

# Articles: a,an,the, zero article

Read the chapter of the books and write the correct article. If there isn't any article write X:

One night—it was on  twentieth of March, 1888—I was returning from  journey to  patient (for I had now returned to civil practice), when my way led me through  Baker Street.

"The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" - Arthur Conan Doyle

Our village, King's Abbot, is, I imagine, very much like any other village. Our big town is  Cranchester, nine miles away. We have  large railway station,  small post office, and two rival "General Stores."

"The murder of Roger Ackroyd" - Agatha Christie

If I had had  hat in my hand, nothing but respect would have prevented me from throwing that hat up to  ceiling. I had not seen Mr. Franklin since he was  boy, living along with us in this house.

"The Moonstone" - Wilkie Collins

As  house, Barton Cottage, though small, was comfortable and compact; but as  cottage it was defective, for  building was regular.  roof was tiled.  window shutters were not painted green, nor were  walls covered with honeysuckles.

"Sense and Sensibility" - Jane Austen

Ackroyd has always interested me by being  man more impossibly like  country squire than any country squire could really be. He reminds one of  red-faced sportsmen who always appeared early in  first act of  old-fashioned musical comedy,  setting being  village green.

"The murder of Roger Ackroyd" - Agatha Christie

I had called upon my friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, one day in  autumn of last year and found him in deep conversation with  very stout, florid-faced, elderly gentleman with fiery red hair. With  apology for my intrusion, I was about to withdraw when Holmes pulled me abruptly into  room and closed  door behind me.

"The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" - Arthur Conan Doyle

From being brisk and bright, he now became, most unaccountably,  slow, solemn, and pondering young man.

"This question has two sides," he said. " Objective side, and  Subjective side. Which are we to take?"

He had had  German education as well as  French.

"The Moonstone" - Wilkie Collins

Sir John Middleton was  good looking man about forty. He had formerly visited at Stanhill, but it was too long for his young cousins to remember him. His countenance was thoroughly good-humoured; and his manners were as friendly as  style of his letter.

"The Moonstone" - Wilkie Collins

innocent remark about our new neighbor created  diversion.  house next door,  Larches, has recently been taken by  stranger. To Caroline's extreme annoyance, she has not been able to find out anything about him, except that he is  foreigner.

"The murder of Roger Ackroyd" - Agatha Christie

I went home to Saxe-Coburg Square, and I took  advice of my assistant. But he could not help me in any way. He could only say that if I waited I should hear by post. But that was not quite good enough, Mr. Holmes. I did not wish to lose such  place without  struggle, so, as I had heard that you were good enough to give advice to poor folk who were in need of it, I came right away to you."

"The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" - Arthur Conan Doyle

"I think, Edward," said Mrs. Dashwood, as they were at  breakfast the last morning, "you would be  happier man if you had any profession to engage your time and give  interest to your plans and actions.

"Sense and Sensibility" - Jane Austen

"No, sir. But I want to find out about them, and who they are, and what their object was in playing this prank—if it was  prank—upon me. It was  pretty expensive joke for them, for it cost them two and thirty pounds."

"The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" - Arthur Conan Doyle

It's all clear enough. It fits in without  flaw. At twenty-five minutes past nine, Captain Paton is seen passing  lodge, at nine-thirty or thereabouts. Mr. Geoffrey Raymond hears some one in here asking for money and Mr. Ackroyd refusing. What happens next? Captain Paton leaves  same way—through  window.

"The murder of Roger Ackroyd" - Agatha Christie

I walked down to  station with them, and then wandered through  streets of  little town, finally returning to  hotel, where I lay upon  sofa and tried to interest myself in  yellow-backed novel.

"The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" - Arthur Conan Doyle