



YOUR KINDLE NOTES FOR:

My Life With The Chimpanzees

by Jane Goodall

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50 Highlights

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 29

It was very stuffy and hot where I crouched, and the straw tickled my legs. There was hardly any light, either. But I could see the bird on her nest of straw. She was about five feet away from me, on the far side of the chicken house, and she had no idea I was there. If I moved I would spoil everything. So I stayed quite still. So did the chicken. Presently, very slowly, she raised herself from the straw. She was facing away from me and bending forward. I saw a round white object gradually protruding from the feathers between her legs. It got bigger. Suddenly she gave a little wiggle and –plop!—it landed on the straw. I had actually watched the laying of an egg. With loud, pleased clucks, the chicken shook her feathers, moved the egg with her beak, then proudly strutted her way out of the henhouse. I tumbled out, stiff but excited, and ran all the way to the house. My mother was just about to call the police. She'd been searching for me for hours. She had no idea that I'd been crouched all that time in the henhouse. This was my first serious observation of animal behavior. I was five years old. How lucky it was that I had an understanding mother! Instead of being angry because I had given her a scare, she wanted to know all about the wonderful thing I had just seen. Even though I was so young at the time, I can still remember a lot about that experience. I remember being puzzled about eggs. Where on a chicken was there an opening big enough for an egg to come out? I don't know if I asked anyone. If I did, no one told me. I decided to find out for myself. I remember thinking, as I watched a hen going into one of the henhouses, "Ah, now I'll follow her and see what happens." And I remember how she rushed out, squawking in alarm, when I squeezed in after her. Obviously, that was no good. I would have to get in first and wait until a hen decided to come in and lay her egg. That is why I was so long inside the henhouse. You have to be patient if you want to learn about animals. When I grew up I became an ethologist—a long word that simply means a scientist who studies animal behavior. Most people, when they think of an animal, think of a creature with hair, such as a dog or cat, a rabbit or a mouse, a horse or a cow. In fact, the word animal includes all living creatures except for plants. Jellyfish and insects, frogs and lizards, fish and birds, are all animals just as cats and dogs are. But cats and dogs and horses are mammals, a special kind of animal. Humans are mammals, too. You probably know all that. Children today know a lot more about these sorts of things than most adults did when I was your age.

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 88

Then there are other ethologists who also go to the home of the animals they wish to study, but do not do experiments. They just watch, wait for things to happen, and record what they hear and see. That is what I do. I began living among and studying the chimpanzees in Tanzania (it was Tanganyika when I began) in 1960. I am still studying them today, with the help of students and a Tanzanian field staff. It took me a long time before I

could get close enough to the chimps to make good observations. It took even longer before I could get close enough to the chimps to make good observations. At first they were very shy. It took even longer before I understood their language of calls and gestures, and the way they live in their society. But it was worth it. Because, apart from the human animal, the chimpanzee is the most fascinating animal of all. At least, that is what I think. How on earth, you may wonder, did I get started? Well, I'll tell you.

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 97

CHAPTER 2 I was born in London, on April 3, 1934, but soon my parents moved to a house just outside the city. We lived there with Nanny, whom I adored, and a bull terrier called Peggy. My father was an engineer with a job in London. His hobby was motor-racing. He drove a super, very expensive car, an Aston Martin. He sometimes took me for a ride in the car, but I don't remember much about that. When I was five years old and my younger sister, Judy, was one, we all went to live in France. My parents wanted us to grow up speaking fluent French. But we had no time to learn—after only a few months, Hitler began the series of invasions that led to World War II. It was no longer safe for us to stay in France. Our house outside London had been sold, so we went to stay for a while in the lovely old manor house where my father had grown up.

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 149

On school days I hated to get up. Often Mum had to call me several times. On weekends and holidays it was different. Then I was always up early, at least when the weather was good. I would go out onto the cliffs, with their pine trees and gorse bushes, or down to the beach. I spent a lot of time in the garden. It was big and rather wild. There was one beech tree I loved so much that Danny gave it to me for my tenth birthday. My very own tree! I could climb high in its branches when I was happy. I'd sit and watch the birds and listen to their songs. Sometimes I took my homework up there. And I climbed it when I was sad, too, so I could be sad all by myself. When I was sad I read a book. Mum taught me to do that. She said it would help me forget my troubles, at least for a while. And afterwards they might not seem so bad. I still do that today.

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 163

I read as many books as I could find about all sorts of animals, not only about those in Africa. I also loved stories of wolves, bears, and wolverines in North America and Canada; jaguars, anacondas, and sloths in South America; orangutans, Indian elephants, and Tapirs in Asia, and so on. I loved *The Jungle Book* by Rudyard Kipling, with its tales of Mowgli, and especially loved the books about Tarzan, by Edgar Rice Burroughs.

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 167

Those animals seemed wonderful to me, but I knew that there was no way I could go and see them—not then. There was not even a zoo anywhere near us. And anyway, I wanted to watch wild animals, not animals in cages. So, as well as reading about those faraway animals, I also watched the wild creatures near my home—squirrels and birds and all kinds of insects. I started a nature club with four members—my sister and me and the Cary children, who came to stay almost every holiday. Sally was my age, Sue was Judy's age. I was the leader of the club—the Alligator Club—and chose to be Red Admiral. Sally was Puffin, Sue was Ladybird, and Judy was Trout. In a hidden place in the garden, surrounded by bushes, we had our “camp,” where we could light a little

fire and boil water in a tin can balanced on rocks. In an old tin trunk we kept four mugs, small supplies of tea and cocoa, and a spoon.

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 242

At school I always did fairly well, especially in the subjects I found interesting, such as English, History, Scripture, and, of course, Biology. Math and Languages I found more difficult. I had to work harder at them.

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 247

I got good marks during my final exams when I was eighteen. And then, quite suddenly my school days were over. What would I do next? I only wanted to watch and write about animals. How could I get started? How could I make a living doing that?

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 263

went to a secretarial school in London. Mum said that secretaries could get jobs anywhere in the world. And so I learned how to type, and do shorthand and simple bookkeeping.

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 285

I got a job in Oxford. I had thought of going to the famous university there, but Mum couldn't afford to send me unless I won a major scholarship. For a major scholarship, I needed a language. And I didn't have one. Well, I thought, a job there is the next best thing. The job itself was very boring—I

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 305

After a year at Oxford, I went back to London and an absolutely fascinating job. I worked at a film studio that made documentary films. They specialized in medical films, but also made some about motor racing, and others that were just advertisements. My actual job was to choose the music for the film. I also learned how to edit, how to make sound tracks, how to

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What about my dream of Africa? Had I forgotten it? Absolutely not. I spent hours wandering about in the Natural History Museum. I continued to read books about animals, especially African animals. And even while I loved my job, I knew that it was just filling in time. Always, I was waiting for my lucky break. When that lucky break finally came, I was ready. It happened one Wednesday morning. I received a letter from my school friend, Clo. I'd almost forgotten about her; we'd lost touch over the previous few years. And now, out of the blue, she invited me to go and visit her in Kenya, where her parents had just bought a farm. Kenya, Africa! You bet I would go! First I had to earn the money. Wonderful though my film studio job was, I was paid a very small salary. I gave in my notice and went back home. There I got a job as a waitress. I worked in a big, old-fashioned hotel just around the corner from the Birches. Perhaps you think it's easy to be a waitress—or a waiter? I did. I quickly learned how wrong I was. There

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 321

Each weekend, I put my wages and my tips under the carpet in the drawing room. One evening, when I had been working for four months, the family gathered around, we drew the curtains so no one could look in, and counted my earnings. How exciting—I now had enough money, along with the small amount I had saved while in London, for a round-trip fare to Africa!

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 337

In Nairobi I was met by Clo. On our way to her farm I saw my first giraffe close up. He stood on his long legs in the middle of the dirt road, his long neck towering above the car, and looked down his long nose at us. His beautiful dark eyes were fringed with long lashes. He was chewing acacia thorns, and I could see that his long tongue was almost black. Finally, he turned and cantered away. It looked as though he ran in slow motion. When I saw him, that amazing long, long animal, I finally knew, for sure, that I was really there. I had actually arrived in the Africa of my dreams—the Africa of Doctor Doolittle and Tarzan. I spent three wonderful weeks on Clo's farm in a part of Kenya called the Kinankop, or White Highlands. Then I had to move to Nairobi to start my temporary job.

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 346

After two months, I met the man who made all my dreams come true. "If you are interested in animals," someone told me, "you must meet Louis Leakey." Leakey was an anthropologist and paleontologist who was interested in animals and Early Man. So, I made an appointment and went to see him in his big, untidy office,

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 349

Louis offered me a job immediately; his secretary had just given her notice—what amazing luck! I think he would have found work for me anyway, because he was impressed by how much I knew about the African animals.

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From time to time,

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Louis had talked about some chimpanzees living on the shores of a far-off lake in Tanganyika. They were much stronger than men, he said. It might be dangerous to study them. It would certainly be difficult. But he was anxious to find out about their lives. Perhaps, he thought, knowing how they lived would help him to understand more about the way our own Stone Age ancestors might have lived. For chimpanzees and humans are biologically very closely related, indeed. Because I had no training, no degree, no experience, I had not imagined that I could be chosen for such a study. But of course, I desperately wanted to try. One day I told Louis so.

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 460

Louis warned me that it would be a long and difficult task. He told me that if I succeeded, I would have to go to a university and get a degree. And he told me that before I could begin, he would have to try and find the money I would need. We decided it would be best if I went back to England to learn all I could about chimpanzees while he tried to raise the money.

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 475

At last, Louis wrote to say that he had managed to get enough money for me to begin my study.

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 538

July 16, 1960, was a day I shall remember all my life. It was when I first set foot on

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 538

Chimpanzee land, that is, Gombe National Park. I was twenty-six years old.

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 543

When camp was ready I set off to explore.

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 554

When I got to one of the high ridges, I looked down into the valley. There the forest was dark and thick. That was where I planned to go the next day to look for chimpanzees.

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 559

Early the next morning I set out in search of chimpanzees.

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 561

That first day we saw two chimps feeding in a tall tree.

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 561

As soon as they saw us they leapt down and vanished. The next day we saw no chimps at all. Nor the day after. Nor the day after that.

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 569

But even after several months, the chimps had not become used to us. They ran off if we got anywhere near them. I begged the game ranger to let me move about the forests by myself.

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 572

The game ranger finally gave in. At last, I could make friends with the chimpanzees in my own way. Every morning I got up when I heard the alarm clock at 5:30 A.M. I ate a couple of slices of bread and had a cup of coffee from the Thermos flask. Then I set off, climbing to where I thought the chimps might be.

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 574

Most often, I went to the Peak. I discovered that from this high place I had a splendid view in all directions. I could see chimps moving in the trees and I could hear if they called. At first I watched from afar, through my binoculars, and never tried to get close. I knew that if I did, the chimps would run silently away. Gradually I began to learn about the chimps' home and how they lived. I discovered that most of the time, the chimps wandered about in small groups of six or less, not in a big troop like the baboons. Often a little group was made up of a mother with her children, or two or three adult males by themselves. Sometimes many groups joined together, especially when there was a delicious ripe fruit on one big tree. When the chimps got together like that, they were very excited, made a lot of noise, and were easy to find. Eventually I realized that the chimps I watched from the Peak were all part of one group—a community, I called it. There were about fifty chimps belonging to this community.

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 587

During those months of gradual discovery, the chimps very slowly began to realize that I was not so frightening after all. Even so, it was almost a year before I could approach to within one hundred yards, and that is not really very close.

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 623

I got back one evening and was greeted by an excited Dominic. He told me that a big male chimpanzee had spent an hour feeding on the fruit of one of the oil-nut palms growing in the camp clearing. Afterwards he had climbed down, gone over to my tent, and taken the bananas that had just been put there for my supper. This was fantastic news. For months the chimps had been running off when they saw me—now, one had actually visited my camp! Perhaps he would come again. The next day I waited, in case he did. What a luxury to lie in until 7:00 A.M. As the hours went by I began to fear that the chimp wouldn't come. But finally, at about four in the afternoon, I heard a rustling in the undergrowth opposite my tent and a black shape appeared on the other side of the clearing. I recognized him at once. It was the handsome male with the dense white beard. I had already named him David Greybeard. Quite calmly he climbed into the palm and feasted on its nuts. And then he helped himself to the bananas I had set out for him. There were ripe palm nuts on that tree for another five days, and David Greybeard visited three more times and got lots of bananas. A month later, when another palm tree in camp bore ripe fruit, David again visited us. And on one of those occasions he actually took a banana from my hand. I could hardly believe it!

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 665

Gradually, as the weeks went by, I began to recognize more and more chimpanzees as individuals. Some, like Goliath, William, and old Flo, I got to know well, because David Greybeard sometimes brought them with him

when he visited camp. I always had a supply of bananas ready in case the chimps arrived. Once you have been close to chimps for a while, they're as easy to tell apart as your classmates. Their faces look different, and they have different characters. David Greybeard for example, was a calm chimp who liked to keep out of trouble. But he was also very determined to get his own way. If he arrived in camp and couldn't find any bananas, he would walk into my tent and search. Afterwards, all was chaos. It looked as though some burglar had raided the place! Goliath had a much more excitable, impetuous temperament. William, with his long-shaped face, was shy and timid. Old Flo was easy to identify. She had a bulbous nose and ragged ears. She came to camp with her infant daughter, whom I named Fifi, and her juvenile son, Figan. Sometimes adolescent Faben came too. It was from Flo that I first learned that in the wild, female chimps have only one baby every five or six years. The older offspring, even after they have become independent, still spend a lot of time with their mothers, and all the different family members help one another.

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Soon after the chimps had begun to visit my camp, National Geographic Society, which was giving Louis money for my research, sent a photographer to Gombe to make a film. Hugo van Lawick was a Dutch baron. He loved and respected animals just as I did, and he made a wonderful movie. One year later, in England, we got married. By then I had left Gombe for a while, to start my own studies at Cambridge University. I hated to leave, but I knew I would soon be back. I had promised Louis that I would work hard and get my Ph.D. degree. After I got the degree, Hugo and I went back to Gombe together. It was a very exciting time, as Flo has just had a baby, little Flint. That was the first wild chimpanzee infant that I ever saw close up, nearly four years after I had begun my research. Flo came very often to camp looking for bananas. Fifi, now six years old, and Figan, five years older, were still always with her. Fifi loved her new baby brother. When he was four months old, she was allowed to play with and groom him. Sometimes, Flo let her carry him when they moved through the forest. During that time, Fifi learned a lot about how to be a good mother. Fifi looking for the bananas we sometimes hid under our shirts. Photograph by Hugo van Lawick, (c) National Geographic Society. Flint learned to walk and climb when he was six months old. And he learned to ride on his mother's back during travel, instead of always clinging on underneath. He gradually spent more and more time playing with his two older brothers. They were always very gentle with him.

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 710

As the months went by, I learned more and more. I recorded more and more details when I watched the chimpanzees. Instead of writing the information in notebooks, I started to use a little tape recorder. Then I could keep my eyes on the chimps all the time. By the end of each day, there was so much typing to be done that I found I couldn't do it all myself. I needed an assistant to help. Soon with even more chimps coming to camp, I needed other people to help with the observations. There were always more fascinating things to watch and record, more people to help write everything down. What had started as a little camp for Mum and me ended up, six years later, as a research center, where students could come and collect information for their degrees. I was the director.

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In 1967, something special happened. For me, it was the most important event of my life. I had a baby of my own.

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But when Grub was small, we had to be very careful. Chimpanzees, as I have said, are hunters. I knew that many years before I had arrived at Gombe, chimpanzees had taken two African babies for food. Of course, that seems shocking to us. But from the chimp's point of view it is no different to take a human baby than a baboon baby. Some African tribes in West and Central Africa love to eat chimpanzees. Anyway, I took good care to always guard my baby very safely when he came to Gombe. Before

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 781

When he was small, I more or less stopped working with the chimps. I went up to the chimp camp most days, but just to talk to the students, and to see the chimps—Flo and her family and all my other friends. Then I went down to my office in the house on the beach, and got on with all the work of running a research center: writing reports, writing articles for scientific books, requesting money so the work could go on. I had about twelve students and assistants then. It was a lot of work.

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 787

When Grub was seven years old, Hugo and I separated and divorced. Hugo's work, photographing and filming, took him all over the place. And I felt that it was important for me to spend most of my time at Gombe. We stayed good friends, but it was sad, especially for Grub. If I could live that part of my life over again, I would try very hard to work things out differently.

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The following year Grub was nine. He went to live with my mother in England and went to school close by. He slept in the room where I had slept from the time I was about twelve. Grub and I were together every holiday, except for the time he spent with his father.

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Because the study at Gombe has lasted for so many years, we have learned many fascinating things about chimpanzee behavior. Now I want to share what I've discovered with as many people as possible. It is necessary to write scientific papers for the benefit of other scientists doing field research in different parts of Africa or working with captive chimps. But it is just as important to write books for the general public, for people of all ages and in all countries. I have been very lucky in my life. I have known the excitement of watching wild, free animals. Most people can't have such experiences. They may not even want to. But they love to hear about my life in the wild, and in the telling, I try to explain just how amazing chimpanzees—and many other animals—really are. These days, I spend most of my time travelling around the world—giving lectures, trying to raise money, and talking to people like you about the chimpanzees and what we are trying to do to help them and other animals.

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 965

I spend most of my time travelling and lecturing. I try to find time to write books because I love writing. But I am passionate to help the world understand that we are destroying Mother Earth and that we must do something about it before it is too late. I never spend more than three weeks anywhere. There is so much to do. The good thing is that when I get too old and can't travel much, it won't matter—because you'll be there helping, too, won't you? When I was young, as I have said, I knew that, somehow, I would go to Africa and live with animals. And I wanted to write books about them. I don't think I spent too much time wondering exactly how I would do it. I just felt sure the right opportunity would somehow come. I didn't feel frustrated because I could not immediately get to the wild places.

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 976

Many young people today don't know exactly what they want to do with their lives, even when they have finished college. If you do, you're lucky. I get a lot of letters from kids—any age from about five years old and up—telling me they want to work with animals when they grow up. Some of them want to know how they can prepare themselves. Let's suppose that you are one of them. There are many things you can do—things that will teach you to observe carefully and begin to understand more and more about the true nature of nonhuman animals. You can watch animals and see what they do. You can write notes about what you see. And you can ask those why, how, and what for questions

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that we talked about in Chapter 1. Some answers you will find by watching. Some you can find only by looking them up in a book or asking a knowledgeable teacher. Whatever you do, don't do anything that hurts or frightens the animal you are interested in.

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You can go on nature walks, as I used to. If you live in a city, perhaps you can go to a park or garden, where you can watch some kind of animal. Even in inner-city areas, you will find sparrows and pigeons.

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It is very exciting to watch a pair of birds as they go about making a nest. Don't get too close, though, or they will leave the site, especially during the building and the brooding. But watching and making notes on the whole of the rearing will give you a real feeling of accomplishment.

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 1015

Of course, you don't have to become an ethologist to study or work with animals. There are lots of other "ologists" to choose from! You could become a zoologist, a biologist, an anthropologist, or an ecologist. And there are even more. You can look up what they all mean in a dictionary. Or perhaps you want to become a veterinarian, work in a kennel, or work with horses. Just remember—if you are really and truly determined to

work with animals, somehow, either now or later, you will find a way to do it. But you have to want it desperately, work hard, take advantage of an opportunity—and

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 1020

and never give up. That's what my mother told me. Perhaps, though, you don't want to study animals or work with them. You want to be an engineer, a computer programmer, a secretary, a doctor, a lawyer, a caterer, a gardener, construction worker, or whatever. But still you like animals. You would like to know more about them or to help them. Or you love wild places or city parks, and would like to make sure they stay that way and do not become polluted or get dug up for roads, houses, or shops. It is very important to save places where wild, free animals live. Animals have just as much right to go on living their lives as we do. Also, if we destroy too much of the natural world, we shall be depriving those who live after us of much beauty. Moreover, it might actually be disastrous for us to destroy some kinds of living things. We know that many important drugs used to cure human diseases come from plants or even from insects. When we destroy a wild area, we may be destroying a whole species of plant or animal that is not found anywhere else. Without knowing it, we may be destroying the cure for cancer or AIDS or some other terrible disease.

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 1037

Perhaps you would like to help animals have better lives. First, you can find out some of the problems. There are so many ways in which animals are mistreated, many that people don't even know about. Or, if they do, they just think of it as something they can't do anything about. That's almost never true. Think, for example, of the way most farm animals are treated today. We call it "factory farming" or "intensive farming." Hens, in most parts of the western world, must live their lives squashed three or more together in very tiny cages. Because they peck each other, the ends of their beaks are cut off. It hurts. Pigs, who are as intelligent as most dogs, are crowded together in the same way, with no opportunity for rooting about in the ground. It's especially cruel to pen up young pigs, for they are very playful and love to run and chase each other. It was when I learned about factory farming that I stopped eating meat. But there are still some farmers who treat their animals decently, in the "old-fashioned" way. Their products tend to be a bit more expensive (as are foods that are grown organically, without using chemical pesticides and fertilizers). But as more and more people buy them, they will eventually get much cheaper. Free-range farming, as it's called, will make life much better for millions of animals.

Highlight (Yellow) | Location 1085

There is a true story that I want to tell you now. It's about a chimpanzee called Old Man. He was bought by a zoo in North America when he was an adolescent. We don't know his history. Perhaps he was once in a lab or a circus. But he hated people. He was put to live on an island with three grown-up females. He got on fine with them. And one of the females had a baby. Old Man was the father. Just about that time, a young man called Marc Cusano got a job looking after the chimps. Everyone told him how dangerous they were. And truly, adult chimps in captivity often are dangerous because so many of them have not been well-treated. So Marc didn't go onto the island with the chimps' food. Instead, he paddled a little boat out towards the island and threw the food onto the shore. But Marc spent time watching the chimps, too. He saw how gentle Old Man was with the baby. He saw how, when they were excited at meal times, they would hug and kiss each other for joy. And he realized

what wonderful beings they were. Then he decided that he wanted to have a better relationship with them himself. So he began to make friends. He took the boat closer and closer. And the day came when he actually handed Old Man a banana. “Jane,” he told me afterward, “now I know how you felt when David Greybeard first took a banana from you!” It was the beginning of a friendship. Soon the day came when he dared step off the boat. Old Man let Marc groom him. And they sometimes played together. The three females were more stand-offish, but they didn’t seem to mind Marc coming onto their island. The infant Flint reaching out to his human companion. Photograph by Hugo van Lawick, (c) National Geographic Society. Then, one day, Marc slipped and fell. The infant was close by and was startled. She screamed in fright, and at once her mother, thinking Marc had hurt her child, leapt onto him and began to bite his neck. He felt the blood run down. Before he could get up, the other two females joined the attack. One bit his arm, one his leg. He felt his hand go numb. He thought that he’d had it. He could never escape now. Then Old Man rushed up. He seized hold of the females, one after the other, and pulled them off Marc. He hurled them away. Marc began to drag himself toward the boat. Old Man stayed close beside him, threatening the females every time they tried to attack again. At last Marc got off the island. Old Man had saved his life. That story has taught me a lot. If a chimpanzee can reach out to help a human, then surely we humans can reach out, and try to help the chimpanzees and all the other creatures we live with in the world today. This is what I am trying to do, and I hope that you will help me.
