 17 / JUDICIARY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

GRAMMAR!

CONTINUOUS PASSIVE

We use Passive Voice:

- to show interest in the person or object that experiences an action rather than the person or object that performs the action. In other words, the most important thing or person becomes the subject of the sentence:

The suspect is being judged at the moment.

- if we do not know or do not want to express who performed the action:

The attorney was being listened to at two o'clock yesterday.

The Passive Voice is often used in formal texts. Switching to the active voice will make your writing clearer and easier to read.

Affirmative	Negative	Interrogative
Present Continuous		
It is being made They are being made	It isn't being made They aren't being made	Is it being made? Are they being made?
Past Continuous		
It was being made They were being made	It wasn't being made They weren't being made	Was it being made? Were they being made?

Note:

The Present Perfect Continuous, the Future Continuous, the Past Perfect Continuous and the Future Perfect Continuous are not normally used in the Passive Voice.



UNIT 17 / JUDICIARY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

5 Open the brackets and put the verbs into the Continuous Passive forms.

1. The motion ... (to deny) at the present moment.
2. A report ... (to write) last week at about 5 pm.
3. Why the suspect ... (not, to warn) by a policeman these days?
4. The lawyers ... (to watch) carefully, when the judge entered the court room.
5. Currently Mr. Black ... (to arrest) by the FBI.
6. ... (to consult) victims before suspension of capital punishment the whole morning yesterday?
7. A lot of witnesses ... (to call) to give evidence now.
8. ... (to mirandize) he while the police officer was arresting him?
9. You ... (not, to force) by the defendant at the present.
10. These dangerous criminals ... (to catch) by the police the whole yesterday night.

SPEAKING!

- 6 Speak on the similarities and differences in the Ukrainian court system and the court system of the United States of America.

WRITING!

- 7 Write an essay on the following topic "The United States of America. The Judicial System." (100 - 120 words).



UNIT 18 / THE CONSTITUTION OF UKRAINE

WARMING-UP!

Before reading the text talk about these questions.

- Why do people decide to make up the constitutions?
- Why is Constitution called the Fundamental law?

READING!

The Constitution of Ukraine was adopted on the 28th of June 1996. It is a fundamental law that explains how the state is governed and organized. The Constitution guarantees basic human rights and freedoms, they are inviolable. Ukraine has long-standing constitutional traditions. The first Constitution of Ukraine was written by hetman Philip Orlyk in 1710. It was the first constitution in Europe and it was notable for people's profound democracy. Ukraine is sovereign, independent, democratic, social state. There are three branches of power in Ukraine: legislative (Verkhovna Rada), judicial (courts) and executive (the Cabinet of Ministers). The President is the head of the state. He is the guarantor of the state sovereignty, the territorial integrity. The national symbols are the Flag, Emblem and Anthem.

2 Answer the questions.

1. When was the current Constitution adopted?
2. Why is the Constitution called the fundamental law?
3. What are the main human rights in Ukraine?
4. When was the first constitution in Europe adopted?
5. Who was the author of the first constitution in Europe?
6. What is role of the President in Ukraine?
7. How many branches of power are there in Ukraine?
8. When is the Day of the Constitution?
9. What is the legislative body in Ukraine?
10. What is role of the court as the judicial body?



UNIT 18 / THE CONSTITUTION OF UKRAINE

3 True or false.

1. The adoption of a new constitution of Ukraine on the 28th of June 1996 became an important event in the life of the people of Ukraine.
2. The first Constitution of Ukraine was the first constitution in Europe.
3. The President owns power in Ukraine.
4. The basic economic, social, cultural, public and political rights are guaranteed by the Constitution.
5. The Verkhovna Rada is not the only body of the legislative power in the country.
6. Ukraine is a socialist country.
7. The President of Ukraine is the head of the legislative body.
8. The form of state government in Ukraine is a democracy.

4 Match the words and word-combinations with the definitions.

- | | |
|------------------------------|---|
| 1) state flag of our country | a) territorial integrity and inviolability of the country |
| 2) national anthem | b) the main formal document of our country |
| 3) sovereign | c) which is too highly respected to be violated |
| 4) inviolable | d) the power of people of the country |
| 5) democracy | e) the official song of a nation to be sung or played |
| 6) national heritage | f) an object, custom which is passed down over many years with a nation |
| 7) constitution | g) a blue and a yellow banner with horizontal lines |

GRAMMAR!

MODAL VERBS

The modal verbs are following:

can, could, may, might, must, ought to, and should.

We don't use -s in the third person singular.

Structure of sentence with Modal Verbs:

We	can	work as a lawyers.	Affirmative
Can	we	work as a lawyers?	Interrogative
We	cannot (can't)	work as a lawyers.	Negative

UNIT 18 / THE CONSTITUTION OF UKRAINE

Functions of Modal Verbs:

USE	PRESENT\ FUTURE	PAST
ability	He can speak English.	He could \ was able to speak English 3 ears ago.
possibility	She could be in the court. (it's possible, 50 % certain) We may come to the court of appeal. (it's possible, 49 % certain) They might listen to his arguments. (it's possible, 40 % certain)	She could have brought the lawsuit. (but she didn't do it) He may have committed the crime.(Perhaps he committed) He might have forgotten. (Perhaps he has forgotten)
permission	You can borrow my case annotation. (giving permission, informal) Could I use your legal form book? (more polite, asking for permission) Might I speak to the judge, please? (more formal, asking permission)	He wasn't allowed to\ couldn't borrow my case annotation.
necessity	I must follow legal regulations (I say it to myself) She has to study that law. (Necessity comes from outside the speaker) I don't have to wait for them in court.(Absence of necessity) He needs to discuss his case. (It's necessary)	I had to follow legal regulations. (I was obliged to) I had to go to the court yesterday. I didn't have to wait for the attorney. He needed to agree the case.
advice	You should be more attentive to his complain. (General advice) You ought to read primary materials on this case. (I advice you, most people believe it)	You should have helped him two days ago. (But you didn't) You ought to have seen the lawsuit earlier. (But you didn't)
obligation	I must calculate the damages(I'm obliged to) The investigator has to check the evidence. (I'm obliged to; the law demands it)	He had to follow his attorney's advice. I had to follow the steps of the procedure very carefully.
prohibition	You can't interpret laws. (You aren't allowed to). You mustn't committed the crime (It's forbidden) You may not take part in the court procedure. (Formal)	They couldn't do that activity.

UNIT 18 / THE CONSTITUTION OF UKRAINE

5 Fill in the correct form of the Modal Verbs in brackets.

1. I ... to talk to my attorney yesterday.
2. ... you give me advice?
3. We ... sign this agreement.
4. I think you ... made up the agenda.
5. He ... wait for us in the court last night.
6. The judge ... sign the court's verdict.
7. It is a list of thins that ... to be done for the trial.
8. Who ... be in the courtroom during the trial?
9. ... I discuss my case with you, please?
10. The attorney ... recommended some advices to his client.



SPEAKING!

- 6 Discuss the problem of human rights' realization.

WRITING!

- 7 Write an essay on the following topic "The main source of power in Ukraine." (100 - 120 words).

UNIT 19 / THE CONSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN

WARMING-UP!

Before reading the text talk about these questions.

Do all countries have written Constitutions?

Why do some people state that Great Britain has no Constitution?

READING!

Unlike almost every country in the world, there is no written document that can be printed to as the British Constitution. It is unwritten and that is why it is open to challenges. The unwritten, also known as 'uncodified', Constitution consists of three main sources:

1. Common law. This is law created by judges. From the 13th century English Kings and Queens set out their own judges to decide cases and in doing so, they gradually developed laws across the country.

2. Statute law. The Constitution is only found in Acts passed by Parliament since Britain became a Constitutional monarchy in 1688 and these have replaced most areas of common law.

3. Constitutional conventions. These are rules that are widely accepted, including politicians, as the way things should work:

The Queen always signs an Act of Parliament that has been passed to her after being passed by both the House of Commons and the House of Lords.

Government Ministers have to support the Government in any votes in the House of Commons and, if they do not, they must resign.

If a Prime Minister loses a general election, he or she resigns.

As an unwritten constitution, the UK constitution is highly flexible and can easily evolve and adapt to changing times. Modern times necessitate the changing of laws in order to accommodate new trends, perceptions, and beliefs. Apart from this flexibility, the unwritten constitution makes conventions and judicial judgments highly responsive to societal changes.



UNIT 19 / THE CONSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN

2 Answer the questions.

1. Why is British Constitution called uncodified?
2. What parts does British constitution consist of?
3. Who was common law created by?
4. In what law was common law developed?
5. What is statute law?
6. What do constitutional conventions mean?
7. What is the difference between common law and statute law?
8. Why is British constitution easily adopted to changing times?
9. Why do modern times necessitate the changing of laws?
10. Conventions and judicial judgments are highly responsive to societal change, aren't they?

3 True or false.

1. As British constitution is unwritten it cannot be changed by any organ.
2. British constitution consists of three written parts.
3. Common law created by judges is used in courts.
4. Acts passed by Parliament have replaced most areas of common law.
5. Conventions are agreements that are widely accepted.
6. An Act of Parliament won't become law until it is signed by the queen.

4 Match the words and word-combinations with the definitions.

- | | |
|----------------|---|
| 1) challenge | a) able to make changes or deal with a situation that is changing |
| 2) uncodified | b) all the laws created by government |
| 3) Common law | c) to state formally that you are leaving a job |
| 4) Statute law | d) the system of law that has developed from customs and judges decisions |
| 5) convention | e) not belonging to an official system |
| 6) to resign | f) formal agreement between government and people about their behavior |
| 7) flexible | g) smth that needs a lot of skills to deal with or achieve |



UNIT 19 / THE CONSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN

GRAMMAR!

FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD CONDITIONAL

Conditional sentences are usually divided into three main types:

Type I real present	If + any present form <i>(present simple, present continuous, present perfect or present perfect continuous)</i>	Future/imperative/ can/may/might/ must/could/ should + bare infinitive	real – likely to happen in the present or future
Type II unreal present	If + past simple or past continuous	Would/could/ might + bare infinitive	imaginary situation contrary to facts in the present; also used to give advice
Type III unreal past	If + past perfect or past perfect continuous	Would/could/ might + have + past participle	imaginary situation in the past; also used to express regrets and criticism

1. FIRST CONDITIONAL:

- If he leaves early, he'll be on time for the sitting.*
- If you have finished your work, we can read a story.*

2. SECOND CONDITIONAL:

If I became president, I would change the social security system.

3. THIRD CONDITIONAL:

*If you had warned me, I would not have gone to that meeting.
(But you didn't, and I have).*

when if clause is before the main clause, we separate the two clauses with a comma.

If you come early, we can go for a walk.

BUT: *We can go for a walk if you come early.*

We do not normally use will, would or should in an if-clause.

If you hurry, you will catch the train.

UNIT 19 / THE CONSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN

5 5.1 Complete the conditional sentences (type I) by putting the verbs into the correct form.

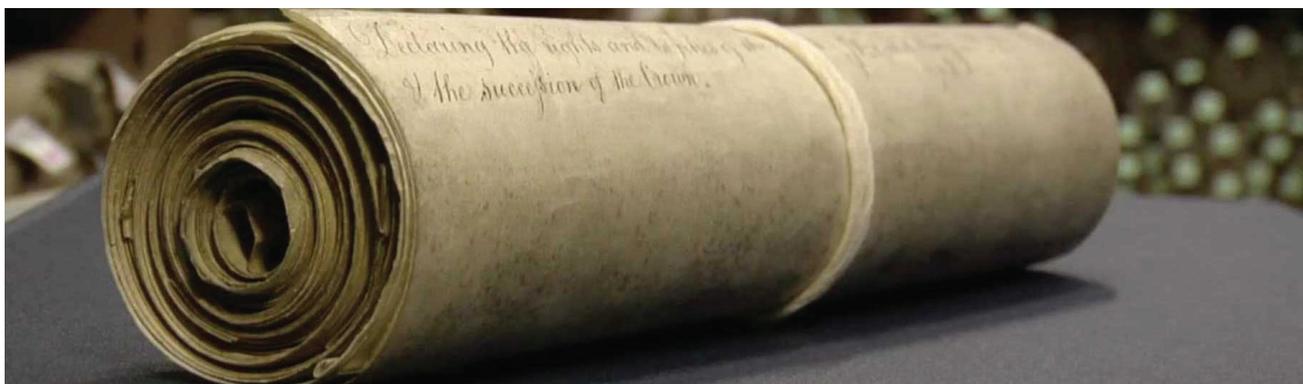
1. If my friend ... (to be) late, I ... (to go) to the court myself.
2. If the court ... (to settle) the case quickly, we ... (to have) chance to catch the train.
3. If we ... (to win) the case, we ... (to be) grateful to our lawyer.
4. If you ... (to read) the constitution, you ... (to know) the rights of citizens.
5. If he ... (to read) this document, he ... (to understand) what the case law is.

5.2 Complete the conditional sentences (type II) by putting the verbs into the correct form.

1. If I ... (to be) you, I ... (to hire) the lawyer.
2. If I ... (to know) the name of the criminal, I ... (to name) it.
3. If the British Constitution ... (to be written), it ... (to be introduce) as a separate document.
4. If I ... (to win) a million pounds, I ... (to stop) teaching.
5. If you ... (to come) to Kyiv, you ... (to see) the Golden Gate.

5.3 Complete the conditional sentences (type III) by putting the verbs into the correct form. Use conditional II with would in the main clause.

1. If your lawyer ... (to study) the case thoroughly, he ... (to win) it.
2. If you ... (to ask) me about the trouble, I ... (to help) you.
3. If you ... (to agree) with the decision of the Magistrates' Court, you ... (to appeal) to the Crown court.
4. If the British Constitution ... (to be codified), they ... (to celebrate) Constitution Day.
5. If the Parliament ... (to pass) the Act of Parliament, the queen ... (to sign) it.



UNIT 19 / THE CONSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN

SPEAKING!

- 6 Divide into two groups (opponents and proponents) and speak about advantages and disadvantages of unwritten Constitution.
According to the fundamental constitutional principle the individual has the right to do anything that is not forbidden by law.

WRITING!

- 7 Write an essay on the following topics "Principles of Division of Power in Great Britain" or "Political Territorial Structure of Great Britain" (100 - 120 words).

Constitution of the United Kingdom



UNIT 20 / THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

WARMING-UP!

Before reading the text talk about these questions.

What is the reason of making up the Constitution?

What are the main rights of the USA's citizens?

READING!

The Constitution of the United States of America is the fundamental law of the federal system of US administration. The Constitution defines the main authorities and their jurisdiction and the basic rights of citizens. The Constitution was written in the summer of 1787 in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania by 55 delegates to the Constitutional Convention. They made corrections to the articles of the Confederacy (1781-89), the first written constitution of the country. The Constitution was the result of a political compromise after long discussions on such issues as rights, representation and slavery. Ultimately, the developers resolved their controversy by accepting the proposal put forward by the delegation from Connecticut. As a result, a compromise two chamber legislature body headed by the Senate, where all states are represented and the House of Representatives were created. After all disagreements were overcome, the new Constitution was submitted for ratification to 13 states on September 28, 1787.

2 Answer the questions.

1. When was the current Constitution of the USA adopted?
2. What does the Constitution of the USA define?
3. Who signed the Constitution of the USA?
4. What was the first written constitution of the country?
5. What were the reasons of long discussions by delegates?
6. Who helped the delegates to resolve their controversy?
7. What is the political role of the Senate?
8. What is the political role of the House of Representatives?
9. Why was the process of ratification of the Constitution so difficult?
10. When does the USA celebrate the Day of the Constitution?

UNIT 20 / THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

3 True or false.

1. The adoption of a new constitution of the USA became an important event in the life of the country.
2. The Constitutional Convention was the first written constitution of the country.
3. The Constitution guarantees the basic rights of citizens.
4. The main authorities and their jurisdiction are described in the Constitution of the United States of America.
5. Philadelphia was the place where they worked on the Constitution.
6. The delegates resolved all political compromise very easy.
7. The problems of slaves' rights were resolved very easy.
8. The House of Representatives is a body where all states are represented.
9. Thirteen states submitted the ratification of the Constitution.

4 Match the words with the definitions.

- | | |
|-----------------|---|
| 1) constitution | a) disagreement, typically when prolonged, public, and heated |
| 2) delegates | b) the action of confirming something or the state of being confirmed |
| 3) compromise | c) a formal promise typically in writing that certain conditions will be fulfilled |
| 4) ratification | d) a body of fundamental principles according to which a state is acknowledged to be governed |
| 5) citizen | e) an agreement of a dispute that is reached by each side making concessions |
| 6) guarantee | f) a person sent or authorized to represent others, in particular an elected |
| 7) controversy | g) a legally recognized subject or national of a state |



UNIT 20 / THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

GRAMMAR!

DIRECT AND INDIRECT SPEECH

Changing from Direct into Indirect Speech.

Direct Speech	Reported Speech
<i>"I study Law", he said.</i>	<i>He said (that) he studied Law.</i>
<i>"I am studying Law", he said.</i>	<i>He said (that) he was studying Law.</i>
<i>"I have studied Law", he said.</i>	<i>He said (that) he had studied Law.</i>
<i>"I studied Law", he said.</i>	<i>He said (that) he had studied Law.</i>
<i>"I will study Law", he said.</i>	<i>He said (that) he would study Law.</i>
<i>"I have been studying Law", he said.</i>	<i>He said (that) he had been studying Law.</i>
<i>"I am going to study Law", he said.</i>	<i>He said (that) he was going to study Law.</i>
<i>"I can study Law", he said.</i>	<i>He said (that) he could study Law.</i>
<i>"I may study Law", he said.</i>	<i>He said (that) he might study Law.</i>
<i>"I must study Law", he said.</i>	<i>He said (that) he had to study Law.</i>
<i>"I should study Law", he said.</i>	<i>He said (that) he should study Law.</i>
<i>"I ought to study Law", he said.</i>	<i>He said (that) he ought to study Law.</i>
<i>"Do you study Law?" they said to him.</i>	<i>She asked him if he studied Law.</i>
<i>"Study Law", she said to him.</i>	<i>She told him to study Law.</i>

Changing from Direct into Reported Speech.

1. Inverted commas are omitted in Reported Speech.

"I studied Law", he said. He said (that) he had studied Law.

2. When the reported verb is in the past, all the following verbs usually change into a past form too.

"I study Law", he said. He said he studied Law.

3. When the speaker expresses general truths or laws of nature, the tenses do not change in Reported Speech.

"The Constitution is the main formal document of the country", she said. She said (that) the Constitution is the main formal document of the country.

4. The Past Perfect and the Past Continuous usually remain the same in Reported Speech.

"I was speaking on behalf of my client". He said he was speaking on behalf of his client.

UNIT 20 / THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Time words can change or remain the same depending on the time reference. If the reported sentence is out of date, the tenses change.

Direct Speech	Indirect Speech
<i>tonight, today, this week</i>	<i>that night, that day, that week</i>
<i>now, yesterday, last night</i>	<i>then, the day before, the previous night</i>
<i>tomorrow, next week, two years ago</i>	<i>the following day, the following week, two years before</i>

If the reported sentence is up to date, the tenses can remain the same.

"I'm going to the court tomorrow", she said.

She said she is going \ was going to the court tomorrow.

(immediately reported after said)

5 Choose the correct form of the verbs in brackets.

1. She said that nobody ... (will come \ would come) to the court the following day.
2. He said that they ... (discussed \ had discussed) the day before.
3. He said that we ... (make \ had made) the contract in time.
4. They announced that he ... (committed \ commits) the crimes every year.
5. Andy said that he ... (hires \ hired) the attorney every hearing.
6. I told that the judge ... (comes \ would come) the following week.
7. They said that Criminal Law ... (defines \ defined) criminal offences.
8. Ann said that attorney ... (represented \ would represent) her in the court the following day.
9. The judge announced that jury ... (will listen \ would listen) to arguments.
10. Mr. Williams said that he ... (had received \ would receive) money as the compensation for the accident.

SPEAKING!

- 6 Discuss the problem of protecting human rights.

WRITING!

- 7 Write an essay on the following topic "Republican form of government provided by the US Constitution" (100 - 120 words).

CHECK YOURSELF! FINAL TEST

1. State is a politically organized body of people usually
 - a) occupying a definite territory
 - b) leaving the country
 - c) without territory
 - d) taking part in politics

2. States ... in a variety of sizes, ranging from enormous China to tiny Andorra.
 - a) are existing
 - b) be exist
 - c) exist
 - d) exists

3. Government is accountable to ... through free and fair elections to public office.
 - a) the court
 - b) parliament
 - c) the local power
 - d) the people

4. Adults have ... to vote and stand for election.
 - a) money
 - b) equal rights
 - c) responsibility
 - d) power

5. The state helps people
 - a) to study
 - b) to keep order
 - c) to go abroad
 - d) to read and write

6. The leaders of the states ... the treaty by tomorrow.
 - a) will have discussed
 - b) will discuss
 - c) to discuss
 - d) have discussed

7. The leader of our state ... visit to the USA by the end of this year.
 - a) have payed
 - b) to pay
 - c) will pay
 - d) will have payed

CHECK YOURSELF! FINAL TEST

8. In a democratic state all people have ... to power.

- a) authority
- b) discussion
- c) free election
- d) equal access

9. What ... the power of each state organ?

- a) does
- b) regulate
- c) regulates
- d) do

10. If the state has defined borders and sovereignty it is a

- a) sovereign state
- b) social state
- c) democratic state
- d) legal state

11. Country and state are ... terms that both apply to self-governing political entities.

- a) synonymous
- b) antonymous
- c) different
- d) legal

12. How many countries are there in the world?

- a) 195
- b) 100
- c) 123
- d) 99

13. The state has unique power ... in some cases exercising ultimate sanctions of preserving life or ordering death.

- a) to organize
- b) to compel
- c) to finish
- d) to fulfill

14. Democratic countries have free election where all citizens have a

- a) a vote
- b) rights
- c) power
- d) money

CHECK YOURSELF! FINAL TEST

15. Supreme power ... to the people and exercised by them directly or indirectly.

- a) gives
- b) give
- c) is given
- d) is giving

16. A republic is ... in which the country is considered a "public matter" (Latin: res publica), not the private concern or property of the rulers, and where offices of state are subsequently directly or indirectly elected or appointed rather than inherited.

- a) a form
- b) a structure
- c) a form of government
- d) citizenship

17. Theocracy is a country controlled by

- a) a democratic chosen president
- b) religious organization
- c) parliament
- d) elected government

18. Democratic eras ... periods of experiment, innovation, and adventure. (Alexis de Tocquelle).

- a) are
- b) is
- c) be
- d) has

19. The two principles of ... are that all citizens have equal access to power and that all citizens enjoy universally recognized freedoms and liberties.

- a) constitution
- b) legislation
- c) rules
- d) a democracy

20. Republic is a country that is ruled by a president or other leader that people

- a) appoint
- b) approve
- c) vote for
- d) want

CHECK YOURSELF! FINAL TEST

21. County courts deal with ... cases.

- a) serious criminal cases
- b) minor cases
- c) juvenile cases
- d) most important appeals

22. The Supreme Court is the ... in the United Kingdom.

- a) highest appellate court
- b) county court
- c) trial court
- d) lowest court

23. The High Court of Justice is ... the county court.

- a) under
- b) above
- c) lower than
- d) as low as

24. The Criminal Division hears ... from Crown courts.

- a) appeals in criminal cases
- b) appeals in civil cases
- c) minor civil cases
- d) minor criminal cases

25. Appeals in the Supreme Court are normally ... by five Justices.

- a) to hear
- b) heard
- c) are heard
- d) are hearing

26. Criminal decisions of the Magistrates' Courts ... to the Crown Court by the end of this season.

- a) appealed
- b) are appealed
- c) is being appealed
- d) will be appealed

27. Cases in magistrates' courts ... normally by three magistrates.

- a) are hearing
- b) heard
- c) are heard
- d) hear

CHECK YOURSELF! FINAL TEST

28. Decisions of the Crown Court may be appealed to the

- a) Civil Division of the Court of Appeal
- b) Criminal Division of the Court of Appeal
- c) Supreme Court
- d) House of Lords

29. The youth court ... with young people who have committed criminal offences, and who are aged between 10 and 17.

- a) dealt
- b) are dealt
- c) have been dealt
- d) deals

30. The courts in Great Britain are divided into two large groups:

- a) criminal division and civil division.
- b) magistrates' courts and appellate courts
- c) Crown Courts and magistrates' courts
- d) the Supreme Court and the Court of Appeal

31. British Constitution has always been puzzling and always ... (Queen Elizabeth II).

- a) is
- b) has
- c) is being
- d) will be

32. Great Britain is a ... because Parliament at Westminster makes laws for all parts of the United Kingdom.

- a) unitary state
- b) federal state
- c) presidential republic
- d) monarchical republic

33. Why is British Constitution considered flexible?

- a) Because it can be easily amended
- b) Because it is unwritten
- c) Because it includes conventions
- d) Because judges make laws

34. If the British Constitution ..., it ... as a separate document.

- a) would be written / would introduced
- b) was written/would be introduced
- c) is written/would be introduced
- d) be written/would be introduced

CHECK YOURSELF! FINAL TEST

35. Why isn't Constitution Day celebrated in Great Britain?

- a) Great Britain is a monarchy
- b) There is no single document that can be venerated as constitution
- c) Great Britain is a parliamentary monarchy
- d) British constitution includes many documents

36. If the Parliament ... the Act of Parliament, the queen ... it.

- a) passes, will sign
- b) is passed, will sign
- c) passed, will sign
- d) passes, would sign

37. If you ... the constitution, you ... the rights of citizens.

- a) will read / know
- b) to read / to know
- c) would read/ know
- d) read / will know

38. The written part of the Constitution is only found in

- a) conventions
- b) Common law
- c) precedents
- d) acts passed by Parliament

39. Common law created by judges is used

- a) in Parliament
- b) in courts
- c) by the Queen
- d) in Westminster

40. Who was common law created by?

- a) Lords
- b) MPs
- c) Judges
- d) Kings

41. He will ... draw up a report this time.

- a) have
- b) has to
- c) have to
- d) had

42. A policeman ... be restrained.

CHECK YOURSELF! FINAL TEST

- a) can
- b) may
- c) must
- d) had to

43. They ... stop to help people who had an accident.

- a) can
- b) will be able to
- c) has to
- d) could

44. They ... come to the court tomorrow.

- a) could
- b) might
- c) must
- d) can

45. They will ... to arrest her this time tomorrow.

- a) be able
- b) have
- c) can
- d) should

46. We ... pay the fine tomorrow. It is obligatory.

- a) can
- b) must
- c) should
- d) will be able

47. They ... commit the robbery two days ago. We are not sure.

- a) must
- b) had to
- c) might
- d) will be able

48. You ... not park your car here. It is forbidden.

- a) can
- b) may
- c) should
- d) must

49. You ... be more attentive while driving a car. Be attentive, please.

- a) should

CHECK YOURSELF! FINAL TEST

- b) must
- c) can
- d) are able to

50. You ... leave your car here. It is not allowed.

- a) can't
- b) hadn't to
- c) must not
- d) don't have to

51. "How much do you know about this case", the attorney asked.

- a) The attorney asked how much I knew about this case.
- b) The attorney asked how much I you know about this case.
- c) The attorney asked how much do I know about this case.
- d) The attorney asked how much does you know about this case.

52. "Who is responsible for this contract", the director asked the lawyer.

- a) The director told the lawyer who is responsible for this contract.
- b) The director asked the lawyer who is responsible for this contract.
- c) The director asked the lawyer who was responsible for this contract.
- d) The director asked the lawyer who is responsible for this contract.

53. "Go to the consumer protection department, please", the attorney advised.

- a) The attorney advised me go to the consumer protection department.
- b) The attorney advise me to go to the consumer protection department.
- c) The attorney advised me to go to the consumer protection department.
- d) The attorney advises me go to the consumer protection department.

54. Look! The officer ... the police accident report.

- a) makes
- b) are making
- c) is makeing
- d) is making

55. Look! The officer ... that the pedestrian wait for a bus.

- a) recommends
- b) recommend
- c) is recommending
- d) recommended

56. The policeman ... the driving license at the moment.

- a) is cheeking
- b) check
- c) is checking

CHECK YOURSELF! FINAL TEST

d) cheeks

57. "The judge decided to continue at the preliminary hearing ", they announced.

a) They announced the judge has decided to continue at the preliminary hearing.

b) They announced the judge had decided to continue at the preliminary hearing.

c) They announced the judge have decided to continue at the preliminary hearing.

d) They announced he judge decided to continue at the preliminary hearing ",

58. "Kate was taken to the police station", my friend warned.

a) My friend said him Kate was took to the police station.

b) My friend warned him Kate has been taken to the police station.

c) My friend tell me Kate had been taken to the police station.

d) My friend warned me Kate were taken to the police station.

59. "My brother was arrested", he complained.

a) He complained my brother is arrested.

b) He complained my brother was arrested.

c) He complained his brother had been arrested.

d) He complained him brother was arrested.

60. "The preliminary hearing will be conducted in two weeks", announced the secretary.

a) The secretary announced the preliminary hearing will is conducted in two weeks.

b) The secretary announced the preliminary hearing be conducted in two weeks.

c) The secretary announced the preliminary hearing will conducted in two weeks.

d) The secretary announced the preliminary hearing would be conducted in two weeks.

61. "We spoke to our detective", said Ann to me.

a) Ann said we spoke to our detective.

b) Ann told me they spoke to our detective.

c) Ann told me they had spoken to their detective.

d) Ann told me we spoke to our detective.

62. They send ... to the prison.

a) me

b) she

c) they

CHECK YOURSELF! FINAL TEST

d) we

63. The court punished ... by making them pay a fine.

- a) me
- b) she
- c) he
- d) we

64. The judge punish ... by putting in prison.

- a) they
- b) them
- c) I
- d) she

65. "He is charged with burglary", they said.

- a) They said he is charged with burglary.
- b) They said he was charged with burglary.
- c) They asked he was charged with burglary.
- d) They said he will be charged with burglary.

66. Although his lawyer protected ... very well, he was still found guilty.

- a) he
- b) them
- c) him
- d) his

67. "It can be used as evidence in a trial", said the lawyer.

- a) The lawyer said it be used as evidence in a trial.
- b) The lawyer said it could be used as evidence in a trial.
- c) The lawyer said it can used as evidence in a trial.
- d) The lawyer said it could used as evidence in a trial.

68. I protected ... in the court.

- a) themselves
- b) myself
- c) himself
- d) me

69. We didn't see ... in the court two days ago.

- a) he
- b) I
- c) him
- d) us

CHECK YOURSELF! FINAL TEST

70. Look! The person ... a police officer about the way to the hotel.

- a) are asking
- b) is asking
- c) asks
- d) asked

71. Watch up! The police ... pickpockets.

- a) stops
- b) are stopping
- c) is stopping
- d) stopped

72. The attorneys ... the most important articles of the contract today.

- a) makes
- b) make
- c) are making
- d) made

73. It is ... the most serious offence.

- a) mine
- b) he
- c) his
- d) I

74. They ... the suspected person at the moment.

- a) arrest
- b) arresting
- c) are arresting
- d) arerrested

75. The prosecutor... about the sentence in the court room now.

- a) is thinking
- b) were thinking
- c) thinks
- d) thinking

76. The lawyers ... the lawsuit the whole day today.

- a) are discussed
- b) discussed
- c) are discussing
- d) discussing

77. The body or system of rules recognized by a community that are enforceable by established process is called

CHECK YOURSELF! FINAL TEST

- a) judicial system
- b) legal system
- c) court system
- d) government system

78. ... refers to the entire body of French law, contained in five codes dealing with civil, commercial and criminal law.

- a) Napoleonic Code
- b) Roman law
- c) The Ten Commandments
- d) Common law

79. A countries body of judges is

- a) government
- b) legislature
- c) legislation
- d) judiciary

80. The judge must decide if ... did illegal actions.

- a) me
- b) them
- c) they
- d) him

81. Their ... are clearly set out.

- a) dutys
- b) dutyes
- c) duties
- d) duty

82. ... consists of rules and principles which govern the relations and dealing of nations with each other.

- a) Administrative law
- b) Civil law
- c) Commercial law
- d) International law

83. The suspect has the right to remain

- a) quiet
- b) quite
- c) silent
- d) still

84. A crime is an act that a legislature ... as socially harmful.

CHECK YOURSELF! FINAL TEST

- a) have defined
- b) has defined
- c) have define
- d) has define

85. The police enforce the law and catch those who break it, courts ... the law or establish guilt or innocence, and prisons punish offenders.

- a) use
- b) cancel
- c) take
- d) apply

86. The plural of 'thesis' is

- a) thesises
- b) thesies
- c) thesis
- d) theses

87. The first known source of Roman law is the Laws of the ... Tables from the mid-fifth century B.C., written in early Latin.

- a) Ten
- b) Eleven
- c) Twelve
- d) Twenty

88. Look! The driver

- a) speeding up
- b) speeds up
- c) speed up
- d) is speeding up

89. The origin of the term "notarius" traces back to the ... law, where it meant a draughtsman, a shorthand writer, who took notes of the proceedings in the Senate or a court, prepared draughts of wills, conveyances, etc.

- a) Roman
- b) criminal
- c) Napoleonic
- d) civil

90. ... perform testaments of the competent citizens drawn up in strict conformity with the law.

- a) The notary
- b) The notarys
- c) The notaryes
- d) The notaries

CHECK YOURSELF! FINAL TEST

91. The District Courts have original jurisdiction in nearly all cases, ... ?

- a) aren't they
- b) isn't it
- c) hasn't he
- d) haven't they

92. The USA is divided ... eleven judicial circuits.

- a) by
- b) into
- c) from
- d) onto

93. There ... several classes of notaries in England and Wales.

- a) be
- b) to be
- c) is
- d) are

94. They collected the evidence when ... came to the place of crime.

- a) her
- b) him
- c) I
- d) us

95. I insist on telling ... truth.

- a) them
- b) they
- c) he
- d) she

96. Most police investigations begin at the ... of a crime.

- a) scene
- b) place
- c) point
- d) spot

97. Trace evidence includes

- a) blood, body fluids, hair, nail
- b) paint, glass and fibres
- c) fingerprints, tool marks, footwear, fabric impressions, tire marks and bite marks
- d) weapons, gun powder patterns

CHECK YOURSELF! FINAL TEST

98. The suspect ... money from the bank since last month.

- a) steal
- b) stole
- c) has stolen
- d) have stolen

99. A distinctive mark is

- a) the physical appearance of a person's skin
- b) a feature that makes someone recognizable
- c) person's weight
- d) person's height

100. Have you ever ... Law at the University?

- a) study
- b) studied
- c) studied
- d) studies

101. Somebody who has ... a civil wrong to somebody, entitling the victim to claim damages.

- a) committed
- b) commit
- c) committed
- d) committing

102. Notaries of Ukraine are empowered to discharge their professional ... in strict conformity with the law and the oath of allegiance.

- a) dutys
- b) duties
- c) dutyes
- d) dutes

103. Establishing the crime scene is the first and the most important stage of any

- a) investigation
- b) examination
- c) study
- d) research

104. The officer has just ... key from a man.

- a) confiscated
- b) confiscate
- c) confiscating
- d) confiscates

CHECK YOURSELF! FINAL TEST

105. Only prosecutor can ... the state in civil actions.

- a) guard
- b) advocate
- c) protect
- d) defend

106. Both the plaintiff and defendant usually have

- a) attorneys
- b) attorneis
- c) attorneyes
- d) attorneyis

107. Joseph always ... to court on time.

- a) come
- b) comes
- c) came
- d) does come

108. I ... the constitutional right every Monday.

- a) learns
- b) learning
- c) learn
- d) learned

109. The court ... twenty complaints every week.

- a) considered
- b) considering
- c) consider
- d) considers

109. Federal courts in the USA are grouped geographically in

- a) circuits
- b) districts
- c) regions
- d) parts

110. ... there any differences between functions of a civil law notary and common law notary?

- a) Do
- b) Are
- c) Is
- d) Have

CHECK YOURSELF! FINAL TEST

111. A notary is a qualified

- a) judge
- b) attorney
- c) prosecutor
- d) lawyer

112. The ... Court is the highest judicial organ.

- a) Higher
- b) Appellate
- c) High
- d) Supreme

113. The USA is divided into ... judicial circuits and each one is served with a Federal Court of Appeals.

- a) nine
- b) ten
- c) eleven
- d) twelve

114. Look over there! A wrong ... at the present.

- a) is being committed
- b) committed
- c) commits
- d) is committed

115. If a service ... (for example, a mobile phone contract) this must be clearly stated by the provider.

- a) are being provided
- b) be provided
- c) is being provided
- d) is provide

116. This man ... in a prison because he did something very bad.

- a) was being held
- b) were being held
- c) are being held
- d) is being held

117. Was the decision ... read while they were leaving the court room?

- a) be
- b) have
- c) being
- d) had

CHECK YOURSELF! FINAL TEST

118. Were you being ... by the suspect?

- a) dragged
- b) drag
- c) draged
- d) dragging

120. ... are representing clients in court.

- a) Solicitors
- b) Barristers
- c) Judges
- d) Jury

121. Lack ... mental capacity can also operate as a defense to criminal prosecution.

- a) in
- b) on
- c) of
- d) out

122. Work of ... is unpaid.

- a) coroners
- b) solisitors
- c) barristrs
- d) magistrates

123. You can get ... from a law firm.

- a) support
- b) aid
- c) legal advice
- d) assist

124. It was the ... witness.

- a) three
- b) threeth
- c) third
- d) threed

125. Is your new court case ... than your old one?

- a) much interesting
- b) many interesting
- c) most interesting
- d) more interesting

CHECK YOURSELF! FINAL TEST

126. Everybody ... the new law next week.

- a) be discuss
- b) will be discuss
- c) will discuss
- d) will

127. A thief ... to open the safe the whole morning yesterday.

- a) were trying
- b) trying
- c) was trying
- d) try

128. I found ... different comments to the code.

- a) four
- b) fourth
- c) fours
- d) the four

129. The law company "law and order" ... the best in our city.

- a) am
- b) is
- c) are
- d) were

130. The ... acts in court on behalf of the state.

- a) prosecutor
- b) judge
- c) jury
- d) lawyer

131. I will meet with a lawyer on ... of July.

- a) fifteens
- b) fifteenth
- c) fifteen
- d) the fifteenth

132. This code looks worn out. It ... every day.

- a) is readed
- b) am read
- c) are readed
- d) is read

CHECK YOURSELF! FINAL TEST

133. ... Sarah a qualified lawyer?

- a) am
- b) is
- c) are
- d) does

134. This crime was committed by the ... suspect.

- a) second
- b) two
- c) the two
- d) twoth

135. Only qualified lawyers can do

- a) health care
- b) practical activity
- c) nothing
- d) practice

136. You need ... a for practical activity in USA.

- a) license
- b) resolution
- c) permit
- d) patent

137. The legal profession in the USA is a socially

- a) powerful
- b) influential
- c) great
- d) authoritative

138. Athorny ... one of legal professions.

- a) am
- b) is
- c) are
- d) do

139. ... his brother and you lawyers?

- a) am
- b) is
- c) are
- d) does

CHECK YOURSELF! FINAL TEST

140. Code ... a set of rules.

- a) am
- b) is
- c) are
- d) do

141. In the accident, ... people were injured.

- a) the seventeen
- b) seventeen
- c) seventeenth
- d) seventeens

142. The ... performs the function of supervision.

- a) parliment
- b) governmant
- c) court
- d) prosecutor's office

143. ... in court on behalf of the State.

- a) talk
- b) speak
- c) prosecution
- d) prosecuting

144. ... John ... criminal law classes every week?

- a) do, have
- b) does, have
- c) do, has
- d) does, has

145. ... you ... to the prosecutor's office on Wednesdays?

- a) do, go
- b) does, go
- c) do, goes
- d) does, goes

146. Tom ... the head of the legal department.

- a) am not
- b) is not
- c) are not
- d) does not

CHECK YOURSELF! FINAL TEST

147. A ... is a public official who by state delegation attributes public certification to the documents (contracts, deeds, etc.) he draws up by an appropriate certificate with a notarial seal.

- a) notary
- b) witness
- c) lawmaker
- d) judge

148. Why do judges need judicial ...?

- a) power
- b) immunity
- c) car
- d) help

149. The authority of a court or official organization to make decisions and judgments is a

- a) jurisdiction
- b) court power
- c) separation
- d) defend

150. The ... is the body of the state that administers justice.

- a) jury
- b) lawyer
- c) police
- d) court

151. ... for persons who want to become judges consists in Law.

- a) wishes
- b) requirements
- c) offers
- d) demands

152. The documents ... by a freelance lawyer.

- a) was prepared
- b) were prepared
- c) is prepared
- d) am prepared

153. ... you a practicing lawyer?

- a) am
- b) is
- c) are
- d) do

CHECK YOURSELF! FINAL TEST

154. ... this decision ... by the judge?

- a) was, taken
- b) were, taken
- c) was, took
- d) were, took

155. A ... is a person who steals money from a person or place, especially by violence or threat.

- a) man
- b) killer
- c) robber
- d) policeman

156. A police officer saw two wanted women when he ... along the street.

- a) go
- b) was going
- c) going
- d) were going

157. The house ... by unknown personalities.

- a) were burned
- b) was burned
- c) am burned
- d) are burned

158. ... the suit ... tomorrow?

- a) Will, is prepared
- b) Will, was prepared
- c) Will, be prepared
- d) Will, were prepared

159. A beautiful girl ... into a police station and ... the desk sergeant a detailed description of a suspected man.

- a) walked, give
- b) walked, gave
- c) walked, given
- d) walk, give

160. Two hours ago the policemen from Dnipro ... four thieves in the center of the city.

- a) arresting
- b) arrest
- c) arrested
- d) will arrest

CHECK YOURSELF! FINAL TEST

161. A pedestrian ... in a result of a collision with a vehicle.

- a) diet
- b) die
- c) died
- d) was die

162. I ... people in court.

- a) does not representing
- b) do not represents
- c) do not represent
- d) does not represent

163. This man

- a) were robbed
- b) am robbed
- c) was robbed
- d) was robbed

164. Yesterday in the morning an investigator ... three witnesses and ... the materials of the case to the court.

- a) interrogate, send
- b) interrogated, send
- c) interrogated, sent
- d) interrogate, sent

165. A policeman ... to them attentively and ... a protocol.

- a) listen, make up
- b) listen, made up
- c) listened, made up
- d) listened, make up

166. He began his ... career at the Prosecutor's office in 2014.

- a) notarial
- b) public
- c) legal
- d) political

167. An ... is a person who moves to a foreign country to live there.

- a) user
- b) investigator
- c) immigrant
- d) accessory

CHECK YOURSELF! FINAL TEST

168. The policeman ... the gentlemen their rights and ... them.

- a) not read, arrested
- b) do read, arrested
- c) did not read, arrested
- d) read, arrest

169. ... give legal advice to clients.

- a) solicitors
- b) barristers
- c) judges
- d) jury

170. The longer a witness waited, the ... he felt.

- a) nervous
- b) more nervous
- c) most nervous
- d) nervouser

171. The student ... to the question when the headmistress came in.

- a) were replying
- b) was replying
- c) was reply
- d) replying

172. How many witnesses ... tomorrow?

- a) will arrive
- b) will be
- c) will
- d) arrive

173. The faster you drive, the ...it is.

- a) more dangerous
- b) much dangerous
- c) most dangerous
- d) dangerous

174. The students ... the details of the examination from five till six yesterday.

- a) analyzing
- b) was analyzing
- c) were analyzing
- d) analyze

CHECK YOURSELF! FINAL TEST

175. There are ten notaries in the office but she is the

- a) much qualified
- b) qualified
- c) most qualified
- d) more qualified

176. He runs ... than me.

- a) much fast
- b) the fastest
- c) the most fast
- d) faster

177. The jury consists of ... people.

- a) twelves
- b) the twelve
- c) twelveth
- d) twelve

178. There are some significant differences between notaries and ... lawyers in Australia.

- a) another
- b) other
- c) anothers
- d) others

179. There ... no conflict between them.

- a) is
- b) are
- c) be
- d) am

180. If a signer does not want to appear before a notary:

- a) a subscribing witness is a good alternative
- b) the document may be mailed to a notary
- c) a written statement of intent to have the document notarized is sufficient
- d) the notary should insist on personal appearance

181. English notaries acquire the same powers as solicitors and other law practitioners ... the exception of the right to represent others before the courts.

- a) off
- b) of
- c) without
- d) with

CHECK YOURSELF! FINAL TEST

182. We all love our university and we think it is the ... one in our city.

- a) more better
- b) better
- c) good
- d) best

183. The police caught Jim when he ... a shop.

- a) robbing
- b) were robbing
- c) was robbing
- d) rob

184. A professor says that Tania is the ... student in the group.

- a) more attentive
- b) attentive
- c) much attentive
- d) most attentive

185. I don't understand the question. I ... my lecturer repeat it.

- a) asking
- b) ask
- c) will ask
- d) will

186. Mr. Denny received the ...decision last month.

- a) more judicial
- b) most judicial
- c) judicial
- d) judicialer

187. Somebody stole the money from Tom's pocket while he

- a) sleep
- b) were sleeping
- c) was sleeping
- d) sleeping

188. She is the ... policewoman in the battalion.

- a) tall
- b) tallest
- c) most tall
- d) taller

CHECK YOURSELF! FINAL TEST

189. On coming up to the house I saw a woman who ... to unlock the door by force.

- a) was trying
- b) are trying
- c) were trying
- d) trying

190. They ... information on economic crimes the day after tomorrow.

- a) publish
- b) will be publish
- c) will publish
- d) will

191. When Sara arrived, an investigator ... over the phone.

- a) was speaking
- b) are speaking
- c) were speaking
- d) speaking

192. He ... a private detective.

- a) be will
- b) be
- c) will be
- d) will

193. ... the notary ... the materials of the case all day yesterday?

- a) weren't preparing
- b) were, preparing
- c) did, preparing
- d) was, preparing

194. The criminal ... out his pistol when I suddenly saw him.

- a) take
- b) were taking
- c) was taking
- d) taking

195. They are the ... lawyers I've ever met.

- a) more talented
- b) much talented
- c) most talented
- d) talented

The Disappearance of Daniel Question by Barrie Roberts

Early this summer I went down to Sussex, as I do often nowadays, to pass a few days with my friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes and to blow the sooty air of London out of my lungs. He greeted me in typical fashion. "Watson!" he exclaimed, "I do believe that you have added a full six pounds since you were last here."

"I had thought it more like three or four," I said. "I see that you are still well," for he was as upright as ever, had added no weight, and his hair was only slightly touched with silver.

He laughed. "The product of my little makers of sweetness will see me through a good few years yet."

That evening, after Martha, Holmes' housekeeper, had gone, Holmes and I settled on either side of the fireplace in his study, a room not dissimilar in its untidiness to our old sitting room at Baker Street. Here were the old brass coal-scuttle, the Persian slipper filled with tobacco, other old friends including the shelves of Holmes' invaluable scrapbooks, and there was still a table littered with his chemical apparatus, though I have no doubt it is now devoted to the mysteries of apiculture rather than the defining of poisonous alkaloids.

I noted with pleasure a faded, well-worn copy of the Strand Magazine upon his desk and mentioned it. "I see," I remarked, "that you continue to read my accounts of your enquiries."

He finished filling his pipe and got it well alight before he replied. "So I do," he said. "I have been looking at your version of the Thor Bridge case. It seems to me that you were a little premature in describing the Phillimore affair as unsolved."

"But it was!" I protested. "You told me so, shortly before you left Baker Street."

"So I did, Watson, and perhaps I have been too hard on you. Nevertheless, I now have a theory of the case which, unless I have slipped into my dotage, meets the facts. A very little research will, I trust, clarify the small points which remain unclear. What do you recall of the matter, Watson?"

"Very little after two decades," I admitted. "It is certainly in my records but, believing that I should never be able to write it up for publication, I have not reviewed my notes."

"Make a long arm, if you will," said Holmes, "and pass me the second P volume on the shelf over there."

I reached for one of his scrapbooks and passed it across to him. He thumbed its pages for a few moments, then began to read from a news-cutting.

"Here we are, Watson, from July of 1903: 'The City of London is still disturbed by the disappearance five days ago of Mr. James Phillimore, the proprietor of Phillimore's Commercial Bank. It will be recalled from our earlier accounts that Mr. Phillimore set out from his home, in company with his mother, at about 11 o'clock last Wednesday. Turning back on some trivial pretext, he . . .'"

My mind raced back twenty years to 1903. The previous summer Holmes had announced his intention to retire and I had left Baker Street. I had a sufficient income from my pen to meet my modest needs but I missed the stimulus of the footfall on the stair that had, so often, taken Holmes and I on the path of adventure, mystery, and danger. Accordingly, I lost no opportunity of visiting our old lodgings and, indeed, accompanied my friend on many of his last enquiries.

So it was that I was at Baker Street when Mrs. Hudson announced Mrs. Honoria Phillimore. Our visitor was a lady in late middle age, dressed in pale grey linen, with a veiled hat. Holmes settled her in the basket chair and once the veil was lifted, I could see that her eyes were red-rimmed from weeping and her features pale and drawn with some great sorrow.

"Mr. Holmes," she began, "Mr. Gregson at Scotland Yard gave me your name and suggested that you might succeed where the police have failed."

"It has been known to happen," said Holmes. "I imagine that you wish me to trace your missing son?"

She started. "You know?" she said.

"It would be difficult not to connect your name and your evident distress with the press reports of the missing banker. The papers are not, however, unanimous in their details of his disappearance. Perhaps it would assist if you were to give me the facts as you know them."

She drew a deep breath and began. "It was last Wednesday," she said. "James-my son-had agreed to accompany me to a charitable sale for the Indian Missions and had stayed away from the Bank. We had planned on leaving our home in Welton Square at about half past eleven, intending to arrive at the event at noon. Peter, our chauffeur, was to take us in the motorcar. He brought the car to the front of the house and James and I stepped out of the front door. Peter was climbing from his seat to open the door of the vehicle when the crossing-sweeper forestalled him."

"Who was left in the house?" asked Holmes.

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"Only the servants, Mr. Holmes."

"Your home has steps from the front door to the pavement."

"Yes, Mr. Holmes. James and I were on the steps when he said something about fetching an umbrella and made his way back to the house."

"Was it raining, Mrs. Phillimore?"

"No, Mr. Holmes. It was a bright clear day with a blue sky. I found James' remark incomprehensible and I thought that I might have misheard him."

"He returned to the house. What did you do?" Holmes lay back in his chair with his eyes nearly closed.

"I continued down the steps to the motorcar. The crossing-sweeper held open the door for me and Peter had returned to his seat. I gave the crossing-sweeper a small coin, took my seat and waited for my son."

She paused, then continued. "After some time, I told Peter to see what was delaying my son. He returned to say that my son was not in the house and that none of the servants had seen him." Her face began to crumple and tears sprang to her eyes. "From that moment, Mr. Holmes, there has been no sign of James-no sign at all."

I was at the gasogene in a moment and was soon pressing a brandy into her hand. When she had taken it and composed herself Holmes leaned forward. "I am familiar with Welton Square," he said, "but I shall be grateful if you will describe the front of your home."

"It is similar to all the houses in the Square," she said. "It has a coach-house to the left, which we now use for the motorcar. To the right of the coach-house entrance, in a railed area, are the steps to the servants' quarters. Then there is the front door, which opens onto a pillared porch and the top of a flight of steps leading to the pavement. At the right of the house is a wrought-iron gate which leads to the garden."

"And your son did not use the coach-house area or garden entrances?"

She shook her head. "No, Mr. Holmes. I was beside him on the steps when he turned and went up to the front door. Besides, the garden gate is kept locked unless the gardener or his boy is about and they were away."

"Tell me about your son," said Holmes.

"My late husband was the grandson of the founder of the Bank. I married him in 1865. James, our only child, was born in the following year. He was educated at Chorling College in Sussex and it was always intended that he should follow in his father's footsteps. He left school at eighteen and spent a year with the Bank before he and my husband fell out."

"Over what matter?" enquired Holmes.

"I am not really sure," she said. "I know that my husband complained that James had become inattentive to his work. I attributed that to a misfortune which befell his best friend at College. The lad's family fell into financial difficulties, and James was very upset for his friend."

"And was their dispute a serious one?"

"It became very serious, Mr. Holmes. One night I heard them in my husband's study. Their voices were raised in extreme anger. The next morning my husband told me that he had given James an ultimatum; he had told him that he must either sever himself from the Bank and from the household, or accept his father's order that he should work in the continental offices of Phillimore's until he was summoned home."

"Then their dispute must indeed have been a grave one," said Holmes.

"I was horrified at my husband's proposal, Mr. Holmes. I could not imagine what James had done to so provoke his father. I asked the cause of my husband's decision but he merely said that the Bank had lent a large sum of money against a customer's word and had not been repaid. To prevent a loss to the Bank, he had proposed liquidating the customer's company. James, it seemed, had striven to prevent him, for what my husband called sentimental reasons."

"Sentimental reasons," mused Holmes. "Was there a young lady involved?"

"Not so far as I could determine, Mr. Holmes. My son had no deep attachment at the time. But do you believe his disappearance may be connected with his difference with his father? It was eighteen years ago."

"I do not know, Mrs. Phillimore. I merely collect all the available data and attempt to unravel the pattern which it forms. What did James do?"

"He bowed to his father's order, albeit with a poor grace. He went abroad and continued working for the Bank. It seemed to satisfy my husband. The reports of James' work were favourable. He wrote to me regularly and, in a little while, I think he began to enjoy his situation. I only wished that he might come home occasionally, but my husband was adamant. He said that it had always been his intention that James should learn the work of the continental offices thoroughly in any event. He said that when he believed James was completely versed in the Bank's foreign affairs,

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he would call him home. My husband was not a cruel man, Mr. Holmes, but he would brook no interference."

"How long was it before Mr. Phillimore brought him back?" asked Holmes.

"He never did, Mr. Holmes. When he was stricken with his final illness I wired to James—he was at the Rome office at that time—to return immediately, but he had taken leave and gone to Naples. I wired him at Naples and, eventually, he replied. My poor son travelled day and night to reach his father's bedside and be reconciled with him, but it was not to be—he was just too late."

"So your son inherited the Bank and took up his father's position?"

"Yes, Mr. Holmes. James was a changed man. I say man—perhaps I should say that he had grown from a headstrong boy into a thoughtful and able young man. He has applied himself to the business, I am told, with great experience and acumen and has made the Bank into one of the foremost concerns of its kind. If I have a complaint it is that he works too much and is sometimes forgetful in small matters. That is why I was the more pleased that he had agreed to accompany me last Wednesday."

We accompanied Mrs. Phillimore to Welton Square, a quiet area lined with prosperous houses such as she had described. Holmes questioned each of the servants, but learned nothing. He examined every inch of the garden, lens in hand, swooping, plunging, and peering like some great dark bird seeking its prey under the shrubs. He examined with great care the lock of the gate in the rear wall of the garden.

As we took our leave of Mrs. Phillimore, Holmes asked, "Were there any persons in the Square apart from yourself, your chauffeur, and the crossing-sweeper when your son disappeared?"

"No," she said.

"Can you describe the sweeper?"

She thought for a moment. "He is a tall heavily bearded man and walks with a stoop. I believe that he is some kind of native, for he wears a religious mark on his forehead."

"What manner of mark, Mrs. Phillimore?"

"A small mark like a hand. It seems to be scarred, as though it had been burned on. It is quite unpleasant."

"And can you recognise his accent?"

"He never speaks, Mr. Holmes. I believe him to be dumb."

"Is your son familiar with the crossing-sweeper?"

"I doubt it," she said. "The sweeper tends to arrive after my son has left for the Bank."

As we left the house, a police constable appeared around a corner of the Square. Holmes approached him and introduced himself.

"The crossing-sweeper," mused the constable in response to Holmes' question. "They call him Dumb Danny because he can't talk. He's been sweeping hereabouts for a year or so. But you won't find him, Mr. Holmes. He lives in the Mission at Wharton's Row in the East, but the Yard went looking for him there and he's gone."

Holmes sat silent in our cab after directing the cabbie to Wharton's Row. At last I asked, "Why are you so interested in the crossing-sweeper, Holmes?"

"Because," he said, "James Phillimore left his home voluntarily and abruptly."

"How can you be sure?"

"The only way out, apart from the three front exits, was through the garden. There is no leaf disturbed, no branch broken, no twig out of place, Watson. The weather has been clear and dry since the disappearance, but there are no signs of a struggle, such as would remain if an unwilling adult was forced across the garden."

"Were there no footmarks?" I asked.

"The mark of a man's left boot was impressed into the path beside the rear door of the garden," he said. "On the lock was a mark where the right foot had rested. Someone had must have clambered over the locked door into the lane behind. Who else but the missing banker?"

"And you believe that the crossing-sweeper was involved?"

"I have warned you before, Watson, that coincidence is the ready servant of the lazy mind."

"Coincidence?" I said.

"Only four people were in Welton Square that morning, Watson. Two of them have disappeared."

"But what would be the cause?" I asked.

"If I am right in my surmises," he said, "we are in very dark waters indeed, Watson." But he would vouchsafe me no further comment or explanation.

The Mission in Wharton's Row was a dark and insalubrious place, close to the docks. There we met the Reverend Bledlow, a thin, pale, exhausted cleric, who told us that Danny the street-sweeper had come to the mission about a year earlier.

"He was brought here by a seaman from the docks," he said. "Were you aware that he could not

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speak?"

Holmes nodded and the clergyman went on. "When our nurse came to examine him, she found that he was not naturally speechless. At some point his tongue had been removed."

"Great Heavens!" I exclaimed. "What monster would do that?"

"Exactly, Dr. Watson," said the missionary. "I assumed him to be the victim of some savagery abroad."

"Was he able to write?" asked Holmes.

"I gave him paper and pencil in that hope, but he merely covered pages with scribbings. There was nothing intelligible, though his writing was that of an educated man. I could not determine his nationality, though I thought him European. We named him Daniel Question, but I'm afraid his fellows called him Dumb Danny."

"And you have no idea of his present whereabouts?" asked my friend.

"No," said the clergyman. "He has left his few belongings here, which makes me fear that he has met with some harm. I have enquired of the hospitals but they have not seen him. I fear he may be dead."

We examined the pathetic items which the crossing-sweeper had left. There was a seaman's pocketknife, a cheap tin tobacco box and a few rags of clothing. I recall that among them was a greasy, tattered strip of necktie which my friend examined and held up to the light, even turning it inside out. We left the Mission no wiser than we had come.

That is all I recall of the affair. Months later when I enquired of his progress on the case, Holmes informed me that he had come to a dead end.

I recited my recollection to Holmes and he nodded. "Excellent, Watson," he said. "You do not, I think, know how the matter ended as far as the public was concerned. Some months after Phillimore's disappearance, a body surfaced in the Thames. The man had been struck about the head and apparently murdered. Mrs. Phillimore identified her son by a signet ring. By then an examination of the Bank's affairs had revealed a series of abstractions of funds by James Phillimore. The combination was too much for the poor lady and she died shortly afterwards."

"So he robbed his own bank," I said. "But what on earth made him run on that morning? And what became of the money?"

"It was the sight of the crossing-sweeper that provoked his flight," said Holmes. "The Bank of England attempted to trace the money but was not, I believe, successful."

"But why should the crossing-sweeper have driven Phillimore to flee?" I asked.

Holmes smiled. "You may," he said, "consider that question until we return to London, for at the end of your holiday I propose to trespass upon your hospitality a little, while I bring this matter to a conclusion."

Not another word would he say on the subject during the rest of my holiday, but when I left for London Holmes accompanied me. As we alighted on the platform at Victoria Station a young man in civilian clothing touched his hat to us.

"Mr. Holmes?" he said. "I am Chief Inspector Robinson from Scotland Yard. Could we perhaps step into the refreshment room?"

We accompanied him to the tea-room where he laid a manilla envelope on the table.

"Your letter to the Yard, Mr. Holmes, caused a certain flutter. There were those who believed that you were dead, and there are still some who recall a few of the matters in which you assisted . . ."

"I dare say that there are still some who remember me as an unofficial meddler with elaborate theories," interrupted Holmes.

Robinson smiled. "There are those too," he said, "but the Commissioner believed your requests should be looked into speedily. This envelope contains the fruits of our enquiries—the details of the Smallfish family, a cable from the consulate, the Bank of England's results and the burial particulars, as requested."

He pushed the envelope towards Holmes and rose from the table. "The Commissioner wishes me to ask if you would be kind enough to inform him of your findings if you are able to solve the matter, Mr. Holmes. Moreover, he wishes you good hunting."

He strode away and we collected our luggage, found a cab and made our way to my home.

After dinner that night, as we sat over a bottle of port, I could contain myself no longer.

"Holmes," I pleaded, "are you yet able to explain the Phillimore affair to me?"

He smiled. "Ah, Watson! You know my desire to see my little tricks completed before I reveal their mechanisms."

He paused to fill his pipe. "Let me remind you," he said, "that it was always my view that the appearance of the crossing-sweeper impelled Phillimore to flight."

"But how?" I interjected. "That poor wretch can hardly have known of Phillimore's financial manoeuvres."

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"True, Watson. Nevertheless it seems his mere presence drove Phillimore to precipitate flight, to mumble a ridiculous explanation and flee from the Square and from his whole existence. Therefore Phillimore must have recognised the sweeper as someone who could damage him in some way."

"But the man was a witless, speechless pauper."

"Perhaps Phillimore did not know that. But in any case it is more likely that he recognised the mark."

"The religious mark?" I enquired.

"Mrs. Phillimore, who probably had little experience of foreigners, thought him a native with a religious mark, though those are usually tattooed, not branded. The Reverend Bledlow, who had daily experience of foreign seamen from all over the globe, thought him European. We know that his tongue had been removed. That, and the branded hand, suggested only one thing to me, Watson. A man who had been tortured by that abominable brotherhood, born in Sicily, but now present in Italy, Corsica, France, and even the United States."

"The Black Hand Gang!" I exclaimed.

"Precisely, Watson. One of its names and one of its emblems."

"But what can the crossing-sweeper have had to do with them?"

"He was evidently their victim," said Holmes. "Had he been a member-even a minor one-the hand would have been a mark of punishment applied to his corpse. More pertinent is the question of Phillimore's probable connection with that unholy order, and that I was unable to unravel. When it was revealed after his death that funds were missing from the Bank, I inferred that he had been paying the Black Hand and that they had been responsible for his demise, but I got no further until I came across new information."

"How lucky!" I exclaimed.

"Luck," said my friend, sternly, "usually consists in the ability of the well-prepared mind to take full advantage of an unexpected opportunity."

"What was the opportunity, then?"

"It is not possible," he said, "to be as unsociable in the country as in town. In Baker Street I could deal only with you, Mrs. Hudson, and those who called on me professionally. Country people rely upon each other for society, for entertainment, and often for assistance. If I had not bent a little to that convention I should not have enjoyed two decades of peace in Fulworth. A retired schoolmaster there cajoled me into assisting him with the translation of some Anglo-Saxon documents, having read of my researches in the subject, and at our conclusion he insisted on inviting me to dine with him."

He grimaced at the recollection. "I steeled myself for an evening of Hawsley's dull chatter and that-in short-is exactly what I received, but in trying to divert the stream of my host's patter, my eye fell upon his necktie, a curious confection in deep purple struck with narrow bands of white and lime green. I thought it a school or college tie, though I could not identify it and it occurred to me that I had seen the pattern before."

He paused and looked straight at me. "I have explained to you on many occasions, Watson, the significance of patterns in any investigation, whether visual or otherwise, and I rarely forget one once I have noticed it. I asked him if it was a school tie."

"Certainly," he said. "It is the Old Chorlotian's, which I wear by courtesy as a former master there."

"Recollection flashed into my mind. 'Were you long at Chorling College?' I asked, and when he confirmed that almost all his teaching had been done there, I asked, 'Do you by chance recall a boy named James Phillimore?' Whereupon he said that he did and produced a photograph of a Rugby football team with the boy in the front rank."

"Who is the lad next to him?" I asked Hawsley. "Is he a relative?"

"He shook his head. 'No,' he said, 'though they were alike enough to be brothers. That is Frank Smallfish. Funny name, but his family was Italian originally. He was Phillimore's pal throughout their years at Chorling, inseparable they were and always engaged in pranks.'

"Do you know what became of them?" I asked.

"Phillimore," he said, "went to the bad, I'm sorry to say. Robbed his family bank and ended up in the river.' He shook his head sadly."

"And Smallfish?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said. "I know that his father was ruined and shot himself shortly after the boy left Chorling. What became of the lad I never heard.' And he shook his head again."

Holmes smiled at a recollection. "Poor Hawsley must have thought me a dull guest indeed, Watson, for very shortly I made my excuses and left in order to mull over the new information."

"And where did it take you?" I asked.

"To a realisation that I had broken one of my own rules in narrowing my analysis of the case too

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early. I had convinced myself that the root of that singular tragedy and those monstrous crimes lay abroad. I realised that the explanation lay, instead, in that boyhood friendship at Chorling.

"Shortly after the boys left Chorling," he continued, "Frank's father was ruined by Phillimore's Commercial Bank. Such was his Italian sense of honour that he shot himself. His son's sense of honour dictated revenge upon the Phillimore family and his erstwhile friend. He waited his chance, and it came when James Phillimore holidayed in Naples. Perhaps Smallfish even lured him there. That city's underworld swarms with those whose allegiance is to the Black Hand and there young Phillimore was taken prisoner."

"But he returned for his father's funeral," I objected.

Holmes shook his head slowly. "No, Watson. Frank Smallfish saw the opportunity presented by Phillimore senior's death and returned to England to commence a daring and heartless imposture that enabled him to rob Phillimore's Bank of the sums he had promised the brotherhood in Italy for their services, or perhaps even for the sums they may have demanded in blackmail. Armed with a knowledge of James Phillimore gained from their long friendship, strengthened by their accidental resemblance, he was successful for several years.

Mrs. Phillimore merely thought that he was a changed man and forgetful in small things. What must he have thought and felt when he stepped from his front door and saw the real Phillimore standing at the foot of the steps? He did not know that his victim was by then witless and speechless. He thought that his evil game was up, and he ran."

"It certainly meets the facts," I said, "but it is all theoretical."

"Not so, Watson. I made a serious error of thinking and an equally serious error of practice when I failed to identify that greasy rag left by the crossing-sweeper as an Old Chorlotian's tie. Had I pursued my enquiries at the College I might have saved Smallfish's life for the hangman. My enquiries of Scotland Yard were to confirm such points as I could."

"You believe that he killed James Phillimore, then?" I said.

"He killed him or had him killed, and then was himself murdered because he was of no further use to the Black Hand."

"But how came the real Phillimore to Welton Square?"

Holmes drew a telegram from the envelope which Robinson had given him. "Here is the reply to an enquiry which I asked the Yard to send to our Consulate at Naples: 'Person of that description brought here by nuns in 1902 with request for repatriation to England. Unable to establish identity or citizenship. Matter left to local religious charity.' So poor Phillimore made his way home somehow and lived amongst the poorest of the poor. Who knows what dim recollection drew him to Welton Square and made him return to see, each day, the half-remembered face and hear the half-remembered voice of his mother?"

"Could the Yard confirm any more of your argument?"

"They were able to confirm what I suspected. That Smallfish was an assumed name, based upon the Sicilian 'Pisciotta.' It means 'small fish,' Watson, and the Black Hand use it in our sense of 'small fry' to refer to the petty criminals who carry out the organisation's routine tasks. Frank Smallfish's family may already have had connections with the brotherhood in the past.

"The Bank of England traced the stolen funds through France and Switzerland to an account in Naples, held in a false name and emptied before they traced it."

"Then you have made your case," I declared, "apart from your belief that Smallfish killed Phillimore." He nodded, pleased as always by acknowledgement of his extraordinary talents. "The Yard told me something else," he said, "and tomorrow, after a Turkish bath which, apart from your companionship, is the only good reason for visiting London, I shall show you."

The following afternoon we stood in a great cemetery in the East of London. Holmes, after a word at the keeper's lodge, led me to an unkempt patch of grass, unmarked by headstone or memorial, which lay under a far wall. He pointed with his stick.

"That," he said, "is what the keeper calls Plot 643-pauper's 1903-and there lie the remains of a tongueless labourer with a hand branded on his face. Like the man who impersonated him in life, his body came out of the Thames and had similar injuries to the skull."

We gazed in silence at the last resting place of the real James Phillimore. As we turned away, Holmes said, "You see Watson, I have found James Phillimore, though whether your readers in the Strand will relish a story of suicide, murder, and heartbreak, embodying the most fiendishly singular revenge I have ever known, I cannot say."

1. Read the story and make up the plan.
2. Compose 10-15 questions to the story.
3. Retell the story according to your plan.

A Favorable Favor by Brendan Dubois

In my line of work, as the only woman private investigator in a remote area of New Hampshire, I have certain hard-and-fast rules when it comes to my clientele.

First rule is, nothing illegal. Which means no burning down a neighbor's barn over a land dispute, or trying to arrange a hit on a cheating wife or husband, or planting drugs in a bullying older brother's car trunk so an anonymous phone call would result in him being sent to the state prison in Concord. This also means a thin client list, but at least one that won't keep me up at night.

The second rule is, payment up front. Despite promises of income-tax refunds in the mail, small-claims court settlements in the mail, and other bits of monetary windfall in the mail, I never allow any client to hire me on credit. Not that I didn't make that mistake during the first few months after getting my P.I. license, but after several weeks of living on noodles and rice and hoping the PSNH truck wouldn't stop at my house to pull the power plug, I learned.

And rule three concerns male clients. Whenever a male client enters my office, I open up the center drawer of my desk, revealing the usual and customary office paperwork, and—the not-so-usual and customary stainless steel Ruger .357 revolver resting within. I've always performed this little task from the beginning, since males coming to see a private investigator—and especially a female P.I.—are often under some unique forms of stress, and I've always been one who believes that while stress on your part is fine, expressing it on one of my body parts is definitely not fine.

Only once—before today—had I ignored this particular rule. About a year into my new business, a sweet old man, dressed in a gray wool suit and red bowtie, came into my office, leaning on a cane. He sat there, smelling of peppermint, passing the time, and when he wanted to hire me to give him a massage and I gently declined, he nodded, stood up and whacked me up the side of the head with his cane. No stitches, but plenty of blood, and ever since then, somebody coming in bearing Y chromosomes means the center drawer opens up.

Except for today, at my small office, which has gilt lettering on the glass door that reads K.C. DUNBAR INVESTIGATIONS.

And why was today any different?

Well, when the male client is the police chief of your town, secretly handling a loaded handgun in his presence doesn't seem to be the brightest move to make.

Bryant Hughes came in looking sheepish. He had on a dark-blue uniform, the usual leather holster, belt and jangling keys hanging off the side. He was a beefy five-foot-ten or so, with a thickness about the gut that told of too many hours sitting on the couch with a beer in one hand and a remote in the other. His face was flushed, and his thick black hair was combed back, the color matching his mustache. He nodded as he came in, his presence almost overwhelming my office, at the moment consisting of a desk, phone, three chairs, computer and two three-drawer filing cabinets with good solid locks. The window behind me overlooks a set of abandoned B&M railroad tracks and some marshland, and the front glass door gives a nice view of the Purmort grass common, once you get past the aforementioned gold-leaf lettering.

"Karen," he said, taking one of the chairs. I moved my hand from the closed center drawer and said, "Chief. What can I do for you today?"

He looked around for a moment, as if checking to make sure none of the town's three selectmen were skulking, in a corner or something. There are police chiefs and then there are police chiefs. From the handful of times I've broken bread and chatted things up with my competition in the rest of the Granite State, I know the differences in police officials that P.I.s can run into while doing their jobs. Some police departments won't give any information out unless you make an appointment a month in advance and come bearing a cashier's check to help offset any expenses. And then there are those that give you a spare desk and chair in their records department and give you the run of the place.

Bryant falls in between these two categories. While not particularly overindulgent in granting me favors, he'd always been professional and a reasonable guy to work with.

Which is why I found his presence so damn disconcerting. My last bit of official business with the Purmort police department was getting a copy of a motor vehicle accident report—a stunning piece of investigative work that took all of 10 minutes, and for which I billed the insurance company a full hour. But that had been months ago; there was no clear reason for Bryant to be here now.

Bryant looked around again and said, "I ... I need your help."

Well, that was a first. I played around with a pen on my desk and said, "Sure, I'd be glad to help out. What do you need?"

The sheepish look on his face got deeper. "This is confidential, right?"

"Absolutely," I said. Maybe not technically, but if he wanted confidentiality, he got it. "What can I do

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for you?"

He wiped at his mustache, coughed and said, "Can't believe I'm actually saying this. Karen, I need you to find my daughter."

Now I knew why he was here.

I picked up a clean legal pad and the pen and said, "Chief, before we start, well, this seems a bit out of my league. You have all the resources of the state behind you. One word from you to the state police and other police departments around here, and they'll all be looking for her."

A shake of the head. "No, I don't want to do that—and damn, I guess I didn't speak right. I know where she is. I just want you to make sure she's there, and then get her home."

I eyed him as I toyed with the pen. "Tell me what you can, then."

He shifted in his seat, the leather gear creaking some. "Her name is Carla. She's seventeen. She's ... she's a runaway. She's done it before and has always come home in the past. But this time it's been almost a month. Maureen, my wife, she's frantic. And I have a pretty good idea where she is."

"And where's that?"

"With her idiot boyfriend, Logan Duprey. From up in Montcalm. Twenty years old, lives in a double-wide out on Timberswamp Road. Number fourteen."

Kept on toying with the pen. A nervous little tic, I know, but at least I recognized it for what it was.

"Chief, I'm sorry. I still don't understand how I can help. If you know she's up there, why don't you just go there and get her yourself? Or have the Montcalm police help you out?"

By then, the poor guy looked miserable, leaning forward, rubbing his big hands together. "It's ... it's like this. This uniform of mine opens up a lot of doors, gets me into places other people usually can't go. But it's also a trap. If I was just an insurance adjuster or lawyer or something else, I could go in and deal with it, do whatever I had to do, and no problem. Who would care? But I'm a police chief. If I do anything—anything at all that's even a bit controversial—I got the selectmen watching over me, plus the newspapers. Can you imagine the newspaper coverage I'd get if I went up there and tried to get Carla, and a fight or something broke out?"

"So what do you want me to do?" I asked, though by then I pretty much knew the damn answer. He kept on rubbing his hands together. "What I need, if you agree, is for you to just go there and get her out. Take her back home. Tell her we'll work it out, that her mother and me miss her very much. Can you do it? Can you?"

I hesitated. For only a few seconds, but they seemed long seconds. I could see a variety of outcomes, from me going to get her and having her tearfully join me in coming home, up to and including running into the boyfriend, and having him fly into a rage against me fueled by beer and firearms.

But this was the chief of police before me. Doing this would put a huge deposit in the favor bank, something I could draw down when the time came, and damn, it was like he read my mind, because he said, "A favor, Karen. This would be a hell of a favor."

But it wasn't just the favor quotient. Something else tugged at my heart: seeing a police chief, usually all bluff and bluster, nightstick, pistol and cuffs, but now, here, just a dad who wanted his daughter back.

I nodded. "Okay. I'll do it."

Fifteen minutes later, when Bryant had gone, my head was spinning. After getting the information about Carla and a picture of her and a description of her boyfriend, I had brought up the issue of compensation. His face flushed and he said, "Karen, I was sort of hoping we could do this off the books. Maureen, my wife, she doesn't know I came here and well, you know ..."

Sure. No payment, just that hefty deposit in the favor bank.

So after he left, I swung around in my swivel chair, looked at my walls, nearly bare save for a framed print of Mount Washington, my license from the N.H. Department of Safety, and an award I received in a previous life from the New England Press Association. I recalled my three hard-and-fast rules and realized with a touch of horror that I had violated all three of them in the space of 15 minutes.

For I had not opened my center drawer when a male came in, I had agreed to do a job without payment, and while it probably wasn't illegal, doing this job was certainly skating to the very, very edge. If retrieving the chief's daughter went south on me, then I could face kidnapping charges, which, being a federal offense, would mean attention from the FBI. And although I admire them for much of what they do, I had a recent run-in with a local special agent who didn't appreciate my charm and feminine approach to the business. I could just imagine the pleasure he'd take in arresting me.

So: 15 minutes, three broken rules, one hell of an accomplishment. I decided it was time to call it a day and go home to the man in my life.

Dinner was a bowl of fettuccine Alfredo, balanced on my tummy, sitting on the couch, legs stretched out on a coffee table, watching one of those cable network judges who dispense justice

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in thrilling cases of pets run astray or hairstyles gone bad. Roscoe sat beside me, grooming himself and waiting for me to finish so he could lick the bowl.

"So," I said to my black-and-white cat, about the size of a raccoon and occasionally with the temperament of an old man upset that Jeopardy has been cancelled on his local cable station. "Police chief comes into office. Makes unusual request, for no payment. I agree to fulfill said request. What does that mean? Am I getting light in the brain department? Time to pull the plug? Time to do something else besides sitting at home alone, talking to my cat?"

I finished off the fettuccine, wiped at my chin with a napkin, and picked up my glass of wine. Roscoe looked at me intently. "You know, if I were to die now, can you imagine how my obituary would read? Single woman found dead in her home, accompanied by moody cat."

I passed over the empty bowl, let him lick for a few moments, then took it back. It was one thing to spoil him; I didn't want him to get so fat he couldn't move around.

"But I don't intend to die right now. I've got a lot going on, and part of that going on is doing a favor for the chief. Downside? Possibly losing my license, getting arrested by the Montcalm police, and being featured in poor light in the local paper. Not a good way to build your customer base."

I finished my wine, looked at the television—where justice, or a form of it, had been dispatched in just under 15 minutes—and set the empty glass on the coffee table. "The upside? A huge deposit in the favor bank. Meaning, not only would I get cooperation from the chief on my future local endeavors, but if I ever ran into a roadblock with any other police agency in the state—and even parts of Vermont—one phone call from the chief would clear the way. And having such power at my fingertips would mean a leg up on my competition."

Hell of an upside.

Still ... why did I have the cold, queasy feeling I was going someplace I shouldn't?

"Roscoe. What do you think?"

My fickle companion leapt from the couch to the coffee table, where he attempted to lower a paw into my wine glass. I reached over and picked him up and placed him in my lap. I stroked his fur.

"Have to do it right. Am I correct, buddy?"

Roscoe showed his affection by being a perfect lap cat for about five seconds before jumping down and heading to his water bowl.

Good ol' Roscoe. Always knew which way to jump when the time was right.

I wished I had that same talent.

The following day I was in the next town over, Montcalm, traveling up Timberswamp Road in my Ford Explorer. The first half-mile was paved, after departing Route 112, and then it changed to dirt. Largely unpublicized in the glossy magazines about quaint and curious New England is that a large number of country roads remain dirt. The towns in this part of the state are fairly poor, which means most of the rural roads haven't been paved. Twice a year they get graded and that's about it. Another part of the picture people often miss is the soul-grinding poverty, out here beyond the white church steeples and little shops selling gourmet coffee for 20 dollars a pound. The homes are usually trailers, pre-fab double-wides dumped on a concrete slab, or foundations with one habitable room where dad works on weekends and holidays to install plumbing or put up a frame for the first and second stories. Still, the land and the property taxes are relatively cheap, so there you go. In this part of the world, there are no large housing projects, apartment houses or tenement buildings. So people make do.

I drove up along the road until I reached number 14 and slowed down a bit. I saw a black mailbox, tilted to one side, with the numerals 1 and 4 painted white on the side. A dirt driveway on the right led off to a double-wide trailer, the color of old coffee. I kept on driving for a few minutes, running things through my mind. Despite the warm spring day, I felt a chill.

Up ahead was a wide spot in the road, and I turned around. There were other homes, other farms out here, some with a few chickens or sheep or goats in a fenced-in yard. I put my truck in park, thought things over, then drove back down to number 14. As remote as it was out here, it was the type of place where strange vehicles on the road were noticed, so I knew I wouldn't have much time before I'd be spotted by a neighbor—and before the Timberswamp Road telephone relay team got into action, and reported that a Ford Explorer was trundling up and down the road without stopping. Which meant said Explorer was checking things out, was being suspect ...

No time to be suspect.

I stopped in front of the dirt driveway and parked the Explorer. I rummaged around in the back for a moment and then stepped out. I now was wearing a long-brimmed baseball cap with the Audubon Society's logo on it and was carrying a small knapsack over one shoulder, a pair of binoculars slung over the other. Strange men—especially those bearing private investigators' licenses—always get noticed in neighborhoods, no matter how rural. Strange women are noticed as well, but if they're pretending to be census takers, soap vendors or birdwatchers, then they're usually ignored.

I walked up the dirt driveway. There are driveways and then there are driveways. Really good dirt

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driveways have a nice base of gravel, with a shallow drainage ditch on each side, and the brush and vegetation are cleared away about a yard in either direction.

This driveway wasn't one of those.

It looked like someone took a bulldozer or grader and merely scraped away the top level of soil, grass and saplings, leaving a rough and bumpy scar on the ground that would turn to mud every spring or fall.

Up ahead was the double-wide, a pre-fabricated house that was probably dragged in here some time ago and dropped on a concrete slab. The lawn was a muddy, grassless patch; an ATV was parked to the side, its big wheels muddy as well; and there was a mess of trash bags, piles of rock, rusting tools and rotting lumber tossed around the yard. It was as if an evil twin of Martha Stewart had been landscaping. The door was unpainted, and there was a set of concrete steps before it, one of the steps hosting an orange flowerpot that was growing a mess of weeds.

From the house there was music, some low type of country that had some serious thumping bass going for it. I was making my way around the side of the house when I spotted him through the large living room window.

He was bare-chested, wearing sweatpants and boxing gloves, and he was pounding the crap out of an Everlast punching bag suspended from the ceiling. Some people like having dining room sets or big-screen televisions in their living room, but this place didn't look like it belonged to some people.

Nope, it belonged to one Logan Duprey, boyfriend of the police chief's daughter, apparent amateur boxer and one seriously irritated individual. While it was easy to decipher that he was into boxing, it took the mind of a detective to deduce that he was ticked off, for right then and there, he looked out the window and straight at me. Menacingly.

So. I stood my ground. The door flew open, and I looked behind him and saw lots of studwork and bare plaster. Logan stepped out of his home-in-progress and said, "What the hell do you want?" He was well-muscled, with short black hair, now with one boxing glove dangling off his hand, the other glove stuck under an armpit. He had tattoos up both arms and over his chest, a style that's popular among some but not for me. Dark-blue sweatpants and black sneakers finished off his ensemble.

In a bright, chirpy voice, I said, "Oh, I hope I'm not intruding. I'm doing a bit of birding and saw the most amazing Pileated Woodpecker come up your driveway."

He seemed to struggle with what I'd said. He acted as if a visitor from another dimension had suddenly appeared, speaking Sanskrit. He shook his head, "This is private property, okay? And you're screwing up my training time."

I kept up the smile and chirpy voice. "Sir, if I can just bother you one more moment, I'm the membership chair for our local birdwatching chapter, and we're offering free memberships to women of all ages, and if the lady of the house is available, I'd like to talk to her and—"

"She ain't here," he said, glaring at me, "and I don't want you here, too. So get the hell out."

He stepped back, slammed the door, and in a moment he was back in the living room. But he wasn't taking his anger out on the punching bag. Nope, he was staring right at me again.

My, this was going to be interesting. I gave him a cheerful wave and then left, walking back down the driveway with the little knapsack thumping against my back, and I wondered if young Logan Duprey would have been so rude to me if he knew the weaponry I was carrying in that little knapsack. Besides my .357 revolver, there were also handcuffs, pepper spray, and an extendable police-style baton that is great for whacking knee and elbow joints.

So maybe he would have been more polite.

Maybe.

But I wasn't counting on it.

About 12 hours later, I was back on Logan Duprey's land, but this time I wasn't dressed up as Local Amateur Ornithologist with Her Head in the Clouds. This time, I was dressed as Rough and Tough Female P.I., which meant black jeans, black sneakers and black sweatshirt. I was in a little stand of brush and birch trees, keeping watch on the Duprey estate.

This time a dark-blue Ford Escort was parked in front of the double-wide. My own Ford motoring product was about 50 yards behind me, parked in a set of woods on a path that wasn't even a dirt road, but which was maneuverable with my vehicle's four-wheel drive. The Ford product in front of me, although not a four-wheeler, had suffered more than my own set of wheels had. The front fender had been stove in, and it looked like the rear bumper and tail light were being held onto the frame by duct tape.

About a half-hour earlier, young Carla Hughes had arrived home, wearing the uniform of a hamburger chain, and also the expression of one who had been on her feet for too long, smelling too much grease and disappointment. She had walked up to the trailer, went to the door and tried the handle.

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Locked, it seemed.

She fumbled around in her bag for a moment, and after saying a string of words that her police chief father would disapprove of, she pounded on the door. "Logan! I forgot my keys again! Open up, will ya?"

No answer from the inside, no doubt because the music was still thumping loudly. Carla muttered a few words, retrieved a key from the flowerpot, unlocked the door, replaced the key and went inside.

I rubbed at my chin. Goal tonight was to do a little recon, try to establish some sort of pattern, because I didn't want to try to talk to Carla with Logan in the way. He seemed over-muscled and too over-tempered to let me, and I didn't think a cheerful heart-to-heart talk with him about the desire of dad and mom to get their daughter back would work either. If I could discover a pattern, a schedule, and then get Carla alone, I might be able to persuade her. Maybe use that older-woman-symbol-of-sisterhood gig with her, try to convince her that coming home would be best for everyone.

Well, that had been the plan, until the screaming started.

At first I wasn't sure what I was hearing. Then the music stopped. The yelling, and the screaming, grew louder. Add to that a muffled sound that seemed like punches being landed on flesh.

I hesitated. Thought about my cell phone. Quick call to the Montcalm police and—

Sure. Do we have cell phone coverage out here? And if the 911 call got through, what then? At this time of night, Montcalm had maybe one cop on duty. So it would be 10 or 15 minutes before he or she got here, that is if he or she wasn't tied up with a traffic accident or a break-in or . . .

The screams, the yells, grew louder.

"Damn," I said in the darkness, and got up with my gear and sprinted to the house.

The front door was locked, of course—paranoia on Logan's part, perhaps from taking a few too many steroids?—but I reached into the dry soil of the flowerpot, grabbed the sharp metal of the key, and got the door open. In the grease- and sweat-smelling hallway the noises grew louder, followed by an even louder thump, as that of a body falling to the floor. I turned left into the open living room.

The Everlast punching bag was still there, hanging from the ceiling. On the wood floor, fighting mats and other boxing gear were spread around. Logan was leaning over some of it, sweaty, fists clenched, still shirtless. Sprawled out on the floor, now wearing sweats and a T-shirt, was a very frightened-looking Carla. She looked up at me. Logan, now realizing there was a visitor to his little punch pad, turned to me, face red, breathing hard, fists clenched.

"You—what the hell are you doing here? You break in? Huh? Did you break in?"

I ignored him, looked to Carla, and said, "Honey, get up. I'm getting you out of here. Your dad and mom sent me."

That set Logan off. "The hell you are! Nobody's taking her away, nobody!"

He came at me, lunging across the floor, but I guessed he wasn't used to women who didn't back away or cower, and I turned to meet him, quickly shrugging my knapsack off my shoulder. I had opened the zipper while I was hanging out in the birch trees, and by the time he got a few steps toward me, I had my 24-inch extendable police baton in hand. He was another step closer when I flicked it open with a snap of my wrist. The trick was not to hit him in the arms or torso or face. It was to neutralize the threat by getting him on the floor, which I did with two quick blows to his knees.

He went down with pit bull snarls. I went to Carla. I'd like to say she leapt into my arms, crying with gratitude; but no, as in the sad case of so many women who stand by their man no matter what, she started screaming at me as well, refusing to get up, refusing to be rescued.

Crap.

No time for much of anything, because a bruised and very upset Logan was trying to get up off the floor. So I did the best I could, which was to go into my bag of tricks, pull out a set of handcuffs and cuff one of my wrists to Carla's. Then I got her to her feet. Logan was right behind her in the on-the-feet part, so I went at him again, once to a knee, the other time to the chest—to knock some air out of him—and with all the yelling and screaming on everyone's part, it was amazing I was able to drag Carla out of the house.

"Carla," I said, "shut up and stop fighting me, all right?"

And for some reason, the screaming stopped, though not the crying, and now with the knapsack back on my shoulder, a flashlight in hand, I dragged her through the brush and woods, back to my Explorer. When we got there, she said, "Look ... I'm just ... look, can we get the handcuffs off, please?"

So I took the small key, undid the cuff to my wrist, and then—
Surprise time.

She tried to run back to the house, but I tripped her to the ground. I caught both her hands, pulled

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them behind her back and snapped the cuffs. A lot more curses came my way from a teenage girl who should have known better, but in a couple more moments, she was in the front seat of my Explorer, fastened in with a seatbelt, cuffs and all.

I got in the driver's side, started up the engine, and Carla said, "He'll find you. Logan is good. He knows these woods, these roads. He'll find you and get me back!"

I punched the accelerator, got out of the hiding place, and then was on the town dirt road, heading away from the double-wide. "Maybe he'll get you back, but not tonight, hon. Not tonight." And so we drove into the darkness, the headlights cutting a path ahead of us.

I made a few turns here and there, and promptly got lost. Which was fine, for I thought if I had no idea where I was going, the upset boyfriend back there probably wouldn't know how to follow me. As I drove, I looked over at my ward, sitting there sullenly, sniffing, nose dribbling snot down her chin. She saw me looking at her and said, "What? You a cop or something?"

"Or something. I'm a licensed private investigator. Your dad and mom sent me here to take you home."

She snorted. "Yeah. Right."

"No lie, Carla. I'll show you my license if that'd make you feel any better."

More sniffles. "You ... you didn't have to hurt him like that."

"Yes I did, hon. Yes, I did."

"Why?"

"Because he was coming to hurt me, just like he was hurting you, that's why," I said. "And that's one thing I won't stand for—a man hurting a woman, either me or someone else."

"But he wasn't hurting me!"

I glanced at her again, the poor young girl, snot on her chin, handcuffed in my front seat, the latest and maybe not greatest addition to the Stockholm Syndrome.

"Carla, I saw you. You were on the ground. He was over you. Fists clenched. And I heard you, too. The screaming. The yelling."

"But he wasn't hurting me!"

"Carla, look, I know it seems like it now, but when I get you back to—"

She kicked at the floorboard of my Ford. "Damn it, listen to me! He wasn't hurting me!"

I slowed down. "All right, I'm listening to you. What do you call it then?"

"Training," she spat out. "I was helping him train."

We slowed some as I hit the brakes, and the Ford came to a stop on the deserted dirt road.

I shifted in my seat, looked at her. "Explain."

She looked a bit scared. "You didn't know?"

"Know what?"

She coughed. "I thought you said you were a private investigator. That you found things out. Didn't you know about Logan before you came here?"

I opened my mouth to say something, firmly shut it. Talk about a life lesson learned, from a girl half my age. Sure, I knew a lot about Logan. From what I had seen, and from what her dad had told me. No bias there, eh?

Now I talked. "Sure. A bit. But you tell me, Carla. You tell me about Logan."

She coughed again and leaned forward to ease the pressure on her handcuffed hands. "He's in the state championships next week, for kickboxing. I was helping him train. That was the sounds you heard. Him hitting and me screaming, to encourage him. But this time—" and she giggled a bit "—he went too far, again. I slipped and fell on the floor."

"But he was still hitting you, wasn't he?"

"Well, yeah, but I was holding hand pads. Didn't you see them?"

"They weren't on your hands."

"Of course not. They were on the floor. I had pulled them off to get up off the floor when you broke in."

I said nothing, listening to her breathing, the engine running. "You said Logan is trying for state championship."

She nodded. "That's right. He's got a good shot at winning it. And one of the judges, he's a Hollywood producer."

"A movie producer?"

"Oh hell, not one of the fancy studios, we know that. But a guy who does kung fu films, that sort of thing. He's one of the judges, and part of the first prize is flying out to Hollywood, to be in his next movie. It's a good break; Logan's been training for it all these months. I work and pay the bills, give Logan time to train and focus. And we're both going out to California if he wins."

"You sure?"

Another quick nod. "He promised. And believe you me, a promise from Logan, it's a guarantee."

I waited another moment, and said, "Carla ..."

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"Yeah?"

"I'm going to take the handcuffs off of you, but only if you promise to tell me one more thing. And I'll promise to do something myself."

"What's that?"

"Tell me about your dad."

She leaned forward. "It's a deal. And what's your promise, then?"

I turned to her, key in hand. "If it all works out, I'll apologize to Logan."

The next day, the chief came back to my office with a big grin on his face. "Karen ... I don't know how to thank you. Honestly, I don't believe it. You dropped her off last night and she apologized to me and Maureen, and it's like she's a new girl. What the hell did you do to make her change like that?"

I smiled sweetly at him and said, "I listened."

That confused him for a moment as he sat down in the chair. "I'm sorry, what did you say?"

"I said I listened. That's what I did. And I learned a lot."

Now I had gotten his attention. "Karen—"

I leaned back a bit in my own chair. "Like the reason she left home. Not because you beat her or kept an eight p.m. curfew or read her online diary. Nope, she left because you were ready to pack everyone up and move away. To Massachusetts. To a high-paying Homeland Security gig in Boston. And that's why you wanted her home with you and your wife. The guy running that Boston office is a straight-and-narrow guy who loves family values and runs his office on said values. Having someone working for him who had a teenage daughter living in sin with a boyfriend wouldn't have met his needs, would it? And you wouldn't have gotten that job."

Bryant's face colored. "That's none of your business."

I leaned back even more. "Oh, it became my business when you told me to go fetch her. Which I did. But you left a few things out. Like Logan. Maybe he's not the sharpest knife in the drawer, but he works hard at something he's good at. He doesn't drink or do drugs. And Carla. Sure, she's seventeen. But in just over a month, she's going to be eighteen. And then she can live anywhere she wants. Am I right?"

He stood up. "We're done here. And don't expect any payment. All right? And as for me doing you any favors in the future, forget it."

"Oh," I said. "You've already done me a favor, and you're going to do me another one. If you get that job, you're going to let Carla stay here until she turns eighteen, when she can move in with Logan without your say-so."

"What the hell makes you think I'll do that?" he said, his face really red now.

"Because if you don't, I'll e-mail a picture of your daughter and Logan, living in non-married bliss, to your new boss, and we'll see how your employment prospects are."

He stood there, a man in uniform, the police chief in my hometown, and I suddenly got the feeling I had better follow the speed limit on the local roads during the next several weeks.

"Why? Why are you sticking up for Carla like that?"

I looked straight at him. "Because I don't like bullies, bullies who pick on women, bullies who can either be a husband or a boyfriend. Or a dad."

There seemed to be a struggle with his temper going on behind that fleshy face of his, and the promise of moving up and out of Purmort seemed to win, for he kept his temper about him.

"All right," he finally said, and headed to the door. Then he turned.

"The other one," he said.

"What?"

"You said I had already done you a favor earlier," Bryant said. "When did I do that?"

"Earlier," I said, no longer leaning back in my chair. "When I took this job from you, I got sloppy. I trusted you. I didn't do any background checking, didn't do any real investigating. Just blundered into something I knew nothing about. Now I know better. You did me a favor, reminding me of the right way to do my job."

The chief muttered something that would have made at least two-thirds of the board of selectmen turn white with shock, and then he left, slamming the door behind him. It was so loud, I was sure the patrons and owners of the Italian restaurant next door had heard him.

And to the empty doorway, I said, "Thanks."

And you know what?

I really meant it.

1. Read the story and make up the plan.
2. Compose 10-15 questions to the story.
3. Retell the story according to your plan.

Uncle Auguste by Andrew Allen

No one seemed to know exactly who Uncle Auguste was. There certainly hadn't been any members of the family by that name. Sarah's grandmother, who'd been less than two years old in 1916 when the portrait had come from France, had always laughed when the younger generations had asked about man in the portrait. She would switch off all the lights, grimace horribly, and say he was an old uncle who had been the black sheep of the family and had been hung for his evil ways.

It had been sent during the Great War to Sarah's great-grandmother who was a young woman at the time, and not much else was known about it. Succeeding generations of inquisitive children were told, in hushed tones, "That's Uncle Auguste." Any further questions were discouraged.

"Leonard thinks it could be a Renoir." Neil Greig ran his long fingers through his hair and adjusted his spectacles to peer at the painting in the living room of his mother's house.

"Oh nonsense, Neil! It isn't a Renoir. It's Uncle Auguste." Sarah gave the little portrait on the wall a fond pat as she straightened it.

"No harm in having it checked though, Mother."

"Lawyers!" She smiled fondly at her son. "It's been Uncle Auguste to the family for years, and it'll stay that way no matter who painted it."

The old portrait was somehow a little out of place in the neat, modern living room with its teak shelf units, television set, audio stack, and Lladro figurines. The picture measured twenty inches by eighteen inches but seemed larger in its heavy gilt frame. It was a full-face portrait of a young man, done in dark oils. In the bottom right-hand corner was the faint signature, "Auguste."

"Well I've asked Leonard to examine it. It's better to be certain, isn't it?" Neil said. "He's coming this afternoon. I hope that's all right," he added quickly. A little frown had appeared on Sarah Greig's mild face at the mention of the art dealer's name.

"He'll be wasting his time. Anyway, it's beyond me how you can remain friends with Leonard Veitch," she said, unable to keep the irritation from her voice.

"Mother! You're not still on about that business-"

"I know! Just your silly old mother with a bee in her bonnet . . . That man was the cause-" Her voice broke off.

"It's in the past, Mother. Let it go." He spoke gently and patted her hand. "Anyway, you're not that old . . . and anything but silly."

"Oh don't patronise me, Neil. I'm sixty-three! And I've aged ten years in the last two." She fiddled with the little brooch at her neck and moved agitatedly to one of the leather armchairs near the window, crossing her thin legs as she sat down. Her small oval face was remarkably calm under the neat grey hair; only the small red patches on her cheeks betrayed the anger she felt inside.

"I know how difficult it's been for you since Dad died," Neil said gently, moving to her chair and putting his arm around her shoulders, "but you mustn't blame Leonard. It was just sheer bad luck."

"Sheer bad judgement I would call it. We were left with this house and precious little else. Now I'm having to sell his books while your friend Veitch deals in millions, thank-you."

"Mother! I've told you a dozen times. I'll provide for you-"

"You will do no such thing! I'm not quite a charity case yet." She drew herself up to her full five foot two inches and looked indignantly at her son.

"I know you're not, Mother. But won't you let me help?"

"If Veitch hadn't meddled with our affairs-"

"Dad was an accountant, Mother! He knew the risk. He didn't have to . . ." Neil's voice tapered off. They'd had this discussion a number of times. His mother would never be convinced. He pulled off his heavy-framed spectacles and sucked on one of the earpieces as he stared out of the window.

Sarah rose and moved to the bookshelf near the door. She took down one of the leather-bound volumes and clutched it to her chest. "I just know somehow it was his dealings with Veitch that brought on the heart attack that . . . that . . ." She still couldn't bring herself to say the word killed.

"I'd no idea you'd become so bitter about all this." Neil was genuinely surprised. "I only asked Leonard because he's an art expert and knows about these things."

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"Leonard Veitch isn't aware that I blame him for anything, and I want it to stay that way, Neil. Since you've asked him here to examine Uncle Auguste he will be treated courteously, as any other guest would be. Besides," she said, glancing at the portrait, "now I am curious about the painting."

Later that afternoon Leonard Veitch completed his scrutiny of the portrait and returned to the lounge, where Mrs. Greig had prepared coffee.

Neil was leaning against the mantelpiece trying to appear unconcerned, but his whole air was one of anticipation. Then impatience got the better of him. "Well? Don't keep us in suspense, Leonard. Is it?"

"Neil!" his mother interrupted before Veitch could reply. "Let Mr. Veitch have his coffee before you start interrogating him. You're not in court now, you know."

Leonard Veitch smiled under his thin moustache and accepted the proffered cup. His reply to the question stopped Sarah in the act of slicing a lemon cake and Neil adding sugar to his coffee.

"There's no doubt whatsoever. It's by Pierre Auguste Renoir." Veitch paused. His eyes flickered towards Neil then back to Sarah. "Congratulations! You have a very valuable painting, Mrs. Greig."

"Just how valuable are we talking about, Leonard?" Neil asked, voicing the question that Sarah would never have deigned to. She busied herself with the cake, keeping her head bowed low over the coffee table, as she waited for the art dealer's reply.

"Certainly not less than . . . say . . . four hundred thousand."

"Four hundred thousand!" Sarah was startled by the enormity of the figure.

Neil clapped his hands with excitement. "Four hundred thousand!"

"Pounds?" Sarah still hadn't taken it in.

"Guineas," said her son, rolling his eyes at her.

"It could possibly be worth more," said Veitch, with another glance at Neil. "As you probably know, Renoir was an Impressionist, but he was known to have done some portrait work as well, most of which has remained undiscovered."

"Uncle Auguste is worth four hundred thousand pounds? I find it hard to believe." Sarah rose and crossed to the window. She looked out at the garden, with its neat paths and rose beds, while she collected her thoughts. Four hundred thousand . . . it was simply incredible.

"Just think! He was in the attic for three years when we first moved here." Neil was jubilant.

"We must celebrate this." He moved to the cabinet. "Knowing you, Mother, there'll only be sherry."

Sarah was thinking about her late husband and how untimely his death had been. Partly Veitch's fault. She fought down the rising anger again. Death was so cruel – so too was life. At that moment, to Sarah, they both seemed particularly so.

She could hear her son and Veitch discussing, in the background, how best to sell the painting. The amounts of money she heard mentioned set her thoughts running along different lines. This house, for instance, was far too big for her now. Neil had his own flat in town to be near his office; he only came here on the occasional weekend. She could sell the house, buy a smaller one near the seaside, and be financially secure for the rest of her life.

She glanced towards Veitch, who was standing by the drinks cabinet laughing with Neil, and her resentment returned.

There was one detail she had to make sure of. Her small blue-veined hands clenched tightly at the thought. The art expert must be induced to buy the painting himself. He must be the one to pay. She returned to her seat on the sofa and calmly poured more coffee. Veitch was still speaking.

". . . Sotheby's would put a reserve of say . . . three hundred and fifty thousand. It would undoubtedly go way beyond that on the day. A Renoir portrait will bring out the really big collectors and in perfect condition"

"Mother! Did you hear that? Isn't it wonderful?" Neil showed his delight by pouring another round of sherry.

"Yes, I heard." Sarah chose her next words carefully. "But you know dear, I'm not really sure that I . . . well . . . want it to be auctioned."

There was a long silence. Neil looked at Veitch, then turned to his mother. "Mother! What are you saying?"

"Won't there be a lot of publicity? What do they say nowadays? Media attention? I wouldn't like that at all."

"Yes, there will." Neil stabbed the air with his finger. "And that's exactly what will have the big galleries climbing all over one another to get it."

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"Neil is absolutely right, Mrs. Greig," drawled Veitch. "This is a very desirable work of art. You should take every opportunity to attract attention to it. It will boost the price . . . believe me."

"Listen to him, Mother. He knows the business." Neil and Veitch exchanged another quick glance.

"Do you have a collection yourself, Mr. Veitch?" Sarah made eye contact reluctantly.

"Why . . . yes. I do have my own private collection. Most of it is on loan to the gallery."

Neil cut in on him. "But an auction is by far the best way."

"Please, Neil!" Sarah interrupted him. "I'd like to ask Mr. Veitch if he'd . . . consider buying Uncle Auguste."

Veitch looked startled for a moment but quickly regained his composure. "I . . . do you mean you'd be willing to sell the painting privately, Mrs. Greig?"

Sarah caught the note of interest in his voice. It was just what she'd expected, and exactly what she'd hoped for, since she'd mentioned to her son that she thought Uncle Auguste could be valuable and he'd laughed. That was the day after she'd been in the attic, collecting some items for the charity shop, and found the old trunk.

She fought down a feeling of triumph and tried to keep her voice steady although she was shaking. (AS – This part doesn't make sense to me, as at no point in the story prior to this has Sarah voiced the opinion that the painting may be valuable. Neil is the one who initiates the conversation and invites the art dealer because he thinks the painting is valuable. So I'd cut most of the previous paragraph, and suggest something like, "Sarah caught the note of interest in his voice. It was exactly what she'd hoped for. She fought down a feeling of triumph and tried to keep her voice steady although she was shaking.") "I would if I could do it anonymously. I don't want a lot of fuss." She appeared to take a great interest in the pattern on her coffee cup.

"Well, I would certainly consider it. Of course I couldn't offer as much as you'd make at auction." Couldn't you? I'll bet you could, Sarah thought, and let the silence linger. Neil stood at the mantelpiece, staring down at the empty grate and looking worried but saying nothing. Sarah wondered what he was thinking, then put him out of her mind. She would see this through on her own.

"I have no experience with this kind of thing, of course, but you spoke about a reserve price of three hundred and fifty thousand, I think it was." She was pleased with that little hint of naiveté. Let him think he was dealing with a foolish old woman. "I would be willing to accept . . . four hundred thousand . . . guineas."

Leonard Veitch smiled politely and glanced towards Neil, who had his back to him. He's wondering if Neil will think that's too low, thought Sarah. She continued speaking. "Provided I am not identified as the owner, and Neil takes care of the legal matters." She waited for the art dealer's response.

Neil had turned around and was also waiting for the reply. Sarah couldn't discern what her son was thinking from his face, and she found herself holding her breath.

Veitch seemed to make up his mind quickly. "Very well, Mrs. Greig. I agree."

Sarah gave him a tight smile and shook his hand briefly. She'd been certain he'd jump at the chance to auction it himself at a profit. Life did have some moments to savour, she thought, feeling surprisingly relaxed. She hoped he wouldn't be too disappointed when the time came.

The whole story was in the letters she'd come across in an old trunk in the attic weeks before, letters that had belonged to her great-grandmother Helen.

Uncle Auguste was a self-portrait by Auguste Plesset, a young artist who'd been a pupil of the great Renoir in 1911. Plesset had written, in one of the letters, that Renoir had told him he showed great promise. In another letter he wrote that Renoir himself said he could barely distinguish between his own work and that of his pupil. Just a young man boasting to his sweetheart? Perhaps, but it had given Sarah an idea. Why not put his claim to the test? Veitch's visit had conveniently provided her the opportunity to do just that, and it now appeared that the young artist had been as good as he had said he was.

Auguste had met Helen when he had come to Edinburgh to study. They had both been nineteen at the time. They'd fallen in love and had a romance until Auguste had returned to France when war broke out in 1914.

The following spring Helen had had a baby girl – Sarah's grandmother. Auguste couldn't get back to Edinburgh because of the war, but he knew about the baby and told Helen they would be married as soon as the war was over. The letters stopped in 1916 when Auguste was killed in France.

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Great-grandmother Helen had kept his letters, and the portrait, which had been sent to her along with his other belongings after he had been killed. If any of the previous generation had read Auguste's letters, they'd kept the skeleton in the cupboard where it belonged.

Neil and Leonard concluded the agreement, and the expert left with the portrait after handing over a cheque for the agreed amount. And looking very pleased with himself, Sarah thought triumphantly.

Neil walked Leonard to his car, leaving his mother looking at the cheque with a satisfied smile on her face. She regarded the money as just compensation for what her husband had lost, fittingly paid by the man who'd caused him to lose it.

Leonard opened the door of his car and laid the flat parcel on the passenger seat, then turned to Neil. "Did I seem too eager?"

"Not a bit. You handled her perfectly. Thanks, Leonard." The two men shook hands.

"No need for thanks, Neil. I was the one who convinced your father that putting money into the gallery would be profitable. I wasn't aware that he'd put in everything. Nevertheless, he acted on my advice and I feel responsible for what happened."

"If only he'd lived a few more years . . . he'd have known you were right . . . and so would Mother."

"I advised him badly . . . and I needed to help somehow. This was the only way I could do it. I admit I was worried. What if she'd decided to have it auctioned?" The art dealer heaved a long sigh.

"I knew Mother wouldn't want any newspaper or television reporters chasing her. She would have hated being in the spotlight."

"I wasn't so confident. Fortunately you were right."

"What will you do with your Renoir?"

"Keep him, I think." They both laughed. "I like the look of him. Even if he is only worth about say . . . one hundred and fifty-

"Guineas?" Neil asked with a smile, as he turned and walked back to the house.

"Guineas." Leonard laughed as he drove off.

1. Read the story and make up the plan.
2. Compose 10-15 questions to the story.
3. Retell the story according to your plan.

The Perfectionist by Peter Lovesey

The invitation dropped on the doormat of The Laurels along with a bank statement and a Guide Dogs for the Blind appeal. It was in a cream-coloured envelope made from thick, expensive-looking paper. Duncan left it to open after the others. His custom was to leave the most promising letters while he worked steadily through the others, using a paper knife that cut the envelopes tidily. Eventually he took out a gold-edged card with his name inscribed in the centre in fine italic script. It read:

The most perfect club in the world
has the good sense to invite
Mr. Duncan Driffield
a proven perfectionist
to be an honoured guest at its biannual dinner
Friday, January 31st, 7:30 for 8pm
Contact will be made later

He was wary. This could be an elaborate marketing ploy. In the past he'd been invited-by motor dealers and furniture retailers-to parties that had turned out to be sales pitches, nothing more. Just because no product or company was mentioned, he wasn't going to be taken in. He read the invitation through several times. It has to be said, he liked the designation "a proven perfectionist." Couldn't fault their research. He was a Virgo-orderly, a striver for perfection. To see this written down as if he'd already achieved the ideal was especially pleasing. And to see his name in such elegant script was another fine touch.

Yet it troubled him that the club was not named. Nor was there an address, nor any mention of where the function was to be held. Being a thorough and cautious man, he would normally

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have looked these things up before deciding what to do about the invitation.

The phone call came about 8:30 the next evening. A voice that didn't need to announce it had been to a very good school spoke his name.

"Yes?"

"You received an invitation to the dinner on January 31st, I trust?"

"Which invitation was that?" Duncan said as if he received invitations by every post.

"A gold-edged card naming you a proven perfectionist. May we take it that you will accept?"

"Who are you, exactly?"

"A group of like-minded people. We know you'll fit in."

"Is there some mystery about it? I don't wish to join the Freemasons."

"We're not Freemasons, Mr. Driffield."

"How did you get my name?"

"It was put to the committee. You were the outstanding candidate."

"Really?" He glowed inwardly before his level-headedness returned.

"Is there any obligation?"

"You mean are we trying to sell something? Absolutely not."

"I don't have to make a speech?"

"We don't go in for speeches. It isn't like that at all. We'll do everything possible to welcome you and make you feel relaxed. Transport is provided."

"Are you willing to tell me your name?"

"Of course. It's David Hopkins. I do hope you're going to say yes."

Why not, he thought. "All right, Mr. Hopkins."

"Excellent. I'm sure if I ask you to be ready at 6:30, that as a proven perfectionist, you will be to the minute. In case you were wondering, it's a dinner jacket and black tie affair. I'll come for you myself. The drive takes nearly an hour at that time of day, I'm afraid. And it's Dr. Hopkins actually, but please call me David."

After the call, Duncan, in his systematic way, tried to track down David Hopkins in the phone directory and the Medical Register. He found three people by that name and called them on the phone, but their voices had nothing like the honeyed tone of the David Hopkins he had spoken to.

He wondered who had put his name forward. Someone must have. It would be interesting to see if he recognised David Hopkins.

He did not. Precisely on time, on the last Friday in January, Dr. David Hopkins arrived—a slim, dark man in his forties, of average height. They shook hands.

"Is there anything I can bring? A bottle of whisky?"

"No. You're our guest, Duncan."

He liked the look of David. He felt that an uncommonly special evening was in prospect.

They walked out to the car—a large black Daimler, chauffeur-driven.

"We can enjoy the wine with a clear conscience," David explained, "but I would be dishonest if I led you to think that was the only reason we are being driven."

When they were both inside, David leaned across and pulled down a blind. There was one on each window and across the partition between the driver and themselves. Duncan couldn't see out at all. "This is in your interest."

"Why is that?"

"We ask our guests to be good enough to respect the privacy of the club. If you don't know where we meet, you can't upset anyone."

"I see. Now that we're alone, and I'm committed to coming, can you tell me some more?"

"A little. We're all of your cast of mind, actually."

"Perfectionists?"

He smiled. "That's one of our attributes."

"I wondered why I was asked. Do I know any of the members?"

"I doubt it."

"Then how . . ."

"Your crowning achievement."

Duncan tried to think which achievement could have come to their notice. He'd had an unremarkable career in the civil service. Sang a bit with a local choir. Once won first prize for his sweet peas in the town flower show, but he'd given up growing them now. He could think of nothing of enough merit to interest this high-powered club.

"How many members are there?"

"Fewer than we would like. Not many meet the criteria."

"So how many is that?"

"Currently, five."

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"Oh-as few as that?"

"We're small and exclusive."

"I can't think why you invited me."

"It will become clear."

More questions from Duncan elicited little else, except that club had been in existence for over a hundred years. He assumed-but had the tact not to ask-that he would be invited to join if the members approved of him that evening. How he wished he was one of those people with a fund of funny stories. He feared he was dull company.

In just under the hour, the car came to a halt and the chauffeur opened the door. Duncan glanced about him as he stepped out, wanting to get some sense of where he was. It was dark, of course, but they were clearly in a London square-with street lights, a park in the centre, and plane trees at intervals in front of the houses. He couldn't put a name to it. The houses were terraced, and Georgian, just as they are in almost every other London square.

"Straight up the steps," said David. "The door is open."

They went in, through a hallway with mirrors, brightly lit by a crystal chandelier. The dazzling effect, after the dim lighting in the car, made him blink. David took Duncan's coat and handed it to a manservant and then opened a door.

"Gentlemen," he said. "May I present our guest, Mr. Duncan Driffield."

It was a smallish anteroom, and four men stood waiting with glasses of wine. Two looked quite elderly, the others about forty or so. One of the younger men was wearing a kilt.

The one who was probably the senior member extended a bony hand. "Joe Franks. I'm president, through a process of elimination."

There were some smiles at this that David didn't fully understand.

Joe Franks went on to say, "I qualified for membership in 1934, when I was only nineteen, but I didn't officially join until after the war."

David, at Duncan's side, murmured something that made no sense about a body left in a trunk at Brighton railway station.

"And this well set-up fellow on my right," said Joe Franks, "is Wally Winthrop, the first private individual to put ricin to profitable use. Wally now owns one of the largest supermarket chains in Europe."

"Did you say rice?" asked Duncan.

"No, ricin. A vegetable poison."

It was difficult to see the connection between a vegetable poison and a supermarket chain. Wally Winthrop grinned and shook Duncan's hand.

"Tell you about it one of these days," he said.

Joe Franks indicated the man in the kilt. "Alex McPhee is our youngest member and our most prolific. Is it seven, Alex?"

"So far," said McPhee, and this caused more amusement.

"His skene-dhu has more than once come to the aid of the club," added Joe Franks.

Duncan wasn't too familiar with Gaelic, but he had a faint idea that the skene-dhu was the ornamental dagger worn by a Highlander in his stocking. He supposed the club used this one as part of some ritual.

"And now meet Michael Pitt-Struthers, who advises the SAS on the martial arts. His knowledge of pressure points is unrivalled. Shake hands very carefully with Michael."

More smiles, the biggest from Pitt-Struthers, who squeezed Duncan's hand in a way that left no doubt as to his expertise.

"And of course you've already met our doctor member, David Hopkins, who knows more about allergic reactions than any man alive."

With a huge effort to be sociable, Duncan remarked, "Such a variety of talents. I can't think what you all have in common."

Joe Franks answered, "Each of us has committed a perfect murder."

Duncan played the statement over in his head. He thought he'd heard it right. It had been spoken with some pride. This time no one smiled. More disturbingly, no one disputed it.

"Shall we go in to dinner, gentlemen?" Joe Franks suggested.

At a round table in the next room, Duncan tried to come to terms with the sensational claim he had just heard. If it was true, what on earth was he doing sharing a meal with a bunch of killers? And why had they chosen to take him into their confidence? If he shopped them to the police, they wouldn't be perfect murderers any longer. Maybe it was wise not to mention this while he was seated between the martial arts expert and the Scot with the skene-dhu tucked into his sock.

The wineglasses were filled with claret by an elderly waiter.

"Hungarian," Joe Franks confided. "He understands no English." He raised his glass. "At this

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point, gentlemen, I propose a toast to Thomas de Quincey, author of that brilliant essay, "On Murder, Considered as one of the Fine Arts", who esteemed the killing of Sir Edmund Godfrey as the finest work of the eighteenth century for the excellent reason that no one was able to determine who had done it."

"Thomas de Quincey," said everyone, with Duncan just a half-beat slower than the rest.

"You're probably wondering what brings us together," said Wally Winthrop across the table. "You might think we'd be uncomfortable sharing our secrets. In fact, it works the other way. It's a tremendous relief. I don't have to tell you, Duncan, what it's like after you commit your first-living in fear of being found out, waiting for the police siren and the knock on the door. As the months pass, this panicky stage fades and is replaced by a feeling of isolation. You've set yourself apart from others by your action. You can only look forward to keeping your secret bottled up for the rest of your life. It's horrible. We've all been through it. Five years have to pass-five years without being charged with murder-before you're contacted by the club and invited to join us for a meal."

David Hopkins briskly took up the conversation. "It's such a break in the clouds, to discover that you're not alone in the world. To find that what you've done is valued, in some circles, as an achievement which can be openly discussed. Wonderful. After all, there is worth in having committed a perfect murder."

"How do you know you can trust each other?" Duncan asked, without giving anything away.

"Mutual self-interest. If any one of us betrayed the others, he'd take himself down as well. We're all in the same boat."

Joe Franks explained, "It's a safeguard that's worked for over a hundred years. One of our first members was the man better known as Jack the Ripper, who was, in fact, a pillar of the establishment. If his identity could be protected all these years, then the rest of us can breathe easy."

"That's amazing. You know who the Ripper was?"

"Aye," said McPhee calmly. "And no one has ever named the laddie."

"Can I ask?"

"Not till you join," said Joe Franks.

Duncan hesitated. He was about to say he had no chance of joining, not having committed a murder, when some inner voice prompted him to shut up. These people were acting as if he was one of them. Maybe, through some ghastly mistake, they'd been told he'd once done away with a fellow human being. And maybe it was in his interest not to disillusion them.

"We have to keep to the rules," Wally Winthrop was explaining.

"Certain information is only passed on to full members."

Joe Franks added, "And we are confident you will want to join. All we ask is that you respect the rules. Not a word must be spoken to anyone else about this evening, or the existence of the club. The ultimate sanction is at our disposal for anyone foolish enough to betray us."

"The ultimate sanction-what's that?" Duncan huskily enquired.

No one answered, but the Scot beside him grinned in a way Duncan didn't care for.

"The skene-dhu . . .?" said Duncan.

". . . or the pressure point," said Joe Franks, "or the allergic reaction, or whatever we decide is tidiest. But it won't happen in your case."

"No chance," Duncan affirmed. "My lips are sealed."

The starters were served, and he was pleased when the conversation shifted to murders in fiction, and some recent crime novels. Faintly he listened as they discussed *The Silence of the Lambs*, but he was trying to think what to say if someone asked about the murder he was supposed to have committed. They were sure to return to him before the evening ended, and then it was essential to sound convincing. If they got the idea he was a mild man who wouldn't hurt a fly he was in real trouble.

Towards the end of the meal, he spoke up. It seemed a good idea to take the initiative. "This has been a brilliant evening. Is there any chance I could join?"

"You've enjoyed yourself?" said Joe Franks. "That's excellent. A kindred spirit."

"It will take more than that for you to become a member," Winthrop put in. "You've got to provide some evidence that you're one of us."

Duncan swallowed hard. "Don't you have that? I wouldn't be here if you hadn't found something out."

"There's a difference between finding something out and seeing the proof."

"That won't be easy."

"It's the rule."

He tried another tack. "Can I ask something? How did you get on to me?"

There were smiles all round. Winthrop said, "You're surprised that we succeeded where the

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police failed?"

"Experience," Joe Franks explained. "We're much better placed than the police to know how these things are done."

Pitt-Struthers-the strong, silent man who advised the SAS-said, "We know you were at the scene on the evening it happened, and we know no one else had a stronger motive or a better opportunity."

"But we must have the proof," insisted Winthrop.

"The weapon," suggested McPhee.

"I disposed of it," Duncan improvised. He was not an imaginative man, but this was an extreme situation. "You would have, wouldn't you?"

"No," said McPhee. "I just give mine a wee wipe."

"Well, it's up to you, old boy," Winthrop told Duncan. "Only you can furnish the evidence."

"How long do I have?"

"The next meeting is in July. We'd like to confirm you as a full member then."

The conversation moved on to other subjects and then a lengthy discussion ensued about the problems faced by the Crown Prosecution Service.

The evening ended with coffee, cognac and cigars. Soon after, David Hopkins said that the car would be outside.

On the drive back, Duncan, deeply perturbed and trying not to show it, pumped David for information.

"It was an interesting evening, but it's left me with a problem."

"What's that?"

"I-eh-wasn't completely sure which murder of mine they were talking about."

"Do you mean you're a serial killer?"

Duncan gulped. He hadn't meant that at all. "I've never thought of myself as one." Recovering his poise a little, he added, "A thing like that is all in the mind, I suppose. Which one do they have me down for?"

"The killing of Sir Jacob Drinkwater at the Brighton Civil Service Conference in 1995."

Drinkwater. He had been at that conference. He remembered hearing that the senior civil servant at the Irish Office had been found dead in his hotel room on that Sunday morning.

"That was supposed to have been a heart attack."

"Officially, yes," said David.

"But you heard something else?"

"I happen to know the pathologist who did the autopsy. A privileged source. They didn't want the public knowing that Sir Jacob had actually been murdered, and what means the killer had used, for fear of creating a terrorism panic. How did you introduce the cyanide? Was it in his aftershave?"

"Trade secret," Duncan answered cleverly.

"Of course the security people in their blinkered way couldn't imagine it was anything but a political assassination. They didn't know you'd had a grudge against him dating from years back, when he was your boss in the Land Registry."

Someone had their wires crossed. It was a man called Charlie Drinkwater who'd made Duncan's life a misery and blighted his career. No connection with Sir Jacob. Giving nothing away, he said smoothly, "And you worked out that I was at the conference?"

"Same floor. Missed the banquet on Saturday evening, giving you a fine opportunity to break into his room and plant the cyanide. So we have motive, opportunity. . ."

"And means?" said Duncan.

David laughed. "Your house is called The Laurels, for the bushes all round the garden. It's well known that if you soak laurel leaves and evaporate the liquid, you get a lethal concentration of cyanide. Isn't that how you made the stuff?"

"I'd rather leave you in suspense," said Duncan. He was thinking hard. "If I apply to join the club, I may give a demonstration."

"There's no if about it. They liked you. You're expected to join."

"I could decide against it."

"Why?"

"Private reasons."

David turned to face him, his face creased in concern. "They'd take a very grave view of that, Duncan. We invited you along in good faith."

"But no obligation, I thought."

"Look at it from the club's point of view. We're vulnerable now. You're dealing with dangerous men, Duncan. I can't urge you strongly enough to co-operate."

"But if I can't prove that I killed a man?"

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"You must think of something. We're willing to be convinced. If you cold shoulder us, or betray us, I can't answer for the consequences."

A sobering end to the evening.

For the next three weeks he got little sleep, and when he did drift off he would wake with nightmares of fingers pressing on his arteries or skene-dhus being thrust between his ribs. He faced a classic dilemma. Either admit he hadn't murdered Sir Jacob Drinkwater-which meant he was a security risk to the club-or concoct some fake evidence, bluff his way in, and spend the rest of his life hoping they wouldn't find him out. Faking evidence wouldn't be easy. They were intelligent men.

"You must think of something," David Hopkins had urged.

Being methodical, he went to the British Newspaper Library and spent many hours rotating the microfilm, studying accounts of Sir Jacob's death. It only depressed him more, reading about the involvement of Special Branch, the Anti-Terrorist Squad and MI5 in the official investigation. Nothing he had read, up to and including the final pronouncement in the papers that the death had been ruled a heart attack and the investigation closed, proved helpful to him. How in the world would he be able to acquire the evidence the club insisted on seeing? More months went by.

Duncan weighed the possibility of pointing out to the members that they'd made a mistake. Surely, he thought (in rare optimistic moments), they would see that it wasn't his fault. He was just an ordinary bloke caught up in something out of his league. He could promise not to say anything to anyone, in return for a guarantee of personal safety. Then he remembered the eyes of some of those people around the table, and he knew how unrealistic that idea was.

One morning in May, out of desperation, he had a brilliant idea. It arose from something David Hopkins had said in the car on the way home from the club: "Do you mean you're a serial killer?" At the time it had sounded preposterous. Now, it could be his salvation. Instead of striving to link himself to the murder of Sir Jacob, he would claim another killing-and show them some evidence they couldn't challenge. He'd satisfy the rules of the club and put everyone at their ease.

The brilliant part was this. He didn't need to kill anyone. He would claim to have murdered some poor wretch who had actually committed suicide. All he needed was a piece of evidence from the scene. Then he'd tell the Perfectionists he was a serial killer who dressed up his murders as suicides. They would be forced to agree how clever he was and admit him to the club. After a time, he'd give up going to the meetings and no one would bother him because they'd think their secrets were safe with him.

It was just a matter of waiting. Somebody, surely, would do away with himself before the July meeting of the club.

Each day Duncan studied The Telegraph, and no suicide-well, no suicide he could claim was a murder-was reported. At the end of June, he found an expensive-looking envelope on his doormat and knew with a sickening certainty who it was from.

The most perfect club in the world
takes pleasure in inviting
Mr. Duncan Driffield
a prime candidate for membership
to present his credentials
after dinner on July 19th, 7:30 for 8pm
Contact will be made later

This time the wording didn't pamper his ego at all. It filled him with dread. In effect it was a sentence of death. His only chance of a reprieve rested on some fellow creature committing suicide in the next two weeks.

He took to buying three newspapers instead of one, still with no success. It seemed as if there was no way out. Mercifully, and in the nick of time, however, his luck changed. News of a suicide reached him, but not through the press. He was phoned on the afternoon of the 19th by an old civil service colleague, Harry Hitchman. They'd met occasionally since retiring, but they weren't the closest of buddies, so the call came out of the blue.

"Some rather bad news," said Harry. "Remember Billy Fisher?"

"Of course I remember him," said Duncan. "We were in the same office for twelve years. What's happened?"

"He jumped off a hotel balcony last night. Killed himself."
mm"Billy? I can't believe it!"

"Nor me when I heard. Seems he was being treated for depression. I had no idea. He was always cracking jokes in the office. A bit of a comedian, I always thought."

"They're the people who crack, aren't they? All that funny stuff is just a front. His wife must

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be devastated."

"That's why I'm phoning round. She's with her sister. She understands that everyone will be wanting to offer sympathy and help if they can, but for the present she'd like to be left to come to terms with this herself."

"Okay." Duncan hesitated. "This happened only last night, you said?"

Already, an idea was forming in his troubled brain.

"Yes. He was staying overnight at some hotel in Mayfair. A reunion of some sort."

"Do you happen to know which one?"

"Which reunion?"

"No. Which hotel."

"The Excelsior . . . 1313. People talk about thirteen being unlucky. It was in Billy's case."

Sad as it was, this had to be Duncan's salvation. Billy Fisher was as suitable a murder victim as he could have wished for. Someone he'd actually worked with. He could think of a motive later-make up some story of an old feud. For once in his life, he needed to throw caution to the winds and act immediately. The police would have sealed Billy's hotel room pending some kind of investigation. Surely a proven perfectionist could think of a way to get inside and pick up some personal item that would pass as evidence that he had murdered his old colleague. He took the 5:25 to London. Most of the other travellers were going up to town for an evening's entertainment. Duncan sat alone, avoiding eye contact and working out his plan. Through the two-hour journey he was deep in concentration, applying his brain to the challenge. By the time they reached Waterloo, he knew exactly what to do.

A taxi ride brought him to the hotel, a high-rise building near Shepherd Market. He glanced up, counted the wrought-iron balconies until he reached number thirteen, and thought of Billy's leap. Personally, he wouldn't have gone up so high. A fall from the sixth floor would have done the job just as well, and more quickly, too.

Doing his best to look like one of the guests, he walked briskly through the revolving doors into the spacious, carpeted foyer and over to the lift, which was waiting unoccupied. No one gave him a second glance. It was a huge relief when the door slid across and he was alone and rising.

So far, the plan was working beautifully. He got out at the 12th level and used the stairs to reach the 13th. It was now around 7:30, and he was wary of meeting people on their way out to dinner. He paused on the landing to let a couple pass by him on their way downstairs. They didn't seem to notice him. He moved along, looking for room 1313.

There it was. He had found Billy Fisher's hotel room. No policeman was on duty outside. What a stroke of luck, thought Duncan, it wasn't even as if a man had killed himself in there.

He went back down to the foyer, marched coolly up to the desk and looked at the pigeonhole system where the keys were kept. He'd noticed before how automatically reception staff hand over keys when asked. The key to 1313 was in place. Duncan didn't ask for it. 1311-the room next door-was also available and he was given its key without fuss.

Up on the 13th floor again, he let himself into 1311, taking care not to leave fingerprints. His idea was to get out on the balcony and climb across the short gap to the balcony of 1313. No one would suspect an entry by that route.

The plan had worked brilliantly up to now. The curtains were drawn in 1311. He didn't switch on the light, thinking he could cross to the window and get straight out to the balcony. Unfortunately his foot caught against a suitcase some careless guest had left on the floor. He stumbled, and was horrified to hear a female voice from the bed call out, "Is that you, Elmer?" Duncan froze. This wasn't part of the plan. The room should have been unoccupied. He'd collected the key from downstairs.

The voice spoke again. "Did you get the necessary, honey? Did you have to go out for it?"

Duncan was in turmoil, his heart thumping. The plan hadn't allowed for this.

"Why don't you put on the light, Elmer?" the voice said. "Now I'm in bed I don't mind. I was only a little shy of being seen undressing."

What could he do? If he spoke, she would scream. Any minute now, she would reach for the bedside switch. The plan had failed. His one precious opportunity of getting off the hook was gone.

"Elmer?" The voice was suspicious now.

In the civil service, there had been a procedure for everything. Duncan's home life was similar-well ordered and structured. Now he was floundering, and next he panicked. Take control, something inside him urged. Take control, man. He groped his way to the source of the sound, snatched up a pillow and smothered the woman's voice. There were muffled sounds, and there was struggling, and he pressed harder. And harder. And finally it all stopped.

Silence.

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He could think again, thank God, but the realisation of what he had done appalled him. He'd killed someone. He really had killed someone now. His brain reeled and pulses pounded in his head and he wanted to break down and sob. Some instinct for survival told him to think, think, think. By now, Elmer must have returned to the hotel to be told the room key had been collected. They'd be opening the door with a master key any minute. Must get out, he thought. The balcony exit was still the safest way to go. He crossed the room to the glass doors, slid them across and looked out. The gap between this balcony and that of 1313 was about a metre-not impossible to bridge, but daunting when you looked down and thought of Billy Fisher hurtling towards the street below. In his agitated state, however Duncan didn't hesitate. He put a foot on the rail and was up and over and across. Just as he'd hoped, the doors to the balcony of 1313 were unfastened. He slid them open and stepped inside. And the light came on. Room 1313 was full of people. Not policemen or hotel staff, but people who looked familiar, all smiling. One of them said, "Caught you, Duncan. Caught you good and proper, my old mate." It was Billy Fisher, alive and grinning all over his fat face. Duncan said, "You're . . ."

"Dead meat? No. You've been taken for a ride, old chum. Have a glass of bubbly, and I'll tell you all about it."

A champagne glass was put in his shaking hand. Everyone closed in, watching his reaction-as if it mattered. Their faces looked strangely familiar.

"Wondering where you've seen them before?" said Billy. "They're actors, mostly, earning a little extra between engagements. You know them better as the Perfectionists. They look different out of evening dress, don't they?"

He knew them now: David Hopkins, the doctor; McPhee, the skene-dhu specialist; Joe Franks, the trunk murderer; Wally Winthrop, the poisoner; and Pitt-Struthers, the martial arts man. In jeans and T-shirts and a little shame-faced at their roles in the deception, they looked totally unthreatening.

"You've got to admit it's a brilliant con," said Billy. "Retirement is so boring. I needed to turn my organising skills to something creative, so I thought this up. Mind, it had to be good to take you in."

"Why me?"

"Well, I knew you were up for it from the old days, and Harry Hitchman-where are you, Harry?" A voice from the background said, "Over here."

"I knew Harry wouldn't mind playing along. So I rigged it up. Did the job properly. Civil service training. Got the cards printed nicely. Rented the private car and the room and hired the actors and stood you all a decent dinner. I was the Hungarian waiter, by the way, but you were too preoccupied with the others to spot me in my false moustache. And when you took it all in as I knew you would-being such a serious-minded guy-it was worth every penny. I wanted to top it with a wonderful finish, so I dreamed up the suicide," he quivered with laughter.

"You knew I'd come up here?"

"It was all laid out for your benefit, old sport. You were totally taken in by the perfect murder gag, and you were bound to look for a get out, so I fabricated one for you. Harry told you I'd jumped off the balcony, and when you asked in which hotel, I knew you took the bait."

"Bastard," said Duncan.

"Yes, I am," said Billy without apology. "It's my second career."

"And the woman in the room next door-is she an actress, too?"

"Which woman?"

"On, come on," said Duncan. "You've had your fun."

Billy was shaking his head. "We didn't expect you to come through the room next door. Is that how you got on the balcony? Typical Duncan Driffield, going the long way round. Which woman are you talking about?"

From the corridor outside came the sound of hammering on a door. Duncan covered his ears.

"What's up with him?" said Billy.

1. Read the story and make up the plan.
2. Compose 10-15 questions to the story.
3. Retell the story according to your plan.

Possibilities by Bill Pronzini

I had been in the backyard no more than two minutes when Roger Telford's bald head popped up above the boundary fence. It was hardly a surprise. Very little that goes on in my neighborhood escapes notice by Telford and his wife Aileen. To merely call them nosy neighbors would be to do them an injustice. They are the quintessential, prototypical poster children for nosy neighbors—sly, sneaky, suspicious, intrusive, rude, and annoying in the extreme.

"I thought I heard snuffling and growling noises over there," he said. "Don't tell me Suzanne has let you buy a dog."

"All right," I said, "I won't."

"Is that mutt yours?"

"He's not a mutt. He's a Rottweiler mix. He belongs to the Lindemans, next block over."

"Well, it's a good thing he doesn't belong to you. Aileen and I don't like dogs, especially big dogs. Messy. Always digging things up. Bark all the damn time."

"George doesn't bark much."

"George? How do you know his name?"

"It's on his collar tag."

"Well, it's a stupid name for a mutt. What's he doing in your yard?"

"Visiting," I said. "There's a loose board in our back fence that I haven't gotten around to fixing yet."

"What's that he's chewing on?"

"Well, it looks like a bone . . . yes, by golly, that's what it is all right. A bone."

"Damn big one. I don't think I've ever seen a bone quite like that. He carry it in with him?"

"No. I gave it to him."

"You did? Where'd you get a bone like that?"

"Out of our freezer."

His face wrinkled into an expression resembling a contemplative basset hound's. Telford likes to believe he is a deep thinker. His wife likes to believe she is too. They labor under this self-deception because they're both writers of a sort. He concocts texts on how to fix this or that around the house and she writes cookbooks, her magnum opus being *The Sublime Purple Vegetable: Eggplant Delicacies from Around the World*. They both work at home, giving them ample opportunity to pursue their alternate joint career of meddling in other people's business.

"Is that where all those packages came from, too?" he asked at length.

"What packages?"

"Jammed into your trash can this morning."

"Roger, I'm surprised at you. You usually employ more subtle means of snooping than pawing through garbage cans."

"It wasn't me doing the pawing," he said indignantly. "It was one of those other damn neighborhood mutts. Caught it dragging one of the packages out when I rolled my own can out for pick up. I chased it off and put the package back into your can. That's when I happened to notice all the others."

"Very good," I said. "Very inventive. You ought to give fiction writing a try."

"It happens to be the truth. So why did you throw out all that good meat?"

"It wasn't good. Not anymore. Venison, mostly, that one of my coworkers gave us last year."

"What was wrong with it?"

"Freezer burn," I said.

"What?"

"It's a phenomenon that takes place when you leave things in the freezer too long. Surely you've come across references to it while researching those books you write."

"I know what freezer burn is. But the packages I saw were mostly thawed."

"Well, of course they were. I took them out of the freezer and put them into the trash can last night. All except the bone for George. Freezer burn doesn't bother him."

Telford did his basset hound impression again. To avoid watching him at his mental labors, I looked up at the sky. It was a nice evening, clear but a little too crisp to sit out on the porch and read. I sighed. Autumn was almost here. The leaves on the maple tree were already starting to turn.

"What was all that noise coming from your place last night?" Telford demanded. He never

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asks; he always demands. "You don't make noise like that cleaning out a freezer. Late, too-went on until after eleven. Sounded like power tools."

"It was," I said. "I was working in the basement."

"Doing what?"

"Completing a project."

"What kind of project?"

"A private kind."

"Big secret," Telford said peevishly. "You had the shades closed over the basement windows. Matter of fact, you've had most of your curtains and shades drawn the past couple of days."

"Must have been frustrating for you, not being able to look in with your binoculars."

"You think I'd spy on you with binoculars?"

"I know you would. I've seen you doing it."

He made a noise in his throat not unlike the one George had made when I had given him the bone. "Damn late to be using power tools," he said. "Kept Aileen and me awake. Must've kept Suzanne awake, too."

"I doubt it."

"Oh? Why not?"

"She wasn't here."

"What do you mean, she wasn't here?"

George seemed to have grown as bored with the conversation as I had. He'd been lying on the grass with the bone propped between his forepaws, gnawing on it. Now he stood up, took a firmer grip with his teeth, shook himself, and trotted off toward the back fence.

"Well, Howard?"

"Well what?"

"What'd you mean, Suzanne wasn't here last night?"

"Just what I said. She's not here today, either. That's why George was allowed to visit and why I felt free to give him the bone, in case you're wondering."

"Where is she? Where'd she go?"

"Away," I said.

"Away? When? Where?"

"Two days ago. On a trip."

"The hell you say. I was home all day Sunday. Aileen and I were both home, and we didn't see either of you leave."

"I know you try to keep tabs on everything that goes on over here, Roger, but now and then you do miss something. Now if you don't mind, I have things to do in the house."

He called something after me, but I closed my ears to it. Silence and privacy, in my neighborhood and on my property, are rare and precious states to be retreated into with all dispatch whenever possible.

I was in Suzanne's bedroom closet, taking articles of her clothing off hangers and folding them into Teflon bags, when the telephone rang. Aileen Telford, predictably enough.

"Howard," she said in her nasal voice, "where's Suzanne?"

"Suzanne is away. As Roger has no doubt told you by now."

"Well, I need to talk to her. A question for my new book of parsnip recipes. Where did she go?"

"She's visiting."

"Visiting who? Where?"

"Her sister, if you must know. She's been ill."

"Suzanne is ill?"

I sighed. "Not Suzanne. Her sister."

"I didn't know Suzanne had a sister. She never mentioned her to me."

"She seldom speaks of her. They've never been close."

"Then why did she go visit her?"

"I just explained why. Her sister is ill. Family duty."

"When will she be back?"

"I don't know. It might be a while. A long while."

There was a deep-thinking pause before Aileen said, "Where does her sister live?"

"Duluth. That's in Minnesota."

"I know where Duluth is. What's her sister's name and phone number?"

"I can't tell you that."

"What? Why can't you?"

"Suzanne doesn't want to be disturbed. She doesn't want her sister disturbed. You calling her up would qualify as a disturbance."

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Another pause. At length she said in sepulchral tones, "Howard, I don't mind saying that Roger and I are a little concerned."

"About Suzanne's sister?"

"About Suzanne."

"Why should you be concerned about Suzanne?"

"All sorts of funny things seem to have been going on over there the past few days. That's why."

"You think so? Define funny."

"You know what I mean. You can't blame us for wondering—"

"Can't I?" I said, and hung up on her.

When I came out through the front door with another cardboard carton, Telford was standing at the base of the porch steps. More accurately, he was hopping at the base of the steps from one foot to the other as if he had to go to the bathroom. I had witnessed this behavior many times before. Coupled with the gaudy yellow sweatsuit he was wearing, it meant that he was about to head off on his morning jog-and-snoop around the neighborhood.

"What's all this, Howard?" He waved a hand at my car in the driveway, the back seat and trunk of which I had already filled with other cartons and plastic bags. "You're not moving out, are you?"

"And deprive you of a prime surveillance object? No such luck."

"What's in all those boxes and bags?"

"What do you suppose is in them?"

"Looks like it might be clothing and stuff."

"Brilliant deduction," I said. "Clothing and stuff is what it is."

"What're you planning to do with it?"

"What I usually do with rummage. Take it to Goodwill."

"Rummage, eh? Seems like a lot."

"It is a lot. Obviously."

I carried the last carton to the car and put it on the passenger seat. Telford followed, still hopping.

"Mostly your stuff?" he asked then.

"No. As a matter of fact, it's mostly Suzanne's."

That produced a frown. "How come?"

"How come what?"

"How come it's mostly her things you're getting rid of?"

"She doesn't have any use for them any longer."

"What does that mean?"

"It means she no longer has any use for them."

"Why doesn't she?"

"You'll have to ask her when she gets home."

"I'm asking you."

"You'll be leaving frustrated, then. My answer is that it's none of your business."

Telford showed up again that afternoon, shortly after I returned home. I'd left Howard J. Bennett & Associates, Income Tax Specialists-i.e., one hardworking CPA and two junior partners-early to do some shopping. I was unloading the trunk of the car, with the garage door still open, when all of a sudden there he was breathing down my neck. Quick and silent, like a sneaky ghost.

"What's that you've got there?" he said. "Is that paint?"

"Your ratiocinative powers are amazing. Did you deduce the contents from the words 'White Latex Paint' on the can, or was it some other clue?"

"What're you going to paint?"

"My workshop, if you must know."

"Didn't look like it needed painting, the last time I saw it."

"Well, it does now. There are marks on two of the walls."

"Marks?"

"You know-nicks, scrapes, stains."

His eyes narrowed. "What kind of stains?"

"Now what kind of stains would there be on workroom walls?"

"You tell me."

"Splatters of wood sealant, varnish, that sort of thing. You can't do woodworking without splattering now and then."

"Splattering," he repeated, as if it were a nasty word.

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I took the other item I'd purchased out of the trunk and closed the lid.

"What's that?" Telford said.

"Well, now, let's see. It's shaped like a bowling bag, it's the size of a bowling bag, and it even resembles a bowling bag. Could it be a bowling bag?"

"You don't bowl."

"How do you know I don't?"

"You've never said anything about it. And I've never seen you with any bowling equipment before."

"I used to bowl regularly before I met Suzanne. She thinks it's a silly game."

"So do I. Where are your ball and shoes?"

"I haven't bought those yet."

"Then how come you bought a bag?"

"I liked the looks of this one."

"Seems ordinary to me. How come you decided to start bowling again?"

"For the exercise."

"In spite of what Suzanne thinks, is that it?"

"She doesn't have a say in the matter."

"Why doesn't she?"

"Because she doesn't," I said.

At a few minutes past midnight, I switched off the living room lights and went to peer around a corner of the side window curtain. The Telford house, as much of it as I could see looming above the boundary fence, was completely dark.

I gathered up the parcel I'd prepared, made my way through the kitchen to the utility porch, and let myself out into the backyard. The night was clear. There was no moon, but the stars were bright enough to enable me to navigate. I crossed to the gardening shed, removed a spade, and carried it into the rose garden. In the shadows between two of the larger bushes—a pure white damascena and an orange floribunda, two of Suzanne's favorites—I dug a hole in the soft earth, fairly deep, and buried the parcel. Then I replaced the spade and hurried back to the house.

I wasn't absolutely sure, but when I glanced at the Telford house I thought I detected movement behind the open window to their upstairs bedroom.

The next day was Telford-free, miraculously enough, until six o'clock. I was out front then, watering the lawn, when Aileen appeared, out for her daily constitutional. Roger had his morning jog-and-snoop around the neighborhood, she had her evening walk-and-snoop. You had to admire their methods, the well-coordinated way in which they covered their territory, marching off at different times of the day in different directions to bother people, like a crack stealth commando team.

She came my way in her quick, choppy gait and stopped on the sidewalk a few feet from where I stood. If her husband resembled a basset hound, Aileen's breed was fox terrier—small and wiry with angular features and a long, quivery nose that always seemed moist and shiny, perfect for poking into places it didn't belong.

"Well, Howard," she said, "I don't suppose you've heard from Suzanne."

"But I have. She called last night."

"Did she? And how is her sister's health?"

"Improving."

"So then she'll be coming home soon."

"Possibly not," I said.

The long nose twitched. "Why not, if she isn't needed in Duluth?"

"She may be staying on there just the same."

"For how long?"

"Indefinitely."

"What's that? She's never coming back?"

"Indefinitely doesn't mean never, Aileen."

"Why would she stay in Duluth?"

"She likes it there. More than she likes me, I'm sorry to say."

"Are you trying to tell me she's left you?"

"I'm not trying to tell you anything."

Another twitch. A scowl. "I don't believe Suzanne would give up her home, everything she owns, on a sudden whim. That's not like her."

"I didn't say it was sudden."

"I still don't believe it."

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"You don't know her as well as you think you do. Or me, either."

"Well, in your case, that's for sure."

She turned and strode off, muttering, "I knew it. I knew it!" just loud enough for me to hear. I finished watering, then sat on the porch steps to bask in the evening quiet. I hadn't been there five minutes when the other Telford came marching up my front walk. Direct assault mission, it turned out—an unusual tactic for him.

"Up late again last night, weren't you, Bennett?" he said without preamble.

"So it's Bennett instead of Howard now, is it?"

"Very late. Long after midnight."

"If I was," I said, "you and Aileen must've been, too. Just a couple of night owls."

"What were you up to, digging in your rose garden so damn late?"

I raised an eyebrow. "Binoculars weren't enough for you, is that it? Now you've gone high tech and bought an infrared scope for better night spying?"

"You didn't answer my question."

"No, and I'm not going to. What I do on my own property day or night is no one's business but my own."

He sputtered noisily, like a faulty gas-powered lawnmower. "You won't get away with it, Bennett."

"Get away with what?"

"We'll see to that, one way or another. We'll get to the bottom of this."

"Will you?" I smiled at him. "I like puzzles myself. Great time-passers."

"Puzzles?"

"Sifting through all the many possibilities, looking for pieces that fit together to form the true picture. Very stimulating, mentally."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"No," I said, "of course you don't."

"More rummage for Goodwill?"

Morning. My open garage. And the Telford fox terrier at it again.

"That's right, Aileen." I said. "More rummage for Goodwill."

"All of it Suzanne's, I suppose."

"You can suppose anything you like."

"Getting rid of everything of hers. Because you claim she's not coming back."

"I made no such claim."

"I don't believe she went to Duluth. I'll bet she doesn't even have a sister."

"A bet you'd lose. She did and she does."

"So you say."

"And what do you say, Aileen?"

She jabbed an accusatory finger at me. "I say she never left. I say you did something to her."

"Such as what?"

"Something unspeakable. You won't get away with it."

"Roger implied the same thing last night."

I placed the last of the Teflon sacks in the trunk of the car. That left only the bowling bag. Aileen seemed to notice it for the first time. Her nose twitched and her teeth snapped together.

"That bag," she said. "What have you got in there?"

"It's a bowling bag. So there must be a bowling ball inside."

"You told Roger you didn't own a ball."

"Did I? He must have misunderstood."

I picked up the bag by its handles, hefting it.

Aileen gasped and drew back. "That stain on the side. It looks . . . wet."

I said, "You're imagining things," and swung the bag inside the trunk.

Another gasp, louder.

"Now what's the matter?"

"It didn't thump when you put it down. It . . . it . . . th.."

"It what?"

"Squished!"

"Bowling balls don't squish, Aileen."

"I know what I heard!" She was backing away now, her hands up as if to ward off an attack. Her face had assumed the color of the flesh of her favorite sublime vegetable. Her eyes literally bulged.

"Now what could I have in a bowling bag," I said, "that would make a squishing sound?"

She said something that sounded like "Gaahh!" and fled.

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The doorbell rang at seven that evening. Two men in business suits stood on the porch outside, one dark and heavysset, the other fair and loose-coupled. The dark one said, "Mr. Howard Bennett?"

"Yes? What can I do for you?"

"Police officers." They held up badges in leather cases. "My name is Pilofsky. This is Detective Jenkins. We'd like a few words with you, if you don't mind."

"Not at all," I said, "though I can't imagine why."

"All right if we come inside?"

I led them into the living room. Jenkins said, "We'll get right to the point, Mr. Bennett. We've had a report of suspicious activity concerning you and your wife."

"Ah," I said. "Now I understand. The Telfords. I should have known they would call you."

"Why is that?"

"They're the people for whom the phrase 'neighbors from hell' was coined. Sneaks and snoops of the worst sort, and melodramatic to boot. They've been insufferable since Suzanne was called away unexpectedly several days ago."

"Where is your wife, Mr. Bennett?" Pilofsky asked.

"Visiting her bedridden sister in Duluth. I told the Telfords that more than once."

"Is she coming back?"

"Of course. As soon as her sister's condition improves."

"Mrs. Telford claims you told her your wife was leaving you and staying in Duluth permanently."

"Then she misunderstood me. Just as both of them have persisted in misunderstanding a series of perfectly innocent incidents."

"Suppose you give us your version of those incidents."

I obliged at some length. Jenkins took notes.

Pilofsky said, "You didn't address the issue of the 'wet and squishy' bowling bag."

"Oh, that. Aileen Telford has a hyperactive imagination-she's a writer, you know. The bag wasn't wet. It was merely stained. And there was nothing in it except an old bowling ball of mine. She heard what she wanted to hear when I set it down."

"Where are the bag and ball now?"

"They went to Goodwill with the other rummage," I lied. Actually I had pitched the bag into an industrial dumpster not far from my office when no one was looking.

Both of them nodded and Jenkins made another note.

"So you see," I said, "it's all just a tempest in a teapot."

"So it would seem," Pilofsky said.

"Be all right if we had a look around?" Jenkins asked. "It's your privilege to say no, naturally. We don't have a search warrant." The implication here, of course, was that they could just go get one if they felt it necessary.

"More than all right," I said. "Be my guests. I have nothing to hide."

I conducted them through the house, top to bottom. They were polite and respectful, but quite thorough in their probings. They exhibited particular interest in my newly painted workshop and the rest of the basement, examining my tools and even looking inside the big Amana freezer. Naturally they found nothing incriminating. There was nothing for them to find.

From the basement I took them outside, where I unearthed the hideous ceramic bird sculpture I had buried in the rose garden. "I did it on a whim," I said. "I've always hated that sculpture, and with Suzanne away . . . well, I just couldn't stand to look at it any longer."

"Why bury it?" Pilofsky asked. "Why not just chuck it in the trash?"

I said sheepishly, "To be frank, I was covering my backside. I thought that if Suzanne noticed the sculpture was missing and became upset, I could always dig it up and pretend it had been misplaced." I sighed. "Now that I have dug it up, I suppose I might as well put it back where it belongs. It was a foolish notion to begin with."

Before they left, Jenkins asked for the name, address, and phone number of Suzanne's sister in Duluth. I provided the information, saying, "Please don't call her there unless it's absolutely necessary. I'm sure you understand."

"We just need it for our report, Mr. Bennett."

"Then you're satisfied that this has all been a misunderstanding?"

"Not to mention a waste of the taxpayers' time and money."

"I suppose it's too much to hope that the Telfords will be satisfied too."

"If we are," Pilofsky said meaningfully, "they'd better be."

Neither member of the Snoop Couple bothered me the next day or the morning of the one following. I saw neither hide nor hair of either of them, in fact. But that only meant that they

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had changed their tactics from overt to covert. They wouldn't be satisfied, no matter what the police had said to them, until they saw Suzanne, hale and hearty, with their own eyes. Which is why, on the following morning, I drove off whistling.

The three p.m. flight from Duluth was on time. Suzanne was waiting with her bag when I pulled up to the curb at Arrivals, scowling at her watch even though I wasn't even a minute late.

On the way out of the airport I said, "It's good to have you home, dear."

"Horse apples," she said. Her favorite epithet, and one I've always loathed. "You were probably wishing I'd stayed away a lot longer."

"That's not true."

"Of course it's true. Well, you may get your wish. If my sister's condition doesn't improve over the next week or so, I'll probably have to go back there again."

"I'm sorry to hear that," I said.

"Horse apples. Don't try to deny you've liked living alone. All that freedom to stick your nose in a book and neglect your chores."

"I've never neglected my chores."

"Not when I'm around to prod you into doing them. I don't suppose you did everything on the list I gave you?"

"Ah, but I did."

"Finished building the new table for my sewing room?"

"In one evening."

"Took everything on my rummage list to Goodwill?"

"Yes, dear. Plus some odds and ends from the basement."

"Painted that ugly workshop of yours?"

"All four walls."

"Cleaned out the pantry and the freezer?"

"And the refrigerator. A good thing I did, too. There was a honeydew melon hidden in back that we bought weeks ago and forgot about."

"It must've been rotten."

"It was," I said. "Squishy, in fact."

"Mmm," she said. "Did you do anything else besides loaf?"

"Oh, I had some fun with the Telfords."

"Fun? With those busybodies?"

"We played a game."

"What kind of game?"

"Actually, it was one they made up. I never would have thought of it myself. But I learned the rules quickly and even invented a few of my own."

"Mmm. Who won?"

"I did."

"How nice for you," she said, and let the subject drop. She never has had any interest in my small triumphs.

When we arrived home, I made a point of parking prominently in the middle of the driveway and helping Suzanne out of the car. The Telfords had been sitting on their porch. They both scrambled to their feet when they saw her, their necks craning, looking like a pair of ungainly, agitated geese. I waved at them cheerfully. They ducked into their house without even waving back.

After I finished the dinner dishes, I sat on the front porch to watch dusk settle over the neighborhood. The evening was warmish and dusk is my favorite part of the day—quiet, peaceful, a contemplative time. Lights showed in the Telford house, but there was no sign of either Roger or Aileen. For the first time in as long as I could remember, all their window curtains were drawn and none of them were fluttering at the corners. It would be a good long while, if ever, I thought, before they resumed their spying on the Bennett household. After years of abuse, the prospect of protracted peace and privacy was a heady one.

The screen door banged after awhile and Suzanne came out to plop down next to me. "Why are you grinning?" she demanded.

"Was I grinning? I didn't realize it."

"What were you thinking about?"

"Oh, this and that. Possibilities."

"I don't understand you, Howard. Sometimes I wonder what possessed me to marry you in the first place."

Before I could frame a response, George, the Lindemans' Rottweiler mix, came trotting around

the corner of the house. Suzanne let out a little screech that caused the dog to stop and flatten slightly with his ears back.

"Howard!"

"Don't worry." I said. "He's harmless."

"Harmless? An ugly brute like that? How did he get into our yard?"

"There's a loose board in the back fence—"

"Loose board? Why haven't you fixed it? What's the matter with you? A beast like that, running loose. There's no telling what kind of damage he'll do. Get rid of him! This instant!"

I got up and went down the porch steps. George's tail began to wag. He came over and licked my hand.

"And don't come back until you've fixed that board. You hear me?"

"Yes, dear. You don't need to shout."

"Horse apples," she said. She went back inside and slammed the door behind her.

I said, "Come on, George," and led the dog around back and across the yard. He didn't want to leave. He stood looking up at me with round, eager eyes, his tongue lolling. I leaned down and patted his head.

"I don't have anything for you tonight, boy," I told him. "But I might have something in the foreseeable future. You never know. Life is full of possibilities."

Then I shooed him out and went to get my tools so I could pretend to fix the loose board in the fence.

1. Read the story and make up the plan.
2. Compose 10-15 questions to the story.
3. Retell the story according to your plan.

GIDEON AND THE CHESTNUT SELLAR after John Creasy

Old Ben Fairley had sold roasted chestnuts for more winters than he could remember. As a matter of fact, he remembered very little of his seventy-odd years, for he had always lived almost entirely in the present, whether it was good or bad. Each summer he went out on the road, calling on those farms where he could find temporary work. Each winter he came "home", to the rooming house near London's Covent Garden, where he stored his barrow and brazier, bought his chestnuts at wholesale, and roasted them.

Old Ben's pitch was near Leicester Square.

Many people knew him, passing his barrow with a smile or a nod, sometimes pausing to hand him a shilling, usually 'forgetting' to take their bag of chestnuts. Some, on the other hand, liked chestnuts, eating them just in the street.

Among these was George Gideon, Commander of the Criminal Investigation Department of New Scotland Yard. From time to time he strolled round the square mile which included all Soho as well as Piccadilly Circus and Leicester Square. The sight of his massive figure, his square chin, his broad forehead, was familiar to newsdealers and taxi drivers, pavement artists and policemen. On cold nights he often stopped at old Ben's barrow, paid his shillings, took off a soft nut, and ate it hot and whole. Gideon stayed for a few moments talking to old Ben.

One night, only a half an hour he had left the chestnut seller, a taxi drew up close to old Ben's barrow. Ben watched first one then two, three, four youths scrambled out, and he sensed some kind of trouble. Almost at once another taxi appeared at the far end of the street. This time Ben was too busy to count how many men got out; he grabbed the handlers of his barrow and started to move off.

He did not get far.

Suddenly one of the youths pushed him aside, another began to take the chestnuts out of the basket. Angry now, as much as frightened, old Ben shouted a protest.

More youths rushed up, and the two groups began fighting. In the struggle someone tipped the brazier over. As Ben ran forward to save his chestnuts, red-hot coals stroke against his outstretched hands.

He screamed with pain.

A police whistle was heard.

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In five minutes old Ben Fairley, groaning and half conscious, was being carried to the hospital. The two gangs had disappeared.

Gideon heard of this at about half-past ten the next morning. It was mentioned by Superintendent Lloyd who was in charge of the police attempt to curtail the activities of the teen-age gangs in Soho.

I could understand if they had a purpose, Lloyd was saying. But they fight just for the sake of fighting.

- Did you catch any of them? Gideon asked.

No. They were gone before our chaps arrived. An old chestnut seller was badly burned when they knocked over his brazier.

Chestnut seller? Where was his pitch?

Just past the national Gallery, near Leicester Square, Lloyd answered.

Gideon pressed a bell on his desk and when his assistant came in he said,

Do you know him? Asked Lloyd.

If it's the man I think it is, I've known him for thirty years. Have you put in your report yet?

It's being typed up now.

I want to get a copy, said Gideon.

Very soon he learned that it was indeed Ben Fairley, that old ben was comfortable, but that for a man of his age the shock might have grave consequences.

Then Gideon studied the report and went to have a word with old Ben at the Charing Cross Hospital. He had never seen the man washed and shaved before. Both of Ben's hands were bandaged, and he looked tired and worn; but his eyes were bright in his lined face, and his frail voice held a note of anger.

Just rushed at me, and I've never done them any harm. Never even seen them before in my life!

We'll get them, Ben, said Gideon. Tell me a little more.

There's nothing more to tell. One gang came up in a taxi and the other gang came up in another. How did you burn your hands?

Trying to save my chestnuts, of course. They were my capital, Mr. Gideon.

Now, Ben, what happened after that? The report says there were no chestnuts left in the basket. They grabbed them

How many chestnuts did you have?

About five pounds, I think. That would be including those the young lady gave me. But...

Young Lady? interrupted Gideon. What young lady? And when did she give you the chestnuts?

Yesterday afternoon. She came out of one of those new apartment houses at the back of the Oxford Street. I've seen her several times before.

Now, Ben, think hard. Are you quite sure about all this?

Of course, I'm sure! Cried Ben. She had long blond hair hanging down her back. Funny thing, life, isn't it, Mr. Gideon? In the afternoon someone gives the chestnuts – in the evening someone pinches them, and my own with them.

Gideon got to his feet.

Yes, it's a funny life, Ben. But take it easy. When you're well, you'll get all you need to start up in business again.

Leaving the hospital Gideon hurried back to New Scotland Yard, and as soon as he reached his office he sent for Superintendent Lloyd.

Any lead on those lads in the fight last night? Gideon asked.

No, Commander. Two of our chaps saw them, but they weren't the usual Soho troublemakers.

Find out if Dicey Gamble still lives in one of the new apartment houses behind Oxford street, said Gideon. And find out what colour his wife's hair is.

Dicey? I saw him only last week, and he's still living in that flat. What's on your mind about Dicey?

Dicey Gamble was the leader of a small group of raiders who specialized in robbing jewelry shops.

Find out if any of his fellows bought any chestnuts recently. If necessary, check every grocer in the district, said Gideon. Get a move on, there's no time to lose.

Lloyd hurried out and within an hour he was on the telephone to Gideon.

You were right, sir. One of Decey's boys bought two pounds of chestnuts yesterday morning.

Good! Get all the help you need and raid Decey's apartment now. Phone me and let me know what happens.

At seven o'clock that evening, the police arrived at Decey Gamble's apartment. Panic showed in Decey's eyes when the policemen appeared at his door, but the panic was quickly veiled.

I've got nothing here, Super, he said. You can search the place, but you won't find anything.

Lloyd walked through the apartment to the kitchen. The table was covered with a sheet of newspaper, and on the newspaper was a pile of chestnuts. Dicey had obviously been in the

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process of cutting each nut in two – several had already been halved.

In eight of the halves, buried inside the hard nuts, were diamonds.

There's nothing new in this game. Gideon explained to Lloyd. I once knew a thief who split a hazelnut in two, put a diamond inside, and stuck the shell together. The gangs that attacked old Ben weren't in it for the shell together. The gangs that attacked old Ben weren't in it for the sheer fun – so they were in it for the chestnuts. Add to that that old Ben was given chestnuts by a woman who lived in the same house as one of our cleverest jewel thieves, and it all started to make sense.

I'll say it made sense, agreed Lloyd. Dicey and his gang had these hot diamonds and hid them in chestnuts. One of the boys brought them at Dicey's flat on instructions. But Dicey was out, and as neither he nor his wife eat chestnuts, his wife gave them to old Ben.

Later that day, as he sat with old Ben at the Charing Cross Hospital, Gideon finished the story. As soon as Dicey discovered what his wife had done, he got his gang together for a raid on your barrow to get back the chestnuts – but another gang learned what had happened and reached you first. Dicey's gang caught up with them. Simple, Ben, wasn't it?

Old Ben gave a pleased smile. Perhaps when he next roasted chestnuts he would dream of a fortune in diamonds.

1. Read the story and make up the plan.
2. Compose 10-15 questions to the story.
3. Retell the story according to your plan.

THE CASE FOR THE DEFENCE after Graham Greene

It was a very strange murder trial. I have never attended such a strange trial. They named it the Northwood murder in the headlines, because the house, where the old woman was found battered to death at two o'clock in the morning, was in Northwood Street. The murderer was found immediately: and now no one present at the trial believed that the man in the dock had any chance of being acquitted.

He was a stout man with bulging eyes. Yes, an ugly customer, one you wouldn't forget. The Crown counsel proposed to call four witnesses who had seen him hurrying away from the little house in Northwood Street soon after two that morning.

Mrs. Salmon, a neighbor and one of the witnesses, was unable to sleep that night: she heard the gate shut and thought it was her own gate. So she went to the window and saw Adams (that was his name) on the steps of Mrs. Parker's house. He had just come out and he was hearing gloves. He had a hammer in his hand and she saw him drop it into the bushes by the front gate. But before he moved away, he had instinctively looked up – at her window. Mrs. Salmon could see him clearly in the light of a street lamp.

Mr. MacDougal, another witness, had been driving home late and nearly ran Adams down at the corner of Northwood Street. Adams was walking in the middle of the road looking dazed. An old Mr. Willer, who lived next door to Mrs. Parker, was wakened by a noise – like a chair falling – through the wall, thin as paper. He got up and looked out of the window, just as Mrs. Salmon did, saw Adam's back and, as he turned, those bulging eyes.

In Laurel Avenue Adams had been seen by another witness- his luck was badly out.

I understand, counsel said, - that the defense proposes to plead mistaken identity. Adam's wife will tell you that he was with her at two in the morning on February 14, but after you have heard the witnesses for the Crown and examined carefully the features of the prisoner, I do not think you will be prepared to admit the possibility of a mistake.

After the formal evidence had been given by the policeman who had found the body and the surgeon who examined it, Mrs. Salmon was called. She was the ideal witness, with her expression of honesty, care and kindness.

She spoke very firmly. There was no fear in her, and no sense of importance. She was standing calmly there in the Central criminal court. She was not afraid of the judge in scarlet who interrogated her. She was not afraid of the numerous reporters who impatiently wrote down every word of her evidence. Yes, she said, and then she had gone downstairs and rung up the police station.

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And do you see the man here in court?

She looked straight at the big man in the dock, who stared at her with his bulging eyes without emotion.

Yes, she said. There he is.

Are you quite certain?

I couldn't be mistaken, sir.

Thank you, Mrs. Salmon.

Counsel for the defence rose to cross examine.

Now, Mrs. Salmon, you must remember that a man's life may depend on your evidence.

I do remember it, sir.

Is your eyesight good?

I do not have to wear spectacles, sir.

You are a woman of fifty-five?

Fifty-six, sir.

And the man you saw on the other side of the road?

Yes, sir.

And it was two o'clock in the morning. You must have remarkable eyes, Mrs. Salmon?

No, sir. There was moonlight, and when the man looked up, he had the lamplight on his face.

And you have no doubt that the man you saw in the prisoner/

I couldn't make out what he was at.

No doubt whatever, sir. It isn't a face one forgets.

Counsel took a look round the court for a moment. Then he said,

Do you mind, Mrs. salmon, examining again the people in court? No, not the prisoner. Stand up, please, Mr. Adams.

And there at the back of the court stood up the exact image of the man of the dock, with stout body, muscular legs and bulging eyes. He was dressed the same tight blue suit and striped tie.

Now think very carefully, Mrs. Salmon. Can you still swear that the man you saw drop the hammer in Mrs. Parker's garden is the prisoner – and not this man, who is his twin brother?

Of course, she couldn't. she looked from one to the other and didn't say a word.

There the big man sat in the dock with his legs crossed, and there he stood too at the back of the court and they both stared at Mrs. Salmon. She shook her head.

What we saw then was the end of the case. There wasn't a witness prepared to swear that it was the prisoner he had seen. And the brother? He had his alibi, too; he was with his wife.

And so the man was acquitted for lack of evidence. And nobody knew who did the murder.

That extraordinary day had an extraordinary end. I followed Mrs. Salmon out of court and we got in the crowd who were waiting, of course, for the twins. The police tried to drive the crowd away. But all they could do was keep the road clear for traffic. I learned later that they tried to get the twins to leave by a back way, but the twins did not want to. One of them – said, "I've been acquitted, haven't I?" and they walked out of the front entrance. Then it happened. I don't know how, though I was only six feet away. The crowd moved and somehow one of the twins got pushed on to the road in front of a bus.

He gave a squeal like a rabbit and that was all; he was dead, his skull smashed just as Mrs. Parker's had been. Divine vengeance? I wish I knew. There was the other Adams getting on his feet from beside the body and looking straight over at Mrs. Salmon. He was crying, but whether he was the murderer or the innocent man, nobody will ever be able to tell. But if you were Mrs. Salmon, could you sleep that night?

ugly customer	неприємний тип
exact image	точна копія
for the lack of evidence	через нестачу доказів
to drive the crowd away	розсіяти натовп
divine vengeance	божа кара

1. Read the story and make up the plan.
2. Compose 10-15 questions to the story.
3. Retell the story according to your plan.

The Disappearance of Daniel Question by Barrie Roberts

Early this summer I went down to Sussex, as I do often nowadays, to pass a few days with my friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes and to blow the sooty air of London out of my lungs. He greeted me in typical fashion. "Watson!" he exclaimed, "I do believe that you have added a full six pounds since you were last here."

"I had thought it more like three or four," I said. "I see that you are still well," for he was as upright as ever, had added no weight, and his hair was only slightly touched with silver.

He laughed. "The product of my little makers of sweetness will see me through a good few years yet."

That evening, after Martha, Holmes' housekeeper, had gone, Holmes and I settled on either side of the fireplace in his study, a room not dissimilar in its untidiness to our old sitting room at Baker Street. Here were the old brass coal-scuttle, the Persian slipper filled with tobacco, other old friends including the shelves of Holmes' invaluable scrapbooks, and there was still a table littered with his chemical apparatus, though I have no doubt it is now devoted to the mysteries of apiculture rather than the defining of poisonous alkaloids.

I noted with pleasure a faded, well-worn copy of the Strand Magazine upon his desk and mentioned it. "I see," I remarked, "that you continue to read my accounts of your enquiries."

He finished filling his pipe and got it well alight before he replied. "So I do," he said. "I have been looking at your version of the Thor Bridge case. It seems to me that you were a little premature in describing the Phillimore affair as unsolved."

"But it was!" I protested. "You told me so, shortly before you left Baker Street."

"So I did, Watson, and perhaps I have been too hard on you. Nevertheless, I now have a theory of the case which, unless I have slipped into my dotage, meets the facts. A very little research will, I trust, clarify the small points which remain unclear. What do you recall of the matter, Watson?"

"Very little after two decades," I admitted. "It is certainly in my records but, believing that I should never be able to write it up for publication, I have not reviewed my notes."

"Make a long arm, if you will," said Holmes, "and pass me the second P volume on the shelf over there."

I reached for one of his scrapbooks and passed it across to him. He thumbed its pages for a few moments, then began to read from a news-cutting.

"Here we are, Watson, from July of 1903: 'The City of London is still disturbed by the disappearance five days ago of Mr. James Phillimore, the proprietor of Phillimore's Commercial Bank. It will be recalled from our earlier accounts that Mr. Phillimore set out from his home, in company with his mother, at about 11 o'clock last Wednesday. Turning back on some trivial pretext, he . . .'"

My mind raced back twenty years to 1903. The previous summer Holmes had announced his intention to retire and I had left Baker Street. I had a sufficient income from my pen to meet my modest needs but I missed the stimulus of the footfall on the stair that had, so often, taken Holmes and I on the path of adventure, mystery, and danger. Accordingly, I lost no opportunity of visiting our old lodgings and, indeed, accompanied my friend on many of his last enquiries.

So it was that I was at Baker Street when Mrs. Hudson announced Mrs. Honoria Phillimore. Our visitor was a lady in late middle age, dressed in pale grey linen, with a veiled hat. Holmes settled her in the basket chair and once the veil was lifted, I could see that her eyes were red-rimmed from weeping and her features pale and drawn with some great sorrow.

"Mr. Holmes," she began, "Mr. Gregson at Scotland Yard gave me your name and suggested that you might succeed where the police have failed."

"It has been known to happen," said Holmes. "I imagine that you wish me to trace your missing son?"

She started. "You know?" she said.

"It would be difficult not to connect your name and your evident distress with the press reports of the missing banker. The papers are not, however, unanimous in their details of his disappearance. Perhaps it would assist if you were to give me the facts as you know them."

She drew a deep breath and began. "It was last Wednesday," she said. "James-my son-had agreed to accompany me to a charitable sale for the Indian Missions and had stayed away from the Bank. We had planned on leaving our home in Welton Square at about half past eleven, intending to arrive at the event at noon. Peter, our chauffeur, was to take us in the motorcar. He brought the car to the front of the house and James and I stepped out of the front door. Peter was climbing from his seat to open the door of the vehicle when the crossing-sweeper forestalled him."

"Who was left in the house?" asked Holmes.

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"Only the servants, Mr. Holmes."

"Your home has steps from the front door to the pavement."

"Yes, Mr. Holmes. James and I were on the steps when he said something about fetching an umbrella and made his way back to the house."

"Was it raining, Mrs. Phillimore?"

"No, Mr. Holmes. It was a bright clear day with a blue sky. I found James' remark incomprehensible and I thought that I might have misheard him."

"He returned to the house. What did you do?" Holmes lay back in his chair with his eyes nearly closed.

"I continued down the steps to the motorcar. The crossing-sweeper held open the door for me and Peter had returned to his seat. I gave the crossing-sweeper a small coin, took my seat and waited for my son."

She paused, then continued. "After some time, I told Peter to see what was delaying my son. He returned to say that my son was not in the house and that none of the servants had seen him." Her face began to crumple and tears sprang to her eyes. "From that moment, Mr. Holmes, there has been no sign of James-no sign at all."

I was at the gasogene in a moment and was soon pressing a brandy into her hand. When she had taken it and composed herself Holmes leaned forward. "I am familiar with Welton Square," he said, "but I shall be grateful if you will describe the front of your home."

"It is similar to all the houses in the Square," she said. "It has a coach-house to the left, which we now use for the motorcar. To the right of the coach-house entrance, in a railed area, are the steps to the servants' quarters. Then there is the front door, which opens onto a pillared porch and the top of a flight of steps leading to the pavement. At the right of the house is a wrought-iron gate which leads to the garden."

"And your son did not use the coach-house area or garden entrances?"

She shook her head. "No, Mr. Holmes. I was beside him on the steps when he turned and went up to the front door. Besides, the garden gate is kept locked unless the gardener or his boy is about and they were away."

"Tell me about your son," said Holmes.

"My late husband was the grandson of the founder of the Bank. I married him in 1865. James, our only child, was born in the following year. He was educated at Chorling College in Sussex and it was always intended that he should follow in his father's footsteps. He left school at eighteen and spent a year with the Bank before he and my husband fell out."

"Over what matter?" enquired Holmes.

"I am not really sure," she said. "I know that my husband complained that James had become inattentive to his work. I attributed that to a misfortune which befell his best friend at College. The lad's family fell into financial difficulties, and James was very upset for his friend."

"And was their dispute a serious one?"

"It became very serious, Mr. Holmes. One night I heard them in my husband's study. Their voices were raised in extreme anger. The next morning my husband told me that he had given James an ultimatum; he had told him that he must either sever himself from the Bank and from the household, or accept his father's order that he should work in the continental offices of Phillimore's until he was summoned home."

"Then their dispute must indeed have been a grave one," said Holmes.

"I was horrified at my husband's proposal, Mr. Holmes. I could not imagine what James had done to so provoke his father. I asked the cause of my husband's decision but he merely said that the Bank had lent a large sum of money against a customer's word and had not been repaid. To prevent a loss to the Bank, he had proposed liquidating the customer's company. James, it seemed, had striven to prevent him, for what my husband called sentimental reasons."

"Sentimental reasons," mused Holmes. "Was there a young lady involved?"

"Not so far as I could determine, Mr. Holmes. My son had no deep attachment at the time. But do you believe his disappearance may be connected with his difference with his father? It was eighteen years ago."

"I do not know, Mrs. Phillimore. I merely collect all the available data and attempt to unravel the pattern which it forms. What did James do?"

"He bowed to his father's order, albeit with a poor grace. He went abroad and continued working for the Bank. It seemed to satisfy my husband. The reports of James' work were favourable. He wrote to me regularly and, in a little while, I think he began to enjoy his situation. I only wished that he might come home occasionally, but my husband was adamant. He said that it had always been his intention that James should learn the work of the continental offices thoroughly in any event. He said that when he believed James was completely versed in the Bank's foreign affairs,

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he would call him home. My husband was not a cruel man, Mr. Holmes, but he would brook no interference."

"How long was it before Mr. Phillimore brought him back?" asked Holmes.

"He never did, Mr. Holmes. When he was stricken with his final illness I wired to James—he was at the Rome office at that time—to return immediately, but he had taken leave and gone to Naples. I wired him at Naples and, eventually, he replied. My poor son travelled day and night to reach his father's bedside and be reconciled with him, but it was not to be—he was just too late."

"So your son inherited the Bank and took up his father's position?"

"Yes, Mr. Holmes. James was a changed man. I say man—perhaps I should say that he had grown from a headstrong boy into a thoughtful and able young man. He has applied himself to the business, I am told, with great experience and acumen and has made the Bank into one of the foremost concerns of its kind. If I have a complaint it is that he works too much and is sometimes forgetful in small matters. That is why I was the more pleased that he had agreed to accompany me last Wednesday."

We accompanied Mrs. Phillimore to Welton Square, a quiet area lined with prosperous houses such as she had described. Holmes questioned each of the servants, but learned nothing. He examined every inch of the garden, lens in hand, swooping, plunging, and peering like some great dark bird seeking its prey under the shrubs. He examined with great care the lock of the gate in the rear wall of the garden.

As we took our leave of Mrs. Phillimore, Holmes asked, "Were there any persons in the Square apart from yourself, your chauffeur, and the crossing-sweeper when your son disappeared?"

"No," she said.

"Can you describe the sweeper?"

She thought for a moment. "He is a tall heavily bearded man and walks with a stoop. I believe that he is some kind of native, for he wears a religious mark on his forehead."

"What manner of mark, Mrs. Phillimore?"

"A small mark like a hand. It seems to be scarred, as though it had been burned on. It is quite unpleasant."

"And can you recognise his accent?"

"He never speaks, Mr. Holmes. I believe him to be dumb."

"Is your son familiar with the crossing-sweeper?"

"I doubt it," she said. "The sweeper tends to arrive after my son has left for the Bank."

As we left the house, a police constable appeared around a corner of the Square. Holmes approached him and introduced himself.

"The crossing-sweeper," mused the constable in response to Holmes' question. "They call him Dumb Danny because he can't talk. He's been sweeping hereabouts for a year or so. But you won't find him, Mr. Holmes. He lives in the Mission at Wharton's Row in the East, but the Yard went looking for him there and he's gone."

Holmes sat silent in our cab after directing the cabbie to Wharton's Row. At last I asked, "Why are you so interested in the crossing-sweeper, Holmes?"

"Because," he said, "James Phillimore left his home voluntarily and abruptly."

"How can you be sure?"

"The only way out, apart from the three front exits, was through the garden. There is no leaf disturbed, no branch broken, no twig out of place, Watson. The weather has been clear and dry since the disappearance, but there are no signs of a struggle, such as would remain if an unwilling adult was forced across the garden."

"Were there no footmarks?" I asked.

"The mark of a man's left boot was impressed into the path beside the rear door of the garden," he said. "On the lock was a mark where the right foot had rested. Someone had must have clambered over the locked door into the lane behind. Who else but the missing banker?"

"And you believe that the crossing-sweeper was involved?"

"I have warned you before, Watson, that coincidence is the ready servant of the lazy mind."

"Coincidence?" I said.

"Only four people were in Welton Square that morning, Watson. Two of them have disappeared."

"But what would be the cause?" I asked.

"If I am right in my surmises," he said, "we are in very dark waters indeed, Watson." But he would vouchsafe me no further comment or explanation.

The Mission in Wharton's Row was a dark and insalubrious place, close to the docks. There we met the Reverend Bledlow, a thin, pale, exhausted cleric, who told us that Danny the street-sweeper had come to the mission about a year earlier.

"He was brought here by a seaman from the docks," he said. "Were you aware that he could not

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speak?"

Holmes nodded and the clergyman went on. "When our nurse came to examine him, she found that he was not naturally speechless. At some point his tongue had been removed."

"Great Heavens!" I exclaimed. "What monster would do that?"

"Exactly, Dr. Watson," said the missionary. "I assumed him to be the victim of some savagery abroad."

"Was he able to write?" asked Holmes.

"I gave him paper and pencil in that hope, but he merely covered pages with scribbles. There was nothing intelligible, though his writing was that of an educated man. I could not determine his nationality, though I thought him European. We named him Daniel Question, but I'm afraid his fellows called him Dumb Danny."

"And you have no idea of his present whereabouts?" asked my friend.

"No," said the clergyman. "He has left his few belongings here, which makes me fear that he has met with some harm. I have enquired of the hospitals but they have not seen him. I fear he may be dead."

We examined the pathetic items which the crossing-sweeper had left. There was a seaman's pocketknife, a cheap tin tobacco box and a few rags of clothing. I recall that among them was a greasy, tattered strip of necktie which my friend examined and held up to the light, even turning it inside out. We left the Mission no wiser than we had come.

That is all I recall of the affair. Months later when I enquired of his progress on the case, Holmes informed me that he had come to a dead end.

I recited my recollection to Holmes and he nodded. "Excellent, Watson," he said. "You do not, I think, know how the matter ended as far as the public was concerned. Some months after Phillimore's disappearance, a body surfaced in the Thames. The man had been struck about the head and apparently murdered. Mrs. Phillimore identified her son by a signet ring. By then an examination of the Bank's affairs had revealed a series of abstractions of funds by James Phillimore. The combination was too much for the poor lady and she died shortly afterwards."

"So he robbed his own bank," I said. "But what on earth made him run on that morning? And what became of the money?"

"It was the sight of the crossing-sweeper that provoked his flight," said Holmes. "The Bank of England attempted to trace the money but was not, I believe, successful."

"But why should the crossing-sweeper have driven Phillimore to flee?" I asked.

Holmes smiled. "You may," he said, "consider that question until we return to London, for at the end of your holiday I propose to trespass upon your hospitality a little, while I bring this matter to a conclusion."

Not another word would he say on the subject during the rest of my holiday, but when I left for London Holmes accompanied me. As we alighted on the platform at Victoria Station a young man in civilian clothing touched his hat to us.

"Mr. Holmes?" he said. "I am Chief Inspector Robinson from Scotland Yard. Could we perhaps step into the refreshment room?"

We accompanied him to the tea-room where he laid a manilla envelope on the table.

"Your letter to the Yard, Mr. Holmes, caused a certain flutter. There were those who believed that you were dead, and there are still some who recall a few of the matters in which you assisted . . ."

"I dare say that there are still some who remember me as an unofficial meddler with elaborate theories," interrupted Holmes.

Robinson smiled. "There are those too," he said, "but the Commissioner believed your requests should be looked into speedily. This envelope contains the fruits of our enquiries—the details of the Smallfish family, a cable from the consulate, the Bank of England's results and the burial particulars, as requested."

He pushed the envelope towards Holmes and rose from the table. "The Commissioner wishes me to ask if you would be kind enough to inform him of your findings if you are able to solve the matter, Mr. Holmes. Moreover, he wishes you good hunting."

He strode away and we collected our luggage, found a cab and made our way to my home.

After dinner that night, as we sat over a bottle of port, I could contain myself no longer.

"Holmes," I pleaded, "are you yet able to explain the Phillimore affair to me?"

He smiled. "Ah, Watson! You know my desire to see my little tricks completed before I reveal their mechanisms."

He paused to fill his pipe. "Let me remind you," he said, "that it was always my view that the appearance of the crossing-sweeper impelled Phillimore to flight."

"But how?" I interjected. "That poor wretch can hardly have known of Phillimore's financial manoeuvres."

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"True, Watson. Nevertheless it seems his mere presence drove Phillimore to precipitate flight, to mumble a ridiculous explanation and flee from the Square and from his whole existence. Therefore Phillimore must have recognised the sweeper as someone who could damage him in some way."

"But the man was a witless, speechless pauper."

"Perhaps Phillimore did not know that. But in any case it is more likely that he recognised the mark."

"The religious mark?" I enquired.

"Mrs. Phillimore, who probably had little experience of foreigners, thought him a native with a religious mark, though those are usually tattooed, not branded. The Reverend Bledlow, who had daily experience of foreign seamen from all over the globe, thought him European. We know that his tongue had been removed. That, and the branded hand, suggested only one thing to me, Watson. A man who had been tortured by that abominable brotherhood, born in Sicily, but now present in Italy, Corsica, France, and even the United States."

"The Black Hand Gang!" I exclaimed.

"Precisely, Watson. One of its names and one of its emblems."

"But what can the crossing-sweeper have had to do with them?"

"He was evidently their victim," said Holmes. "Had he been a member-even a minor one-the hand would have been a mark of punishment applied to his corpse. More pertinent is the question of Phillimore's probable connection with that unholy order, and that I was unable to unravel. When it was revealed after his death that funds were missing from the Bank, I inferred that he had been paying the Black Hand and that they had been responsible for his demise, but I got no further until I came across new information."

"How lucky!" I exclaimed.

"Luck," said my friend, sternly, "usually consists in the ability of the well-prepared mind to take full advantage of an unexpected opportunity."

"What was the opportunity, then?"

"It is not possible," he said, "to be as unsociable in the country as in town. In Baker Street I could deal only with you, Mrs. Hudson, and those who called on me professionally. Country people rely upon each other for society, for entertainment, and often for assistance. If I had not bent a little to that convention I should not have enjoyed two decades of peace in Fulworth. A retired schoolmaster there cajoled me into assisting him with the translation of some Anglo-Saxon documents, having read of my researches in the subject, and at our conclusion he insisted on inviting me to dine with him."

He grimaced at the recollection. "I steeled myself for an evening of Hawsley's dull chatter and that-in short-is exactly what I received, but in trying to divert the stream of my host's patter, my eye fell upon his necktie, a curious confection in deep purple struck with narrow bands of white and lime green. I thought it a school or college tie, though I could not identify it and it occurred to me that I had seen the pattern before."

He paused and looked straight at me. "I have explained to you on many occasions, Watson, the significance of patterns in any investigation, whether visual or otherwise, and I rarely forget one once I have noticed it. I asked him if it was a school tie."

"Certainly," he said. "It is the Old Chorlotian's, which I wear by courtesy as a former master there."

"Recollection flashed into my mind. 'Were you long at Chorling College?' I asked, and when he confirmed that almost all his teaching had been done there, I asked, 'Do you by chance recall a boy named James Phillimore?' Whereupon he said that he did and produced a photograph of a Rugby football team with the boy in the front rank."

"Who is the lad next to him?" I asked Hawsley. "Is he a relative?"

"He shook his head. 'No,' he said, 'though they were alike enough to be brothers. That is Frank Smallfish. Funny name, but his family was Italian originally. He was Phillimore's pal throughout their years at Chorling, inseparable they were and always engaged in pranks.'

"Do you know what became of them?" I asked.

"Phillimore," he said, "went to the bad, I'm sorry to say. Robbed his family bank and ended up in the river.' He shook his head sadly."

"And Smallfish?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said. "I know that his father was ruined and shot himself shortly after the boy left Chorling. What became of the lad I never heard.' And he shook his head again."

Holmes smiled at a recollection. "Poor Hawsley must have thought me a dull guest indeed, Watson, for very shortly I made my excuses and left in order to mull over the new information."

"And where did it take you?" I asked.

"To a realisation that I had broken one of my own rules in narrowing my analysis of the case too

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early. I had convinced myself that the root of that singular tragedy and those monstrous crimes lay abroad. I realised that the explanation lay, instead, in that boyhood friendship at Chorling.

"Shortly after the boys left Chorling," he continued, "Frank's father was ruined by Phillimore's Commercial Bank. Such was his Italian sense of honour that he shot himself. His son's sense of honour dictated revenge upon the Phillimore family and his erstwhile friend. He waited his chance, and it came when James Phillimore holidayed in Naples. Perhaps Smallfish even lured him there. That city's underworld swarms with those whose allegiance is to the Black Hand and there young Phillimore was taken prisoner."

"But he returned for his father's funeral," I objected.

Holmes shook his head slowly. "No, Watson. Frank Smallfish saw the opportunity presented by Phillimore senior's death and returned to England to commence a daring and heartless imposture that enabled him to rob Phillimore's Bank of the sums he had promised the brotherhood in Italy for their services, or perhaps even for the sums they may have demanded in blackmail. Armed with a knowledge of James Phillimore gained from their long friendship, strengthened by their accidental resemblance, he was successful for several years.

Mrs. Phillimore merely thought that he was a changed man and forgetful in small things. What must he have thought and felt when he stepped from his front door and saw the real Phillimore standing at the foot of the steps? He did not know that his victim was by then witless and speechless. He thought that his evil game was up, and he ran."

"It certainly meets the facts," I said, "but it is all theoretical."

"Not so, Watson. I made a serious error of thinking and an equally serious error of practice when I failed to identify that greasy rag left by the crossing-sweeper as an Old Chorlotian's tie. Had I pursued my enquiries at the College I might have saved Smallfish's life for the hangman. My enquiries of Scotland Yard were to confirm such points as I could."

"You believe that he killed James Phillimore, then?" I said.

"He killed him or had him killed, and then was himself murdered because he was of no further use to the Black Hand."

"But how came the real Phillimore to Welton Square?"

Holmes drew a telegram from the envelope which Robinson had given him. "Here is the reply to an enquiry which I asked the Yard to send to our Consulate at Naples: 'Person of that description brought here by nuns in 1902 with request for repatriation to England. Unable to establish identity or citizenship. Matter left to local religious charity.' So poor Phillimore made his way home somehow and lived amongst the poorest of the poor. Who knows what dim recollection drew him to Welton Square and made him return to see, each day, the half-remembered face and hear the half-remembered voice of his mother?"

"Could the Yard confirm any more of your argument?"

"They were able to confirm what I suspected. That Smallfish was an assumed name, based upon the Sicilian 'Pisciotta.' It means 'small fish,' Watson, and the Black Hand use it in our sense of 'small fry' to refer to the petty criminals who carry out the organisation's routine tasks. Frank Smallfish's family may already have had connections with the brotherhood in the past.

"The Bank of England traced the stolen funds through France and Switzerland to an account in Naples, held in a false name and emptied before they traced it."

"Then you have made your case," I declared, "apart from your belief that Smallfish killed Phillimore." He nodded, pleased as always by acknowledgement of his extraordinary talents. "The Yard told me something else," he said, "and tomorrow, after a Turkish bath which, apart from your companionship, is the only good reason for visiting London, I shall show you."

The following afternoon we stood in a great cemetery in the East of London. Holmes, after a word at the keeper's lodge, led me to an unkempt patch of grass, unmarked by headstone or memorial, which lay under a far wall. He pointed with his stick.

"That," he said, "is what the keeper calls Plot 643-pauper's 1903-and there lie the remains of a tongueless labourer with a hand branded on his face. Like the man who impersonated him in life, his body came out of the Thames and had similar injuries to the skull."

We gazed in silence at the last resting place of the real James Phillimore. As we turned away, Holmes said, "You see Watson, I have found James Phillimore, though whether your readers in the Strand will relish a story of suicide, murder, and heartbreak, embodying the most fiendishly singular revenge I have ever known, I cannot say."

1. Read the story and make up the plan.
2. Compose 10-15 questions to the story.
3. Retell the story according to your plan.

A Favorable Favor by Brendan Dubois

In my line of work, as the only woman private investigator in a remote area of New Hampshire, I have certain hard-and-fast rules when it comes to my clientele.

First rule is, nothing illegal. Which means no burning down a neighbor's barn over a land dispute, or trying to arrange a hit on a cheating wife or husband, or planting drugs in a bullying older brother's car trunk so an anonymous phone call would result in him being sent to the state prison in Concord. This also means a thin client list, but at least one that won't keep me up at night.

The second rule is, payment up front. Despite promises of income-tax refunds in the mail, small-claims court settlements in the mail, and other bits of monetary windfall in the mail, I never allow any client to hire me on credit. Not that I didn't make that mistake during the first few months after getting my P.I. license, but after several weeks of living on noodles and rice and hoping the PSNH truck wouldn't stop at my house to pull the power plug, I learned.

And rule three concerns male clients. Whenever a male client enters my office, I open up the center drawer of my desk, revealing the usual and customary office paperwork, and—the not-so-usual and customary stainless steel Ruger .357 revolver resting within. I've always performed this little task from the beginning, since males coming to see a private investigator—and especially a female P.I.—are often under some unique forms of stress, and I've always been one who believes that while stress on your part is fine, expressing it on one of my body parts is definitely not fine. Only once—before today—had I ignored this particular rule. About a year into my new business, a sweet old man, dressed in a gray wool suit and red bowtie, came into my office, leaning on a cane. He sat there, smelling of peppermint, passing the time, and when he wanted to hire me to give him a massage and I gently declined, he nodded, stood up and whacked me up the side of the head with his cane. No stitches, but plenty of blood, and ever since then, somebody coming in bearing Y chromosomes means the center drawer opens up.

Except for today, at my small office, which has gilt lettering on the glass door that reads K.C. DUNBAR INVESTIGATIONS.

And why was today any different?

Well, when the male client is the police chief of your town, secretly handling a loaded handgun in his presence doesn't seem to be the brightest move to make.

Bryant Hughes came in looking sheepish. He had on a dark-blue uniform, the usual leather holster, belt and jangling keys hanging off the side. He was a beefy five-foot-ten or so, with a thickness about the gut that told of too many hours sitting on the couch with a beer in one hand and a remote in the other. His face was flushed, and his thick black hair was combed back, the color matching his mustache. He nodded as he came in, his presence almost overwhelming my office, at the moment consisting of a desk, phone, three chairs, computer and two three-drawer filing cabinets with good solid locks. The window behind me overlooks a set of abandoned B&M railroad tracks and some marshland, and the front glass door gives a nice view of the Purmort grass common, once you get past the aforementioned gold-leaf lettering.

"Karen," he said, taking one of the chairs. I moved my hand from the closed center drawer and said, "Chief. What can I do for you today?"

He looked around for a moment, as if checking to make sure none of the town's three selectmen were skulking, in a corner or something. There are police chiefs and then there are police chiefs. From the handful of times I've broken bread and chatted things up with my competition in the rest of the Granite State, I know the differences in police officials that P.I.s can run into while doing their jobs. Some police departments won't give any information out unless you make an appointment a month in advance and come bearing a cashier's check to help offset any expenses. And then there are those that give you a spare desk and chair in their records department and give you the run of the place.

Bryant falls in between these two categories. While not particularly overindulgent in granting me favors, he'd always been professional and a reasonable guy to work with.

Which is why I found his presence so damn disconcerting. My last bit of official business with the Purmort police department was getting a copy of a motor vehicle accident report—a stunning piece of investigative work that took all of 10 minutes, and for which I billed the insurance company a full hour. But that had been months ago; there was no clear reason for Bryant to be here now.

Bryant looked around again and said, "I ... I need your help."

Well, that was a first. I played around with a pen on my desk and said, "Sure, I'd be glad to help out. What do you need?"

The sheepish look on his face got deeper. "This is confidential, right?"

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"Absolutely," I said. Maybe not technically, but if he wanted confidentiality, he got it. "What can I do for you?"

He wiped at his mustache, coughed and said, "Can't believe I'm actually saying this. Karen, I need you to find my daughter."

Now I knew why he was here.

I picked up a clean legal pad and the pen and said, "Chief, before we start, well, this seems a bit out of my league. You have all the resources of the state behind you. One word from you to the state police and other police departments around here, and they'll all be looking for her."

A shake of the head. "No, I don't want to do that—and damn, I guess I didn't speak right. I know where she is. I just want you to make sure she's there, and then get her home."

I eyed him as I toyed with the pen. "Tell me what you can, then."

He shifted in his seat, the leather gear creaking some. "Her name is Carla. She's seventeen. She's ... she's a runaway. She's done it before and has always come home in the past. But this time it's been almost a month. Maureen, my wife, she's frantic. And I have a pretty good idea where she is."

"And where's that?"

"With her idiot boyfriend, Logan Duprey. From up in Montcalm. Twenty years old, lives in a double-wide out on Timberswamp Road. Number fourteen."

Kept on toying with the pen. A nervous little tic, I know, but at least I recognized it for what it was.

"Chief, I'm sorry. I still don't understand how I can help. If you know she's up there, why don't you just go there and get her yourself? Or have the Montcalm police help you out?"

By then, the poor guy looked miserable, leaning forward, rubbing his big hands together. "It's ... it's like this. This uniform of mine opens up a lot of doors, gets me into places other people usually can't go. But it's also a trap. If I was just an insurance adjuster or lawyer or something else, I could go in and deal with it, do whatever I had to do, and no problem. Who would care? But I'm a police chief. If I do anything—anything at all that's even a bit controversial—I got the selectmen watching over me, plus the newspapers. Can you imagine the newspaper coverage I'd get if I went up there and tried to get Carla, and a fight or something broke out?"

"So what do you want me to do?" I asked, though by then I pretty much knew the damn answer. He kept on rubbing his hands together. "What I need, if you agree, is for you to just go there and get her out. Take her back home. Tell her we'll work it out, that her mother and me miss her very much. Can you do it? Can you?"

I hesitated. For only a few seconds, but they seemed long seconds. I could see a variety of outcomes, from me going to get her and having her tearfully join me in coming home, up to and including running into the boyfriend, and having him fly into a rage against me fueled by beer and firearms.

But this was the chief of police before me. Doing this would put a huge deposit in the favor bank, something I could draw down when the time came, and damn, it was like he read my mind, because he said, "A favor, Karen. This would be a hell of a favor."

But it wasn't just the favor quotient. Something else tugged at my heart: seeing a police chief, usually all bluff and bluster, nightstick, pistol and cuffs, but now, here, just a dad who wanted his daughter back.

I nodded. "Okay. I'll do it."

Fifteen minutes later, when Bryant had gone, my head was spinning. After getting the information about Carla and a picture of her and a description of her boyfriend, I had brought up the issue of compensation. His face flushed and he said, "Karen, I was sort of hoping we could do this off the books. Maureen, my wife, she doesn't know I came here and well, you know ..."

Sure. No payment, just that hefty deposit in the favor bank.

So after he left, I swung around in my swivel chair, looked at my walls, nearly bare save for a framed print of Mount Washington, my license from the N.H. Department of Safety, and an award I received in a previous life from the New England Press Association. I recalled my three hard-and-fast rules and realized with a touch of horror that I had violated all three of them in the space of 15 minutes.

For I had not opened my center drawer when a male came in, I had agreed to do a job without payment, and while it probably wasn't illegal, doing this job was certainly skating to the very, very edge. If retrieving the chief's daughter went south on me, then I could face kidnapping charges, which, being a federal offense, would mean attention from the FBI. And although I admire them for much of what they do, I had a recent run-in with a local special agent who didn't appreciate my charm and feminine approach to the business. I could just imagine the pleasure he'd take in arresting me.

So: 15 minutes, three broken rules, one hell of an accomplishment. I decided it was time to call it a day and go home to the man in my life.

Dinner was a bowl of fettuccine Alfredo, balanced on my tummy, sitting on the couch, legs

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stretched out on a coffee table, watching one of those cable network judges who dispense justice in thrilling cases of pets run astray or hairstyles gone bad. Roscoe sat beside me, grooming himself and waiting for me to finish so he could lick the bowl.

"So," I said to my black-and-white cat, about the size of a raccoon and occasionally with the temperament of an old man upset that Jeopardy has been cancelled on his local cable station. "Police chief comes into office. Makes unusual request, for no payment. I agree to fulfill said request. What does that mean? Am I getting light in the brain department? Time to pull the plug? Time to do something else besides sitting at home alone, talking to my cat?"

I finished off the fettuccine, wiped at my chin with a napkin, and picked up my glass of wine. Roscoe looked at me intently. "You know, if I were to die now, can you imagine how my obituary would read? Single woman found dead in her home, accompanied by moody cat."

I passed over the empty bowl, let him lick for a few moments, then took it back. It was one thing to spoil him; I didn't want him to get so fat he couldn't move around.

"But I don't intend to die right now. I've got a lot going on, and part of that going on is doing a favor for the chief. Downside? Possibly losing my license, getting arrested by the Montcalm police, and being featured in poor light in the local paper. Not a good way to build your customer base."

I finished my wine, looked at the television—where justice, or a form of it, had been dispatched in just under 15 minutes—and set the empty glass on the coffee table. "The upside? A huge deposit in the favor bank. Meaning, not only would I get cooperation from the chief on my future local endeavors, but if I ever ran into a roadblock with any other police agency in the state—and even parts of Vermont—one phone call from the chief would clear the way. And having such power at my fingertips would mean a leg up on my competition."

Hell of an upside.

Still ... why did I have the cold, queasy feeling I was going someplace I shouldn't?

"Roscoe. What do you think?"

My fickle companion leapt from the couch to the coffee table, where he attempted to lower a paw into my wine glass. I reached over and picked him up and placed him in my lap. I stroked his fur. "Have to do it right. Am I correct, buddy?"

Roscoe showed his affection by being a perfect lap cat for about five seconds before jumping down and heading to his water bowl.

Good ol' Roscoe. Always knew which way to jump when the time was right.

I wished I had that same talent.

The following day I was in the next town over, Montcalm, traveling up Timberswamp Road in my Ford Explorer. The first half-mile was paved, after departing Route 112, and then it changed to dirt. Largely unpublicized in the glossy magazines about quaint and curious New England is that a large number of country roads remain dirt. The towns in this part of the state are fairly poor, which means most of the rural roads haven't been paved. Twice a year they get graded and that's about it.

Another part of the picture people often miss is the soul-grinding poverty, out here beyond the white church steeples and little shops selling gourmet coffee for 20 dollars a pound. The homes are usually trailers, pre-fab double-wides dumped on a concrete slab, or foundations with one habitable room where dad works on weekends and holidays to install plumbing or put up a frame for the first and second stories. Still, the land and the property taxes are relatively cheap, so there you go. In this part of the world, there are no large housing projects, apartment houses or tenement buildings. So people make do.

I drove up along the road until I reached number 14 and slowed down a bit. I saw a black mailbox, tilted to one side, with the numerals 1 and 4 painted white on the side. A dirt driveway on the right led off to a double-wide trailer, the color of old coffee. I kept on driving for a few minutes, running things through my mind. Despite the warm spring day, I felt a chill.

Up ahead was a wide spot in the road, and I turned around. There were other homes, other farms out here, some with a few chickens or sheep or goats in a fenced-in yard. I put my truck in park, thought things over, then drove back down to number 14. As remote as it was out here, it was the type of place where strange vehicles on the road were noticed, so I knew I wouldn't have much time before I'd be spotted by a neighbor—and before the Timberswamp Road telephone relay team got into action, and reported that a Ford Explorer was trundling up and down the road without stopping. Which meant said Explorer was checking things out, was being suspect ... No time to be suspect.

I stopped in front of the dirt driveway and parked the Explorer. I rummaged around in the back for a moment and then stepped out. I now was wearing a long-brimmed baseball cap with the Audubon Society's logo on it and was carrying a small knapsack over one shoulder, a pair of binoculars slung over the other. Strange men—especially those bearing private investigators' licenses—always get noticed in neighborhoods, no matter how rural. Strange women are noticed

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as well, but if they're pretending to be census takers, soap vendors or birdwatchers, then they're usually ignored.

I walked up the dirt driveway. There are driveways and then there are driveways. Really good dirt driveways have a nice base of gravel, with a shallow drainage ditch on each side, and the brush and vegetation are cleared away about a yard in either direction.

This driveway wasn't one of those.

It looked like someone took a bulldozer or grader and merely scraped away the top level of soil, grass and saplings, leaving a rough and bumpy scar on the ground that would turn to mud every spring or fall.

Up ahead was the double-wide, a pre-fabricated house that was probably dragged in here some time ago and dropped on a concrete slab. The lawn was a muddy, grassless patch; an ATV was parked to the side, its big wheels muddy as well; and there was a mess of trash bags, piles of rock, rusting tools and rotting lumber tossed around the yard. It was as if an evil twin of Martha Stewart had been landscaping. The door was unpainted, and there was a set of concrete steps before it, one of the steps hosting an orange flowerpot that was growing a mess of weeds.

From the house there was music, some low type of country that had some serious thumping bass going for it. I was making my way around the side of the house when I spotted him through the large living room window.

He was bare-chested, wearing sweatpants and boxing gloves, and he was pounding the crap out of an Everlast punching bag suspended from the ceiling. Some people like having dining room sets or big-screen televisions in their living room, but this place didn't look like it belonged to some people.

Nope, it belonged to one Logan Duprey, boyfriend of the police chief's daughter, apparent amateur boxer and one seriously irritated individual. While it was easy to decipher that he was into boxing, it took the mind of a detective to deduce that he was ticked off, for right then and there, he looked out the window and straight at me. Menacingly.

So. I stood my ground. The door flew open, and I looked behind him and saw lots of studwork and bare plaster. Logan stepped out of his home-in-progress and said, "What the hell do you want?"

He was well-muscled, with short black hair, now with one boxing glove dangling off his hand, the other glove stuck under an armpit. He had tattoos up both arms and over his chest, a style that's popular among some but not for me. Dark-blue sweatpants and black sneakers finished off his ensemble.

In a bright, chirpy voice, I said, "Oh, I hope I'm not intruding. I'm doing a bit of birding and saw the most amazing Pileated Woodpecker come up your driveway."

He seemed to struggle with what I'd said. He acted as if a visitor from another dimension had suddenly appeared, speaking Sanskrit. He shook his head, "This is private property, okay? And you're screwing up my training time."

I kept up the smile and chirpy voice. "Sir, if I can just bother you one more moment, I'm the membership chair for our local birdwatching chapter, and we're offering free memberships to women of all ages, and if the lady of the house is available, I'd like to talk to her and—"

"She ain't here," he said, glaring at me, "and I don't want you here, too. So get the hell out."

He stepped back, slammed the door, and in a moment he was back in the living room. But he wasn't taking his anger out on the punching bag. Nope, he was staring right at me again.

My, this was going to be interesting. I gave him a cheerful wave and then left, walking back down the driveway with the little knapsack thumping against my back, and I wondered if young Logan Duprey would have been so rude to me if he knew the weaponry I was carrying in that little knapsack. Besides my .357 revolver, there were also handcuffs, pepper spray, and an extendable police-style baton that is great for whacking knee and elbow joints.

So maybe he would have been more polite.

Maybe.

But I wasn't counting on it.

About 12 hours later, I was back on Logan Duprey's land, but this time I wasn't dressed up as Local Amateur Ornithologist with Her Head in the Clouds. This time, I was dressed as Rough and Tough Female P.I., which meant black jeans, black sneakers and black sweatshirt. I was in a little stand of brush and birch trees, keeping watch on the Duprey estate.

This time a dark-blue Ford Escort was parked in front of the double-wide. My own Ford motoring product was about 50 yards behind me, parked in a set of woods on a path that wasn't even a dirt road, but which was maneuverable with my vehicle's four-wheel drive. The Ford product in front of me, although not a four-wheeler, had suffered more than my own set of wheels had. The front fender had been stove in, and it looked like the rear bumper and tail light were being held onto the frame by duct tape.

About a half-hour earlier, young Carla Hughes had arrived home, wearing the uniform of a hamburger chain, and also the expression of one who had been on her feet for too long, smelling

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too much grease and disappointment. She had walked up to the trailer, went to the door and tried the handle.

Locked, it seemed.

She fumbled around in her bag for a moment, and after saying a string of words that her police chief father would disapprove of, she pounded on the door. "Logan! I forgot my keys again! Open up, will ya?"

No answer from the inside, no doubt because the music was still thumping loudly. Carla muttered a few words, retrieved a key from the flowerpot, unlocked the door, replaced the key and went inside.

I rubbed at my chin. Goal tonight was to do a little recon, try to establish some sort of pattern, because I didn't want to try to talk to Carla with Logan in the way. He seemed over-muscled and too over-tempered to let me, and I didn't think a cheerful heart-to-heart talk with him about the desire of dad and mom to get their daughter back would work either. If I could discover a pattern, a schedule, and then get Carla alone, I might be able to persuade her. Maybe use that older-woman-symbol-of-sisterhood gig with her, try to convince her that coming home would be best for everyone.

Well, that had been the plan, until the screaming started.

At first I wasn't sure what I was hearing. Then the music stopped. The yelling, and the screaming, grew louder. Add to that a muffled sound that seemed like punches being landed on flesh.

I hesitated. Thought about my cell phone. Quick call to the Montcalm police and—

Sure. Do we have cell phone coverage out here? And if the 911 call got through, what then? At this time of night, Montcalm had maybe one cop on duty. So it would be 10 or 15 minutes before he or she got here, that is if he or she wasn't tied up with a traffic accident or a break-in or . . .

The screams, the yells, grew louder.

"Damn," I said in the darkness, and got up with my gear and sprinted to the house.

The front door was locked, of course—paranoia on Logan's part, perhaps from taking a few too many steroids?—but I reached into the dry soil of the flowerpot, grabbed the sharp metal of the key, and got the door open. In the grease- and sweat-smelling hallway the noises grew louder, followed by an even louder thump, as that of a body falling to the floor. I turned left into the open living room.

The Everlast punching bag was still there, hanging from the ceiling. On the wood floor, fighting mats and other boxing gear were spread around. Logan was leaning over some of it, sweaty, fists clenched, still shirtless. Sprawled out on the floor, now wearing sweats and a T-shirt, was a very frightened-looking Carla. She looked up at me. Logan, now realizing there was a visitor to his little punch pad, turned to me, face red, breathing hard, fists clenched.

"You—what the hell are you doing here? You break in? Huh? Did you break in?"

I ignored him, looked to Carla, and said, "Honey, get up. I'm getting you out of here. Your dad and mom sent me."

That set Logan off. "The hell you are! Nobody's taking her away, nobody!"

He came at me, lunging across the floor, but I guessed he wasn't used to women who didn't back away or cower, and I turned to meet him, quickly shrugging my knapsack off my shoulder. I had opened the zipper while I was hanging out in the birch trees, and by the time he got a few steps toward me, I had my 24-inch extendable police baton in hand. He was another step closer when I flicked it open with a snap of my wrist. The trick was not to hit him in the arms or torso or face. It was to neutralize the threat by getting him on the floor, which I did with two quick blows to his knees.

He went down with pit bull snarls. I went to Carla. I'd like to say she leapt into my arms, crying with gratitude; but no, as in the sad case of so many women who stand by their man no matter what, she started screaming at me as well, refusing to get up, refusing to be rescued.

Crap.

No time for much of anything, because a bruised and very upset Logan was trying to get up off the floor. So I did the best I could, which was to go into my bag of tricks, pull out a set of handcuffs and cuff one of my wrists to Carla's. Then I got her to her feet. Logan was right behind her in the on-the-feet part, so I went at him again, once to a knee, the other time to the chest—to knock some air out of him—and with all the yelling and screaming on everyone's part, it was amazing I was able to drag Carla out of the house.

"Carla," I said, "shut up and stop fighting me, all right?"

And for some reason, the screaming stopped, though not the crying, and now with the knapsack back on my shoulder, a flashlight in hand, I dragged her through the brush and woods, back to my Explorer. When we got there, she said, "Look ... I'm just ... look, can we get the handcuffs off, please?"

So I took the small key, undid the cuff to my wrist, and then —
Surprise time.

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She tried to run back to the house, but I tripped her to the ground. I caught both her hands, pulled them behind her back and snapped the cuffs. A lot more curses came my way from a teenage girl who should have known better, but in a couple more moments, she was in the front seat of my Explorer, fastened in with a seatbelt, cuffs and all.

I got in the driver's side, started up the engine, and Carla said, "He'll find you. Logan is good. He knows these woods, these roads. He'll find you and get me back!"

I punched the accelerator, got out of the hiding place, and then was on the town dirt road, heading away from the double-wide. "Maybe he'll get you back, but not tonight, hon. Not tonight." And so we drove into the darkness, the headlights cutting a path ahead of us.

I made a few turns here and there, and promptly got lost. Which was fine, for I thought if I had no idea where I was going, the upset boyfriend back there probably wouldn't know how to follow me. As I drove, I looked over at my ward, sitting there sullenly, sniffing, nose dribbling snot down her chin. She saw me looking at her and said, "What? You a cop or something?"

"Or something. I'm a licensed private investigator. Your dad and mom sent me here to take you home."

She snorted. "Yeah. Right."

"No lie, Carla. I'll show you my license if that'd make you feel any better."

More sniffles. "You ... you didn't have to hurt him like that."

"Yes I did, hon. Yes, I did."

"Why?"

"Because he was coming to hurt me, just like he was hurting you, that's why," I said. "And that's one thing I won't stand for—a man hurting a woman, either me or someone else."

"But he wasn't hurting me!"

I glanced at her again, the poor young girl, snot on her chin, handcuffed in my front seat, the latest and maybe not greatest addition to the Stockholm Syndrome.

"Carla, I saw you. You were on the ground. He was over you. Fists clenched. And I heard you, too. The screaming. The yelling."

"But he wasn't hurting me!"

"Carla, look, I know it seems like it now, but when I get you back to—"

She kicked at the floorboard of my Ford. "Damn it, listen to me! He wasn't hurting me!"

I slowed down. "All right, I'm listening to you. What do you call it then?"

"Training," she spat out. "I was helping him train."

We slowed some as I hit the brakes, and the Ford came to a stop on the deserted dirt road.

I shifted in my seat, looked at her. "Explain."

She looked a bit scared. "You didn't know?"

"Know what?"

She coughed. "I thought you said you were a private investigator. That you found things out. Didn't you know about Logan before you came here?"

I opened my mouth to say something, firmly shut it. Talk about a life lesson learned, from a girl half my age. Sure, I knew a lot about Logan. From what I had seen, and from what her dad had told me. No bias there, eh?

Now I talked. "Sure. A bit. But you tell me, Carla. You tell me about Logan."

She coughed again and leaned forward to ease the pressure on her handcuffed hands. "He's in the state championships next week, for kickboxing. I was helping him train. That was the sounds you heard. Him hitting and me screaming, to encourage him. But this time—" and she giggled a bit "—he went too far, again. I slipped and fell on the floor."

"But he was still hitting you, wasn't he?"

"Well, yeah, but I was holding hand pads. Didn't you see them?"

"They weren't on your hands."

"Of course not. They were on the floor. I had pulled them off to get up off the floor when you broke in."

I said nothing, listening to her breathing, the engine running. "You said Logan is trying for state championship."

She nodded. "That's right. He's got a good shot at winning it. And one of the judges, he's a Hollywood producer."

"A movie producer?"

"Oh hell, not one of the fancy studios, we know that. But a guy who does kung fu films, that sort of thing. He's one of the judges, and part of the first prize is flying out to Hollywood, to be in his next movie. It's a good break; Logan's been training for it all these months. I work and pay the bills, give Logan time to train and focus. And we're both going out to California if he wins."

"You sure?"

Another quick nod. "He promised. And believe you me, a promise from Logan, it's a guarantee."

I waited another moment, and said, "Carla ..."

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"Yeah?"

"I'm going to take the handcuffs off of you, but only if you promise to tell me one more thing. And I'll promise to do something myself."

"What's that?"

"Tell me about your dad."

She leaned forward. "It's a deal. And what's your promise, then?"

I turned to her, key in hand. "If it all works out, I'll apologize to Logan."

The next day, the chief came back to my office with a big grin on his face. "Karen ... I don't know how to thank you. Honestly, I don't believe it. You dropped her off last night and she apologized to me and Maureen, and it's like she's a new girl. What the hell did you do to make her change like that?"

I smiled sweetly at him and said, "I listened."

That confused him for a moment as he sat down in the chair. "I'm sorry, what did you say?"

"I said I listened. That's what I did. And I learned a lot."

Now I had gotten his attention. "Karen—"

I leaned back a bit in my own chair. "Like the reason she left home. Not because you beat her or kept an eight p.m. curfew or read her online diary. Nope, she left because you were ready to pack everyone up and move away. To Massachusetts. To a high-paying Homeland Security gig in Boston. And that's why you wanted her home with you and your wife. The guy running that Boston office is a straight-and-narrow guy who loves family values and runs his office on said values. Having someone working for him who had a teenage daughter living in sin with a boyfriend wouldn't have met his needs, would it? And you wouldn't have gotten that job."

Bryant's face colored. "That's none of your business."

I leaned back even more. "Oh, it became my business when you told me to go fetch her. Which I did. But you left a few things out. Like Logan. Maybe he's not the sharpest knife in the drawer, but he works hard at something he's good at. He doesn't drink or do drugs. And Carla. Sure, she's seventeen. But in just over a month, she's going to be eighteen. And then she can live anywhere she wants. Am I right?"

He stood up. "We're done here. And don't expect any payment. All right? And as for me doing you any favors in the future, forget it."

"Oh," I said. "You've already done me a favor, and you're going to do me another one. If you get that job, you're going to let Carla stay here until she turns eighteen, when she can move in with Logan without your say-so."

"What the hell makes you think I'll do that?" he said, his face really red now.

"Because if you don't, I'll e-mail a picture of your daughter and Logan, living in non-married bliss, to your new boss, and we'll see how your employment prospects are."

He stood there, a man in uniform, the police chief in my hometown, and I suddenly got the feeling I had better follow the speed limit on the local roads during the next several weeks.

"Why? Why are you sticking up for Carla like that?"

I looked straight at him. "Because I don't like bullies, bullies who pick on women, bullies who can either be a husband or a boyfriend. Or a dad."

There seemed to be a struggle with his temper going on behind that fleshy face of his, and the promise of moving up and out of Purmort seemed to win, for he kept his temper about him.

"All right," he finally said, and headed to the door. Then he turned.

"The other one," he said.

"What?"

"You said I had already done you a favor earlier," Bryant said. "When did I do that?"

"Earlier," I said, no longer leaning back in my chair. "When I took this job from you, I got sloppy. I trusted you. I didn't do any background checking, didn't do any real investigating. Just blundered into something I knew nothing about. Now I know better. You did me a favor, reminding me of the right way to do my job."

The chief muttered something that would have made at least two-thirds of the board of selectmen turn white with shock, and then he left, slamming the door behind him. It was so loud, I was sure the patrons and owners of the Italian restaurant next door had heard him.

And to the empty doorway, I said, "Thanks."

And you know what?

I really meant it.

1. Read the story and make up the plan.
2. Compose 10-15 questions to the story.
3. Retell the story according to your plan.

IRREGULAR VERBS

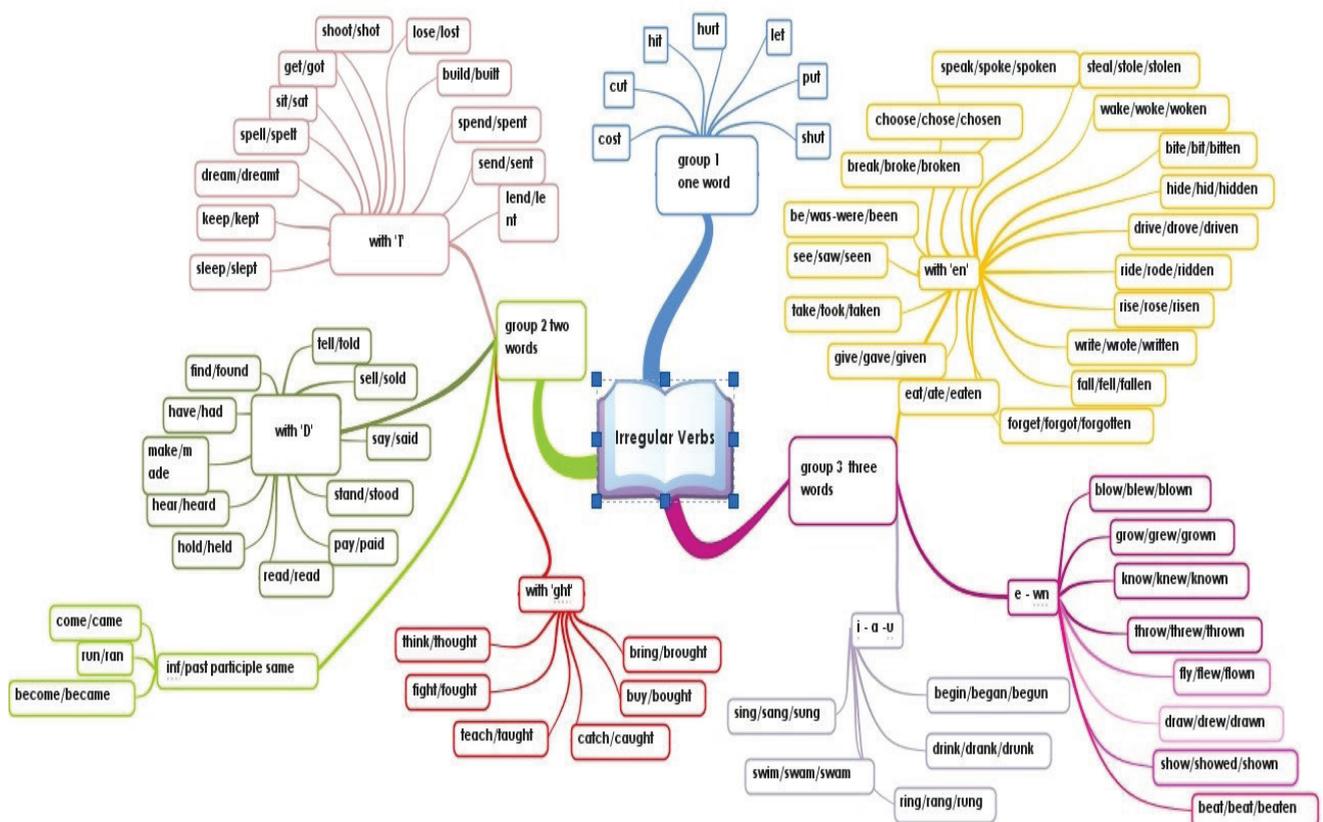
Infinitive	Past Simple	Past Participle
be [bi:]	was [wɒz] / were [wɜ:]	been [bi:n]
beat [bi:t]	beat [bi:t]	beaten [bi:tn]
become [bɪ 'kʌm]	became [bɪ 'keɪm]	become [bɪ 'kʌm]
begin [bɪ 'gɪn]	began [bɪ 'gæn]	begun [bɪ 'gʌn]
bite [baɪt]	bit [bɪt]	bitten [bɪtn]
blow [blou]	blew [blu:]	blown [bloun]
break [breɪk]	broke [brɔ:k]	broken [brɔ:kn]
bring [brɪŋ]	brought [brɔ:t]	brought [brɔ:t]
build [bɪld]	built [bɪlt]	built [bɪlt]
buy [baɪ]	bought [bɔ:t]	bought [bɔ:t]
catch [kætʃ]	caught [kɔ:t]	caught [kɔ:t]
choose [tʃu:z]	chose [tʃɔ:z]	chosen [tʃɔ:zn]
come [kʌm]	came [keɪm]	come [kʌm]
cost [kɒst]	cost [kɒst]	cost [kɒst]
cut [kʌt]	cut [kʌt]	cut [kʌt]
dig [dɪg]	dug [dʌg]	dug [dʌg]
do [du:]	did [dɪd]	done [dʌn]
draw [drɔ:]	drew [dru:]	drawn [drɔ:n]
dream [dri:m]	dreamt [dremt]	dreamt [dremt]
drink [drɪŋk]	rank [dræŋk]	drunk [drʌŋk]
drive [draɪv]	drove [drɔ:v]	driven [drɪvn]
eat [i:t]	ate [et]	eaten [i:tn]
fall [fɔ:l]	fell [fel]	fallen [fɔ:ln]
feed [fi:d]	fed [fed]	fed [fed]
feel [fi:l]	felt [felt]	felt [felt]
fight [faɪt]	fought [fɔ:t]	fought [fɔ:t]
find [faɪnd]	found [faʊnd]	found [faʊnd]
fly [flaɪ]	flew [flu:]	flown [floun]
forget [fə 'get]	forgot [fə 'gɒt]	forgotten [fə 'gɒtn]
forgive [fə 'gɪv]	forgave [fə 'geɪv]	forgiven [fə 'gɪvn]
draw [drɔ:]	drew [dru:]	drawn [drɔ:n]
dream [dri:m]	dreamt [dremt]	dreamt [dremt]
drink [drɪŋk]	drank [dræŋk]	drunk [drʌŋk]
drive [draɪv]	drove [drɔ:v]	driven [drɪvn]
eat [i:t]	ate [et]	eaten [i:tn]
fall [fɔ:l]	fell [fel]	fallen [fɔ:ln]
feed [fi:d]	fed [fed]	fed [fed]
feel [fi:l]	felt [felt]	felt [felt]
fight [faɪt]	fought [fɔ:t]	fought [fɔ:t]
find [faɪnd]	found [faʊnd]	found [faʊnd]
fly [flaɪ]	flew [flu:]	flown [floun]
forget [fə 'get]	forgot [fə 'gɒt]	forgotten [fə 'gɒtn]

IRREGULAR VERBS

forgive [fə 'gɪv]	forgave [fə 'geɪv]	forgiven [fə 'gɪvn]
freeze [fri:z]	froze [frouz]	frozen [frouzn]
get [get]	got [gɒt]	got [gɒt]
give [gɪv]	gave [geɪv]	given [gɪvn]
go [gou]	went [went]	gone [gɒn]
grow [grou]	grew [gru:]	grown [groun]
hang [hæŋ]	hung [hʌŋ]	hung [hʌŋ]
have [hæv]	had [hæd]	had [hæd]
hear [hiə]	heard [hɜ:d]	heard [hɜ:d]
hide [haɪd]	hid [hɪd]	hidden [hɪdn]
hit [hɪt]	hit [hɪt]	hit [hɪt]
hold [hould]	held [held]	held [held]
hurt [hɜ:t]	hurt [hɜ:t]	hurt [hɜ:t]
keep [ki:p]	kept [kept]	kept [kept]
know [nou]	knew [nju:]	known [noun]
lay [leɪ]	laid [leɪd]	laid [leɪd]
lead [li:d]	led [led]	led [led]
learn [lɜ:n]	learnt [lɜ:nt]	learnt [lɜ:nt]
leave [li:v]	left [left]	left [left]
lend [lend]	lent [lent]	lent [lent]
let [let]	let [let]	let [let]
lie [laɪ]	lay [leɪ]	lain [leɪn]
lose [lu:z]	lost [lɒst]	lost [lɒst]
make [meɪk]	made [meɪd]	made [meɪd]
mean [mi:n]	meant [ment]	meant [ment]
meet [mi:t]	met [met]	met [met]
pay [peɪ]	paid [peɪd]	paid [peɪd]
put [put]	put [put]	put [put]
read [ri:d]	read [red]	read [red]
ride [raɪd]	rode [roud]	ridden [rɪdn]
ring [rɪŋ]	rang [ræŋ]	rung [rʌŋ]
rise [raɪz]	rose [rouz]	risen [rɪzn]
run [rʌn]	ran [ræn]	run [rʌn]
say [seɪ]	said [seɪd]	say [seɪd]
see [si:]	saw [sɔ:]	seen [si:n]
sell [sel]	sold [sould]	sold [sould]
send [send]	sent [sent]	sent [sent]
set [set]	set [set]	set [set]
shake [ʃeɪk]	shook [ʃuk]	shaken [ʃeɪkn]
shoot [ʃu:t]	shot [ʃɒt]	shot [ʃɒt]
show [ʃou]	showed [ʃoud]	shown [ʃoun]
shut [ʃʌt]	shut [ʃʌt]	shut [ʃʌt]
sing [sɪŋ]	sang [sæŋ]	sung [sʌŋ]

IRREGULAR VERBS

sit [sɪt]	sat [sæt]	sat [sæt]
sleep [sli:p]	slept [slept]	slept [slept]
speak [spi:k]	spoke [spouk]	spoken [spoukn]
spend [spend]	spent [spent]	spent [spent]
spoil [spɔɪl]	spoilt [spɔɪlt]	spoilt [spɔɪlt]
stand [stænd]	stood [stu:d]	stood [stu:d]
steal [sti:l]	stole [stou]	stolen [stouln]
swim [swɪm]	swam [swæm]	swum [swʌm]
take [teɪk]	took [tuk]	taken [teɪkn]
teach [ti:tʃ]	taught [tɔ:t]	taught [tɔ:t]
tear [tiə]	tore [tɔ:]	torn [tɔ:n]
tell [tel]	told [tould]	told [tould]
think [θɪŋk]	thought [θɔ:t]	thought [θɔ:t]
throw [θrou]	threw [θru:]	thrown [θroun]
understand [ʌndə 'stænd]	understood [ʌndə 'stud]	understood [ʌndə 'stud]
wake [weɪk]	woke [wouk]	woken [woukn]
wear [weə]	wore [wɔ:]	worn [wɔ:n]
win [wɪn]	won [wʌn]	won [wʌn]
write [raɪt]	wrote [rou]	written [rɪtn]



VOCABULARY

A

Abolish [ə'bolɪʃ] v відмінити, скасовувати
accomplice [ə'kɒmplɪs] n спільник, співучасник
accuse [ə'kju:z] v обвинувачувати
accused [ə'kju:zd] n обвинувачуваний
administer [əd'mɪnɪstə] v вести (справу)
Administrative Law [əd'mɪnɪstrətɪv lɔ:] a + n адміністративне право
advise [əd'vaɪz] v радити, консультувати
appeal [ə'pi:l] v подавати апеляційну скаргу
applicant [ˈæplɪkənt] n прохач, заявник
application [ˌæplɪ'keɪʃn] n заява, прохання
apply [ə'plai] v просити, клопотати
arrest [ə'rest] v заарештовувати, затримувати
article [ˈɑ:tɪkl] n стаття
assassinate [ə'æsɪneɪt] v вбивати; здійснювати терористичний акт

B

Bar [bɑ:] n суд у повному складі
barrister [ˈbærɪstə] n адвокат
Bill [bɪl] n законопроект
breach [ˈbri:tʃ] n порушення (права, закону, договору)
breaker [ˈbreɪkə] n порушник (закону)
bribery and corruption [ˌbraɪbəri ənd kɔ'rʌpʃn] n + conj + n хабарництво та корупція
burglar [ˈbɜ:glə] n злодій – зломщик

C

Cabinet [ˈkæbɪnət] n Кабінет Міністрів
case [keɪs] n судова справа
Central Criminal Court [ˌsentrəl ˈkrɪmɪnəl kɔ:t] a + a+ n Центральний карний суд
cell [sel] n тюремна камера
charge [tʃɑ:dʒ] n обвинувачувати
circuit judge [ˈsə:kɪt ˌdʒʌdʒ] n + n окружний суддя
civil [ˈsɪvɪl] a цивільний
code [kəʊd] n кодекс
condemn [kən'dem] v засуджувати, виносити вирок
constitution [kɒn'stɪ'tju:ʃn] n конституція
convention [kən'venʃn] n договір, угода
convict [ˈkɒnvɪkt] n засуджений, ув'язнений
convict [kən'vɪkt] v визнавати винним, виносити вирок
costs [kɒsts] pl., n оплата послуг адвоката; судові видатки
Court of Appeal [ˌkɔ:t əv ə'pi:l] n + prep. + n Апеляційний Суд
crime [ˈkraɪm], n злочин
criminal [ˈkrɪmɪnəl], n злочинець
Criminal Law [ˈkrɪmɪnəl ˌlɔ:], a + n карне право
Criminology [ˌkrɪmɪ'nɒlədʒɪ], n кримінологія
Custody [ˈkʌstədi], n ув'язнення, заслання

D

Danger [ˈdeɪndʒə], n небезпека
defence [di'fens], n оборона, захист (на суді)
defendant [di'fendənt], n відповідач, підсудний, обвинувачуваний
delinquency [dɪ'lɪŋkwənsɪ], n правопорушення

GLOSSARY

delinquent [di'liŋkwənt], n правопорушник, злочинець
department [di'pa:tmənt], n відділ, відділення
detain [di'tein], v затримувати
detention [di'tenʃən] n, затримання
division [di'vi:zn], n відділ, відділення

E

enact [ɪ'nækt], n вводити закон
enactment [i'næktmənt], n надання сили закону
evidence ['evidəns], n доказ, показання свідків
examine [ɪg'zæmɪn], v оглядати, досліджувати
executive [ɪg'zɛkjʊtɪv], n виконавча влада
extradition [ekstrə'diʃən], n видача (злочинця іншій державі)

F

fine [faɪn], v оштрафувати
fingerprints ['fɪŋgəprɪnts], n відбитки пальців
forensic [fə'rensɪk], a судовий
forgery ['fɔ:dʒəri], n той, хто підробляє документи, підписи
fraud [frɔ:d], n шахрайство, підробка

G

General Election ['dʒenərəl i'leɪʃn], a + n загальні вибори
government ['gʌvnmənt], n уряд
guilt [gɪlt], вина, винуватість
guilty ['gɪltɪ], a винний
gunshot ['gʌnʃɒt], n постріл

H

hear [hɪə], v слухати справу
hearing ['hɪərɪŋ], n розбір, слухання справи
High Court ['haɪ,kɔ:t], a + n Високий суд
Home Office [,həʊm 'ɒfɪs], n + n Міністерство внутрішніх справ
homicide ['hɒmɪsaɪd], n убивця, убивство
human rights [hjumən 'raɪts], a + pl. n права людини

I

identification [aɪ,dentɪfɪ'keɪʃən], n упізнання, встановлення особи
illegal [i'li:gl], a незаконний, протиправний
imprison [ɪm'prɪzn], v ув'язнювати, засилати
imprisonment [ɪm'prɪznmənt], n ув'язнення в тюрму
indict [ɪn'daɪt], v обвинувачувати (за обвинувальним актом)
indictable offence [ɪn'daɪtəbl ə'fens], a + n той, що підлягає судовому розгляду
indictment [ɪn'daɪtmənt], n обвинувачення
inquest ['ɪnkwest], n дізнання, слідство
inquiry [ɪn'kwaɪəri], n наведення довідок, розслідування
invalid [ɪn'vælɪd], a юридично недійсний
investigate [ɪn'vestɪgeɪt], v розслідувати (справу)
investigator [ɪn'vestɪgeɪtə], v слідчий

GLOSSARY

J

jail [dʒeɪl], n тюрма, в'язниця
judge [dʒʌdʒ], n суддя
judgment [ˈdʒʌdʒmənt], n вирок, рішення суду
judicial [dʒuːˈdɪʃəl], a судовий
judicial decision [dʒuːˈdɪʃliˈsɪzn], a + n рішення суду
judiciary [dʒuːˈdɪʃəri], n судоустрій
jurisdiction [ˌdʒʊərɪsˈdɪkʃən], n юрисдикція, підсудність
jurisprudence [dʒʊərɪsˈpruːdəns], n юриспруденція, правознавство
jury [ˈdʒʊəri], n суд присяжних
justice [ˈdʒʌstɪs], n правосуддя, юстиція
juvenile court [ˈdʒuːvɪnaɪlˌkɔːt], n + n суд у справах неповнолітніх

L

Law [lɔː], n закон, право
law-abiding [ˈlɔːəˌbaɪdɪŋ], a законо-послушний
law-breaker [ˈlɔːˌbreɪkə], n правопорушник, злочинець
lawful [ˈlɔːfʊl], a законний
law-making [ˈlɔːˌmeɪkɪŋ], n видання законів
lawyer [ˈlɔːjə], n адвокат, юрист
legal [ˈliːɡl], a юридичний, законний, правовий
legislate [ˈledʒɪsleɪt], v видавати закони
legislation [ˈledʒɪsˈleɪʃn], n законодавство
legislator [ˈlegzɪsˈleɪtə], n законодавець, член законодавчого права
legislature [ˈledʒɪsˈleɪtʃə], n законодавча влада, законодавчий орган
license [ˈlaɪsəns], n ліцензія, дозвіл, посвідчення
litigation [ˌlɪtɪˈɡeɪʃn], n цивільний судовий спір
loan [loun], n позика

M

magistrate [ˈmædʒɪstreɪt], n службова особа, яка здійснює правосуддя, мировий суддя
magistrate's courts [ˈmædʒɪstreɪtsˌkɔːts], n + n суди першої інстанції
manslaughter [ˈmænˌslɔːtə], n ненавмисне убивство
minor offence [ˈmaɪnə əˌfens], a + n незначне правопорушення

O

offence [əˈfens], n правопорушення, злочин
offender [əˈfendə], n правопорушник, злочинець
Old Bailey [ˌəʊldˈbeɪlɪ], a + n Центральний карний суд
opposition [ˌɔpəˈzɪʃən], n опозиція

P

parliament [ˈpɑːləmənt], n парламент
plead [pliːd], v відповідати на обвинувачення, звертатися до суду
plead (not) guilty [ˌpliːd ˈɡɪltɪ], v + a (не) визнавати себе винним
probation [prəˈbeɪʃən], n умовне звільнення, випробний термін
proceeding [prəˈsiːdɪŋ], n розгляд справи у суді
proof [pruːf], n доказ, показання свідків
prosecute [ˈprɒsɪkjʊːt], v обвинувачувати, переслідувати у судовому порядку
prosecution [ˌprɒsɪˈkjuːʃn], n обвинувачення
protection [prəˈtekʃn], n охорона, захист

GLOSSARY

R

ratify [ˈrætɪfaɪ], v ратифікувати, схвалювати, затверджувати

record [ˈrekɔ:d], n протокол, справа

register [ˈredʒɪstə], n судовий помічник

release [rɪˈli:s], n звільнення (з ув'язнення)

represent [ˌreprɪˈzent], v представляти, бути представленим

restrain [rɪsˈtreɪn], v піддавати ув'язненню, ув'язнювати, затримувати

right [raɪt], n право

rule [ru:l], n правило, статут

S

sentence [ˈsentəns], n виносити вирок

sitting [ˈsɪtɪŋ], n засідання

solicitor [səˈlɪsɪtə], n повірений (той, що дає поради клієнтові і готує справи для адвокатів)

sovereign [ˈsovrɪn], a верховний, суверенний

state [steɪt], n держава

statement [ˈsteɪtmənt], n заява, затвердження

succession [səkˈseʃən], n право успадкування, спадкоємність

suspect [ˈsʌspɛkt], v підозрювати

T

tax [tæks], n (державний) податок, мито

testify [ˈtestɪfaɪ], v виступати як свідок; подавати докази

testimony [ˈtestɪməni], n усне показання, письмове свідчення

treaty [ˈtri:ti], n договір, угода

trial [ˈtraɪəl], n судовий розгляд, судовий процес

try [traɪ], v судити, притягати до судової відповідальності

V

valid [ˈvælɪd], a юридично дійсний; той, який має силу

verdict [ˈvɜ:dɪkt], n вердикт, рішення присяжних засідателів

victim [ˈvɪktɪm], n жертва, потерпілий

W

warden [ˈwɔ:dn], n тюремний наглядач

warrant [ˈwɔ:rənt], n ордер (на обшук, арешт)

witness [ˈwɪtnɪs], n свідок (в суді)

wrong-doer [ˈrɒŋˈdu:ə], n злочинець, правопорушник

wrong-doing [ˈrɒŋˈdu: ɪŋ], n злочин, правопорушення

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