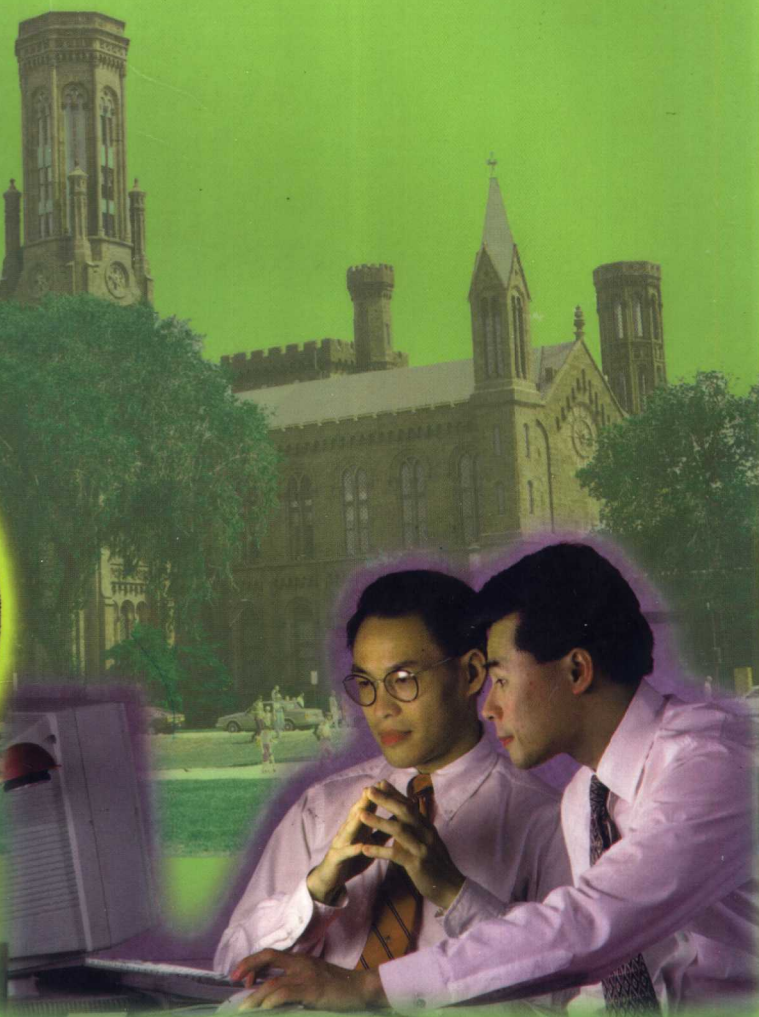
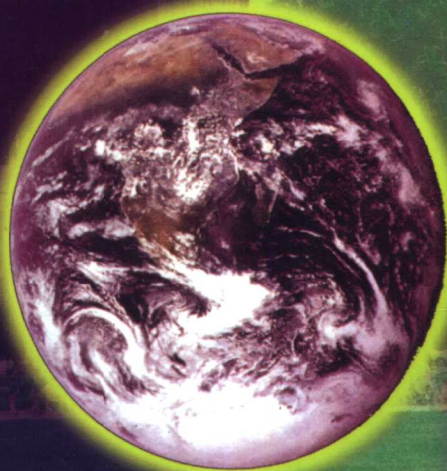


A Way to Successful Reading

大学英语阅读

第二册

周红红 主编



中国铁道出版社

A Way to Successful Reading

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第二册

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内 容 简 介

本丛书根据现今大学生的水平和大学英语的教学要求,组织编写的适合普通理工科院校学生使用的大学英语阅读辅助材料。本丛书共四册,第一、二册各15单元,适合大学一年级使用,内容注重休闲阅读,主要选材注重知识性、趣味性、情节性。第三、四册各12单元适合大学二年级使用,第三册注重介绍词法,根据上下文和构词法猜测词义,对多义词的词义的判断;第四册注重介绍长难句的理解,寻找篇章主题,读懂作者言下之意,领会作者的态度等等。

本书为第二册,适合普通理工科院校一年级学生英语阅读使用。

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前 言

阅读是掌握语言知识、打好语言基础、获取信息的重要渠道。我国大学生走上工作岗位后所需要的主要语言技能是阅读能力。因此《大学英语教学大纲》始终注重阅读能力的培养。从语言学习的规律来看,英语应用能力的提高是建立在大量的语言输入,尤其是大量的阅读的基础之上的。在多年的教学中我们深刻地体会到,仅仅依靠主教材的课文,难以达到“在大量的语言输入基础上提高英语应用能力”的目的。根据现今大学生的水平和大学英语的教学要求,我们迫切需要一套适合普通理工院校学生使用的大学英语阅读辅助材料,这是本套教材的编写初衷。

《大学英语阅读》共四册,第一、二册各15单元,每单元阅读量为5 000~6 000词,适合在大学一年级使用。由于学生刚进入大学,各方面都处于适应阶段,这两册注重休闲阅读,选材以知识性、趣味性、情节性强的短文、小故事、小说为主,配合恰当的注释,扫清学生阅读中的障碍,适量的练习加深学生对文章的理解,加强他们对词汇的掌握,以达到通过大量的语言输入加强语感和语言实际运用能力的目的。

第三、四册各12单元,每单元含4篇与大学英语三级、四级要求长度、难度相当的短文,其中前3篇短文后各设5道选择题,第4篇短文后设5个简答题,每篇短文中各有一句话需要学生译成中文。后两册的前半部分配有阅读技巧介绍。第三册注重介绍词法,根据上下文和构词法猜测词义,对多义词的词义的判断等;第四册注重介绍长难句的理解,寻找篇章主题,读懂作者言下之意,领会作者的态度等等。通过这两册的训练,学生们将较大幅度地提高英语阅读能力,并能更好地把握大学英语四级考试的阅读理解题型。

本书为《大学英语阅读》第二册,由北方交通大学人文学院周红红主编,参加编写的有北方交通大学人文学院钟舒乐、周红红、李京平、左映娟、包兰宇、马玉玲、胡志先、王小娟、向四立、李栩蕙等老师。

编 者
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Forward

The ancient Chinese saying “读万卷书，行万里路” compares reading to traveling because reading, as well as traveling, broadens one's mind. When we read, the most obvious notion that “we have only one life to live” turns out to be not true because we can live as many more lives and as many kinds of lives as we wish with our favorite characters in different books.

Now, with carefully chosen articles and stories, we present you a guide to lead you far back into the history of hundreds or thousands of years ago or forward into the future, to different parts of the world, to the other planets or to the space. During the trip you will find the secret of successful people like Thomas Edison, Bill Gates and Charles Chaplin and the magic power of life. You may worry about the future of the human beings with the heroine in *The Star Zoo* or the disasters like those in *Frankenstein* some modern technology would bring to the world if not handled properly. You may experience the faithful love from the oak tree covered with yellow handkerchiefs in *Going Home*, the devoted love of a dog to a sensible man in *The Call of the Wild* and the strong love one has towards one's motherland doing wonders in *The Thirty-Nine Steps*. The journey with this guide may lead you toward a better understanding of your lives and yourselves, what's more, a better understanding of English, the language on which you have been working so hard, because you are now using it to communicate with different souls in the universe and you can now get the meaning of stories and the truth of life from it.

Enjoy yourselves on the journey!

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Unit One

Part 1

It is said that reading broadens one's mind and prolongs one's life because through reading one can experience different parts of lives in the past, at present and in future. Besides, stories can do a lot to change one's outlook on life as well as one's character. Here is a wonder done by stories and it is believed to be the beginning of the famous collection of Arabian stories—The Thousand and One Nights.

The Queen Who Told Stories

There was once a King of Persia(波斯) who had a beautiful wife. He loved her very much, but she was a wicked woman. When the King discovered her wickedness, he killed her. He decided that all women were wicked and that he would punish them. He gave orders that he was to be given a new wife every day. After one day's marriage he would cut off her head and marry again. This went on for some time and all the people of the country were unhappy.

Now the King had a Chief Minister whom he loved. The Chief Minister had two beautiful daughters. The elder of the two had read many books and knew all the stories of the world. She decided that she would try to cure the King of his madness.

She went to her father and said, "Father, I want to marry the King. Please go and tell him."

Her father was horrified and tried to persuade her to change her mind, but she would not. She was determined. "I shall marry him," she said, "and perhaps I can make him stop this mad murder. If not, I shall die myself."

The King was delighted when the Chief Minister told him, and the marriage took place at once. After the wedding, the new Queen said, "If I'm going to die tomorrow, please let me have my sister with me for a short time, so that I may say good-bye." The King agreed and the sister came. The Queen had told her sister about the plan and she knew what to do. She waited for nighttime.

The King tried to sleep but he could not. Seeing this, the sister said to the Queen, "The King cannot sleep. Why don't you tell us one of your stories?"

The Queen said, "No, the King may not want to listen." But the King said, "Yes, tell us a story."

So the Queen began. It was a very exciting story, and when she reached the most exciting part of all she stopped.

"Go on," said the King.

"It's time to stop now," said the Queen. "What a pity that I'm going to be killed tomorrow. The next part of the story is even more exciting."

The King thought, "There is no need to kill her tomorrow. I will wait until the day after, and then I can hear the end of the story."

But the second night, the Queen finished the story and began another, and she again stopped at a very exciting place. Again her life was saved. On the third night the same thing happened.

This went on night after night until they had been married a whole year, and a beautiful son was born to the Queen. The King now loved his wife and understood that there were good and bad women just as there were good and bad men. He was ashamed of his actions and he killed no more women, and he and his wife lived peacefully together.

Exercise 1:

Do you believe that stories have the power to change a wicked king into a sensible one? Have you even been moved by some stories? Can you tell us one?

Exercise 2:

Decide the following statements are true (T) or false (F).

- 1) The King killed his first wife because she was wicked. ()
- 2) The King killed his wife the next day of their marriage because he believed all women were wicked. ()
- 3) The Chief Minister's daughter wanted to married the King because she loved him. ()
- 4) The Queen wanted her sister to stay with her because her sister could tell stories. ()
- 5) The King didn't kill the Queen the next day because he was moved by the story. ()

Part 2

As we all know, careful observation is very important to a student of science and technology. How careful are you? Read the following story and see if you are as good an observer as the Arab(阿拉伯人).

The Arab and the Camel (骆驼)

An Arab was walking alone through the desert when he met two merchants (商人).

"Have you lost one of your camels?" he asked them.

"Yes," they answered.

"Was he blind in the right eye and lame(跛的) in the left foot?" the Arab asked. "Yes,

he was.”

“Had he lost a tooth?” asked the Arab. “Yes.”

“Was he carrying a load of honey and of corn?”

“Yes,” said the merchants. “Please tell us where he is.”

“I don’t know where he is,” said the Arab. “I have never seen such a camel, nor have I talked with anyone about him.”

The merchants looked at each other with surprise. They thought that the man was deceiving(欺骗) them. Finally, they came up close to him, took hold of(抓住) him, and said: “Where is the camel, and what have you done with the jewels(宝石) which were hidden in the cargo(货物)?”

“I have seen neither the camel, nor the cargo, nor the jewels,” insisted the Arab.

The merchants finally forced the man to accompany them to a nearby town and there they led him before a police officer. The merchants claimed that the man was either a thief or a magician.

“I am neither a thief nor a magician,” said the Arab. “Nor am I an educated man. But, on the other hand, I have learned to look carefully at everything I see and to consider its importance. This morning I saw the tracks of a camel which was lost. I knew he was lost because there were no human tracks near the tracks of the camel. I also noted that the camel must be blind in the right eye, because the grass on that side of the tracks was always left untouched while the grass on the left side was eaten. The animal was lame because with one foot he left a track so light that it could barely be seen. I also noted that he lacked one tooth because, wherever he ate grass, there was always a small space left untouched. I also found on the ground near the tracks of the camel groups of ants(蚂蚁) which were pulling grains of corn. I also found groups of flies(苍蝇) which were busily eating drops of honey along the way. From these signs I was able to know the cargo which the animal was carrying.”

Exercise 3:

Do you think careful observation important? Do you have any examples that can show us the importance of careful observation in our daily life and study or in scientific research?

Exercise 4:

Translate the following Chinese sentences into English:

- 1) 阿拉伯人说:“我从没见过这样一头骆驼,也没和任何人谈起过它。”
- 2) 阿拉伯人坚持说,“我既没有看见骆驼,也没看见货物,或者是珠宝。”
- 3) 商人们声称这个人不是个小偷就是个魔法师。
- 4) 阿拉伯人说:“我不是小偷,也不是魔法师,更不是个有文化的人。”
- 5) 我学会了仔细观察我看到的一切并考虑其重要性。

Part 3

Probably the following story is one of those mysterious bits of folklore (民间传说) that reappear every few years, to be told anew (重新) in one form or another. However, I still like to think that it really did happen, somewhere, sometime.

Going Home

They were going to Fort Lauderdale—three boys and three girls—and when they boarded the bus, they were carrying sandwiches and wine in paper bags, dreaming of golden beaches and sea tides as the gray, cold spring of New York vanished behind them.

As the bus passed through New Jersey, they began to notice Vingo. He sat in front of them, dressed in a plain, ill-fitting suit, never moving, his dusty face masking(遮盖) his age. He kept chewing(咀嚼) the inside of his lips a lot, frozen into complete silence.

Deep into the night, outside Washington, the bus pulled into Howard Johnson's, and everybody got off except Vingo. He sat rooted in his seat, and the young people began to wonder about him, trying to imagine his life: perhaps he was a sea captain, a runaway from his wife, an old soldier going home. When they went back to the bus, one of the girls sat beside him and introduced herself.

"We're going to Florida," she said brightly. "I hear it's really beautiful."

"It is," he said quietly, as if remembering something he had tried to forget.

"Want some wine?" she said. He smiled and took a swig(一大口) from the bottle. He thanked her and retreated(退却) again into his silence. After a while, she went back to the others, and Vingo nodded in sleep.

In the morning, they awoke outside another Howard Johnson's, and this time Vingo went in. The girl insisted that he join them. He seemed very shy, and ordered black coffee and smoked nervously as the young people chattered(谈论) about sleeping on beaches. When they returned to the bus, the girl sat with Vingo again, and after a while, slowly and painfully, he began to tell his story. He had been in jail in New York for the past four years, and now he was going home.

"Are you married?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know?" she said.

"Well, when I was in jail I wrote to my wife," he said. "I told her that I was going to be away a long time, and that if she couldn't stand it, if the kids kept asking questions, if it hurt her too much, well, she could just forget me. I'd understand. Get a new guy, I said—she's a wonderful woman, really something—and forget about me. I told her she didn't have to write me. And she didn't. Not for three and a half years."

“And you’re going home now, not knowing?”

“Yeah,” he said shyly. “Well, last week, when I was sure the parole (假释) was coming through, I wrote her again. We used to live in Brunswick, just before Jacksonvill, and there’s a big oak (橡树) tree just as you come into town. I told her that if she didn’t have a new guy and if she’d take me back, she should put a yellow handkerchief on the tree, and I’d get off and come home. If she didn’t want me, forget it—no handkerchief, and I’d go on through.”

“Wow,” the girl exclaimed. “Wow.”

She told the others, and soon all of them were in it, caught up in the approach (途径) of Brunswick, looking at the pictures Vingo showed them of his wife and three children—the woman handsome in a plain way, the children still unformed in the much handled snapshots (快照).

Now they were 20 miles from Brunswick, and the young people took over window seats on the right side, waiting for the approach of the great oak tree. Vingo stopped looking, tightening his face, as if fortifying (= make strong) himself against still another disappointment.

Then Brunswick was 10 miles, and then five, Then, suddenly, all of the young people were up out of their seats, screaming and shouting and crying, doing small dances of joy. All except Vingo.

Vingo sat there stunned (= shocked or surprised), looking at the oak tree. It was covered with yellow handkerchiefs—20 of them, 30 of them, maybe hundreds, a tree that stood like a banner of welcome billowing (= wave) in the wind. As the young people shouted, the old prisoner slowly rose from his seat and made his way to the front of the bus to go home.

Exercise 5:

What a moving story! It is said that love and death are the eternal theme of literature.

People die; time changes;but the beautiful stories will last forever! The same is true to “Titanic”. Isn’t it an old fashion love story? But why and what does the story strike the hearts of millions of people today?

Exercise 6:

Choose a right word from the list to complete the statements. Make changes when necessary.

approach, rise, retreat, take, fortify, imagine, disappointment, way, wonder

- 1) He thanked her and _____ again into his silence.
- 2) The young people began to _____ about him, trying to _____ his life.
- 3) Now they were 20 miles from Brunswick, and the young people _____ over window seats on the right side, waiting for the _____ of the great oak tree.
- 4) Vingo stopped looking, tightening his face, as if _____ himself against still another _____.
- 5) As the young people shouted, the old prisoner slowly _____ from his seat and made

his _____ to the front of the bus to go home.

Part 4

Love or Money

Chapter 1

The Clarkson family lived in the country near Cambridge, about half a mile from the nearest village and about a mile from the river. They had a big, old house with a beautiful garden, a lot of flowers and many old trees.

One Thursday morning in July, Jackie came in from the garden. She was a tall, fat woman, thirty years old. It was the hottest day of the year, but she wore a warm brown skirt and yellow shirt. She went into the kitchen to get a drink of water. Just then the phone rang.

"Cambridge 1379," Jackie said.

"Hello, this is Diane. I want to talk to Mother."

"Mother isn't here," Jackie said. "She's at the doctor's."

"Why? What's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong," Jackie said. "Why are you telephoning? You are going to come this weekend? Mother wants everyone to be here."

"Yes, I want to come," Diane said. "I'm phoning because I have no money for the train ticket."

"No money! Mother is always giving you money!"

"This phone call is very expensive," Diane said coldly. "Tell Mother please. I need the money."

Jackie put the phone down. She took a cigarette from her bag and began to smoke. She felt angry because her sister always asked for money. Diane was twenty years old, the youngest in the family. She lived in London, in one room of a big house. She wanted to be a singer. She sang very well but she could never get work.

Jackie went back into the kitchen and began to make some sandwiches. Just then the back door opened, and her mother came in.

"It's very hot!" Molly said. She took off her hat and put it down on the table. She was a tall, dark woman with beautiful eyes.

Two big, black dogs came into the kitchen after her and ran across to her. She sat down and put her hands on their heads.

Jackie put the sandwiches on the table. "Mother," she said, "Diane phoned. She wants money for her train ticket."

Molly closed her eyes for a minute. Then she stood up. "This afternoon I want you to get the house ready for the weekend," she said. "Oh, and please go to the village later and get my tablets (药片)."

"Yes, Mother," Jackie said.

Molly went to the door.

"Mother, please wait a minute," Jackie said. "Peter Hobbs came here this morning. He's very angry with you about that letter. He lost his job, you know. Why did you write to his office? He wants to talk to you about it."

"Well, I don't want to talk to him," Molly said. She opened the door.

"But Mother, you don't understand. He's seventeen, and it was his first job. He's very, very angry. He says... He says he's going to kill you!"

Molly did not answer. She went out of the room and closed the door.

Chapter 2

It was seven o'clock on Saturday evening. Jackie stood at the window. A car drove slowly up to the front door and stooped. A tall man with white hair got out. It was Albert, the husband of Molly's sister.

"Here's Uncle Albert," Jackie said. "Always late."

She went out the room and opened the front door. Albert came in and went at once to Molly.

"Oh, dear. I'm very late. I'm sorry," Albert said. "Fifty years old today! What a wonderful dress!"

Molly did not smile. "Thank you, Albert. We're all getting older." Tonight she wore a long black dress, and the two black dogs sat at her feet. "Everyone is here now. Let's go in to dinner," she said.

Everyone stood up and went to the table.

"The table looks nice, Jackie. What wonderful flowers!" Diane said. She was a beautiful girl, with long black hair and dark blue eyes. She wore a long red dress.

Albert sat down next to Roger. Roger was Molly's son, her second child. He lived in Cambridge, in an expensive house.

"Someone called Peter stopped me down the road," Albert said. "Who is he? He's very angry with you, Molly."

"That's Peter Hobbs, from the house across the road," Jackie said quickly. She looked across the table at Molly. "He lost his job last week and he's angry with everyone."

"It's Molly he doesn't like," Albert said.

Molly said nothing. Everyone began to eat.

"How is Aunt Annie?" Jackie asked.

"She's much worse now," Albert said. "She stays in bed all the time. She needs a nurse twenty-four hours a day."

"I am sorry," Molly said.

Albert stopped eating and looked at Molly. "It's very difficult and very expensive, you know. Annie feels very unhappy because you don't visit her, Molly. She loves you very much. You are

her little sister, you know.”

Molly closed her eyes for a minute. “I know that, Albert. I am fifty years old, but I am always her ‘little’ sister. Well, we can talk about it later.”

Albert laughed. “Oh yes, we can talk later. It’s always later with you, Molly. Always tomorrow. Never today.”

Jackie watched her mother. Her mother was angry with Albert. Molly never liked talking about her sister Annie and she did not like visiting her because she was very ill.

“That’s a beautiful dress, Diane. Is it new?” Jackie asked.

“Thank you, Jackie. Yes, it’s new, and very expensive. I got it on Wednesday.” Diane said. She smiled at Jackie.

“All your things are expensive,” Jackie said. She remembered the phone call on Thursday about the train ticket.

“I don’t like cheap things,” Diane said. “And I’m going to need more money soon. I want to go to America. Can you help me, Roger?”

“Oh, no,” Roger said. “Nobody wants to help you, Diane. You don’t like working, we all know that, but we all want you to get a job.”

Diane laughed. “It doesn’t matter, Roger. I don’t need your help. Mother always helps. Mother loves me best.”

She suddenly smiled, a quick, beautiful smile. But her eyes were cold.

Jackie looked at her mother. Molly’s face was white. Jackie did not understand. Was her mother afraid of Diane? Jackie wanted her mother to be happy today.

“Would you like some more meat, Uncle Albert?” Jackie asked. “Roger, can you give everyone some more to drink?”

Roger got up and began to give more wine to everyone. “This is good wine,” he said.

Molly smiled for the first time. “Yes, your father loved this wine. He often drank it.”

“Yes,” Albert said, and looked at Molly. “Expensive, too.”

“Would you like to meet Mr. Briggs this weekend, Roger?” Jackie asked quickly. “He’s the new man at the farm. He wants to meet you.”

“Briggs? Briggs?” Molly said, suddenly angry. “Don’t talk to me about that man. I don’t like him. He wants half my garden for his farm. He needs more land, he says. I don’t want him in my house. He’s always dirty and he has bad teeth.”

Jackie stood up and got her bag. “Excuse me, I want a cigarette.”

“Cigarettes! Always a cigarette in your mouth,” Molly said. “I don’t like it. Cigarettes aren’t good for you.”

Jackie began to smoke. She felt angry but she said nothing. She wanted her mother to be happy this evening, but it was very difficult.

Roger drank some more wine. “Well, Mother, perhaps Mr. Briggs is right. The garden is very big, you know,” he said. “It’s a lot of work for you. The house is big, too. You’re fifty now. You need to be more careful.”

"Roger! I don't need a nurse, you know! I work in the garden every day; I feel happy there." Molly stood up. "I know you all want my money. You came here for a free dinner; you don't want to see me. You don't love me. You want my house, and my money. Well, you can all wait. Nobody is getting more money from me, not before I die!"

"Don't say that, Mother!" Jackie cried.

Molly walked across the room to the door. "I feel ill now. I'm going upstairs to bed."

Molly left the room. Nobody moved.

"One day I'm going to kill that woman," Diane said quietly.

Roger looked at Diane but said nothing. Albert moved his head slowly up and down. She's angry, that's all," he said. "Molly always gets angry about money. Why can't she be good to her sister? Annie's going to die soon. Molly knows that."

Jackie finished her cigarette and stood up. "Would everyone like some coffee? Come into the kitchen and let's drink it there."

Chapter 3

Early next morning the house was quiet. Suddenly there was a cry from the room next to Roger's, his mother's room. Roger opened his eyes and looked at the clock. It was nearly seven o'clock. He got out of bed and opened the door quietly. At the same time the door of his mother's room opened and Diane came out. Her face was very white.

"Roger! It's Mother! I brought a cup of coffee for her and I found her dead. She's dead... dead in her bed," she cried.

Roger went quickly to the door of his mother's room and looked in. The window was open but the room was warm. Molly was on the bed, one hand under her head. Roger went across to the bed and put his hand on her arm. It was cold. On the little table next to the bed was a hot cup of coffee and an empty cup.

"I'm going to call the doctor," Diane said.

"She's dead," Roger said slowly. His face, too, was white. "Mother is dead!"

Diane walked across the room to the door. "I'm going to phone the doctor," she said again.

"Wait a minute!" Roger called. "Let's tell the family first."

"Family! Nobody loved Mother!" Diane went out and ran downstairs.

Roger slowly went downstairs after her and stood by the telephone.

"Dr. Pratt, this is Diane Clarkson. It's my mother—she's dead. Can you come quickly?"

Diane put the phone down. "It isn't true, Roger! Mother dead! Daddy died last winter, and now Mother." Diane began to cry.

"Don't cry, Diane," Roger said. "Let's go upstairs and tell Uncle Albert and Jackie."

"No! You tell them! Nobody loved Mother. You aren't sorry. Look at you! You want her money. That's all."

Roger suddenly wanted to hit Diane. "Be quiet!" he said. "What about you? You didn't love

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Mother. You wanted her money, too. Don't forget that!"

"It's true," Diane said. "Oh, I can't stay in this house. I'm going out. I'm going to the river with the dogs."

"No," Roger said. "The doctor's coming and I want you here."

Diane said nothing. She went into the kitchen and at once the dogs got up and came to her. "Beautiful dogs! Daddy loved you and Mother loved you. Now I'm going to love you." She opened the back door and went out with the dogs.

Roger did not move. He stood by the telephone. "It's true," he thought. "I am happy about the money. I needed money, and now I'm rich. Things are going to be easier for me now. But Mother... Why didn't I love her more? And now she's dead." Slowly, Roger went back upstairs. He wanted to dress before Dr. Pratt arrived.

Dr. Pratt was a little fat man without much hair. He was the family doctor and he knew all the Clarkson family very well. He went upstairs at once and looked at Molly's body. He looked carefully at the cup of coffee and the empty cup on the table next to her bed.

"I'm sorry, Roger," he said. "Where is Diane? She phoned me."

"She went out with the dogs," Roger said. "She was angry with me—angry with everyone."

Dr. Pratt said nothing for a minute. "This is going to be very difficult. I'm going to phone the police, Roger."

"Police! Why? What's wrong?"

"I don't know. Your mother wasn't ill. I saw her on Thursday and she was very well. Why did she die? I don't understand. I want to find out."

Roger went across to the window and looked out at the garden. It was a beautiful summer morning. The sky was blue and the garden was green. It was all very quiet. His mother loved this garden. But Tom Briggs wanted the garden. And Roger wanted the garden, too. Roger felt worse and worse.

"Your mother took sleeping tablets," Dr. Pratt said. "Did you know? On Thursday she had a new bottle of tablets, but I can't find it here in her room."

"I didn't know," Roger said. "Very well. Let's go downstairs and you can phone the police."

Roger went into the kitchen and made some coffee. Just then Diane came in with the dogs.

"Roger," she said. "Look, I'm sorry. I was angry and said some angry things."

"It doesn't matter," Roger said. "Here you are, have some coffee. Dr. Pratt is phoning the police. Did you know Mother took sleeping tablets? Well, the bottle is not in her room."

"What? I don't understand." Diane took the coffee and began to drink. Her eyes looked big and dark.

Just then Dr. Pratt came into the kitchen. "They're coming at once," he said. "Diane—I'm sorry about your mother."

"Dr. Pratt, I want to tell you about last night. Everyone was very angry ..."

"Be quiet!" Roger said quickly.

"Diane never thinks before she opens her mouth," he thought angrily.

Diane did not look at Roger. "Last night Mother went to bed early because everyone ..."

"Don't tell me," Dr. Pratt said. "You can tell the police."

Roger's face went red. Suddenly he felt afraid. "The police are going to talk to everyone, and ask questions," he thought. "And they're going to want answers. It's going to be very difficult." He finished his coffee and stood up.

"I'm going upstairs," he said. "I'm going to tell Uncle Albert and Jackie about Mother and about the police."

Chapter 4

The police arrived very quickly. There were a lot of them. Some of them with cameras went upstairs to Molly's room. Two detectives talked to Dr. Pratt in the kitchen. The family waited in the sitting room. It was a hot day again and the windows were open. The dogs sat quietly at Diane's feet. Nobody talked. Jackie smoked. They waited for a long time. Suddenly the door opened and the two detectives came in.

"Good morning. I am Detective Inspector Walsh and this is Sergeant Foster." The Inspector did not smile. He was a big man in an old black suit and a black hat and coat. He wore a coat because he always felt cold. "Last night someone put sleeping tablets in Mrs. Clarkson's hot milk. We are going to question everybody, and we need a room, please."

Roger stood up. "I'm Roger Clarkson. You can have my father's old office. Come with me. It's along here."

The office was not a very big room, but there was a table and three or four chairs. Roger opened the window.

"I would like to talk first to your uncle, Albert King," Inspector Walsh said. He took off his hat and coat and sat down behind the table.

"Of course," said Roger and left the room.

Sergeant Foster waited by the door. He was a very tall young man with black hair and a ice smile. He was not very happy this morning because he usually played tennis on Sunday mornings. He was one of the best players at the Cambridge Tennis Club.

Albert came in and sat down.

"I'm going to ask some questions, Mr. King," the inspector said, "and Sergeant Foster is going to write it all down."

Albert looked at his feet. "Yes, yes. It's your job. I know that."

"Tell me about last night," Inspector Walsh asked quietly. "You were angry with Mrs. Clarkson."

Albert looked at Inspector Walsh for the first time. "Yes, I was. Everyone was angry. Roger was angry. Diane wanted money to go to America. Then there's a man called Tom Briggs ... He wants half the garden for his farm. Molly was a rich woman. I need money because my wife Annie—Molly's sister—is very ill. I told Molly this."