

Match the extracts and the titles. Which stories would you like to read?

“ ‘It is a strange house, though,’ continued Mr Enfield. ‘Since that night I have studied it closely. There is no other door, and nobody uses the one that we can see except, occasionally, the man who knocked down the girl. The passage leads to a courtyard, and there are three windows that overlook the courtyard on the first floor, but none on the ground floor. Someone must live there because the windows are always clean, although they are always shut, and there is usually smoke coming from the chimney.’

‘That is a good rule of yours about sleeping dogs, Enfield, but there is one question I want to ask. What’s the name of the man who knocked over the child?’  
 ‘Well, I suppose I can tell you. That very unpleasant person was a man by the name of Hyde,’ answered Mr Enfield. ”

“ A man digging in a drain stopped digging and looked at her. And for the first time in his life, Charles Tansley felt very proud. He was walking with a beautiful woman. He was holding her bag.

‘You can’t go to the Lighthouse, James,’ said Mr Tansley.  
 ‘Nasty little man,’ thought Mrs Ramsay. ‘Why does he keep saying that?’  
 ‘Perhaps we’ll wake up and find the sun shining and the birds singing,’ she said kindly, smoothing James’s hair. James really wanted to go to the Lighthouse. She couldn’t hear voices any more. They had stopped talking. She listened, and then heard something rhythmical, half said, half chanted, beginning in the garden. Suddenly there was a loud cry: ‘Stormed at with shot and shell!’ ”

“ My name is Solomon Northup and I was born a free man. I lived free for thirty years, then I was kidnapped and sold as a slave. I lived as a slave for twelve years until I was rescued and again became a free man. This is the story of what happened to me. ”

“ I left in a French steamboat. We followed the coast of Africa which seemed like the edge of a wilderness. The dark green jungle was almost black beside the glittering sea. Sometimes we saw black-skinned men paddling a boat; they were a great comfort to look at, a momentary contact with reality. ”

“ On a January evening in the early 1870s, the most elegant families of New York gathered at the Academy of Music. They happily filled the blue and gold boxes of this small and uncomfortable building, very much loved by conservative New Yorkers. When Newland Archer opened the door at the back of the box he shared with his friends, the opera had already begun. He was not worried about his late arrival. It was not “the thing” to arrive early at the opera, and what was or was not the thing was important to Newland Archer. ”

