

2025 metų vertimų ir iliustracijų projekto „Tavo Žvilgsnis“ vykdymo instrukcija
Sveikiname ilgamečius „Tavo žvilgsnio“ dalyvius ir šio kalbų ir kultūros sąjūdžio naujokus !

1. Pateikiame po 6 kiekvienos kalbos (anglų k., rusų k., vokiečių k. ir prancūzų k.) trumpuosius tekstus ir po 1 ilgąjį kiekvienos kalbos tekstą. Iš viso 28 tekstai.
2. **Išversti trumpuosius tekstus siūlome iki 2025 m. kovo 10 d.**
Registracija vyks iki 2025 m. kovo 3 d.
3. Moksleivis tekstą gali rinktis su mokytojo (darbo vadovo) pagalba, bet verčia jį **savarankiškai**.
4. Versdami tekstus moksleiviai gali naudotis žodynais. Darbas atliekamas rašant ranka arba kompiuteriu. Rašančių ranka prašytume tai daryti įskaitomai. Primename, jog tekste esantys eilėraščiai taip pat turi būti išversti (pažodinis arba poetinis vertimai).
5. Verčiant pasirinktą tekstą laikas nėra ribojamas.
6. Išverstus tekstus maloniai prašome išsiųsti vienu iš būdų:
 - a) elektroniniu vertimo lapu, kurio adresas yra <https://www.vkif.lt/darbu-siuntimas> (atsivertę šį puslapį, rasite vertimo vietą ir anketą, kurią reikia užpildyti ir išsiųsti; išsiuntę darbą, gausite patvirtinimą, kad vertimas gautas).
 - b) jei neturite galimybės naudotis elektroniniu vertimo lapu, išverstus tekstus galite siųsti ir Lietuvos paštu, adresu: **VKIF „Tavo žvilgsnis“, J. Basanavičiaus g. 12, 03224 Vilnius**. Drauge su tekstais paskutiniame puslapyje pateikiame unifikotą vertimo lapo pavyzdį, kuriame yra anketinė dalis. Nepamirškite jos užpildyti. Tai yra vertimo švarraštis.
7. Vertinant darbus dėmesys bus kreipiamas į kūrybinį vertėjo požiūrį perteikiant mintis gimtąja kalba, kūrinio nuotaikos atitikimą, gramatines ir kalbos klaidas.
8. Pageidaujantys versti iš anglų kalbos moksleiviai, kurių anglų kalba yra gimtoji, į anketinės dalies 5,8 ir 9 klausimus atsako – „gimtoji kalba“.
9. Iliustruotojas neprivalo būti vertėjas. Iliustruotojas gali pasirinkti bet kurį tekstą. Su teksto turiniu, reikalui esant, gali padėti susipažinti mokytojai arba darbo vadovai.
10. Iliustravimo darbai gali būti atlikti įvairiomis technikomis, jie gali būti įvairiausių formatų. Darbus prašome išsiųsti iki 2025 m. kovo 10 d.
11. Iliustracijos originalą būtina siųsti Lietuvos paštu, adresu: **VKIF „Tavo žvilgsnis“, J. Basanavičiaus g. 12, 03224 Vilnius**. Iliustracijas galite siųsti elektronine forma (jeigu darbas buvo kuriamas kompiuteriu), adresu: <https://www.vkif.lt/darbu-siuntimas>
12. Siunčiant originalą Lietuvos paštu būtina nurodyti autoriaus vardą ir pavardę, amžių, švietimo įstaigos pavadinimą pritvirtintame baltame 2,5 x 9 cm formato lapelyje, dešinėje piešinio pusėje. Kitoje (atvirkščioje) pusėje priklijuokite užpildytą anketinę dalį (kaip ir vertėjų), nepamiršdami nurodyti teksto, kurį iliustruojate.
13. **Vertinsime darbus tų mokyklų arba atskirų dalyvių, kurie pateikė elektronines paraiškas su reikiamais duomenimis.**
14. Geriausių darbų autoriams bus įteikti diplomai, kitiems dalyviams – padėkos, o mokytojams – projekto vykdytojo pažymėjimai.
15. Tie projekto dalyviai, kurie norėtų pelnyti ilgojo teksto vertėjo diplomą, **turi išversti siūlomą arba savo pasirinktą didesnės apimties tekstą arba visus šešis ta pačia kalba pateiktus trumpuosius tekstus**. Darbų atlikimo laikas – 2025 m. kovo 10 d. **Pasirinkus versti savo tekstą, būtina atsiųsti ne tik vertimą, bet kartu ir jo originalą.**
16. Geriausių darbų autorių sąrašą pateiksime mokykloms 2025 m. gegužės pabaigoje. Kad sąrašas būtų paskelbtas laiku, prašytume nevēluoti ir laiku pateikti atliktus darbus.
17. Geriausių darbų autorius vėl pakviesime kartu keliauti.
18. Norėdami pasiteirauti, rašykite adresu zvilgsnis@vkif.lt, būtinai nurodydami savo tel. numerį tam, kad susiklosčius neatidėliotinai situacijai, projekto konsultantai galėtų su Jumis susisiekti.
19. Maloniai primename, jog pateikti tekstai svetainėje bus matomi visiems. Kad šių tekstų vertimai ir jų iliustracijos būtų vertinami, reikia atlikti dalyvių registraciją. Ją turi atlikti grupės vadovas(-ė) arba pats dalyvis ar jo tėvai. Paraiška dalyvauti projekte pildoma mūsų svetainėje prisijungus prie savo paskyros per skiltį *Mano VKIF* (pirmą kartą būtina registracija).

“Catch!”

Kirsty Tate hurled a tennis ball into the air and watched as her friend Rachel Walker ran across the grass to catch it. It was the first day of the Easter holidays and Rachel had come to stay with Kirsty’s family for a whole week. The two girls were in the park while Kirsty’s parents were at the supermarket. With the sun shining brightly and no trace of a cloud in the sky, it felt like perfect holiday weather. Rachel held up the ball triumphantly.

“Your turn,” she called. “Ready?”

Before Kirsty could reply, there was a loud sound of barking, and both girls spun around to see a large black dog thundering past them. Rachel jumped back quickly as the dog raced by. “Is that a squirrel it’s chasing?” she asked, staring after it.

Kirsty shielded her eyes from the sun for a better look. “No, it’s a kitten!” she exclaimed. Her eyebrows shot up in surprise at the sight of the tiny white and grey kitten scrambling across the grass as fast as its little legs could carry it. “What’s a kitten doing in the park?”

“I don’t know – but that dog’s about to catch it,” Rachel said in alarm. “Come on!”

The two girls started to run after the animals. But before they’d got very far there was a sudden flash of bright light, and then a cloud of amber sparkles swirled around the kitten. A split-second later, the kitten had vanished and an enormous striped tiger had appeared in its place. The tiger turned towards the dog and roared. Immediately, the dog pulled up short, its ears back.

Perhaps 'tis just as well that we

Can't see ourselves as others see.

—Old Granny Fox.

"Just as I thought," muttered Reddy Fox as he peeped through the bushes on the bank of the Big River and saw Quacker swimming about in the water where it ran too swiftly to freeze. "We've got just as much chance of catching him as I have of jumping over the moon. That's what I'll tell Granny."

He crept back carefully so as not to be seen by Quacker, and when he had reached the place where Granny was waiting for him, his face wore a very impudent look.

"Well," said Granny Fox, "what shall we do to catch him?"

"Learn to swim like a fish and fly like a bird," replied Reddy in such a saucy tone that Granny had hard work to keep from boxing his ears.

"You mean that you think he can't be caught?" said she quietly.

"I don't think anything about it; I know he can't!" snapped Reddy. "Not by us, anyway," he added.

"I suppose you wouldn't even try?" retorted Granny.

"I'm old enough to know when I'm wasting my time," replied Reddy with a toss of his head.

"In other words you think I'm a silly old Fox who has lost her senses," said Granny sharply.

"No-o. I didn't say that," protested Reddy, looking very uncomfortable.

"But you think it," declared Granny. "Now look here, Mr. Smarty, you do just as I tell you. You creep back there where you can watch Quacker and all that happens, and mind that you keep out of his sight. Now go."

Reddy went. There was nothing else to do. He didn't dare disobey. Granny watched until Reddy had reached his hiding-place. Then what do you think she did? Why, she walked right out on the little beach just below Reddy and in plain sight of Quacker! Yes, Sir, that is what she did!

Then began such a queer performance that it is no wonder that Reddy was sure Granny had lost her senses. She rolled over and over. She chased her tail round and round until it made Reddy dizzy to watch her. She jumped up in the air. She raced back and forth. She played with a bit of stick. And all the time she didn't pay the least attention to Quacker the Duck.

Reddy stared and stared. Whatever had come over Granny? She was crazy. Yes, Sir, that must be the matter. It must be that she had gone without food so long that she had gone crazy. Poor Granny! She was in her second childhood. Reddy could remember how he had done such things when he was very young, just by way of showing how fine he felt. But for a grown-up Fox to do such things was undignified, to say the least. You know Reddy thinks a great deal of dignity. It was worse than undignified; it was positively disgraceful. He did hope that none of his neighbors would happen along and see Granny cutting up so. He never would hear the end of it if they did.

Over and over rolled Granny, and around and around she chased her tail. The snow flew up in a cloud. And all the time she made no sound. Reddy was just trying to decide whether to go off and leave her until she had regained her common sense, or to go out and try to stop her, when he happened to look out in the open water where Quacker was. Quacker was sitting up as straight as he could. In fact, he had his wings raised to help him sit up on his tail, the better to see what old Granny Fox was doing.

"As I live," muttered Reddy, "I believe that fellow is nearer than he was!"

Reddy crouched lower than ever, and instead of watching Granny he watched Quacker the Duck.

Many years ago there lived in England a wise and good king whose name was Alfred. No other man ever did so much for his country as he; and people now, all over the world, speak of him as Alfred the Great.

In those days a king did not have a very easy life. There was war almost all the time, and no one else could lead his army into battle so well as he. And so, between ruling and fighting, he had a busy time of it indeed.

A fierce, rude people, called the Danes, had come from over the sea, and were fighting the English. There were so many of them, and they were so bold and strong, that for a long time they gained every battle. If they kept on, they would soon be the masters of the whole country.

At last, after a great battle, the English army was broken up and scattered. Every man had to save himself in the best way he could. King Alfred fled alone, in great haste, through the woods and swamps.

Late in the day the king came to the hut of a woodcutter. He was very tired and hungry, and he begged the woodcutter's wife to give him something to eat and a place to sleep in her hut.

The woman was baking some cakes upon the hearth, and she looked with pity upon the poor, ragged fellow who seemed so hungry. She had no thought that he was the king.

"Yes," she said, "I will give you some supper if you will watch these cakes. I want to go out and milk the cow; and you must see that they do not burn while I am gone."

King Alfred was very willing to watch the cakes, but he had far greater things to think about. How was he going to get his army together again? And how was he going to drive the fierce Danes out of the land? He forgot his hunger; he forgot the cakes; he forgot that he was in the woodcutter's hut. His mind was busy making plans for tomorrow.

In a little while the woman came back. The cakes were smoking on the hearth. They were burned to a crisp. Ah, how angry she was!

"You lazy fellow!" she cried. "See what you have done! You want something to eat, but you do not want to work!"

I have been told that she even struck the king with a stick; but I can hardly believe that she was so ill-natured.

The king must have laughed to himself at the thought of being scolded in this way; and he was so hungry that he did not mind the woman's angry words half so much as the loss of the cakes.

I do not know whether he had anything to eat that night, or whether he had to go to bed without his supper. But it was not many days until he had gathered his men together again, and had beaten the Danes in a great battle.

In a village dwelt a poor old woman, who had gathered together a dish of beans and wanted to cook them. So she made a fire on her hearth, and that it might burn the quicker, she lighted it with a handful of straw. When she was emptying the beans into the pan, one dropped without her observing it, and lay on the ground beside a straw, and soon afterwards a burning coal from the fire leapt down to the two. Then the straw began and said: 'Dear friends, from whence do you come here?' The coal replied: 'I fortunately sprang out of the fire, and if I had not escaped by sheer force, my death would have been certain,—I should have been burnt to ashes.' The bean said: 'I too have escaped with a whole skin, but if the old woman had got me into the pan, I should have been made into broth without any mercy, like my comrades.' 'And would a better fate have fallen to my lot?' said the straw. 'The old woman has destroyed all my brethren in fire and smoke; she seized sixty of them at once, and took their lives. I luckily slipped through her fingers.'

'But what are we to do now?' said the coal.

'I think,' answered the bean, 'that as we have so fortunately escaped death, we should keep together like good companions, and lest a new mischance should overtake us here, we should go away together, and repair to a foreign country.'

The proposition pleased the two others, and they set out on their way together. Soon, however, they came to a little brook, and as there was no bridge or foot-plank, they did not know how they were to get over it. The straw hit on a good idea, and said: 'I will lay myself straight across, and then you can walk over on me as on a bridge.' The straw therefore stretched itself from one bank to the other, and the coal, who was of an impetuous disposition, tripped quite boldly on to the newly-built bridge. But when she had reached the middle, and heard the water rushing beneath her, she was after all, afraid, and stood still, and ventured no farther. The straw, however, began to burn, broke in two pieces, and fell into the stream. The coal slipped after her, hissed when she got into the water, and breathed her last. The bean, who had prudently stayed behind on the shore, could not but laugh at the event, was unable to stop, and laughed so heartily that she burst. It would have been all over with her, likewise, if, by good fortune, a tailor who was travelling in search of work, had not sat down to rest by the brook. As he had a compassionate heart he pulled out his needle and thread, and sewed her together. The bean thanked him most prettily, but as the tailor used black thread, all beans since then have a black seam.

Every evening after sunset, when the most wonderful soft light is in the sky and it is very still everywhere, the old bell in the steeple chimes out over the village and the fields around. No one quite knows what the evening bell sings, but the tone is so beautiful that everyone stands still and listens.

Ever since the oldest grandfather can remember, the dear bell has sung at evening and everyone has listened, and listened, for the message.

A great many people said there was really no message at all, and one very learned man wrote a whole book to show that the song of the evening bell was nothing but the clanging of brass and iron; and almost everyone who read it believed it. But there were many who were not wise enough to read, so they listened to the sweet tone just as lovingly as they had listened when they were little children.

Sometimes when the sweet song pealed out, the old shoemaker would forget and leave his thread half drawn, and while he listened a wonderful smiling light shone in his face. But whenever the little grandson asked him what the bell said to him, the old man only shook his head and pulled the stitch through and sewed on and on, until there was not any more light; and for this reason the little boy began to think that the bell was singing something about work. He thought of it very often when he sat on his grandfather's step listening to the song and watching the people. Sometimes those who had read the learned book spoke together and laughed quite loudly, to show that they were not paying any attention to the bell; and there were others who seemed not to hear it at all. But there were some who listened just as the old grandfather had listened, and many who stopped and bowed their heads and stood quite still for a long, long while. But the strangest was, that no one ever could tell the other what the bell had sung to him. It was really a very deep mystery.

Now there was a painter who had such loving eyes that even when he looked on homely, lowly things, he saw wonder that no one else could see. He loved all the sweet mysteries that are in the world, and he loved the bell's song; he wondered about it just as the little boy had done.

One evening, I think, he went alone beyond the village and through the wide brown fields; he saw the light in the sky, and the birds going home, and the steeple far off. It was all very still and wonderful, and as he looked away on every side, thinking many holy thoughts, he saw a man and a woman working together in the dim light. They were digging potatoes; there was a wheelbarrow beside them, and a basket. Sometimes they moved about slowly, or stooped with their hands in the brown earth. And while they worked, the sound of the evening bell came faintly to them. When they heard it they rose up. The mother folded her hands on her breast and said the words of a prayer, and thought of her little ones. The father just held his hat in his hand and looked down at their work. And the painter forgot all the wonder of the sky and the wide field as he looked at them, for there was a deeper mystery. And it was plain to him.

But the man and the woman stood there listening; they did not know that the bell was singing to them of their very own work, of every loving service and lowly task of the day.

The bell sang on and on, and the peace of the song seemed to fill the whole day.

Perhaps the best known and most popular of heroines is Joan of Arc, called the Maid of Orleans. Certainly she is one of the most interesting characters in the history of France during the Middle Ages; hence I select her to illustrate heroic women. There are not many such who are known to fame; though heroic qualities are not uncommon in the gentler sex, and a certain degree of heroism enters into the character of all those noble and strongly marked women who have attracted attention and who have rendered great services. It marked many of the illustrious women of the Bible, of Grecian and Roman antiquity, and especially those whom chivalry produced in mediaeval Europe; and even in our modern times intrepidity and courage have made many a woman famous, like Florence Nightingale. In Jewish history we point to Deborah, who delivered Israel from the hands of Jabin; and to Jael, who slew Sisera, the captain of Jabin's hosts; and to Judith, who cut off the head of Holofernes. It was heroism, which is ever allied with magnanimity, that prompted the daughter of Jephtha to the most remarkable self-sacrifice recorded in history. There was a lofty heroism in Abigail, when she prevented David from shedding innocent blood. And among the Pagan nations, who does not admire the heroism of such women as we have already noticed? Chivalry, too, produced illustrious heroines in every country of Europe. We read of a Countess of March, in the reign of Edward III., who defended Dunbar with uncommon courage against Montague and an English army; a Countess of Montfort shut herself up in the fortress of Hennebon, and successfully defied the whole power of Charles of Blois; Jane Hatchett repulsed in person a considerable body of Burgundian troops; Altrude, Countess of Bertinora, advanced with an army to the relief of Ancona; Bona Lombardi, with a body of troops, liberated her husband from captivity; Isabella of Lorraine raised an army for the rescue of her husband; Queen Philippa, during the absence of her husband in Scotland, stationed herself in the Castle of Bamborough and defied the threats of Douglas, and afterwards headed an army against David, King of Scotland, and took him prisoner, and shut him up in the Tower of London.

But these illustrious women of the Middle Ages who performed such feats of gallantry and courage belonged to the noble class; they were identified with aristocratic institutions; they lived in castles; they were the wives and daughters of feudal princes and nobles whose business was war, and who were rough and turbulent warriors, and sometimes no better than robbers, but who had the virtues of chivalry, which was at its height during the wars of Edward III. And yet neither the proud feudal nobles nor their courageous wives and daughters took any notice of the plebeian people, except to oppress and grind them down. No virtues were developed by feudalism among the people but submission, patience, and loyalty.

And thus it is extraordinary that such a person should appear in that chivalric age as Joan of Arc, who rose from the humblest class, who could neither read nor write,—a peasant girl without friends or influence, living among the Vosges mountains on the borders of Champagne and Lorraine. She was born in 1412, in the little obscure village of Domremy on the Meuse, on land belonging to the French crown. She lived in a fair and fertile valley on the line of the river, on the other side of which were the Burgundian territories. The Lorraine of the Vosges was a mountainous district covered with forests, which served for royal hunting parties. The village of Domremy itself was once a dependency of the abbey of St. Remy at Rheims. This district had suffered cruelly from the wars between the Burgundians and the adherents of the Armagnacs, one of the great feudal families of France in the Middle Ages.

Joan, or Jeanne, was the third daughter of one of the peasant laborers of Domremy. She was employed by her mother in spinning and sewing, while her sisters and brothers were set to watch cattle. Her mother could teach her neither to read nor write, but early imbued her mind with the sense of duty. Joan was naturally devout, and faultless in her morals; simple, natural, gentle, fond of attending the village church; devoting herself, when not wanted at home, to nursing the sick,—the best girl in the village; strong, healthy, and beautiful; a spirit lowly but poetic, superstitious but humane, and fond of romantic adventures. But her piety was one of her most marked peculiarities, and somehow or other she knew more than we can explain of Scripture heroes and heroines.

One of the legends of that age and place was that the marches of Lorraine were to give birth to a maid who was to save the realm,—founded on an old prophecy of Merlin. It seems that when only thirteen years old Joan saw visions, and heard celestial voices bidding her to be good and to trust in God; and as virginity was supposed to be a supernal virtue, she vowed to remain a virgin, but told no one of her vow or her visions. She seems to have been a girl of extraordinary good sense, which was as marked as her religious enthusiasm.

'This is the room, madame'

'Oh thank you – thank you'

'Does madame like the room?'

'Oh yes. Thank you. It is very nice.'

'Does madame want anything more?'

'If it is not too late, I want to have a hot bath'

'That is quite easy, madame. The bathroom is the room at the end of this floor, on the left. I can get the bath ready for madame.'

'There is just one more thing. I came by train from England today, so I am very tired. Please do not bring my breakfast too early tomorrow. I want to have a good sleep tonight.'

'I understand, madame.'

The girl went off to get the bath ready.

Millicent Bracegirdle was right. She was tired. She thought of Easingstoke, her home town, now so far away. She remembered the drive to London early that morning: the train from London to Dover; the boat to Calais. Then another train to Paris. By lunchtime, she was in a third train, going from Paris to Bordeaux. Now, here she was in the hotel. It was twelve o'clock at night. Why was she here in south-west France, of all places? It was all because of Annie, her younger sister. Annie usually lived in South America. Earlier in the year, Annie got ill and now she was to have a holiday in Europe. Miss Bracegirdle's brother could not come to meet Annie off the boat: He had too much work to do in Easingstoke. So Miss Bracegirdle was the only other person.

'The ship is going to arrive in Bordeaux tomorrow,' thought Miss Bracegirdle. 'And I am going to see Annie again after all these years.'

This was Miss Bracegirdle's first visit to France. She did not usually take holidays away from home. Luckily she spoke a little French. 'It is not so difficult to live in France,' she thought. 'The thing to understand is that it is quite different from Easingstoke.'

She took her things one by one out of her bag and put them away carefully. She thought about her home in Easingstoke, with flowers in all the rooms and photographs of the family. She thought about her poor brother, working so hard. She felt a little sad, but only for a minute. Her time in France was to be quite short. She was going to be home again soon. Now she must get a good night's sleep. But first that hot bath...

She took off her day things and put on her nightdress. Then she picked up her washing things and went to the bathroom, closing her bedroom door quietly. She lay in the hot water and thought about the nice young girl in the hotel, getting her bath ready. People in this hotel were very friendly – always ready to help. There was so much she wanted to tell her brother when she got home.

She got out of the bath and put on her nightdress again. She cleaned the bath very carefully. She did not want French people to think that the English were dirty. Then she left the bathroom and went back to her bedroom. She went in quickly, put on the light and shut the door.

Then, one of those unlucky things happened: the handle of the door came off in her hand. She tried to put the handle back on the door but she could not. 'How do I do it?' she thought. 'It is going to be very difficult to open the door now. Do I ask that nice girl to come and help me? Perhaps by now she is in bed.'

She turned away from the door, and suddenly, she saw something much, much worse than the door-handle. There was a man in her bed! She took one look at his thick black hair and his big black moustache and immediately felt quite ill with fear. For a minute or two, she could not think. Then her first thought was: 'I must not scream!' She stood there but she could not move. She just looked at the man's dark head and the big line of his back under the bedthings. She began to think very quickly. Her next thought was: 'I am in the wrong room. It is the man's room.' She could see his jacket and trousers lying on a chair and his big black shoes on the floor. She must get out quickly. But how? She tried again to open the door with her fingers but she could not.

Here she was, shut in a hotel room with an unknown man – a Frenchman! She must think, she must think! She turned off the light. 'Perhaps with the light off, he is not going to wake up,' she thought. 'That gives me more time to do something. But if he does wake up, what do I do? He is not going to believe my story. Nobody is going to believe me. In England perhaps but not here. How can they understand? So, I must get out of this room. By waking him? By screaming? By calling the young girl? No, it is no good. If I scream or call out, people are going to come running immediately. And what do they find? Miss Bracegirdle from Easingstoke in a man's bedroom after twelve o'clock at night. Just think of all the talk back home when my friends hear about that! And if I climb out of the window?' She thought of the big hairy man pulling her back by the legs as she tried to get out. He could wake up at any minute. She thought that she heard somebody going past outside the door. But it was too late to scream now.

Suddenly, she had an idea. It was now nearly one o'clock in the morning. Perhaps the sleeping man was not dangerous. At seven or eight o'clock, he must get up and go out to work. 'I can get under the bed and wait there until he goes. Men never look under the bed. When he sees the door-handle on the floor, he is going to open the door with something or call the girl to come. Later, I can come out from under the bed and go quietly back to my room. Nobody is going to know.'

She lay down on the floor and got under the bed. No sound came from the man above her, but from down here it was difficult to hear anything. She tried to think of her nice little bedroom in Easingstoke with its nice white bed but the floor was getting harder every minute. She tried to think what her room number was. One hundred and fifteen? Or was it one hundred and sixteen? She was always bad at remembering numbers. She began to think of her schooldays and the interesting things she learned then. Suddenly, she felt that she was going to sneeze. She could not stop it. The sneeze came – a long, hard one. 'This is the end of me,' Miss Bracegirdle thought. 'Now this Frenchman is going to jump out of bed and turn on the light. Then he is going to look under the bed and pull me out. And then... And then? What can I do then? I can scream if he puts his hands on me. Perhaps it is better to scream first, before that happens. If not, he can put his hand over my mouth and stop me from screaming.'

But no scream came out of her mouth. Her fear was much too strong. She stayed very quiet and listened. Was he going to hit her – with one of those heavy shoes, perhaps? But nothing happened. Miss Bracegirdle suddenly knew that she could not stay under that bed a minute longer. It was better to come out, wake up the man and tell him everything. With difficulty she got out from under the bed and stood up. She went over to the door and put on the light. She turned to the bed and said, as strongly as she could, 'Monsieur!'

Nothing happened. She looked at the man and said again, 'Monsieur! Monsieur!'

But again there was no answer. She went closer to the bed. His hair and moustache were very black but his face had no colour in it. His mouth was open but his eyes were shut.

Then for the third time that night, Miss Bracegirdle nearly died of fear. Suddenly, her legs felt as weak as water. She nearly fell down. Because the man in the bed was dead! It was the first time that she stood face to face with a dead person, but there was no mistake. The man was dead. Miss Bracegirdle could only say, 'He's dead! He's dead!'

Her difficulties now were not important. She began to feel sorry for him, lying here dead in a hotel room. But a sudden sound broke into her thoughts. Somebody outside the door put down some shoes: the shoe-cleaning boy. She heard the sound of his feet die away and remembered where she was. To be in an unknown man's bedroom was bad, but to be in a room with a dead man was much, much worse! If they found her here, people were going to think she killed him! A picture came into her head: the police taking her off to the police station, asking her questions, shutting her away... And her sister arriving in just a few hours' time too! She must get out of the room immediately. 'I cannot call for help now,' she thought, fighting back her fear. 'Do something, Millicent. It is now or never!'

But what? She went round the room, looking for something to open the door with. She could find nothing. Finally, she picked up the man's jacket. Inside it she found a small knife. She took the knife and put it in the side of the door. Very slowly she turned the knife and the door opened.

She wanted to run out of the room immediately but she stopped first and listened. Nobody was there. Feeling very afraid, Miss Bracegirdle shut the door quickly behind her and ran as fast as she could to her bedroom. She lay down on the bed and the fear slowly began to leave her. All was well! But then she had another unhappy thought. The living fear came back. Her washing things were in there. They were lying there in the dead man's room! And her name was on them. To go back again now was far worse than the first time but she had no choice. She could not leave her things lying there. 'If they find them, they are going to ask me how they got there,' she thought. She had to go back.

She went. She did not look at the bed. She quickly took her washing things and ran back again to her bedroom. Now that the danger was over, she suddenly felt very, very tired. She got into bed and put out the light. She lay in the dark, trying to forget her fears. Finally, she went to sleep.

It was eleven o'clock when she woke up. The sun was high in the sky and the fears of the night were far away. In the light of the day, it was all very difficult to believe. Miss Bracegirdle tried to think about other things.

Finally, the young girl arrived to wake her up. Her eyes showed that she was excited. 'Oh, madame!' she said, 'a very bad thing happened here last night. The man in room one hundred and seventeen – he is dead! Please do not say that I told you but the police were here, the doctor, everybody.'

Miss Bracegirdle said nothing. There was nothing to say. But the young woman was too excited to stop. 'And do you know who this dead man was, madame? They say that he was Boldhu, the famous killer, wanted by the police. Last year, he killed a woman and cut her up and threw her into the river. And last night, he died here in our hotel – in the room next door! We do not know how. Did you say coffee, madame?'

'No, thank you, just a cup of tea – strong tea, please.'

'Very well, madame.'

The girl left and soon a man from the kitchen came with Miss Bracegirdle's cup of tea. Miss Bracegirdle thought that this was unusual: a man bringing tea to a lady's bedroom. These things did not happen in Easingstoke. But French people were different. She thought about the man in the next room. She felt quite sorry for him now, dying so suddenly, far from home. She got up, washed and dressed. After that, she took her pen and some paper and went down to the hotel sitting-room. Nobody in the hotel was very excited. Perhaps they did not know about the dead man. She went to the writing-table and started to write her letter:

Hotel Carlton

Bordeaux

5 September

My dear brother,

I hope you are well. I arrived here late last night. The time in the train was long but quite interesting. I nearly lost my glasses but a nice man found them for me. The people here are very friendly but the food is quite different from English food. I am going to meet Annie at one o'clock. I remembered in the train there is some fruit from Mrs Hunt's garden in the kitchen cupboard. I forgot to tell Lizzie about it, so please tell her for me. I do not want it to go bad. This is a nice hotel but I think that Annie and I are going to move to the Grand Hotel tonight, because the rooms here are not very quiet. That is all there is to tell you for now. Be careful not to get cold. I am coming back soon.

Your loving sister, Millicent.

She could not tell her brother about last night, not in the letter and not when she got home. It was too difficult to say how she came to be in a man's bedroom – an unknown man, a dead man. Or about getting under his bed. Or about opening the door with his knife. Her brother always felt unhappy if anything unusual happened to her. It was much better not to say anything. She put on her hat and coat and went out to send the letter. The sun was warm. It was good to walk in the streets. There were a lot of people in the cafes, laughing, talking, moving about. They were so different from the people in Easingstoke. It was exciting to be in France.

'I was in a Frenchman's bedroom all last night,' she suddenly thought. She smiled.

Miss Bracegirdle walked more quickly to the letter-box to send her letter. Her face was a little red but perhaps only because it was a warm day. She put her letter in the box and waited to hear it fall inside. It fell. So that was that. She turned and went to meet her sister off the boat from South America.

VERTIMŲ IR ILIUSTRACIJŲ PROJEKTAS TAVO ŽVILGSNIS 2025

1. Švietimo įstaigos pavadinimas	
2. Moksleivio (-ės) vardas, pavardė (spausdintinėmis raidėmis)	
3. Mokytojo (darbo vadovo) vardas, pavardė	
4. Verčiamo/ilustruojamo teksto pavadinimas (lietuvių kalba)	
5. Užsienio kalba, iš kurios verčiama/ilustruojama	
6. Moksleivio klasė/kursas	
7. Moksleivio amžius	
8. Tai Jūsų pirmoji ar antroji užsienio kalba? (pildo tik vertėjai)	
9. Užsienio kalbos mokymosi metai (pildo tik vertėjai)	