**Some further tenses: Exercise**

*You have just read the beginning of the story of Fitzwilliam Waterstone. He received a strange letter from his great-aunt Margaret who invited him to her house. As you read how the story continues, think about which event happened before or after another. Put the verbs in the brackets in the correct tense.*

***You need the following tenses:***

*will-future (2x)*

*present perfect (1x)*

*present perfect progressive (1x)*

*simple past (1x)*

*past progressive (4x)*

*past perfect (8x)*

*past perfect progressive (3x)*

**The secret**

“I \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (take) the train that Saturday and arrived in Meadowfield early in the afternoon. When I came to Aunt Margaret’s cottage, a cup of tea \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (already / wait) for me. I could hardly wait to find out about my grandmother’s secret. My grandmother \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (give) me a locket when I had seen her last. It contained the picture of my grandfather Augustus. I \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (carry) it on me all the time since my grandmother’s death.

After our tea, Aunt Margaret sat back. ‘Now, Nephew, this is all very mysterious. My sister was rather confused before she died. Whenever I came into her room, she \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (talk) to herself, repeating your name and mentioning the locket again and again. I thought we should look at it once more. Have you brought it with you?’

I took out the locket and opened it. Suddenly my great-aunt squinted her eyes. ‘Wait a minute – this is not Augustus! I \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (never / look) at it closely before. Your grandmother always kept it hidden, and then gave it to you. This is another man.’

We took the picture out of the locket – and behind it we found a small golden key. My grandmother \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (hide) it in there for decades. – On the back of the picture, we found something written: It looked like ‘Fitzwilliam, Earl of Richmond.’ Who was this strange man, and what lock did the key belong to?

We went to my grandmother’s room. My great-aunt \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (not / change) anything in there. We searched the room, and after a while found a small, flat box. It was hidden in my grandmother’s bedside table. I tried the key – and the lid sprung open! In it, there was exactly one letter. It was neatly folded and tucked into an envelope which carried the words: ‘For my grandson Fitzwilliam’. The letter read:

*‘My dear grandson,*

*You may \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (wonder) about your strange name. Why weren’t you called Augustus, for your grandfather, or Matthew, for your father? When you read this, I \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (be) dead, and the secret can be revealed. The truth is that Augustus was not your grandfather. Shortly after our wedding in May 1917 he had to go to war and, as you know, died there in September. I \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (work) as a nurse, taking care of wounded soldiers, when I met a young man called Fitzwilliam Richmond. It was love at first sight. Augustus \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (already / die) when I met Fitzwilliam, but it did not seem right to love again so soon after having been widowed, so we kept our love secret. And then, Fitzwilliam, too, died of his wounds. All that I had left of him was the picture in the locket – and the child I\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (carry).*

*When my daughter had grown up and had a child of her own – a boy – I begged her to name him Fitzwilliam. Everybody thought you were named for a character in my favourite Jane Austen novel. Only now do you know the truth.*

*You need to know this: Fitzwilliam was not poor. He was heir to an Earldom not far from here, the Earldom of Richmond. Fitzwilliam had a younger brother, who became Earl after their father died. I never knew that brother, but before his death, my Fitzwilliam \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (write) to his brother, telling him about his child and me. He asked him to look after us and see that we were cared for. Alas, Fitzwilliam’s brother never contacted us and I never told your mother who her real father was.*

*Fitzwilliam’s brother, now the Earl of Richmond, never married and has no children. But I know that he is still alive. I want you, young Fitzwilliam, to go to Richmond castle and show the Earl the locket and this letter. Maybe he \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (give) you what is rightfully yours.*

*Your loving*

*Grandmother’*

The rest of the story is quickly told. The next day I took the bus to Richmond Castle – it was only two hours away from my great-aunt’s cottage. I rang the heavy doorbell. After a while, a very old man opened the door. He took a close look at me, and then his eyes filled with tears. “Fitzwilliam ...” was the only thing he could say.

He begged me in. It was the Earl himself who \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (open) the door. He \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (expect) me ever since my grandmother\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (die). He was indeed childless. All his life, he \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (not / want) to share his inheritance, and had therefore never taken care of my mother. After her death, he \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (feel) very guilty. He could not make up for his fault any more. When I stood in front of his door, I reminded him of his dead brother, and he was deeply moved.

“If you can forgive me, I would like to take you into my castle. You will be taken care of, and when I am dead, you will inherit the title of the Earl of Richmond. It is all I can do for my poor brother any more.”

And this is how I ended up quitting my boring job in the city, and how became a real Earl!

**The End**

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**Some further tenses: Exercise (Suggested Solution)**

**The secret**

“I **took** the train that Saturday and arrived in Meadowfield early in the afternoon. When I came to Aunt Margaret’s cottage, a cup of tea **was already waiting** for me. I could hardly wait to find out about my grandmother’s secret. My grandmother **had given** me a locket when I had seen her last. It contained the picture of my grandfather Augustus. I **had been carrying** it on me all the time since my grandmother’s death.

After our tea, Aunt Margaret sat back. ‘Now, Nephew, this is all very mysterious. My sister was rather confused before she died. Whenever I came into her room, she **was talking to herself**, repeating your name and mentioning the locket again and again. I thought we should look at it once more. Have you brought it with you?’

I took out the locket and opened it. Suddenly my great-aunt squinted her eyes. ‘Wait a minute – this is not Augustus! I **have never** looked at it closely before. Your grandmother always kept it hidden, and then gave it to you. This is another man.’

We took the picture out of the locket – and behind it we found a small golden key. My grandmother **had been hiding** it in there for decades. – On the back of the picture, we found something written: It looked like ‘Fitzwilliam, Earl of Richmond.’ Who was this strange man, and what lock did the key belong to?

We went to my grandmother’s room. My great-aunt **had not changed** anything in there. We searched the room, and after a while found a small, flat box. It was hidden in my grandmother’s bedside table. I tried the key – and the lid sprung open! In it, there was exactly one letter. It was neatly folded and tucked into an envelope which carried the words: ‘For my grandson Fitzwilliam’. The letter read:

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*You may* **have been wondering** *about your strange name. Why weren’t you called Augustus, for your grandfather, or Matthew, for your father? When you read this, I* **will** *be dead, and the secret can be revealed. The truth is that Augustus was not your grandfather. Shortly after our wedding in May 1917 he had to go to war and, as you know, died there in September. I* **wasworking** *as a nurse, taking care of wounded soldiers, when I met a young man called Fitzwilliam Richmond. It was love at first sight. Augustus* **had already died** *when I met Fitzwilliam, but it did not seem right to love again so soon after having been widowed, so we kept our love secret. And then, Fitzwilliam, too, died of his wounds. All that I had left of him was the picture in the locket – and the child I* **was carrying***.*

*When my daughter had grown up and had a child of her own – a boy – I begged her to name him Fitzwilliam. Everybody thought you were named for a character in my favourite Jane Austen novel. Only now do you know the truth.*

*You need to know this: Fitzwilliam was not poor. He was heir to an Earldom not far from here, the Earldom of Richmond. Fitzwilliam had a younger brother, who became Earl after their father died. I never knew that brother, but before his death, my Fitzwilliam* **had written** *to his brother, telling him about his child and me. He asked him to look after us and see that we were cared for. Alas, Fitzwilliam’s brother never contacted us and I never told your mother who her real father was.*

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He begged me in. It was the Earl himself who **had opened** the door. He **had been expecting** me ever since my grandmother **had died**. He was indeed childless. All his life, he **had not wanted** to share his inheritance, and had therefore never taken care of my mother. After her death, **he had felt** very guilty. He could not make up for his fault any more. When I stood in front of his door, I reminded him of his dead brother, and he was deeply moved.

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