**Read the passages from the novel and present them in the order in which the events occurred.**

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| **A.** With a sinking heart and a nervous tremor, Raskolnikov went up to a huge house. This house was let out in tiny flats and was inhabited by working people of all kinds--tailors, locksmiths, cooks,petty clerks, etc.  |
| **B.** "Raskolnikov, a student, I came here a month ago," said the young man, with a half bow, remembering that he ought to be more polite. "I remember, my good sir, I remember quite well your coming here," the old woman said distinctly, still keeping her suspicious eyes on his face. |
| **C.** The young man slipped unnoticed through the door on the right, and up the staircase. It was a back staircase, dark and narrow, but he was familiar with it already, and knew his way, and he liked such darkness. |
| **D.** In a little while, the door was opened a tiny crack: the old woman eyed her visitor through the crack, and nothing could be seen but her little eyes, glittering in the darkness. Seeing a number of people on the stairs, she got braver, and opened the door wide. The young man stepped into the dark entry, which was partitioned off from the tiny kitchen.  |
| **E.** "I am again here for the same reason," Raskolnikov continued being surprised at the old woman's mistrust. The old woman paused, then stepped on one side, and pointing to the door of the room, she said, letting her visitor pass in front of her:"Step in, my good sir." |
| **F.** He reached the fourth floor. Going upstairs he noticed some porters who were engaged in moving furniture out of a flat. He knew that the flat had been occupied by a German clerk in the civil service, and his family. This German was moving out then, and so the fourth floor on this staircase would be empty except by the old woman. |
| **G.** The old woman stood facing him in silence and looking at him with suspicion. She was a short, withered up old woman of sixty, with sharp malicious eyes and a sharp little nose. Her colourless hair was thickly smeared with oil. Round her thin long neck, which looked like a hen's leg, was knotted a flannel rag, and, in spite of the heat, she was in a fur cape, yellow with age.  |
| **H.** "That's a good thing anyway," he thought to himself, as he rang the bell of the old woman's flat. The little flats in such houses always have bells that ring like that.  |