

Name ID Number

Test 5**(20 points) Translate the following into Thai.**

She feared she had offended her friend, but Rosalind rang up that evening and asked excitedly, “Meng Choo, about the five hundred dollars you withdrew from the bank. You’ve still got it with you?” She said, “Yes,” wondering what it was all about, and immediately connecting it with the unbought piece of jade they had seen that morning.

“Is the money in one hundred-dollar notes?” demanded Rosalind shrilly, and when Meng Choo said “Yes,” she shrieked over the phone, “Come over at once. Bring all the five notes with you. At once. I’ll explain later.”

Meng Choo went. It was only a short distance to Golden Heart Mansions, to the tenth floor flat. Rosalind was in a silk kimono, with curlers in her hair and cream on her face.

“My dear,” she said breathlessly. “The five notes. Let me have them. Quick.” She grabbed them, studied them in the light of a lamp.

“Just as I suspected. Forged,” she said triumphantly. Drama was always something dear to her heart. Then the explanation tumbled out, a mixture of shrill cries and conspiratorial whispers.

“Your five hundred dollars are absolutely worthless. They’re forged—see the jagged line here—see the inferior blurred colouring of the bird’s head—I could spot that anywhere—we must get rid of these notes now, quickly, before the news gets round.”

From Catherine Lim, “The Ugly One”