



ALENA KUZMOVÁ

**THE  
DEVIL'S APPLE  
AND OTHER TALES**  
**ĎÁBLOVO JABLKO  
A JINÉ POVÍDKY**

**The Devil's Apple**  
and Other Tales

**Ďáblovo jablko**  
a jiné povídky

Hrůzostrašné příběhy napsala a pro výuku angličtiny upravila

**Alena Kuzmová**

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## Předmluva

Lidé si odjakživa rádi vyprávěli o strašidlech. Vymýšleli si různé duchy, kteří se zjevovali ve starých hradech, kostlivce, kteří o půlnoci vylézali z rakví, zvířata či věci, které měly nadpřirozené schopnosti, ďábly, kteří zasahovali do lidských životů, nebo záhadná zjevení, která varovala člověka před neštěstím. Nadpřirozené jevy a bytosti se nejdříve objevovaly v lidových pověstech a pohádkách, později se staly součástí napínavých hororových příběhů a filmů.

I když se ví, že strašidla nejsou a nikdy nebyla a že patří jen do říše fantazie, přesto příběhy o nich jsou stále velmi oblíbené. Je totiž příjemné občas se trochu bát, obzvlášť když dobře víme, že se jedná jen o takový druh strachu, který nám přináší pobavení.

Na toto téma vznikla kniha anglicko-českých povídek *The Devil's Apple and Other Tales / Ďáblovo jablko a jiné povídky*. Je určena středně pokročilým studentům angličtiny, kteří si rádi doplňují znalosti čtením napínavých příběhů. Anglická četba je doplněna českým překladem, což umožní porozumět dobře celému textu i samoukům. Za povídkami následuje výběr nejzajímavějších výrazů, které je užitečné si zapamatovat. Kromě poutavé četby kniha nabízí obsáhlý rozbor gramatiky s příklady. V závěru najdete řadu cvičení a test pro pilné studenty s klíčem, pomocí nichž si ověříte své znalosti gramatiky a slovní zásoby.

Milí čtenáři, přála bych si, abyste s touto knihou strávili chvíle plné napětí i zábavy a po jejím přečtení a prostudování získali cenný pocit osvěžených a rozšířených znalostí anglického jazyka.

Vaše  
Alena Kuzmová

## The Devil's Apple

Mrs. Straka was known nearly by all people in the little town. She lived in a house with a large garden, where she grew perhaps all sorts of vegetables and fruit which flourished in that area. With respect to the wideness and quality of fruits, there was no garden for miles around which could compare with hers. Her products were really choice and in great demand on the market. When she came to the marketplace with her first herbs and vegetables in spring, people streamed towards her stand in a flood since they knew they wouldn't buy better goods anywhere.

Mrs. Straka was a remarkable woman. The people who'd been living nearby and had known her for years claimed that she was at least eighty, but she looked rather as if she was forty. She was always full of beans, smiling and gracious to her customers. It was astounding where that woman drew strength from when she lived alone and had to do all work in the garden and her household only by herself. 'She loves the garden. The work gives her much pleasure and that's why it keeps her so fresh,' thought the people living in her neighbourhood.

In spite of that there was something strange about the woman. She was never seen to speak with anybody out of the marketplace. She was quite lonely but it evidently made her happy. Even if she outwardly put on a friendly expression, a more sensitive observer could sense that she had an aura of some uncanny energy. It was as if

she was hiding a dark secret under her imaginary veil. Her inordinate obligingness with which she mainly tried to draw the accidental visitors to her stand was virtually close to sleekness. She never forgot to invite them to her garden so that they could pick fruit straight from the trees. She claimed she wanted to win their long-standing favour that way.

However, the local people said there was something uncanny about her garden. A few customers had allegedly come there to pick fruit from the trees but none of them had come back. The policemen searched her house and every nook and cranny of the garden but it was as if the visitors had disappeared into thin air. Not even a little sign of their visiting that place was found. Mrs. Straka claimed that the people had just picked some fruit and left. There was no evidence against her but despite of this a certain hint of suspicion kept hanging above her head. She knew that none of the local people would dare to enter her garden since the story about the lost visitors had become deeply rooted among them.

One day, a young man was passing through the little town. He was coming back from a faraway town where he'd taken part in the wedding of a friend of his. The man was rather tired and he wanted to stretch his legs after the long journey and so he parked his car in the square.

'When I've stopped here, I'll look around the town a little,' said George to himself. Suddenly he noticed a small group of people rushing in one direction. He joined them and soon after that he got to the town market. It was late in the afternoon and some marketers



were slowly clearing out their stands. Only one woman kept selling her goods nimbly and buyers continued queuing for the vegetables and fruit at her stand. George lined up as the last one. Seeing the perfect fruits, his mouth started watering. He felt like biting into a juicy apple and a butter pear or trying mature plums.

“Can I help you, sir?” Mrs. Straka asked George obligingly when it was his turn.

“I’d like a few plums and three of those nice red apples,” answered George.

“I haven’t seen you here yet, sir,” Mrs. Straka kept on talking. “I guess you are a stranger here, aren’t you?”

“Yes, you’re right, I’m just passing through. Do you possibly know if I could find a cheap hotel or a boarding house nearby? I’d like to spend the night here,” suddenly decided George.

“Sure!” answered Mrs. Straka. “I can recommend the White Rose Boarding House to you. It is right in the square. Their rooms are cosy and not very expensive, you are sure to be satisfied,” she said willingly and added a few big pears gratis for George.

“Oh, thank you very much, you’re very kind,” said George, surprised by her generosity.

“You’re welcome. I’m sorry there isn’t much to choose from today. You see, it’s already late. I’ve sold a lot today. But I can offer something to you. Would you like to pick some plums or apples straight in my garden tomorrow morning? If you don’t hurry, of course. My name’s Straka. I live in Trnová Street near the park. Everybody knows me here, they are sure to tell you the way. And a

rare variety of summer apples is just in season. You've never eaten such delicious apples, I can guarantee it to you," said Mrs. Straka and her eyes flashed.

George liked the idea. 'It wouldn't be bad to pick a few kilos of fresh fruit straight from the trees,' he thought and said: "I'll be pleased to come. I can arrive round about nine o'clock, if you don't mind. Or shall I come a little later? I wouldn't like to disturb you."

"No, not at all. It's all right with me. I'm usually up and about from seven o'clock. Come, by all means! I'll be expecting you," said Mrs. Straka and her voice almost faltered for joy.

George arrived at the White Rose Boarding House at about half past six. "Have you got any vacancies?" he asked the woman at the reception desk. He was a little worried whether he'd get a room now, in the middle of summer, but he was lucky.

"We still have a single room on the first floor," answered the receptionist.

"OK, I'll have it," George said gratefully. He already hurt all over from exhaustion.

"How long do you want the room for?"

"Just for this night. I'd like to leave in the morning," answered George when passing his identity card to the receptionist. Then suddenly he remembered he'd settled the call on Mrs. Straka for the next morning and he asked: "Could you tell me how to get to Trnová Street, please? I'm supposed to come to Mrs. Straka's garden tomorrow morning."

It didn't escape George's notice that his question had taken the receptionist aback, nevertheless she answered: "You'll go around the square up to the park, turn right and you'll get to Trnová Street. The garden is large, you can't miss it. And do you know Mrs. Straka?" she asked searchingly.

"No, I don't. I met her at the marketplace this afternoon and she seemed to be very kind. She told me I could pick some fresh fruit straight in her garden, nothing more."

"Well, if I were you, I wouldn't go there," the receptionist warned George. "You see, the garden of hers – or rather its owner – is very suspicious. The local people say that whoever comes there, they'll never come back. It has already happened several times. On the other hand it's true that the policemen haven't found any marks of the disappeared people or an act of violence either in the house or in the garden. Despite of this none of the local people would dare to enter her plot."

"What you are telling me is like a fairy tale or a detective story. All the more reason I must go there to get to the bottom of it," laughed George shaking his head disbelievingly. He'd never taken any notice of idle talk or superstitions.

On the following day after breakfast, George paid the bill and set out for Trnová Street. The way description given him by the receptionist was adequate for him to find Mrs. Straka's house without any problems. For that matter, it wasn't difficult to find one's bearings in such a little town. No sooner had he parked his car in front of the house than Mrs. Straka went to meet him with a smile.

“I’m really glad you’ve come. At least I’ve got someone that can help me to gather a little of the fruit,” she said and led her customer into the core of the large garden.

George felt like in a fairy tale orchard. It was as if the trees covered in ripe fruit bowed before him and lured him: “Just move along, look what abundance we offer you and how nice our fruits smell. Don’t be shy and pick boldly.”

And George didn’t wait to be asked for long. Having gathered a basket of plums, he saw marvellous pears and apricots on the opposite side of the garden. He picked another basket of fruit and then he got to a long line of apple trees which offered him their splendid apples. When he’d gathered three baskets, he said to himself that it could really be enough.

“It’s not easy, but it is necessary to stop when things are at their best. Thank you very much, Mrs. Straka. It’s time I settled up with you,” said George and pulled the wallet out of his pocket.

“Of course not! Just don’t hurry so much,” answered the woman. “I haven’t shown you the rare apple tree yet. The one which bears the excellent summer apples. After all it’s my pride and the biggest rarity far and wide. Its apples are really miraculously delicious. You are sure to be surprised at their intoxicating smell,” she said. Thereupon she took George’s arm and led him into the farthest corner of the garden.

They stopped in front of a spreading apple tree, whose ripest big yellow-red fruits gleamed high in the crown.

“You needn’t climb up, just shake the tree. You see, I’m not strong enough to do it,” said Mrs. Straka and stepped aside.

However, no sooner had George put his arms round the trunk of the apple tree than he felt some strong tingling which shot from his fingertips into the whole body. At that moment he was overcome with a strange giddiness and his pulse swiftly slowed down. Then suddenly some unknown enormous power seized him and as a powerful magnet pushed all his body tightly against the trunk. George couldn't understand what was happening to him. He just realized that the power which was clasping his body was too strong for him to be able to resist.

Then all of a sudden the branches of the apple tree bent down to George and as a wrestler's strong arms were pressing his body more and more strongly and cruelly against the trunk until George lost consciousness. Fortunately he didn't perceive anything any more when the trunk of the tree swallowed him and he merged into it in one whole forever.

Mrs. Straka smiled contentedly and picked up one and only apple which had fallen down from the crown of the apple tree. After that she bit into the juicy fruit with pleasure.

## Ďáblovo jablko

Paní Strakovou znali téměř všichni obyvatelé v městečku. Bydlela v domě s velkou zahradou, kde pěstovala snad všechny druhy zeleniny a ovoce, kterým se v kraji dařilo. Pokud jde o rozmanitost a kvalitu plodů, žádná zahrada široko daleko se té její nevyrovnala. Její produkty byly opravdu prvotřídní a na trhu velmi žádané. Když přišla zjara na tržišť se svými prvními bylinkami a zeleninou, lidé se hrnuli k jejímu stánku v jednom proudu, neboť věděli, že nikde lepší zboží nekoupí.

Paní Straková byla neobyčejná žena. Lidé, kteří žili v jejím sousedství a znali ji už léta, tvrdili, že je jí nejméně osmdesát roků, ale vypadala spíš na čtyřicet. Stále byla plná života, usměvavá a vlídná k svým zákazníkům. Bylo až zarážející, odkud tato žena čerpá sílu, když žije o samotě a musí dělat veškerou práci na zahradě i v domácnosti jenom sama. „Ona tu zahradu miluje. Ta práce jí dává hodně potěšení, a proto ji udržuje tak svěží,“ mysleli si lidé, kteří žili v okolí.

Přesto bylo na té ženě cosi zvláštního. Nikdy ji neviděli povídat si s někým mimo tržišť. Byla zcela osamělá, ale očividně jí to působilo potěšení. I když navenek ukazovala vlídnou tvář, vnímavější pozorovatel vycítil, že z ní vyzařuje jakási zlověstná energie. Jako by pod svým pomyslným závojem skrývala nějaké temné tajemství. Její přehnaná úslužnost, kterou se snažila přilákat k svému stánku hlavně

náhodné návštěvníky městečka, téměř hraničila s úlisností. Nikdy je nezapomněla pozvat do své zahrady, aby si natrhali ovoce přímo ze stromů. Tvrдила, že tak chce získat jejich trvalou přízeň.

Místní lidé však říkali, že její zahrada je jako zakletá. Několik zákazníků tam prý už přišlo, aby si natrhali ovoce ze stromů, ale žádný z nich se nevrátil. Policisté prohledali její dům a všechny kouty zahrady, ale po návštěvnících jakoby se zem slehla. Nenašla se ani malá známka toho, že to místo navštívili. Paní Straková tvrdila, že si ti lidé jen natrhali trochu ovoce a odešli. Neexistoval proti ní žádný důkaz, ale navzdory tomu určitý stín podezření zůstal viset nad její hlavou. Věděla, že nikdo z místních lidí by si netroufl vejít do její zahrady, neboť pověst o zmizelých návštěvnících se mezi nimi pevně zakořenila.

Jednoho dne projížděl městečkem mladý muž. Vracel se ze vzdáleného města, kde se zúčastnil svatby jednoho svého přítele. Muž byl dost unavený a chtěl se protáhnout po dlouhé cestě, a tak zaparkoval vůz na náměstí.

„Když už jsem tady zastavil, podívám se trochu po městě,“ řekl si Jiří. Vtom si všiml, že hlouček lidí spěchá jedním směrem. Přidal se k nim a brzy nato došel na městské tržiště. Bylo pozdě odpoledne a někteří trhovci pomalu vyklízeli své stánky. Jen jedna žena stále čile prodávala své zboží a kupující se dál stavěli do fronty na zeleninu a ovoce u jejího stánku. Jiří si stoupl do řady jako poslední. Při pohledu na výstavní ovoce se mu začaly sbíhat sliny. Měl chuť zakousnout se do šťavnatého jablka a hrušky máslovky nebo okusit zralé blumy.

„Čím posloužím, pane?“ zeptala se paní Straková úslužně Jiřího, když přišel na řadu.

„Chtěl bych pár blum a tři z tamtěch krásných červených jablek,“ odpověděl Jiří.

„Vás jsem tu ještě neviděla, pane,“ pokračovala v hovoru paní Straková. „Asi nejste zdejší, že ne?“

„Ne, to máte pravdu. Jenom tudy projíždím. Nevíte náhodou, jestli bych poblíž nemohl najít nějaký levný hotel či penzion? Rád bych tady přespal,“ rozhodl se najednou Jiří.

„No jistě!“ odpověděla paní Straková. „Můžu vám doporučit penzion Bílá růže. Je to hned na náměstí. Jejich pokoje jsou útulné a ne moc drahé, určitě budete spokojen,“ řekla ochotně a přidala Jiřímu pár velkých hrušek zdarma.

„Ach, moc vám děkuji, jste velmi laskavá,“ řekl Jiří, překvapen její štedrostí.

„Nemáte za co,“ odpověděla paní Straková. „Mrzí mě, že je to už dnes dost přebrané. To víte, je už pozdě. Dnes jsem už hodně prodala. Ale můžu vám něco nabídnout. Nechtěl byste si zítra ráno natrhat pár blum či jablek přímo v mé zahradě? Samozřejmě, jestli nespěcháte. Jmenuji se Straková. Bydlím v Trnové ulici blízko parku. Každý mě tady zná, určitě vám poradí cestu. A právě dozrává vzácná odrůda letních jablek. Taková výtečná jablka jste nikdy nejedl, za to vám ručím,“ řekla paní Straková a zablesklo se jí v očích.

Jiřímu se ten nápad líbil. „Nebylo by špatné natrhat si pár kilo čerstvého ovoce přímo ze stromů,“ pomyslel si a řekl: „Přijedu rád.“



Mohu dorazit asi kolem deváté, jestli vám to nevadí. Nebo mám přijet trochu později? Nerad bych vás vyrušoval.“

„Ne, vůbec ne. To mi vyhovuje. Obvykle jsem na nohou od sedmi hodin. Jen přijďte! Budu vás čekat,“ řekla paní Straková a hlas jí skoro přeskočil radostí.

Jiří dorazil do penzionu Bílá růže kolem půl sedmé. „Máte nějaké volné pokoje?“ zeptal se ženy za recepčním pultem. Trochu se obával, zdali teď, uprostřed léta, sežene pokoj, ale měl štěstí.

„Máme ještě jednolůžkový pokoj v prvním patře,“ odpověděla recepční.

„Dobře, vezmu si ho,“ řekl vděčně Jiří. Všechno ho už únavou bolelo.

„Na jak dlouho chcete ten pokoj?“

„Jen na tuto noc. Ráno bych chtěl odjet,“ odpověděl Jiří, když podával recepční občanský průkaz. Pak si náhle vzpomněl, že si domluvil na příští ráno návštěvu u paní Strakové, a zeptal se: „Mohla byste mi, prosím, poradit, jak se dostanu do Trnové ulice? Zítra ráno mám přijet na zahradu paní Strakové.“

Jiřímu neušlo, že jeho otázka recepční zarazila, nicméně odpověděla: „Pojedete kolem náměstí nahoru k parku, zabočíte vpravo a dostanete se do Trnové ulice. Ta zahrada je rozlehlá, nemůžete ji minout. A vy paní Strakovou znáte?“ zeptala se pátravě.

„Ne, neznám. Potkal jsem ji dnes odpoledne na tržišti a zdála se být velmi ochotná. Řekla mi, že bych si mohl natrhat trochu čerstvého ovoce přímo v její zahradě, nic víc.“

„No, být vámi, nejezdila bych tam,“ varovala recepční Jiřího. Víte, ta její zahrada – či spíše její majitelka – je velmi podezřelá. Zdejší lidé říkají, že kdokoli tam přijde, nikdy se nevrátí zpět. Stalo se to už několikrát. Na druhé straně je pravda, že policisté nenašli žádné stopy po těch zmizelých lidech nebo jakémkoli násilném činu ani v domě, ani na zahradě. Přesto by si nikdo z místních lidí netroufl vstoupit na její pozemek.“

„To, co mi vyprávíte, je jako z pohádky či nějaké detektivky. Tím spíš tam musím jet, abych tomu přišel na kloub,“ zasmál se Jiří a nevěřicně kroutil hlavou. Na plané řeči nebo pověry nikdy nedal.

Na druhý den po snídani Jiří zaplatil účet a vyrazil do Trnové ulice. Popis cesty, který mu dala recepční, stačil na to, aby našel dům paní Strakové bez potíží. Ostatně nebylo těžké zorientovat se v takovém malém městě. Sotva zaparkoval svůj vůz před domem, paní Straková mu šla s úsměvem vstříc.

„Jsem opravdu ráda, že jste přijel. Alespoň mám někoho, kdo mi může pomoci sklidit trochu toho ovoce,“ řekla a vedla svého zákazníka do nitra rozlehlé zahrady.

Jiří si připadal jako v pohádkovém sadu. Jakoby se ty stromy obsypané zralým ovocem před ním skláněly a lákaly ho: „Jen pojď dál, podívej se, jaké bohatství ti nabízíme a jak krásně voní naše plody. Neostýchej se a směle trhej.“

A Jiří se nedal dlouho pobízet. Když natrhal košík blum, uviděl nádherné hrušky a meruňky na protější straně zahrady. Natrhal další košík ovoce a pak přišel k dlouhé řadě jabloní, které mu nabízely svá

skvozná jablka. Když natrhal tři koše, řekl si, že by to opravdu mohlo stačit.

„Není to snadné, ale v nejlepším je třeba přestat. Mokrát vám děkuji, paní Straková. Je čas, abych se s vámi vyrovnal,“ řekl Jiří a vytáhl z kapsy peněženku.

„Ale ne! Jen tolik nespěchejte,“ odpověděla žena. „Ještě jsem vám neukázala tu vzácnou jabloň. Tu, která rodí ta výborná letní jablka. Vždyť to je moje chloubka a největší vzácnost široko daleko. Její jablka jsou opravdu zázračně lahodná. Jistě budete překvapen jejich omamnou vůní,“ řekla. Nato uchopila Jiřího pod paží a vedla ho do nejvzdálenějšího kouta zahrady.

Zastavili se před košatou jabloní, jejíž nejzralejší velké žlutočervené plody se skvěly vysoko v koruně.

„Nemusíte lézt nahoru, jen zatřeste stromem. Víte, já na to nemám dost síly,“ řekla paní Straková a odstoupila stranou.

Sotva však Jiří objal rukama kmen jabloně, pocítil silné brnění, které mu vystřelovalo od konečků prstů do celého těla. V tu chvíli se ho zmocnila podivná závrať a jeho tep prudce zpomalil. Pak ho najednou uchopila neznámá obrovská síla a jako silný magnet tlačila celé jeho tělo těsně ke kmeni. Jiří nechápal, co se s ním děje. Jen si uvědomoval, že síla, která svírá jeho tělo, je příliš mocná na to, aby jí dokázal vzdorovat.

Tu se náhle větve jabloně sklonily dolů k Jiřímu a jako silné paže nějakého zápasníka tiskly jeho tělo stále silněji a krutěji ke kmeni, až Jiří pozbyl vědomí. Naštěstí už nic nevnímal, když ho kmen stromu pohltil a on s ním navždy splynul v jeden celek.

Paní Straková se spokojeně usmála a zvedla ze země jedno jediné jablko, které spadlo z koruny jabloně. Potom se s požítkem zakousla do šťavnatého plodu.

## **Zapamatujte si:**

**all the more reason** / tím spíše

**be choice (fruit)** / být prvotřídní (ovoce)

**be enough** / (po)stačit

**be full of beans** / být plný elánu, překypovat energií

**be in season (fruit)** / právě dozrávat (ovoce)

**be up and about** / být (už) na nohou, už nespát

**become rooted** / zakořenit se

**clear out** / vyklidit

**Come, by all means!** / Jen přijďte!

**Do you possibly know if.....?** / Nevíte náhodou, jestli.....?

**every nook and cranny of the garden** / všechny kouty zahrady

**find one's bearings** / zorientovat se

**for that matter** / ostatně

**get to the bottom of it** / přijít tomu na kloub

**Have you got any vacancies?** / Máte volné pokoje?

**He didn't wait to be asked for long.** / Nenechal se dlouho pobízet.

**He hurt all over from exhaustion.** / Všechno ho bolelo únavou.

**He was overcome with a strange giddiness.** / Zmocnila se ho podivná závrať.

**His mouth started watering.** / Začaly se mu sbíhat sliny.

**I'm supposed to come** / mám přijet

**It's all right with me.** / To mi vyhovuje.

**It's necessary to stop when things are at their best.** / V nejlepším je třeba přestat.

**It was his turn.** / Přišel na řadu. Byl na řadě.

**line up** / zařadit se (do fronty)

**Not at all.** / Vůbec ne.

**Of course not!** / Ale ne!

**pass through the town** / projíždět městem

**single room** / jednolůžkový pokoj

**stretch one's legs** / protáhnout se

**take no notice of sb/sth** / nedat na koho/co

**take part in** / účastnit se čeho

**take sb aback** / překvapit, šokovat koho

**They disappeared into thin air.** / Zmizeli, jako by se po nich zem slehla.

## Gramatika:

Vazba **be sure + infinitiv** vyjadřuje, že se něco určitě stane nebo někdo něco určitě udělá. I když vyjadřuje budoucí děj, sloveso *to be* je v přítomném čase. Např. *It is sure to snow. Určitě bude sněžit.* *Joseph is sure to come late. Josef určitě přijde pozdě.*

### *Příklady:*

“Their rooms are cosy and not very expensive, **you are sure to be satisfied.**”

“Everybody knows me here, **they are sure to tell** you the way.”

“**You are sure to be surprised** at their intoxicating smell.”



Vazba **no sooner had.....than** odpovídá českému významu *sotvaže*:

### *Příklady:*

**No sooner had he parked** his car in front of the house **than Mrs. Straka went** to meet him with a smile.

However, **no sooner had George put** his arms round the trunk of the apple tree **than he felt** some strong tingling which shot from his fingertips into the whole body.



Sloveso **keep** + **gerundium** (-*ing* tvar slovesa) vyjadřuje *pokračovat v nějaké činnosti*:

*Příklady:*

There was no evidence against her but despite of this a certain hint of suspicion **kept hanging** above her head.

Only one woman **kept selling** her goods nimbly and buyers continued queuing for the vegetables and fruit at her stand.

“I haven’t seen you here yet, sir,” Mrs. Straka **kept on talking**.



Vazba **feel like** + **gerundium** vyjadřuje *mít chuť dělat*.

*Příklad:*

He **felt like biting into** a juicy apple and a butter pear or **trying** mature plums.



Vazba **not either....or** (= **neither....nor**) odpovídá českému významu *ani....ani*. Například: I don't like either Paul or Peter. (= I like neither Paul nor Peter.) *Nemám ráda ani Pavla, ani Petra.*

***Příklad:***

On the other hand it's true that the policemen **haven't found** any marks of the disappeared people or an act of violence **either** in the house **or** in the garden.



Účinkové věty po výrazech **too příliš** a **enough dost** vyjadřuje *infinitiv*, je-li ve větě jediný podmět. Při různých podmínkách se užívá vazba **for + předmět + infinitiv**. Například: I'm too tired to help you. *Jsem příliš unavená na to, abych ti pomáhala.* He isn't brave enough to be a policeman. *Není dost odvážný na to, aby byl policistou.* It's too cold for me to go out. *Je příliš chladno na to, abych šla ven.*

***Příklady:***

“You see, **I'm not strong enough to do it.**”

He just realized that the **power** which was claspng his body **was too strong for him to be able** to resist.



## The Werewolf

Everything started one evening when I heard an urgent knock at the door of my cottage.

“Jack, open the door! Quickly, please!” entreated the visitor and I at once recognized the voice of my friend and neighbour, Anthony Rambousek. I’d already been nodding over a book in the armchair for a while and the visit at that late evening hour wasn’t exactly convenient for me. I sleepily shuffled as far as the door, opened it – but what I saw immediately woke me up. There was Anthony standing outside, he was quite out of breath and covered in sweat. Horror exuded from his staring eyes and his right arm was terribly bleeding.

“Good heavens! Anthony, what has happened to you?” I stammered out fearfully.

“It was the old Prokop’s beast, the Doberman of his. It must have been him because I saw his master standing a short way off. Just fancy! He didn’t even make him quiet. I was only walking and the beast suddenly jumped out of the bushes and lunged at me groundlessly. You know how much I hate big dogs. Perhaps the beast can feel it in its bones,” explained Anthony hastily. “I’m sorry to disturb you late in the evening, Jack, but do you possibly have any bandage here? I need to bind the arm.”

“Of course, Anthony. But first of all go to the bathroom and wash the wound carefully. I’ll find something in the meantime, there’s sure to be some bandage in that drawer. But you’d better see a doctor. What if the dog is rabid? It’s not a thing to be trifled with,” I warned him.

“It must have been the old Prokop’s dog,” repeated Anthony. “There’s not any other beast similar to him anywhere around here. And I doubt he’s rabid, he’s just ill-mannered and it’s all his master’s fault. Every so often he behaves like mad. After all you know how terribly he growls and barks when you walk past. I’ll report it at the police station so that they take the dog away from him. He shouldn’t be allowed to keep such a dangerous animal if he isn’t able to raise it properly,” said Anthony angrily.

“I quite go along with you. And I’ll confirm it if that’s necessary. Such a bad dog is just like a dangerous weapon. One is nearly scared of walking past the cottage of his,” I had to agree with my friend.

A few days after this night event, the gamekeeper found several pieces of strangled game in the forest. “It must have been a terrible beast,” he told the men in the pub. “Not only did the roes have their throats bitten through but they had torn limbs and prolapsed guts as well. As if the monster slaughtered with some hatred. That’s not typical of any predatory animal. They only hunt to eat their food, they don’t kill revengefully like this.”

Despite twice as large number of traps being set in the forest on the following days, no beast of prey fell into them. Killing the game continued even more intensely though. It was as if the beast jeered at

the local people, as if it wanted to tell them that it was much cleverer and craftier. And the worst thing was that the radius of killing was getting larger – first it expanded from the forest to the cottage camp and then farther in the village itself.

The locals started to be desperate. During the nights, they heard a horrible howl and then heartbreaking wailing of the tormented animals. In the morning, they found strangled cows and sheep in the sheds and even torn horses in the stables. It was as if the whole pack of wolves had made a raid into the village. The old inhabitants couldn't understand it. After all wolves had never been in that area before. The worst fury always set in when the full moon had emerged in the sky. During those nights, the people were afraid to show their faces. Only a few brave men took the risk of going out with the loaded guns. They decided to guard the area near the sheds and stables. The beast, however, as if on purpose always massacred the animals at the other end of the village.

One evening, a young man and his girlfriend were coming back from a dance in the neighbouring village. Their parents had warned them they shouldn't go anywhere since the full moon was supposed to rise in the sky that night and in that late night hour it was dangerous for everybody to stay outdoors. Sadly the young couple didn't take their parents' warning very seriously. The thing is that young people in love think of nothing but each other and they don't allow any unpleasant affairs to spoil their happiness.

The boy and his girlfriend decided to take a short cut through the forest because they wanted to get home before midnight as they'd

promised to their parents. Although it was thick darkness all around, they were quite calm since they knew the way very well. Then all of a sudden they heard a horrifying howl and ominous roaring somewhere in the immediate vicinity and afterwards a shadow of a huge beast swiftly burst out of the bushes. The young man had hardly managed to look back when the beast's sharp claws dug into his throat. The girl shouted out in horror and tried to escape but she came to a sticky end just like her boyfriend.

On the following day, the gamekeeper found their bodies while making his morning rounds through the forest. "It was really a terrible sight," he told the villagers in the village square after their funeral. "I'd thought the beast only killed animals and it wouldn't dare to attack a man. But now it's clear that it is much more dangerous. Therefore avoid going out at night at full moon because the monster is very aggressive just at that time. You'd better board up the windows and secure the doors in that critical night time. It is obvious that the beast's audacity is infinite. It could dare to assault your dwellings quite easily."

The tragic death of two young people shook the village. The villagers were frightened and they started to think about how to protect their cottages and domestic animals from the ferocious beast.

During the funeral mass in the local church, the priest spoke to the unhappy villagers in order to lift their spirits.

"Dear believers, Satan has come to our area. He appears in the guise of a werewolf and kills all living creatures cruelly and mercilessly. But you mustn't be scared of him since your fear makes him even stronger and bolder. He must feel that you are stronger than him.

That's why I ask the most courageous men to come with their weapons and I'll sanctify them in the name of God. Those weapons will then become deadly for the werewolf. But the hunter who'll succeed in knocking him to the ground must then terminate the whole work. Since the devil's power in the guise of a werewolf is immense. The hunter must pierce the beast's heart with a sharp stake or cut off its head. Otherwise the monster could come to life again and it could keep on doing harm to people and animals."

On the next day, the first brave men started coming to the priest. I took my old rifle, which had been hanging on the wall just as a decoration for years, and joined the men. 'Hope I'll still be able to use it,' I contemplated. Incidentally, I'd always been a good shot. The priest sanctified our guns through a prayer and sprinkled holy water on them.

The full moon was supposed to come in two days. The men from the village spoke about nothing but who would kill the ferocious beast and they gave a vivid description of how they'd do it. At the same time they looked back at one another full of expectations which of them would be the hero. However, when the night at full moon had come, there was not a living soul outside. All villagers including the men hid up in their cottages and boarded up the windows and doors, praying to God for surviving that night happily and without any damage.

Only the old Prokop's wife was running home from her neighbour's place just in the most dangerous hour. She'd called on her to sell her some eggs in the afternoon and as usual the women became