

Vantage 是权威的剑桥英语测试及培训中心。我们不仅在泰国提供专业的英语混合式外教英语课程，而且也向中国英语学习者提供远程的在线外教英语课程。

更多详情欢迎与我们联系! Wechat ID: vantage-english

不在线也可以学习



只要您在有网络的时候下载您的课程，您便可以随时随地进行学习，即使无法连接到网络。Vantage 提供三门英语在线课程，详情请点击：

- ✔ [基础英语 \(Virtual Vantage - Connect 课程 \)](#)
- ✔ [商务英语 \(Virtual Vantage - Oxford 牛津商务英语系列 \)](#)
- ✔ [学术英语 \(Virtual Vantage - Collins IELTS 雅思英语考试系列 \)](#)

从今天开始参与我们的免费课程吧 <http://bit.ly/1WT0RR5>

The Curtains – Part 1

Mr James Denton's greatest love in life was books, old ones most of all. His collection grew bigger and bigger every year, but he lived in his aunt's house, and she was not very happy about this.

Mr Denton was in London one day to buy furniture for the new house which he and his aunt were building, and he was on his way to a shop to choose the curtains. His way took him, quite by chance, past one of the best bookshops in London, and he could not stop himself going in, just for a quick look, as he told himself.

He was just walking round the shop, looking at all the different books, when he noticed a small collection of books on the part of England that he came from, Warwickshire. He spent the next half an hour looking through these and finally decided to buy one that really interested him, called *The Diary of Mr Poynter, 1710*. He paid for the book and then, looking at his

watch, he realized that he had very little time before his train back to Warwickshire left, and he had to rush to the station. He just caught the train.

That night, his aunt questioned him about his trip to London and was very interested to hear about the furniture which was going to arrive soon. Her nephew described everything in detail, but still she was not satisfied. 'And what about the curtains, James?' she asked. 'Did you go to ...?'

Suddenly James remembered. 'Oh dear, oh dear,' he said, 'that's the one thing I missed. I am so sorry. You see, I was on my way there when, quite by chance. I passed Robins 'Not Robins the bookshop, I hope,' cried his aunt. 'Don't tell me you've bought more horrible old books, James.'

'Well, only one,' he said, feeling a bit guilty, 'and it's a very interesting one, a diary of someone who used to live not far from here . . . ' But he could see that his aunt was not really listening.

'You can't go to London again before next Thursday,' she was saying, 'and really, James, until we decide on the curtains, there's nothing more we can do.'

Luckily, she decided to go to bed soon after that and James was left alone with his new book, which he read until the early hours of the morning. He found this diary, with its stories of everyday life at that time, very interesting. The next day was Sunday. After church, James and his aunt sat in the living-room together.

'Is this the old book that made you forget my curtains?' asked his aunt, picking it up. 'Well, it doesn't look very good . . . *The Diary of Mr Poynter*. Huh!' But she opened the book and looked at a few pages. Suddenly, much to his surprise, she began to show some interest. 'Look at this. James,' she said. 'Isn't it lovely?' It was a small piece of paper, pinned to one of the pages of the diary.

On it was a beautiful drawing, made up of curving lines, which somehow caught the eye. 'Well, why don't we get it copied for the curtains if you like it so much?' he suggested, hoping that she would forgive him for his bad memory *of* the day before in London.

His aunt agreed and the very next day, James took the piece of paper to a company in the nearest town, who agreed to copy it and make it into curtains.

About a month later, James was called in to inspect the work and was extremely pleased with the result. 'Was it a difficult job?' he asked the manager.

'Not too difficult, sir. But, to tell you the truth, the artist who did the work was very unhappy about it - he said there was something bad in the drawing, sir.' James was thoughtful but still he chose the colours for the curtains and then returned home.