

“Selected Stories by O. Henry”

Направление: 45.03.02 Лингвистика

Учебный план: перевод и переводоведение (английский и второй иностранный), (очное, 2014)

Дисциплина: Практический курс первого иностранного языка (английский язык), (бакалавриат, 1 курс, очное обучение)

Количество часов: 90 ч. (в том числе: практические занятия – 36, самостоятельная работа – 54); форма контроля: зачет.

Направление: 45.03.02 Лингвистика

Учебный план: перевод и переводоведение (немецкой и второй иностранные языки), (очное, 2013)

Дисциплина: Практический курс второго иностранного языка (английский язык), (бакалавриат, 2 курс, очное обучение)

Количество часов: 72 ч. (в том числе: практические занятия – 36, самостоятельная работа – 36); форма контроля: тестирование.

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Учебный план: международные отношения (не предусмотрено) очное, бакалавр международных отношений со знанием иностранного языка, 2014

Дисциплина: Иностранный язык (бакалавриат, 1 курс, очное обучение)

Количество часов: 72 ч. (в том числе: практические занятия – 36, самостоятельная работа – 36), форма контроля: тестирование (1 семестр).

Аннотация: *Данный электронный образовательный ресурс предназначен для организации практических занятий и самостоятельной работы студентов по освоению Практического курса первого иностранного языка (английский язык) и Иностранного языка (английский язык) на 1 курсе, Практического курса второго иностранного языка (английский язык) на 2 курсе, аспект «Домашнее чтение». При составлении ресурса были учтены требования к содержанию данных курсов для студентов лингвистических специальностей. Курс включает в себя содержание текстов для домашнего чтения, материал для практических занятий и самостоятельной работы студентов, глоссарий, список литературы и сетевых источников, а также контрольный блок по каждой теме.*

Обеспечено ЭК:

1. Biography of O. Henry
2. The Green Door
3. The Enchanted Profile
4. The Indian Summer of Dry Valley Johnson
5. A Retrieved Reformation
6. After Twenty Years
7. A Departmental Case
8. A Midsummer Knight's Dream
9. The Theory and the Hound
10. Madam Bo-Peep, of the Ranches
11. Proof of the Pudding
12. A Blackjack Bargainer
13. One Thousand Dollars

Ключевые слова: английский язык, домашнее чтение, О. Генри «Зеленая дверь и другие рассказы»

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МИНИСТЕРСТВО ОБРАЗОВАНИЯ И НАУКИ РОССИЙСКОЙ ФЕДЕРАЦИИ
ФГАОУ ВО «КАЗАНСКИЙ (ПРИВОЛЖСКИЙ) ФЕДЕРАЛЬНЫЙ УНИВЕРСИТЕТ»

ИНСТИТУТ МЕЖДУНАРОДНЫХ ОТНОШЕНИЙ, ИСТОРИИ И
ВОСТОКОВЕДЕНИЯ
ОТДЕЛЕНИЕ «ВЫСШАЯ ШКОЛА ИНОСТРАННЫХ ЯЗЫКОВ И ПЕРЕВОДА»
КАФЕДРА ЕВРОПЕЙСКИХ ЯЗЫКОВ И КУЛЬТУР

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Selected Stories by O. Henry

Краткий конспект практических занятий

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Данный краткий конспект практических занятий (ККПЗ) предназначен для организации практических занятий и самостоятельной работы студентов по освоению Практического курса первого иностранного языка (английский язык) и Иностранного языка (английский язык) на 1 курсе, Практического курса второго иностранного языка (английский язык) на 2 курсе, аспект «Домашнее чтение». При составлении ресурса были учтены требования к содержанию данных курсов для студентов лингвистических и филологических специальностей. Конспект включает в себя содержание текстов для домашнего чтения, материал для практических занятий и самостоятельной работы студентов, глоссарий, список литературы и сетевых источников, а также контрольный блок по каждой теме. ККПЗ предназначен для преподавателей английского языка и студентов, обучающихся на лингвистических и филологических факультетах университетов и институтов. Он может быть также использован учителями английского языка и всеми, изучающими английский язык самостоятельно.

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Оглавление практических занятий

Unit 1. Biography of O. Henry

Unit 2. The Green Door

Unit 3. The Enchanted Profile

Unit 4. The Indian Summer of Dry Valley Johnson

Unit 5. A Retrieved Reformation

Unit 6. After Twenty Years

Unit 7. A Departmental Case

Unit 8. A Midsummer Knight's Dream

Unit 9. The Theory and the Hound

Unit 10. Madam Bo-Peep, of the Ranches

Unit 11. Proof of the Pudding

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Unit 1

BIOGRAPHY OF O. HENRY

Prolific American short-story writer, a master of surprise endings, whose narratives were typically set in Texas or New York City O. Henry combined humor and pathos with an ironic twist of plot. Although some critics were not so enthusiastic about his formulaic way of writing, the public loved his entertaining tales and uncomplicated characters. “He wrote love stories, a thing I have always kept free from, holding the belief that the well-known and popular sentiment is not properly matter for publication, but something to be privately handled by the alienist and the florist” (from “The Plutonian Fire”, *The Voice of the City*, 1908).

O. Henry was born William Sydney Porter in Greensboro, North Carolina, where he lived nearly half of his life. His father, Algernon Sidney Porter, was a physician. When William was three, his mother died from tuberculosis, and he was raised by his parental grandmother and paternal aunt.

William was an avid reader, but at the age of fifteen he left school, and then worked in a drug store and on a Texas ranch. He continued to Houston, where he had a number of jobs, including that of a bank clerk. After moving in 1882 to Texas, he worked on a ranch in LaSalle County for two years. In 1887, he married Athol Estes Roach; they had one daughter and one son. “It was beautiful and simple as all truly great swindles are” (from “The Octopus Marooned”, *The Gentle Grafter*, 1908).

In 1894, Porter started a humorous weekly *The Rolling Stone*. It was at this time that he began heavy drinking. When *The Rolling Stone* failed, he joined the *Houston Post* as a reporter and columnist.

In 1894, cash was found to have gone missing from the First National Bank in Austin, where Porter had worked as a bank teller. When he was called back to Austin to stand trial, Porter fled to Honduras to avoid trial. Little is known about Porter's stay in Central America. It is said that he met one Al Jennings and rambled in South America and Mexico on the proceeds of Jennings's robbery. After hearing news that his wife was dying, he returned in 1897 to Austin.

In 1897, he was convicted of embezzling money, although there has been much debate over his actual guilt. Porter entered in 1898 a penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio. While in prison, Porter started to write short stories to earn money to support his daughter Margaret. His first work, *Whistling Dick's Christmas Stocking* (1899), appeared in *McClure's Magazine*. The stories of adventure in the U.S. southwest and in Central America gained an immediate success among readers. After doing three years of the five years' sentence, Porter emerged from the prison in 1901 and changed his name to O. Henry to hide his past.

Throughout his whole career he gave only few interviews. According to some sources, he acquired the pseudonym from a warder called Orrin Henry. It also could be an abbreviation of the name of a French pharmacist, Eteinne-Ossian Henry, found in the U.S. Dispensatory, a reference work Porter used when he was in the prison pharmacy.

The art of storytelling he learned from his reading of Harte, Kipling, and Maupassant, but his humorous, energetic style also shows the influence of Mark Twain and Ambrose Bierce.

O. Henry moved to New York City in 1902. From December 1903 to January 1906 he wrote a story a week for the *New York World* also publishing in such magazines as *Everybody's Magazine*, *Munsey's*, *McClure's*, and others.

O. Henry's first collections, *Cabbages and Kings* (1904) and *The Four Million* (1906), made him a household name. The latter included *The Gift of the Magi* about a poor couple and their Christmas gifts, and *The Furnished Room*. *The Trimmed Lamp* (1907) explored the lives of New Yorkers; the city itself O. Henry liked to call ‘Bagdad-on the Subway’. In *The Last Leaf*, a sentimental piece about two women artists and their failed artist friend, the theme is selfishness, as in *The Gift of the Magi*, but there is also a lesbian undercurrent which separates it from O. Henry's run-of-the-mill works.

One Dollar's Worth criticized the merciless judicial system. Judge Derwent receives a letter from an ex-convict in which the writer, 'Rattlesnake', threatens his daughter and the district attorney, Littlefield. A young Mexican, Rafael Ortiz, is accused of passing a counterfeit silver dollar, made principally of lead. Rafael's girl, Joya Trevicas, tells Littlefield that he is innocent – she was sick and needed medicine, and that was the reason why Rafael used the dollar. Littlefield refuses to help, and Joya says that “it the life of the girl you love is ever in danger, remember Rafael Ortiz”. When he drives out of the town with Nancy Derwent, they meet Mexico Sam, the writer of the letter. He starts to shoot them from a distance with his rifle. Littlefield can't hurt him with his own gun which has only tiny pellets. Then he remembers Joya's words and manages hit Mexico Sam who falls from his horse dead as a rattlesnake. Next morning in the court he tells, “I shot him”, said the district attorney, “with Exhibit A of your counterfeiting case. Lucky thing for me – and somebody else – that it was as bad money as it was! It sliced up into slugs very nicely. Say, Kil, can't you go down to the jackals and find where that Mexican girl lives? Miss Derwent wants to know”.

O. Henry's most anthologized work is perhaps *The Ransom of Red Chief* first collected in *Whirligigs* (1910). The story tells about two kidnapers who make off with the young son of a prominent man. They find out that the child is a real nuisance – *Home Alone* movies owe a debt to the story. At the end they agree to pay the boy's father to take him back. – “Sam”, says Bill, “I suppose you'll think I'm a renegade but I couldn't help it. I'm a grown person with masculine proclivities and habits of self-defence, but there is a time when all systems of egotism and predominance fail. The boy is gone. I sent him home. All is off. There was martyrs in old times”, goes on Bill, “that suffered death rather than give up the particular graft they enjoyed. None of 'em ever was subjugated to such supernatural tortures as I have been. I tried to be faithful to our articles of depredation; but there came a limit”.

Heart of the West (1907) presented western stories of which *The Last of the Troubadours* J. Frank Dobie named “the best range story in American fiction”.

The Caballero's Way featured as a character the Cisco Kid. During his life time O. Henry published 10 collections and over 600 short stories. His last years were shadowed by alcoholism, ill health, and financial problems. He was a fast writer, like the Russian Anton Chekhov (1860-1904), but drinking on average two quarts of whiskey daily, did not improve the quality of his work. Usually he went to his regular bar at about 10 o'clock.

In 1907, O. Henry married Sara Lindsay Coleman, his childhood friend born in Greensboro. The marriage was not happy, and they separated a year later. O. Henry died of cirrhosis of the liver on June 5, 1910 in New York. At the time of his death he was deeply in dept. O. Henry's funeral ceremony at the Little Church Around the Corner was brief. Three more collections, *Sixes and Sevens* (1911), *Rolling Stones* (1912) and *Waifs and Strays* (1917), came out posthumously. In 1918, the O. Henry Memorial Awards were established to be given annually to the best magazine stories, the winners and leading contenders to be published in an annual volume.

Comprehension Check

Read the Biography of O. Henry and answer the questions:

1. Is O. Henry an English or American writer?
2. What was O. Henry's real name?
3. Where and when was he born?
4. Did O. Henry live in a two-parent family?
5. Who raised the boy?
6. What jobs did he work on?
7. What happened in 1894?
8. When and why did O. Henry start writing his short stories?
9. What was his first short story?

10. When and where did O. Henry die?

Unit 2

THE GREEN DOOR

Rudolf Steiner was a true adventurer. Few were the evenings, when he did not go out from his room in search of the unexpected. The most interesting thing in life seemed to him to be what might lie just around the next corner. Sometimes his love of adventure led him into strange paths.

One evening Rudolf was walking leisurely along a street in the older central part of the city. Crowds of people hurrying home filled the sidewalks.

The young adventurer was rather good-looking. He wore his tie drawn through a 'topaz ring instead of fastened with a stick-pin. By daylight he was a salesman in a piano store.

During his walk a violent chattering of teeth in a glass case on the sidewalk drew his attention to a dentist's sign high above the next door: A giant Negro, strangely dressed in a red coat, yellow trousers and a military cap, was handing cards to the passing people. This way of advertising was a common sight to Rudolf. Usually he passed the Negro without taking any of the dentist's cards, but to-night the Negro managed to give him one. Rudolf looked at it indifferently but was surprised to see that, instead of the dentist's name, the words "The Green Door" were written on it. He picked up a card that some passer-by had thrown away. It had the dentist's name and address on it.

The adventurous piano salesman stopped at the corner of the street, turned back and joined the crowd of people again. He passed the Negro a second time and carelessly took the card that was handed him. Ten steps away he looked at it. In the same handwriting that he saw on the first card the words "The Green Door" were written on it.

Rudolf walked slowly back to the place where the giant Negro stood. This time as he passed he received no card. Standing aside from the crowd, the young man looked at the building in which he thought his adventure must lie. It was five storeys high. A small restaurant occupied the basement. On the first floor there was a millinery shop. The second floor was the dentist's. Above this there was a chaos of dress-makers', musicians' and doctors' signs. Still higher up curtains and mill-bottles on the window-sills told of domesticity.

After he had finished his survey Rudolf walked quickly up the stone steps into the house. He went up two flights of steps and stopped at the top. The landing was dimly lighted by two pale gas-jets. He looked towards the nearer light and saw a green door. He stood hesitatingly a moment, then he walked straight to the green door and knocked at it. The moments that passed before his knock was answered, were moments of true adventure. What might not be behind this green door! danger, death, - love, disappointment...

A faint rustle was heard inside, and the door slowly opened. A girl not yet twenty years old stood there, white-faced. She swayed weakly, groping for the door with one hand. Rudolf caught her and laid her on a sofa that stood by the wall. He closed the door and glanced around the room. Neat, but extreme poverty was the story that he read.

The girl lay still as if in a faint. Rudolf began to fan her with his hat. This was successful — for he struck her nose with the brim of his hat and she opened her eyes. And then the young man knew that the frank

grey eyes, the little pert nose and the curly chestnut hair were the best reward of all his wonderful adventures. But the face was very thin and pale.

The girl looked at him calmly, and then smiled.

"I fainted, didn't I?" she asked, weakly. "Well, who wouldn't? You try going without anything to eat for three days and see!"

"Good God!" exclaimed Rudolf, jumping up. "Wait till I come back."

He ran out of the green door and down the stairs. In twenty minutes he was back again with both arms full of various things from the grocery and the restaurant. He put the things on the table—bread and butter, cakes, pies, pickles, a roasted chicken, a bottle of milk and a bottle of hot tea.

"This is ridiculous," he said, "to go without eating. Supper is ready." He helped her to a chair at the table and asked: "Is there a cup for the tea?" "On the shelf by the window," she answered. When he returned with the cup, he saw that she had taken a big pickle out of the paper bag and was beginning to eat it. He took it from her, laughingly, and poured the cup full of milk. "You must drink that first," he said, "and then you shall have some tea, and then a chicken wing. If you are very good you will have a pickle to-morrow. And now, if you allow me to be your guest, we shall have supper."

He took the other chair. The tea brightened the girl's eyes and brought back some of her colour. She began to eat greedily like some starved wild animal. When strength returned to her, she began to tell Rudolf her little story. It was one of a thousand stories that happen in the big city every day—the shop girl's story of very small wages, of "fines" that go to enlarge the store's profits, of time lost through illness, and then of lost positions, lost hope and—the knock of Rudolf on the green door.

But to Rudolf this story sounded as big as the Iliad!

"To think of you going through all that," he said.

"It was something awful," said the girl.

"And you have no relatives or friends in the city?"

"None."

"I am quite alone in the world, too," said Rudolf, after a pause.

"I am glad of that," said the girl; and it was pleasant to the young man to hear it.

Very suddenly her eyelids dropped and she sighed deeply. "I am awfully sleepy," she said, "and I feel so good." Rudolf rose and took his hat.

"Then I'll say good-night. A long sleep will be good for you."

He held out his hand, and she took it and said "good night." But there was a question in her eyes, and he answered it with words.

"I'll come again to-morrow to see how you are getting along. You can't get rid of me so easily."

Then, when he was already at the door, she asked: "How did it happen that you knocked at my door?"

He looked at her for a moment, remembering the cards, and then he decided that she must never know the truth. He would never let her know that he knew that she had resorted to those cards.

"One of our piano tuners lives in this house," he said. "I knocked at your door by mistake."

The last thing he saw in the room before the green door closed was her smile.

At the head of the stairway' he paused and looked around him.

Then he went up to the floor above, then went slowly down. Every door that he found in the house was painted green. Wondering, he went down to the sidewalk. The giant Negro was still there. Rudolf went up to him with the two cards in his hand.

"Will you tell me why you gave me these cards and what they mean?" he asked.

With a broad, good-natured smile, the Negro pointed down the street.

"There it is, sir," he said. "but I am afraid, you are a little late for the first act." Rudolf looked in the direction the Negro pointed and saw above the entrance to a theatre the electric sign of its new play, "The Green Door."

At the corner of the street in which he lived, Rudolf stopped for a glass of beer and a cigar. When he came out, he buttoned his coat and said to the lamp-post on the corner:

"All the same, I believe it was the hand of Fate that showed the way for me to find her."

This conclusion certainly shows that Rudolf Steiner was a true follower of Romance and Adventure.

1. Comprehension Check. Read *the Green Door* and answer the questions:

1. What kind of man was R. Steiner? What was he?
2. What did he look like?
3. Did a giant Negro sell or advertise anything? How did he do it?
4. The main character received a card with the words "The Green Dentist's", didn't he?
5. How did R. Steiner find the green door?
6. Who opened the door to the character?
7. What did R. Steiner bring from the grocery and the restaurant? Why?
8. Did the young girl have any relatives or friends in the city?
9. Why didn't R. Steiner tell the girl how he had found her place?
10. What turned out to be "the Green Door"?

2. Translate from English into Russian:

1. The last thing he saw in the room before the green door closed was her smile.
2. "All the same, I believe it was the hand of Fate that showed the way for me to find her."
3. He would never let her know that he knew that she had resorted to those cards.
4. In twenty minutes he was back again with both arms full of various things from the grocery and the restaurant.
5. A faint rustle was heard inside, and the door slowly opened. A girl not yet twenty years old stood there, white-faced. She swayed weakly, groping for the door with one hand.
6. The most interesting thing in life seemed to him to be what might lie just around the next corner
7. Standing aside from the crowd, the young man looked at the building in which he thought his adventure must lie.
8. Standing aside from the crowd, the young man looked at the building in which he thought his adventure must lie.

9. This way of advertising was a common sight to Rudolf.
10. Few were the evenings, when he did not go out from his room in search of the unexpected.

Active Vocabulary

COMMON - having no special distinction, rank, or status – **обычный** E.g. This way of advertising was a *common* sight to Rudolf. Nor do the figures suggest that it is a *common* activity in the priesthood.

FAINT (adj) - lacking conviction or force; weak - **слабый**

TO FAINT - to lose consciousness, esp momentarily, as through weakness - **упасть в обморок**
E.g. The girl lay still as if in a *faint*. Charles Dickens Oliver Twist: "I heard the doctor tell them I was dying," replied the child with a *faint* smile.

A FINE - a sum of money paid to settle a matter; esp., a sum required to be paid as punishment or penalty for an offense - **штраф**

TO FINE - to require the payment of a fine from – **оштрафовать** E.g. It was one of a thousand stories that happen in the big city every day--the shop girl's story of very small wages, of "fines" that go to enlarge the store's profits, of time lost through illness," and then of lost positions, lost hope and--the knock of Rudolf on the green door.

TO GET RID OF - to get free from or relieved of (something undesirable) - **избавиться от чего-то, кого-то** E.g. "You can't *get rid of* me so easily." She'd made a serious mistake in inviting him up here, and she didn't know how *to get rid of* him.

LEISURE(LY) - characterized by or having leisure; without haste; deliberate; slow - **лениво, спокойно, не торопясь** E.g. One evening Rudolf was walking *leisurely* along a street in the older central part of the city. We implored the cooks to delay boiling our lobsters so we could enjoy our ale, wine and oysters at a *leisurely* pace.

SIDEWALK - (US & Canadian) a hard-surfaced path for pedestrians alongside and a little higher than a road. Also called (in Britain and certain other countries):pavement – **тротуар** E.g. Crowds of people hurrying home filled the *sidewalks*. A middle-aged couple was coming along the *sidewalk* , looking into store windows.

TO SIGH (DEEPLY) - to take in and let out a long, deep, audible breath, esp. in expressing sorrow, relief, fatigue, longing, etc. – **вздохнуть** E.g. Very suddenly her eyelids dropped and she *sighed* deeply. Then he lowered his gaze, and I let out a quick, involuntary *sigh*.

TO STARVE - to suffer or become weak from hunger – **голодать** E.g. She began to eat greedily like some *starved* wild animal. I wouldn't have taken the horse, except it's no charity to turn the poor beast loose to *starve*.

Active Vocabulary Drill

1. Retell the story as if you were a) Rudolf Steiner or b) the girl who opened the green door (120-150 words). Make use of the Active Vocabulary of Unit 1: *штраф, тротуар, лениво, упасть в обморок, голодать, простой*.

2. Translate from Russian into English using the Active Vocabulary:

1. Наконец он лениво поднялся с дивана.

2. Я не знаю, как избавиться от всех этих старых вещей.
3. За курение в общественном месте Вас могут оштрафовать.
4. Такие ситуации – обычное дело в больших городах.
5. Если ты продолжишь сидеть на этой диете, скоро начнешь в обморок падать.
6. На тротуарах стоят машины, поэтому пешеходам приходится идти прямо по дороге.
7. Она глубоко вздохнула и продолжила свою тяжелую работу.
8. Еще одно такое засушливое лето, и они будут просто голодать.
9. Я услышал слабый звук, потом все громче и громче, и вдруг раздался страшный гром.
10. Простые люди ничего не хотят знать о геополитике. Они просто хотят, чтобы война закончилась.

Grammar Reference and Practice

Comment on the forms and the use of articles with the (un)countable nouns.

"He put the things on the table - bread and butter, cakes, pies, pickles, a roasted chicken, a bottle of milk and a bottle of hot tea. He took it from her, laughingly, and poured the cup full of milk.

The tea brightened the girl's eyes and brought back some of her color."

Further Reading

Types of shops in English

department store – a shop that sells many different items in different departments. Harrods is probably the world's best known department store.

supermarket – a large shop that sells mostly food and household items.

grocer (UK) / grocery store (US) – a shop that sells food.

greengrocer – sells fresh fruit and vegetables.

butcher - sells fresh meat.

baker – sells fresh bread and cakes.

fishmonger – sells fresh fish.

chemist (UK) / drugstore (US) – sells medicines and toiletries.

pharmacy (US) – sells medicines.

newsagent - sells newspapers and magazines.

stationer – sells paper goods.

optician – sells glasses / contact lenses.

DIY store – sells things for home improvement.

hardware shop / hardware store / ironmonger – hard goods, such as nails and screws.

corner shop (UK) – a shop on the corner of your street, selling a range of basic goods – food, newspapers, sweets, bread, etc.

delicatessen (deli) – sells specialist food not normally found in supermarkets. For example, an Italian deli, an Asian deli.

bookshop / bookstore – books.

market – market traders (people who work on a market) have stalls that sell fruit and vegetables, clothes, household items and so on.

pet shop - for pets and pet food.

flea market – a group of stalls selling old furniture or clothes.

tea shop (UK) – like a cafe, but sells tea and cakes.

petrol station (UK) / gas station (US) sells petrol, car products and sometimes food.

Using 's When we talk about shops, we often put an 's on the end. For example, "I'm going to the chemist's / greengrocer's / butcher's / baker's / newsagent's / fishmonger's / optician's."

We don't use an 's with these shops: supermarket, hardware store, petrol station, department store.

Sales vocabulary

December 26 (or Boxing Day) is traditionally the start of the winter sales in the UK, when items are **heavily discounted**. In fact, **bargain hunters** can find some items **reduced up to 50% off** their pre-sale price.

An **unbeatable offer** / **prices slashed** (= cut) or **give-away prices** mean very low prices.

Clearance Sale / **Everything must go!** = signs in shop windows advertising the sales
snap up a bargain = to buy something cheaply

Asking for things

"Do you have any...?"

"I'm looking for..."

"I wonder if you could help me...?"

What the shopkeeper says

"I'm sorry, we're out of stock."

"I'm sorry, that's the last one."

"I'm sorry, that's all we have left."

What a sales person says

"Can I help you?"

"Are you looking for anything in particular?"

Your reply

"I'm just looking, thank you."

"I'm just browsing, thank you."

Asking about things

"Do you have this in another size?"

"Do you have this in another color?"

"Is this made of leather / silk / plastic...?"

"Does this come with a guarantee?"

"Is this fully refundable?"

"Can I bring this back if it's not the right size?"

"Can I bring this back if it doesn't fit?"

Paying – what the shopkeeper says

"Do you have anything smaller?" (If you pay with a large denomination note.)

Paying – what you say

"I'm sorry, I don't have any small change."

"I don't have anything smaller."

"Would you have change for this?"

"Can I have the receipt, please?"

"Can I pay by credit card?"

"Can I pay in cash?"

"Is this on sale?"

Типы магазинов/Types of shops

antique shop	антикварная лавка / магазин
appliance store	магазин бытовой техники
auto repair / garage	авторемонтная мастерская
baker's	булочная
butcher's	мясная лавка
bank	банк
beauty salon / parlour	салон красоты
bookshop/bookstore	книжный магазин
boutique	бутик
building society	жилищно-строительная кооперация/кооператив
chain store/multiple shop	магазин сети (магазин, который является частью розничной сети); магазин, принадлежащий целой сети магазинов одного и того же владельца (как правило, в таких магазинах продаются одни и те же товары по примерно одинаковым ценам)
charity shop	благотворительный магазин (магазин, торгующий подержанными вещами, отдающий выручку на благотворительные цели)
chemist's/drug store	аптека
clothes store/clothing store	магазин готового платья/одежды
confectioner's/candy shop/sweetshop/pastry shop	кондитерская
convenience store	вечерний магазин, ночной магазин (небольшой магазин, торгующий самыми необходимыми товарами, в основном продуктами, и работающий дольше других магазинов, иногда круглосуточно)
corner shop	лавка на углу, угловой магазин (небольшой, продовольственный магазин на углу улицы в жилом районе города)
delicatessen (deli)	гастрономический магазин, гастроном; кулинария, отдел кулинарии
a department	отдел (в магазине)
department store	универсальный магазин, универмаг
DIY store	магазин «умелые руки» («сделай сам»)
dry cleaner's	приемный пункт химчистки,

estate agent's	химчистка контора / агентство по продаже недвижимости
flea market	блошиный рынок, барахолка
florist's	цветочный магазин
furniture store	мебельный магазин
greengrocer's	магазин/лавка по продаже овощей и фруктов
gift shop	магазин подарков
grocer's	бакалейная лавка
hairdresser's	парикмахерская
hardware shop/hardware store/ironmonger	- скобяная лавка; - магазин бытовой техники (торгует телевизорами, магнитофонами и т. п.) - компьютерный магазин (магазин, торгующий компьютерами и их комплектующими (платы, монитор и т. д.)
health food store	магазин диетических продуктов
jewelry store/jewelry shop/jeweler's	ювелирный магазин
laundrette	прачечная самообслуживания, лондеретт, прачечная-автомат (самообслуживания с жетонными или монетными автоматами)
market	базар, рынок
newsagent's (Br.) / newsdealer (Am.)	газетный киоск
newsstand (Br.)/bookstall (Am.)	газетный ларек, киоск
novelty shop	магазин, торгующий мелкими недорогими товарами (галантереей, косметикой, сувенирами)
garden center	цветочный/садовый центр
off-license (Br)/ package store, liquor store (Am.)	магазин/бар, где разрешена продажа спиртных напитков на вынос
optician's	оптика (магазин, где можно заказать и приобрести очки)
pet shop	зоомагазин
petrol station (Br)/gas station (Am)	бензозаправочная станция, автозаправочная станция, бензоколонка
rag fair	барахолка, толкучка
repair shop	ремонтная мастерская/цех
sandwich shop (Am)	закусочная
second-hand shop	магазин секонд-хенд
shoe shop	обувный магазин

shopping center/mall	торговый пассаж (крытая улица, состоящая из множества различных магазинов и торговых лавок)
souvenir shop	магазин подарков/сувениров
sports shop	спортивный магазин
stationery shop/ stationer's	магазин канцтоваров
supermarket	супермаркет, большой магазин самообслуживания, универсам
superstore/hypermarket	гипермаркет, очень большой супермаркет
tea shop/tearoom	кафе-кондитерская
tobacconist	табачная лавка
toy shop	магазин игрушек
travel agent's	бюро путешествий
warehouse store	магазин-склад

1. Comment on the following: *"It was one of a thousand stories that happen in the big city every day..."*
What did O. Henry want to say by this? Get ready to speak on the topic "Life and problems of a humble man in a big place"

2. Descriptive Essay

Do you agree or disagree with the following: *"R. Steiner was a true adventurer..."* *"...R. Steiner was a true follower of Romance and adventure."* (O. Henry)? **What sort of man was R. Steiner? Prove your ideas with the help of the text of the story. Write a descriptive essay on the topic (120-150 words).**

Список литературы и сетевых источников

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/O._Henry

http://shortstoryarchive.com/h/green_door.html

<http://www.goodreads.com/book/show/3621551-the-green-door>

<http://www.multitrans.ru/c/m.exe?a=1&SHL=2>

Unit 3

THE ENCHANTED PROFILE

In New York there is an old, old hotel. You have seen pictures of it in the magazines. It was built very many years ago. Soon the old hotel will be pulled down. At this hotel always stopped Mrs. Maggie Brown.

Mrs. Brown was a bony woman of sixty, dressed in the rustiest black, and carrying a handbag made of crocodile leather. She always occupied a small parlour and bedroom at the top of the hotel at a rent of two dollars a day. And always, while she was there, each day there came to see her many men, sharp-faced, anxious-looking, with only seconds to spare. For Maggie Brown was said to be the third richest woman in the world; and these gentlemen were the wealthiest brokers and business men of the city seeking loans of half a dozen millions or so from the old lady with the handbag.

The stenographer and typist of the Acropolis Hotel (for that was its name) was Miss Ida Bates. She was a holdover from the Greek classics. There wasn't a flaw in her looks. She had black hair and always wore a neat white blouse. She sometimes did a little typewriting for me and, as she refused to take the money in advance, she began to look on me as a friend and protégé. She was kind and good-natured, and no one ever dared to cross the line of good behaviour in her presence. The entire staff of the Acropolis Hotel from the owner who lived in Vienna, to the head would have sprung to her defence in a moment.

One day I passed the room where Miss Bates worked and saw in her place a black-haired person pounding with her forefingers on the keys. The next day I went on a two weeks' vacation. When I returned I walked through the hall of the Acropolis Hotel and saw Miss Bates, as kind and flawless as ever, just putting the cover on her machine. The hour for closing had come; but she asked me to sit for a few minutes in her room. Miss Bates explained her absence and return to the Acropolis Hotel in the following words: "Of course, you know about Maggie Brown, who stops here. Well, she is worth \$ 40,000,000. She lives in Jersey in a ten-dollar flat. She always has more ready cash than a dozen business men, and she is very popular in that part of the town where they worship the golden calf. Well, about two weeks ago, Mrs. Brown stopped at my door and looked at me for ten minutes. I was sitting with my side to her. However, I always see everything around me. That evening at knocking off time she sent for me to come up to her apartment. And though I expected to have to typewrite about two thousand words of different business papers, I went to her all the same. Well, I was certainly surprised. Old Maggie Brown had turned human."

"Child," she said, "you are the most beautiful creature I ever saw in my life. I want you to give up your work and come and live with me. I have no relatives," she said, "except a husband and two sons, but I hold no communication with any of them. They are extravagant burdens on a hard-working woman. I want you to be a daughter to me. They say I am stingy, and mean, and the papers print lies about my doing my own cooking and washing. It is a lie," she went on. "I give my washing away, except the handkerchiefs and stockings, and collars and light things like that. I have forty million dollars in cash and stocks and bonds. I am a lonely old woman and I need a friend. You are the most beautiful creature I ever saw," she said, "will you come and live with me? I'll show them whether I can spend money or not."

"Well, what would you have done? Of course, I fell to it. And, to tell you the truth, I began to like old Maggie. It wasn't all on account of the forty millions and what she could do for me. I was lonely, too. Everybody must have somebody to whom they can explain about the pain in their left shoulder and how fast patent leather shoes wear out. And you cannot talk about such things to men you meet in hotels. Well, I gave up my work at the hotel and went to live with Mrs. Brown. I certainly seemed to have made an impression on her. She would look at me for half an hour at a time when I was sitting, reading, or looking at the magazines. Once I said to her: 'Do I remind you of some relative or friend of your childhood, Mrs. Brown? You so often look at me very closely.' 'You have a face,' she said, 'exactly like a dear friend of mine – the best friend I ever had. But I like you for yourself, child, too.' "And what do you think she did? She took me to a fashionable dressmaker and told her to fit me out. It was a rush order and the dressmaker locked the front door and put the whole force to work. Then we moved to – where do you think? – the Hotel Bonton. We had a six-room apartment, and it cost \$100 a day. I saw the bill. I began to love the old lady. And then, when my dresses began to come - oh, I won't tell you about them! You couldn't understand. And I began to call her Aunt Maggie. 'Then one day Aunt Maggie told me that she wanted to give me a banquet at the Hotel Bonton. 'But, Aunt Maggie,' I said to her, 'the Bonton is one of the most fashionable hotels in the city, and it is hard to get a bunch of notables together when you are not used to it.' 'Don't worry about that, child. I don't send out invitations, I issue orders. I'll have fifty guests here that couldn't be

brought together again at any reception. They are men, of course, and all of them either owe me money or are going to borrow from me. Some of their wives won't come, but a good many will.' Well, I wish you had been at that banquet. The dinner service was all gold and cut glass. There were about forty men and eight ladies present besides Aunt Maggie and me. Aunt Maggie wore a new black silk dress; and my dress! It was all hand-made lace, and it cost \$300. The men were all bald-headed or grey-haired and they talked about 3 per cents and the cotton crop. On the left of me there was a banker, and on my right there was a young man who said he was a newspaper artist. After the dinner was over, Mrs. Brown and I went up to our apartment. We had to move through a crowd of reporters all the way. That is one of the things money does for you. Say, do you happen to know a newspaper artist named Lathrop? He was very nice to me at the dinner. I suppose he must have thought I was to inherit some of Aunt Maggie's money. I do not remember what newspaper he works on. Well, all right. When we got upstairs Mrs. Brown telephoned for the bill at once. It came and it was \$600. Aunt Maggie fainted. I put her on a sofa and unbuttoned her dress. 'Child,' she said, when she recovered, 'what was it? A raise of rent or the income-tax?' 'Just a little dinner,' I said, 'nothing to worry about.' But do you know what Aunt Maggie did? She hustled me out of that Hotel Bonton at nine o'clock the next morning. We went to live in a house which no one would call 'fashionable.' She rented one room that had water on the floor below and light on the floor above. After we had moved in, all you could see in the room were a lot of expensive dresses and a small gas-stove. Aunt Maggie had suddenly become stingy, and that with forty million dollars! Well, three days of that light housekeeping was plenty for me. Aunt Maggie was as affectionate as she always had been. She hardly let me go out of her sight. But seventy-five cents a day was the limit she set. We cooked our own meals in the room. There I was, wearing a \$150 dress, preparing a fifteen-cent dinner on a one burner gas stove. On the third day I gave it up. I went to the closet and put on the cheapest dress that Mrs. Brown had bought for me. 'Mrs. Brown,' I said to her, 'I am going away. I do not worship money, but there are some things I cannot stand. They say you have forty million dollars – well, you will never have any less. And I was beginning to like you,' I said. Well, Aunt Maggie began to cry. She said she would move into a better room with a two burner stove and water. 'I've spent a lot of money, child,' she said. 'We must economize for a while. You are the most beautiful creature I ever saw and I don't want you to leave me.' But I went straight back to the Acropolis Hotel and asked for my old job and got it. How are you getting on with your stories? Do you ever have them illustrated? And, by the way, don't you know a newspaper artist named Lathrop? – Oh, I have already asked you that question before. After all, maybe he wasn't thinking of the money I would get from old Mrs. Brown. If I only knew what newspaper he worked on..."

The sound of footsteps came from the doorway. Ida Bates saw who it was and turned pink. "Will you excuse me?" she said to me. "It's – it's Mr. Lathrop. I wonder if it really wasn't the money he thought of...!"

Of course, I was invited to their wedding. After the ceremony I dragged Lathrop aside. "You are an artist," I said, "and didn't you understand why Maggie Brown took such a strong liking to Miss Bates? Let me show you..."

The bride wore a simple white dress which was as beautiful as the costumes of the ancient Greeks. I took some leaves from one of the decorative wreaths in the little parlour and made a chaplet of them. Then I put them on Ida's shining hair and made her turn her profile to her husband. "Good God!" he said. "Isn't Ida's head exactly like the lady's head on the silver dollar?"

1. Translation Practice

Translate from English into Russian:

Mrs. Brown was a bony woman of sixty, dressed in the rustiest black, and carrying a handbag made of crocodile leather. She always occupied a small parlour and bedroom at the top of the hotel at a rent of two dollars a day. And always, while she was there, each day there came to see her many men, sharp-faced, anxious-looking, with only seconds to spare. For Maggie Brown was said to be the third richest woman in the world; and these gentlemen were the wealthiest brokers and business men of the city seeking loans of half a dozen millions or so from the old lady with the handbag. The stenographer and typist of the Acropolis Hotel (for that was its name) was Miss Ida Bates. She was a holdover from the Greek classics. There wasn't a flaw in her looks. She had black hair and always wore a neat white blouse. She sometimes did a little typewriting for me and, as she refused to take the money in advance, she began to look on me as a friend and protégé. She was kind and good-natured, and no one ever dared to cross the line of good behaviour in her presence. The entire staff of the Acropolis Hotel from the owner who lived in Vienna, to the head would have sprung to her defence in a moment.

Active Vocabulary

To borrow smth from smb to obtain or receive (something, such as money) on loan for temporary use, intending to give it, or something equivalent or identical, back to the lender - **одолжить что-то у кого-то** E.g. They are men, of course, and all of them either owe me money or are going *to borrow from* me. He did not ask men *to borrow from* him, he did not seek to persuade them, they could either accept or reject any arrangements he offered.

A burden 1) something that is carried; load; 2) something that is exacting, oppressive, or difficult to bear - **ноша, тяжесть** E.g. They are extravagant *burdens* on a hard-working woman. Its high cost of living means that rising house prices and rents have imposed an intolerable *burden* on social services.

Enchanted (adj) influenced as by charms or incantations - **заколдованный, волшебный** *Related Word:* delighted, pleased; pixilated *Antonyms:* disenchanting. E.g. The *enchanted* profile. She had driven him to many of Cornwall's secret and *enchanted* places, shown him ruins to which were attached wonderful stories.

A flaw in something or in someone's character is an undesirable quality that they have - **недостаток**. *Related Words:* defect, failing, imperfection. E.g. There wasn't a *flaw* in her looks. The only *flaw* in his character seems to be a short temper.

To give up (doing smth) to abandon hope (for); stop trying; to relinquish or resign from - **бросать, переставать (что-то делать)** E.g. I want you to *give up* your work and come and live with me. There is no need *to give up* road racing because you can't sprint.

To hold (no) communication (with) (not) to be in touch with someone - **(не) поддерживать отношения**. E.g. I have no relatives,' she said, 'except a husband and two sons, but I *hold no communication with* any of them.

To inherit smth (from smb) to receive (property, a right, title, etc) by succession or under a will - **унаследовать что-то от к-то**. E.g. I suppose he must have thought I was to *inherit* some of Aunt Maggie's money. Bing is set to *inherit* a £300million fortune from his property magnate dad.

To lend smb smth to permit the use of (something) with the expectation of return of the same or an equivalent - **одолжить кому-то что-то**. E.g. Anxious to continue her last-minute instructions to a relative, she asks a glum-looking stranger (Reno) to *lend* her his phone.

On account of (preposition) because of; by reason of - **из-за, по причине**. E.g. It wasn't all *on account of* the forty millions and what she could do for me. I'm not really sure to this day what she was, *on account of* never seeing her mum or dad.

To owe smb/smith 1) to be under an obligation to pay (someone) to the amount of; 2) (intransitive) to be in debt; 3) to feel the need or obligation to do, give, etc - **быть должным кому-то, что-то**. E.g. They are men, of course, and all of them either *owe* me money or are going to borrow from me. "We don't *owe* anybody anything," added executive director Ann Lewis.

Stingy unwilling to spend or give – **жадный**. E.g. Aunt Maggie had suddenly become *stingy*, and that with forty million dollars! Jones, despite his huge wealth, turns out to be a tad *stingy*.

To worship to show profound religious devotion and respect to; adore or venerate (God or any person or thing considered divine); (transitive) to be devoted to and full of admiration for - **обожествлять, боготворить, обожать**. E.g. I do not *worship* money, but there are some things I cannot stand. It did not particularly matter to her that they expected her *to worship* their god.

To be worth 1) worthy of; meriting or justifying; 2) having a value of - **1) стоит (что-то сделать); 2) стоить, иметь состояние**. E.g. Well, she is *worth* \$ 40,000,000. It's not *worth* discussing, an idea *worth* some thought. The book *is worth* 30 pounds

Active Vocabulary Drill

1. Translate from Russian into English using the Active Vocabulary:

1. Эту книгу о путешествии в Париж стоит прочитать.
2. Она любит истории о заколдованных замках и принцессах, которых спасают храбрые рыцари.
3. Я Ваш должник. Вы действительно спасли мне жизнь.
4. Он сейчас далеко в Африке, и общаемся с ним по Скайпу и электронной почте.
5. В целом это неплохой фильм, но не без недостатков.
6. У нее было счастливое детство - родители ее просто обожали.
7. По причине болезни он долго не мог работать, да и лекарства стоят недешево – семья совсем обеднела.
8. Позже мы знали, что она унаследовала состояние от дальнего родственника.
9. Пора бросать курить. Девушка с сигаретой – это уже не модно.
10. В России ребенок-инвалид - тяжелая ноша для семьи и его самого.
11. Не могли бы Вы одолжить мне 50 долларов на пару дней?
12. Да он жадный! Я как-то попытался одолжить у него один из его 3 велосипедов на пару дней – он отказал.

2. Speak on one of the following topics (100-120 words). Make use of 5-6 words from the Active Vocabulary of Units 1-2.

- 1) Love at first sight
- 2) Men's and women's Jobs
- 3) All is not gold that glitters.

Grammar reference and Practice

Comment on the forms and use of the numerals in the extract:

"Well, she is worth \$40, 000,000. She lives in Jersey in a *ten-dollar* flat..."

"We had a *six-room* apartment; it cost \$100 a day..."

"But *seventy-five cents* a day was the limit she set..."

"On *the third day* I gave it up..."

"And there I was, wearing a \$150 dress, preparing a *fifteen-cent dinner* on a *one burner* gas stove..."

Further Reading

In the story *The Enchanted Profile* the author mentions an idol *Golden Calf*. Study the text below and make a short retelling of it (100-120 words). Provide Russian equivalents for the underlined terms.

Golden Calf

According to the Hebrew Bible, the golden calf was an idol (a cult image) made by Aaron to satisfy the Israelites during Moses' absence, when he went up to Mount Sinai. In Hebrew, the incident is known as "The Sin of the Calf".

When Moses went up into biblical Mount Sinai to receive the Ten Commandments, he left the Israelites for forty days and forty nights. The Israelites feared that he would not return and demanded that Aaron make them "gods" to go before them. Aaron gathered up the Israelites' golden earrings, constructed a "molten calf" and "they" that demanded "gods" declared: "These [be] thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt."

The plurality of gods depicted or honoured on the earrings became a united image of a calf, fashioned by Aaron with a "graving tool", a plurality in unity.

Aaron built an altar before the calf and proclaimed the next day to be a feast to the Lord. So they rose up early the next day and "offered burnt-offerings, and brought peace-offerings; and the people sat down to eat and to drink, and rose up to play.

God told Moses what the Israelites were up to back in camp, that they had turned aside quickly out of the way which God commanded them and he was going to destroy them and start a new people from Moses.

Moses argued and pleaded that they should be spared, and God "repented of the evil which He said He would do unto His people." Moses went down from the mountain, but upon seeing the calf, he became angry and threw down the two tablets of stone, breaking them. Moses burnt the golden calf in a fire, ground it to powder, scattered it on water, and forced the Israelites to drink it. Aaron admitted collecting the gold, and throwing it into the fire along with cutting wood, and said it came out as a calf.

Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp and said: 'Whoso is on the Lord's side, let him come unto me.' And all the sons of Levi gathered themselves together unto him. And he said unto them: 'Thus said the Lord, the God of Israel: Put ye every man his sword upon his thigh, and go to and fro from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbour.' And the sons of Levi did according to the word of Moses; and there fell of the people that day about three thousand men.

The incident of the worship of the Golden Calf is narrated in the Qur'an and other Islamic literature. The Qur'an narrates that after they refused to enter the Promised Land, God decreed that as punishment the Israelites would wander for forty years. Moses continued to lead the Israelites to Mount Sinai for divine guidance. According to Islamic literature, God ordered Moses to fast for thirty days, and upon near completion of the thirty days, Moses ate a scented plant to improve the odour of his mouth.

God commanded Moses to fast for ten more days, before receiving the guidance for the Israelites. When Moses completed the fasts, he approached God for guidance. During this time, Moses had instructed the Israelites that Aaron (Harun) was to lead them. The Israelites grew restless, since Moses had not returned to them, and after thirty days, a man, the Qur'an names Samiri, raised doubts among the Israelites.

Samiri claimed that Moses had forsaken the Israelites and ordered his followers among the Israelites to light a fire and bring him all the jewellery and gold ornaments they had. Samiri fashioned the gold into a

golden calf along with the dust on which the angel Gabriel had treaded on, which he proclaimed to be the God of Moses and the God who had guided them out of Egypt.

There is a sharp contrast between the Qur'anic and the biblical accounts of Prophet Aaron's actions. The Qur'an mentions that Aaron attempted to guide and warn the people from worshipping the Golden Calf. However, the Israelites refused to stop until Moses had returned. The righteous separated themselves from the pagans.

God informed Moses that He had tried the Israelites in his absence and that they had failed by worshipping the Golden Calf.

Returning to the Israelites in great anger, Moses grabbed Aaron by his beard and asked him why he had not stopped the Israelites when he had seen them worshipping the Golden Calf. The Qur'an reports that Aaron stated that he did not act due to the fear that Moses would blame him for causing divisions among the Israelites. Moses realized his helplessness in the situation, and both prayed to God for forgiveness. Moses then questioned Samiri for the creation of the Golden Calf; Samiri justified his actions by stating that he had thrown the dust of the ground upon which Gabriel had tread on into the fire because his soul had suggested it to him.

Moses informed him that he would be banished and that they would burn the Golden Calf and spread its dust into the sea. Moses ordered the killing of those who had worshipped the Golden Calf and ordered seventy delegates to repent to God and pray for forgiveness. The delegates travelled alongside Moses to Mount Sinai, where they witnessed the speech between him and God but refused to believe until they had witnessed God with their sight.

As punishment, God struck the delegates with lightning and killed them with a violent earthquake. Moses prayed to God for their forgiveness. God forgave and resurrected them. In the Islamic view, the Calf-worshippers' sin had been Shirk (Arabic: شرك, the sin of idolatry or polytheism). Shirk is the deification or worship of anyone or anything other than the singular God (Allah), or more literally the establishment of "partners" placed beside God, a most serious and unforgivable sin, with the Calf-worshippers' being ultimately forgiven being a mark of special forbearance by Allah.

Despite a seemingly simplistic façade, the golden calf narrative is complex. According to Michael Coogan, it seems that the golden calf was not an idol for another god, and thus a false god. According to Coogan, this episode is part of the Deuteronomistic history, written in the southern kingdom of Judah, after the fall of the northern kingdom, which was biased against the northern kingdom.

The documentary hypothesis can be used to further understand the layers of this narrative: it is plausible that the earliest story of the golden calf was preserved by E (Israel source) and originated in the Northern kingdom. When E and J (Judah source) were combined after the fall of northern kingdom, "the narrative was reworked to portray the northern kingdom in a negative light," and the worship of the calf was depicted as "polytheism, with the suggestion of a sexual orgy" (see Exodus 32.6).

When compiling the narratives, P (a later Priest source from Jerusalem) may have minimized Aaron's guilt in the matter, but preserved the negativity associated with the calf. Alternatively it could be said that there is no golden calf story in the J source, and if it is correct that the Jeroboam story was the original as stated by Friedman, then it is unlikely that the Golden Calf events as described in Exodus occurred at all.

Friedman states that the smashing of the Ten Commandments by Moses when he beheld the worship of the golden calf, is really an attempt to cast into doubt the validity of Judah's central shrine, the Ark of the Covenant.

"The author of E, in fashioning the golden calf story, attacked both the Israelite and Judean religious establishments." As to the likelihood that these events ever took place, on the one hand, there are two

versions of the Ten Commandments story, in E (Exodus 20) and J (Exodus 34), this gives some antiquity and there may be some original events serving as a basis to the stories.

The Golden Calf story is only in the E version and a later editor added in an explanation that God made a second pair of tablets to give continuity to the J story.

The actual Ten Commandments as given in Exodus 20 were also inserted by the redactor who combined the various sources. Archaeologists Israel Finkelstein and Neil Asher Silberman say that while archaeology has found traces left by small bands of hunter-gatherers in the Sinai, there is no evidence at all for the large body of people described in the Exodus story: "The conclusion – that Exodus did not happen at the time and in the manner described in the Bible – seems irrefutable... repeated excavations and surveys throughout the entire area have not provided even the slightest evidence."

Conversation

If you were on Ida Bates' place, would you have agreed to give up your job and live with Mrs Brown? Would you have left her as Ida Bates had done after a few days? Was it possible to change Mrs Brown's lifestyle and attitudes? Or "can the leopard change its spots"? Make up a dialogue to discuss the questions.

Descriptive Essay

In the story we find: "You have a face, exactly like a dear friend of mine, the best friend I ever had..." (Mrs Maggie Brown). Knowing the ending of the story, say how these words characterise Mrs Brown. What sort of person was she? Make guesses of her background and the way she had made her fortune. Find other quotations in the text to prove your point of view. Write a descriptive essay (120-150 words). Make use of the Active Vocabulary of Units 1-2 (5-6 words). Underline the Active Vocabulary you are using.

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Unit 4

THE INDIAN SUMMER OF DRY VALLEY JOHNSON

Dry Valley Johnson had once been a sheep man. His real name was Hector, but he had been renamed "Dry Valley" after his ranch, so as to distinguish him from other Johnsons.

Many years of sheep breeding wearied Dry Valley Johnson. So he sold his ranch for eighteen thousand dollars and moved to Santa Rosa to live a quiet life. Being a silent and melancholy person of thirty-five — or perhaps thirty-eight — he soon became an elderish bachelor with a hobby. Someone gave him a strawberry to eat, and he was done for.

Dry Valley bought a small cottage in the village and a library on strawberries. Behind the cottage there was a garden of which he made a strawberry patch. In his old grey woolen shirt, his brown trousers and high boots he lay all day on a canvas cot under an oak tree at his back door and studied books on strawberries.

The school teacher, Miss De Witt, spoke of him as "a fine middle-aged man." But Dry Valley was not interested in women. Whenever he met them, he lifted his hat to them and then hurried back to his beloved berries.

When his strawberries were beginning to ripen Dry Valley bought the heaviest whip in the Santa Rosa store. For the bright eyes of Santa Rosa youth were watching the ripening berries, and Dry Valley was arming himself against their expected raids. He took much more care of his beloved fruit than he ever did of his little lambs in his ranching days.

In the house next to Dry Valley's lived a widow with a lot of children. She was Spanish, and had been married to an Irishman, by the name of O'Brien.

Between the two gardens ran a fence overgrown with wild vines. Very often Dry Valley could see little heads with black hair and flashing dark eyes looking through the fence, watching the reddening berries.

Late one afternoon Dry Valley went to the post-office. When he came back, he saw that the raiders from the neighboring house had attacked his strawberry patch. To Dry Valley there seemed to be a great many of them; but there were not more than five or six. They were hopping about like toads between the rows of plants, silently gobbling his finest fruit.

Dry Valley ran into the house, got his whip and attacked the raiders. Before they all knew they were discovered the whip curled around the legs of the nearest—a greedy ten-year old boy. He screamed, and they all ran for the fence, dived through it and disappeared.

Dry Valley followed them nearly to the fence. Then he turned round a bush and stood voiceless and motionless.

Behind the bush stood Panchita O'Brien. She was nineteen, the oldest of the raiders. Her night-black hair was gathered back in a wild mass and tied with a scarlet ribbon. She looked at Dry Valley for a moment and then slowly crunched a big red strawberry between her white teeth. Then she turned and went slowly to the fence. There she turned round, looked at Dry Valley, laughed and, then, quick like a panther, she disappeared behind the fence.

Dry Valley picked up his whip and went into the house. He stumbled as he went up the two wooden steps. Old Antonia who cooked his meals and swept his house called him to supper. But he didn't hear her. He went through the rooms, down the front steps, out of the gate and down the road till he reached a thicket at the edge of the town. There he sat down on the grass and began to think.

A thing had happened to the man—he had become enveloped in the Indian Summer of the Soul.

Dry Valley had had no youth. Even in his childhood he had been very serious. His life as a young man had been wasted?—he had never been in love. And now at the middle of his life, one look from the eyes of Panchita O'Brien had filled his heart with summer heat.

But Dry Valley Johnson was a hardy man. He had seen too many northerners to turn his back on a late summer. Old? He would show them.

By the next mail there went an order to San Antonio for an outfit of the most fashionable clothes. The next day Dry Valley sent a recipe for a hair restorer which he had cut out of a newspaper—for Dry Valley's hair was beginning to get silvery above his ears.

Dry Valley kept indoors for a week. Then, a few days later, he suddenly came outdoors.

He wore a blue tennis suit, his shirt was ox-blood, his collar very high, his tie purple, his shoes a bright tan. On his head he wore a little flat straw hat with a striped band. Lemon-colored kid gloves protected his tough hands from the May sunshine.

Dry Valley paused in the street to allow the citizens of Santa Rosa to have a good look' at him, and then slowly, as his shoes permitted him, entered Mrs. O'Brien's gate.

For almost a year the citizens of Santa Rosa talked about Dry Valley's courtship of Panchita O'Brien. It lasted two weeks and then came to a sudden end.

Of course Mrs. O'Brien favored the match, as soon as Dry Valley's intentions were known. Panchita's dresses were lengthened and her hair piled up on her head. Panchita was pleased that such a man as Mr. Johnson courted her and she felt proud at the sight of other girls looking out of the windows to see her go by with him.

Dry Valley bought a buggy with yellow wheels and a fine horse in San Antonio. Every (lay he drove out with Panchita. He never spoke to her when they were walking or driving. His clothes kept his mind busy; the knowledge that he could say nothing interesting to Panchita kept him dumb; the feeling that Panchita was near him made him happy.

He took her to parties and dances, and to church. No man ever tried so hard to be young as Dry Valley did. He tried to make friends with the young men of the town—even with the boys. But neither he nor anyone else could tell what progress he had made with Panchita.

The end came suddenly in one day. Dry Valley was to call for the girl one afternoon at six o'clock to take her for a walk.

An afternoon walk in Santa Rosa called for the pink of one's wardrobe. So Dry Valley began to dress very early and he went over to the O'Brien cottage earlier than usual. As he came near the cottage he heard sounds of revelry from the house. He stopped and looked through the vines in the open door.

Panchita was amusing her younger brothers and sisters. She wore a man's clothes—no doubt those of the late Mr. O'Brien.' On her head was the smallest brother's straw hat decorated with an ink-striped paper band. On her hands were yellow cloth gloves, cut out and sewn for the masquerade. The same material covered her shoes, making them look like tan leather. High collar and red tie were not omitted.

Panchita was a real actress. Dry Valley immediately recognized the person she acted. For the first time a mirror had been held up to him. The corroboration of one of the children calling "Mamma, come and see Panchita do like Mr. Johnson," was not needed.

As softly as he could, Dry Valley went back to the gate and home again.

Twenty minutes after the time appointed for the walk Panchita came out of her gate in a neat white dress and sailor hat. She went up the sidewalk and stopped at Dry Valley's gate, wondering why he was late.

Then out of his door came the former sheepman. He wore his old woolen shirt, his brown trousers, his high boots, and his white felt sombrero. Whether he looked twenty years or fifty—Dry Valley didn't care. His eyes met Panchita's with a cold flash in them. He came up to the gate. He pointed with his long arm to her house.

"Go home," said Dry Valley. "Go home to your mother. Go home and play in the sand. What business have you to walk around with grown men? Don't let me see you anymore. I have been making a parrot of myself for a kid like you. I don't know why I did it. Now, go home, and let me try to forget it."

Panchita obeyed and went slowly towards her house, saying nothing. For some time she kept her head turned and her large eyes fixed on Dry Valley. At her gate she stood for a moment looking back at him, then suddenly ran into the house.

Old Antonia was making a fire in the kitchen stove. Dry Valley stopped at the door and said, with a laugh:

"Don't I look like an old fool to fall in love with a kid, Antonia?"

"It's not a very good thing," agreed Antonia, "for an old man to love a young girl."

"Of course, it isn't," said Dry Valley grimly. "It's real foolishness; and, besides, it hurts."

He brought his blue tennis suit, shoes, hat, gloves, and all, and threw them in a pile at Antonia's feet.

"Give them to your old man," he said.

At twilight Dry Valley took his biggest strawberry book and sat down on the back steps to catch the last of the reading light.² He thought he saw the figure of someone in his strawberry patch. He laid aside the book, got his whip, and hurried forth to see.

It was Panchita. She had slipped through the fence and was half-way across the patch. She stopped when she saw him and looked at him.

A sudden rage came over Dry Valley. For this child he had made a, fool of himself. He had tried to bribe Time to turn backward. At last he had seen his foolishness. There was a gulf between him and youth over which he couldn't build a bridge even with yellow gloves. And the sight of this child coming to torment him with her pranks—to pick his strawberries like a mischievous schoolboy—roused all his anger.

"I told you to keep away from here!" said Dry Valley. "Go back to your home."

Panchita moved slowly toward him.

Dry Valley cracked his whip.

"Go back home," said Dry Valley, "and play some more theatricals. You would make a fine man. You've made a fine one of me."

She came a step nearer, silent, and with that strange shine in her eyes that had always puzzled him. Now it only made him more angry.

The whip whistled through the air. He saw a red streak suddenly come out through her white dress above her knee where it had struck.

Without flinching and with the same shine in her dark eyes. Panchita came steadily toward him through the strawberry vines. Dry Valley's trembling hand dropped the whip. When she was within a yard of him Panchita stretched out her arms.

"God, kid!" stammered Dry Valley, "Do you mean-?"

But the seasons are changeable; and it may have been springtime, instead of Indian Summer, that struck Dry Valley Johnson.

1. Comprehension Check

Make up ten questions of different types (general, alternative, disjunctive, special) to the text. Ask them to your group mates. Retell the story using your questions as an outline.

2. Translation Practice

Translate from English into Russian:

For almost a year the citizens of Santa Rosa talked about Dry Valley's courtship of Panchita O'Brien. It lasted two weeks and then came to a sudden end.

Of course Mrs. O'Brien favored the match, as soon as Dry Valley's intentions were known. Panchita's dresses were lengthened and her hair piled up on her head. Panchita was pleased that such a man as Mr. Johnson courted her and she felt proud at the sight of other girls looking out of the windows to see her go by with him.

Dry Valley bought a buggy with yellow wheels and a fine horse in San Antonio. Every day he drove out with Panchita. He never spoke to her when they were walking or driving. His clothes kept his mind busy; the knowledge that he could say nothing interesting to Panchita kept him dumb; the feeling that Panchita was near him made him happy.

He took her to parties and dances, and to church. No man ever tried so hard to be young as Dry Valley did. He tried to make friends with the young men of the town – even with the boys. But neither he nor anyone else could tell what progress he had made with Panchita.

Active Vocabulary

At the sight of - as soon as seen - **при виде, увидев, завидя**. E.g. Panchita was pleased that such a man as Mr. Johnson courted her and she felt proud *at the sight of* other girls looking out of the windows to see her go by with him. She was carrying a large parcel, *at sight of* which Joey gave an exclamation.

To attack smb/smith to launch a physical assault (against) with or without weapons; begin hostilities (with); to turn one's mind or energies vigorously to (a job, problem, etc) - **напасть на, атаковать**. E.g. Dry Valley ran into the house, got his whip and *attacked* the raiders. In Washington DC, the parade yesterday was preceded by a minute's silence for the victims of the *attack*.

To breed , a breed V to produce and maintain new or improved strains of (domestic animals and

plants); to bring up; raise; *N* a kind, sort, or group – **выращивать, порода**. E.g. Many years of sheep *breeding* wearied Dry Valley Johnson. I was working too hard to support my kids to be able to afford to compete or to *breed* full time.

To distinguish smb/smth from smb/smth 1) when *intr, foll* by *between* or *among* to make, show, or recognize a difference or differences (between or among); differentiate (between); 2) to be a distinctive feature of; characterize – **отличать, различать**. E.g. His real name was Hector, but he had been renamed "Dry Valley" after his ranch, so as to *distinguish* him from other Johnsons. How is it possible to *distinguish* the "real" Picasso from the Picasso myth?

Mischievous - teasing; slightly malicious; causing or intended to cause harm – **вредный, противный, злой**. E.g. And the sight of this child coming to torment him with her pranks—to pick his strawberries like a *mischievous* schoolboy—roused all his anger. Even if you don't know the name, you might know Callum Keith Rennie's face and his *mischievous* grin.

Obedient - obeying or willing to obey – **послушный**. E.g. Hanna is a thin, *obedient* girl, who comes from a religiously observant Jewish family who vaguely disapprove of the Oweski family.

To obey 1. to carry out (instructions or orders); comply with (demands); 2. to behave or act in accordance with (one's feelings, whims, etc) - **слушаться, повиноваться, следовать (указаниям)**. E.g. Panchita *obeyed* and went slowly towards her house, saying nothing. Army Captain James Yee was charged with two counts of failing to *obey* a lawful order.

An outfit is a set of clothes, esp a carefully selected one – **наряд**. E.g. By the next mail there went an order to San Antonio for an *outfit* of the most fashionable clothes. Five minutes later Peik turned / up, looking in his black jogging *outfit* not unlike a seal emerging from a pool.

A prescription is written instructions from a physician, dentist, etc, to a pharmacist stating the form, dosage strength, etc, of a drug to be issued to a specific patient – **рецепт(на лекарство)**. E.g. He explained that he had gone to the high street pharmacy to collect a repeat *prescription* for his "rat poison."

A recipe /'resipi/ a list of ingredients and directions for making something, esp a food preparation – **рецепт**. E.g. The next day Dry Valley sent a *recipe* for a hair restorer which he had cut out of a newspaper—for Dry Valley's hair was beginning to get silvery above his ears. Forget any *recipe* for which you have to buy special ingredients.

To ripen to make or become ripe - зреть; **Ripe** (of fruit, grain, etc) mature and ready to be eaten or used; fully developed – **зрелый**. E.g. When his strawberries were beginning to *ripen* Dry Valley bought the heaviest whip in the Santa Rosa store. All of us would like to live forever, or at least to enjoy a *ripe*, healthy old age.

To stammer – to speak or say (something) in a hesitant way, esp as a result of a speech disorder or through fear, stress, etc – **заикаться**. E.g. "God, kid!" *stammered* Dry Valley, "Do you mean-?" Dan will possibly go pale and *stammer* when I tell him I have been this close to our leader.

Active Vocabulary Drill

1. Translate from Russian into English. Make use of the Active Vocabulary:

1. Поздней осенью в нашем саду созревают мои любимые антоновские яблоки и виноград.

2. Вы можете дать мне рецепт Вашего вкуснейшего яблочного пирога?
3. На выпускном вечере в школе у нее был самый необычный наряд и прическа.
4. Мальчик зайкается, и из-за этого он очень боится говорить на публике.
5. В течение 20 лет он выращивал овец, а теперь решил заняться собаководством.
6. В саду мы всегда сажаем немного моркови, помидор, огурцов, лука и проч., и каждое лето можем наслаждаться свежими овощами с грядки.
7. Не будь таким вредным! Одолжи мне свой велосипед до пятницы, мне действительно нужно.
8. Как только она вернулась домой, друзья атаковали ее вопросами о поездке.
9. Увидев Машу, девочки отвернулись и гордо направились в другую сторону.
10. Если вы не будете соблюдать правила нашего общежития, мы будем вынуждены вас выселить.
11. Как ты отличаешь одну сестру от другой? Они же похожи как две кали воды.
12. Если будешь послушной девочкой, к празднику мама купит тебе новое платье и туфельки.

2. Make up a monologue on one of the following topics (100-120 words).

- **My favourite season**
- **Indian summer in Russia**
- **Spring is love time**

3. Grammar Reference and Practice

Comment on the order of the adjectives in the sentences:

“In his *old grey woollen* shirt, his brown trousers and high boots he lay all day...”

“Before they all knew they were discovered the whip curled around the legs of the nearest—a *greedy ten-year old* boy.”

“She looked at Dry Valley for a moment and then slowly crunched a *big red* strawberry between her white teeth.”

“On her head was the smallest brother's straw hat decorated with an *ink-striped paper* band.”

“He wore his *old woollen* shirt, his brown trousers, his high boots, and his *white felt*sombrero.”

4. Opinion Essay

"It's not a very good thing," agreed Antonia, "for an old man to love a young girl."

"Of course, it isn't," said Dry Valley grimly. "It's real foolishness; and, besides, it hurts."

What do you think about this problem? Did Panchita really fall in love with Dry Valley Johnson? Can considerable age difference be a problem for the lovers or is 'all age obedient by love'?

Write an opinion essay on the topic of love and age (150-180 words).

Make use of the Active Vocabulary of Units 1-3. Underline the Active Vocabulary you are using.

Further Reading

In the story Dry Valley Johnson fell for strawberries. And do you like berries? What are your favorite berries? How do you like them: raw, stewed, in a jelly, jam, milk-shake or a pie? Have you (your family) ever tried to grow them? Would you like to?

Study the list of English berries given below. Make up a dialogue to discuss the questions.

Berries

watermelon	['wɒtər, melən]	Арбуз
blackberry	['blækb(ə)ri]	Ежевика
viburnum	[vaɪ'bz:rnəm]	Калина
cherry	['tʃeri]	Вишня
strawberry	['strɔ:bəri]	Клубника
blueberry	['blu:,beri]	Голубика
raspberry	['rɑ:zbəri]	малина
gooseberry	['guzberi]	Крыжовник
honeysuckle	['hʌni'sʌkl]	Жимолость
rowanberry	['rəʊən,beri]	Рябина
bilberry	['bil,beri]	Черника
cranberry	['krænbəri]	клюква
cowberry	['kɔv,beri]	Брусника
sweet cherry	[swi:t 'tʃeri]	Черешня
red currant	[red 'kʌrənt]	Смородина красная
black currant	[blæk 'kʌrənt]	Смородина чёрная
cornel	['kɔ:rnəl]	Кизил
cloudberry	['klaʊd,beri]	морошка
elderberry	['eldər,beri]	Бузина
wild strawberry	[waɪld 'strɔ:bəri]	Земляника
black chokeberry	[blæk tʃəkeberi]	черноплодная рябина
barberry	['bɑ:r,beri]	Барбарис
sea buckthorn	[si: 'bʌk,θɔ:rn]	Облепиха
briar	['braiə]	Шиповник
Silverweed	[silverwi:d]	Лапчатка
White currant	[wait 'kʌrənt]	Смородина белая
Bearberry	[bearberi]	Толокнянка
Ephedra	[ephedra]	Хвойник

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Unit 5

A RETRIEVED REFORMATION

A guard came to the prison shoe-shop, where Jimmy Valentine was working, and took him to the office. There the warden handed Jimmy his pardon, which had been signed that morning by the governor. Jimmy took it in a tired kind of way. He had served nearly ten months of a four-year sentence. He had expected to stay only about three months, as he had many friends who, he had hoped, would help him.

"Now, Valentine," said the warden, "you'll go out in the morning. Brace up, and make a man of yourself. You are not a bad fellow at heart. Stop breaking up safes and live straight."

"I?" said Jimmy in surprise. "Why, I never broke up a safe in my life."

"Oh, no," laughed the warden. "Of course not. But how did it happen that you were sent to prison for that Springfield affair?"

"I?" said Jimmy innocently. "Why, warden, I never was in Springfield in my life!"

"Take him back, Cronin," smiled the warden, "and give him outgoing clothes. Unlock him at seven in the morning and let him come to the office. Better think over my advice, Valentine."

At a quarter past seven on the next morning Jimmy stood in the warden's office. He had on a badly fitting ready-made suit and a pair of stiff shoes. The clerk handed him a railroad ticket and a five-dollar bill. The warden gave him a cigar and shook hands.

Valentine, 9762, was registered in the books as "Pardoned by Governor," and Mr. James Valentine walked out into the sunshine.

Without paying any attention to the song of the birds, the green trees and the smell of the flowers, Jimmy went straight to a restaurant. There he ordered a fried chicken and a bottle of white wine. After the meal he smoked a cigar that was much better than the one the warden had given him, and went to the railroad station. There he took his train and three hours later got out at a little town near the state line. He went to the café of his friend Mike Dolan and shook hands with Mike.

"Sorry we couldn't make it sooner. Jimmy, my boy," said Mike. "Are you feeling all right?"

"Fine," said Jimmy. "Have you got my key?" He got his key and went upstairs to his room. Everything was just as he had left it. There on the floor was still Ben Price's collar button which had been torn from that famous detective's shirt when they had overpowered Jimmy Valentine to arrest him. Jimmy pulled back a panel in the wall and took out a dust-covered suitcase. He opened it and looked at a fine set of burglar's tools. This set was made of special steel and some of the tools were invented by Jimmy himself. He was very proud of them. They had cost him nine hundred dollars. In half an hour Jimmy went out of the café. He was now dressed in a well-fitting suit and carried his suitcase in his hand.

A week after Jimmy had been released a safe was broken up in Richmond, Indiana. Two weeks after that a patented, improved, burglar-proof safe was opened in Logansport and one thousand five hundred dollars taken. That began to interest the police. Then an old-fashioned bank-safe in Jefferson City was broken up and five thousand dollars taken.

Ben Price, the detective, compared all these cases and remarked: "That is Jimmy Valentine's work. He has resumed business. Look at that combination lock—pulled out so easily. Only Jimmy has the tools that can do it." Ben Price knew Jimmy's habits. He had learned them when working up the Springfield case. He knew that Jimmy was very quick, that he always worked alone and that he liked good society. So Ben Price began to look out for Jimmy, and people who had burglar-proof safes felt more at ease.

One day Jimmy Valentine with his suitcase got out of the train in Elmore, a little town in Arkansas. He went down the sidewalk towards the hotel.

A young girl crossed the street and entered a door over which there was the sign "The Elmore Bank." Jimmy Valentine looked into her eyes, forgot what he was, and became another man. She lowered her eyes and coloured slightly.

Jimmy caught a boy that was standing on the steps of the bank by the collar and began to ask him questions about the town. So on the young girl came out and went her way trying not to look at Jimmy.

"Isn't this young lady Miss Polly Simpson?" asked Jimmy.

"No," said the boy. "She's Annabel Adams. Her father is the owner of this bank."

Jimmy went to the hotel, registered as Ralph Spencer, and engaged a room. He told the hotel clerk that he wanted to go into the shoe business. Mr. Ralph Spencer, who had once been Jimmy Valentine, remained in Elmore. He opened a shoe-store and the trade went well. He made many friends in the town and at last accomplished the wish of his heart: he met Miss Annabel Adams and became more and more captivated by her charms.

At the end of a year they were engaged. Their marriage was to take place in two weeks.

Mr. Ralph Spencer was as much at home in Annabel 's family as if he were already a member. One day Jimmy sat down in Ids room and wrote this letter to one of his old friends:

"Dear Dill,

I want you to be at Little Rock next Wednesday night at nine o'clock. I want you to arrange some matters for me and I also want to make you a present of my set of tools. I know you will be glad to get them. Dear Billy, I am making an honest living now and in two weeks I am going to marry the finest girl on earth. She is an angel. She believes in me and I wouldn't do anything dishonest now for the whole world. After I get married I am going to sell out my business and go west where no one knows about my past. Please come to Little Rock, for I must see you. I shall bring the tools with me.

Your old friend,
Jimmy"

On Monday night after Jimmy had written this letter, Ben Price, the detective, came to Elmore. He walked about the town in his quiet way until he found out all that he wanted to know. From the drug-store opposite the shoe-store he got a good look at Ralph Spencer.

"So you are going to marry the banker's daughter, Jimmy?" he said to himself, softly.

The next morning Jimmy had breakfast at the Adamses'. He was going to Little Rock that day to order his wedding suit and buy something nice for Annabel. This was the first time he was going to leave town since he came to Elmore. After breakfast they all went out together: Mr. Adams, Annabel, Jimmy, and Annabel 's married sister with her two little girls. When they were passing Jimmy's hotel he ran up to his room and took his suit-case. Then they went on to the bank. There stood Jimmy's horse and buggy and Dolph Gibson, who was going to drive Jimmy to the railroad station.

All went inside the bank. The clerks were pleased to be greeted by the good-looking young man who was going to marry Miss Annabel. Jimmy put his suitcase down. Annabel, laughing, put on Jimmy's hat and picked up the suit-case.

"Oh, Ralph, how heavy it is," she said, "it feels like it was full of gold bricks."

"There is a lot of metal shoe-horns in there," said Jimmy, "that I am going to return."

The Elmore Bank had just put in a new safe and vault. Mr. Adams was very proud of it and wanted to show it to everyone. The vault was small, but it had a new patented door. It fastened with three steel bolts and had a combination lock. Mr. Adams explained how it worked to Mr. Spencer who didn't look very interested. But the two children, May and Agatha, were delighted by the shining metal and the interesting lock.

While they were all standing there, Ben Price came in and stood quietly by the door. He told the cashier that he didn't want anything: he was just waiting for a man he knew. Suddenly there was a scream from the women. Unnoticed by the elders, May, the nine-year-old girl, in a spirit of play had shut Agatha in the vault. She then closed the bolts and turned the lock as she had seen Mr. Adams do. The old banker sprang to the handle and tugged at it for a moment.

"The door can't be opened," he groaned. "I don't know what combination has been used."

Agatha's mother screamed hysterically.

"Hush!" said Mr. Adams, raising his trembling hand. "All be quiet for a moment. Agatha!" he called as loudly as he could. "Listen to me." During the following silence they could hear the faint sound of the child wildly shrieking in the dark vault.

"My precious darling!" shrieked the mother. "She will die of fright! Open the door! Oh, break it open! Can't you men do something?"

"There isn't a man nearer than Little Rock who can open that door," said Mr. Adams in a shaky voice.

"My God! Spencer, what shall we do? The child cannot stand it for long, there isn't enough air."

Agatha's mother was now wildly beating the door of the vault with her hands. Somebody suggested dynamite. Annabel turned to Jimmy, frightened:

"Can't you do something, Ralph—try, won't you?"

A woman thinks that nothing is impossible for the man she loves. He looked at her with a strange smile on his lips and in his eyes.

"Annabel," he said, "give me that rose you are wearing, will you?"

Hardly believing his words, she unpinned the rose from her dress and gave it to him. Jimmy put it into his pocket, took off his coat and pulled up his shirt sleeves. Ralph Spencer disappeared and Jimmy Valentine took his place.

"Get away from the door, all of you," he said.

He put his suit-case on the table and opened it. He laid out all his shining tools and whistling softly to himself started to work. In a minute Jimmy's best drill was cutting into the steel door. In ten minutes he took off the bolts and opened the door. Agatha, almost unconscious but safe, was taken out of the vault by her mother. Jimmy Valentine put on his coat and walked towards the front door. At the door a big man stood in his way.

"Hello, Ben!" said Jimmy, with the same strange smile. "So you have got me at last. Well, let us go. It doesn't make much difference now."

And then Ben Price did a strange thing.

"I suppose you are mistaken, Mr. Spencer," he said. "I do not recognize you. Your buggy is waiting for you at the door, isn't it?"

And Ben Price turned and went down the street.

Translation Practice

Translate from English into Russian. Mind that the main character of the story was a criminal:

1. There the warden handed Jimmy his pardon, which had been signed that morning by the governor.
2. He had served nearly ten months of a four-year sentence.
3. Brace up, and make a man of yourself. You are not a bad fellow at heart. Stop breaking up safes and live straight."
4. Valentine, 9762, was registered in the books as "Pardoned by Governor," and Mr. James Valentine walked out into the sunshine.
5. There on the floor was still Ben Price's collar button which had been torn from that famous detective's shirt when they had overpowered Jimmy Valentine to arrest him.
6. He opened it and looked at a fine set of burglar's tools. This set was made of special steel and some of the tools were invented by Jimmy himself.
7. A week after Jimmy had been released a safe was broken up in Richmond, Indiana. Two weeks after that a patented, improved, burglar-proof safe was opened in Logansport and one thousand five hundred dollars taken.
8. "That is Jimmy Valentine's work. He has resumed business. Look at that combination lock—pulled out so easily. Only Jimmy has the tools that can do it."
9. Dear Billy, I am making an honest living now and in two weeks I am going to marry the finest girl on earth.
10. In a minute Jimmy's best drill was cutting into the steel door. In ten minutes he took off the bolts and opened the door.

Active Vocabulary

To be (un)conscious – aware of one's surroundings, one's own thoughts and motivations / lacking normal sensory awareness of the environment; insensible; not aware of one's actions, behaviour, etc – **(не) быть в сознании (без сознания)**. E.g. Agatha, almost *unconscious* but safe, was taken out of the vault by her mother. I know you didn't see them, sir, even hear them, you *were unconscious* at the time.

Burglar- a person who commits burglary; housebreaker – **грабитель**. E.g. Two weeks after that a patented, improved, *burglar*-proof safe was opened in Logansport and one thousand five hundred dollars taken. Afterwards, she claimed, he scattered things round to make it look like a *burglar* had broken in.

A cashier – a person responsible for receiving payments for goods, services, etc, as in a shop – **кассир**. E.g. He told the *cashier* that he didn't want anything: he was just waiting for a man he knew. And they used to get so worried when the *cashier* went behind the counter to check something before paying them.

To engage - to involve (a person or his attention) intensely; engross; occupy; to attract (the affection) of (a person) - **занять**. E.g. At the end of a year they were *engaged*. A spokesman said: "We have used every means possible to *engage* the local community."

engaged - employed, occupied, or busy – **занятый, несвободный**.

To be engaged (to) smb - pledged to be married; betrothed - **быть помолвленным с кем-то**. E.g. At the end of a year they were *engaged*. The fit of bravery that had come over her as a result of hearing that Caroline and Tom *were engaged* had receded somewhat. Also, many fans have found that a telephone line set up to sell tickets has been almost constantly *engaged*.

To feel (ill) at ease – in a relaxed attitude or frame of mind/ unable to relax; uncomfortable – **(не) чувствовать себя спокойно (не в своей тарелке)** E.g. So Ben Price began to look out for Jimmy, and people who had sties *felt* more *at ease*. Nothing specific, nothing dramatic, just a feeling of being ill *at ease*.

Innocent - not guilty of a particular crime; blameless – **невинный, невиновный**. *Ant.* **guilty** - responsible for an offence or misdeed - **виновный виноватый**. E.g. "I?" said Jimmy *innocently*. "Why, warden, I never was in Springfield in my life!" At least I don't go around locking up *innocent* people and letting the *guilty* go free.

A warden – a person who has the charge or care of something, esp a building, or someone – **охранник**. E.g. There the *warden* handed Jimmy his pardon, which had been signed that morning by the governor. He studied it, located the *warden*'s flat, then slipped through the gate.

Active Vocabulary Drill

1. Translate from Russian into English. Make use of the Active Vocabulary:

1. Когда вокруг столько незнакомых людей, я чувствую себя не в своей тарелке.
2. Пока я болтала с Машей, единственный свободный номер в отеле оказался занят, и мне пришлось ночевать в общежитии.
3. Не смотри на меня такими невинными глазами – я знаю, что это ты взял брал мой ноутбук и сломал его.
4. Когда грабители ворвались в дом, в нем никого не оказалось. Они быстро собрали все ценное и ушли.
5. Не могу найти, сколько стоит этот кусок сыра.- Спроси у кассира, она-то должна знать.
6. После того, как он ушел, я почувствовала облегчение. Бывают же такие «тяжелые» люди- с ними даже трудно находиться в одном помещении.
7. После его закрытия охранник, конечно же, не пустил нас в городской парк, но мы быстро нашли неохраняемую калитку.
8. Когда приехала скорая, пожилой человек был уже без сознания, и через несколько часов он умер.

2. Find Russian equivalents for the following proverbs. Make up a story illustrating one of them (100-120 words). Make use of the Active Vocabulary of Units 1-4 (5-6 words).

- A friend in need is a friend indeed.
- You can't teach an old dog new tricks.
- It is never too late to mend.
- Better late than never.

Grammar Reference and Practice

Comment on the use of adverbs in the sentence:

- "I?" said Jimmy *innocently*.
- He had on a *badly* fitting ready-made suit and a pair of stiff shoes.
- He was now dressed in a *well*-fitting suit and carried his suit-case in his hand.
- She lowered her eyes and coloured *slightly*.
- He opened a shoe-store and the trade went *well*.
- While they were all standing there, Ben Price came in and stood *quietly* by the door.
- Agatha's mother was now *wildly* beating the door of the vault with her hands.
- He laid out all his shining tools and whistling *softly* to himself started to work.

Further Reading

In the story Jimmy Valentine decided to settle at Elmore, a little town in Arkansas, USA. Read the information below and make your list of 10 likes and dislikes about Arkansas of the 21 century. Basing on your list, say, if you had a choice, would you like to settle in Arkansas, USA, and why?

Arkansas

Arkansas (/ˈɑrkənsɔː/ ar-kən-saw) is a state located in the Southern region of the United States. Its name is of Siouan derivation, denoting the Quapaw Indians.

The state's diverse geography ranges from the mountainous regions of the Ozark and the Ouachita Mountains, which make up the U.S. Interior Highlands, to the densely forested land in the south known as the Arkansas Timberlands, to the eastern lowlands along the Mississippi River and the Arkansas Delta. Known as "the Natural State", the diverse regions of Arkansas offer residents and tourists a variety of opportunities for outdoor recreation.

Arkansas is the 29th largest in square miles and the 32nd most populous of the 50 United States. The capital and most populous city is Little Rock, located in the central portion of the state, a hub for transportation, business, culture, and government.

The north-western corner of the state, including the Fayetteville–Springdale–Rogers Metropolitan Area and Fort Smith metropolitan area, is also an important population, education, and economic center. The largest city in the eastern part of the state is Jonesboro.

The Territory of Arkansas was admitted to the Union as the 25th state on June 15, 1836. Arkansas withdrew from the United States and joined the Confederate States of America during the Civil War. Upon returning to the Union, the state would continue to suffer due to its earlier reliance on slavery and the plantation economy, causing the state to fall behind economically and socially. White rural interests continued to dominate the state's politics until the Civil Rights movement in the mid-20th century.

Arkansas began to diversify its economy following World War II and now relies on its service industry as well as aircraft, poultry, steel and tourism in addition to cotton and rice. The culture of Arkansas is observable in museums, theaters, novels, television shows, restaurants and athletic venues across the state. Despite a plethora of cultural, economic, and recreational opportunities,

Arkansas is often stereotyped as a "poor, banjo-picking hillbilly" state, a reputation dating back to early accounts of the territory by frontiersmen in the early 1800s. Arkansas's enduring image has earned the state "a special place in the American consciousness", but it has in reality produced such prominent figures as Fulbright, Bill, Douglas MacArthur, Sam Walton and Johnny Cash.

The name Arkansas derives from the same root as the name for the state of Kansas. The Kansa tribe of Native Americans are closely associated with the Sioux tribes of the Great Plains. The word "Arkansas" itself is a French pronunciation ("Arcansas") of a Quapaw (a related "Kaw" tribe) word, akakaze, meaning "land of downriver people" or the Sioux word akakaze meaning "people of the south wind".

In 1881, the pronunciation of Arkansas with the final "s" being silent was made official by an act of the state legislature after a dispute arose between Arkansas's then-two U.S. senators as one favored the pronunciation as /'arkənsɔː/ ar-kən-saw while the other favored /ar'kænzəs/ ar-kanzəs.

In 2007, the state legislature passed a non-binding resolution declaring the possessive form of the state's name to be Arkansas's which has been followed increasingly by the state government. Geography View from the Ozark Highlands Scenic Byway in Boxley Valley the Ozarks: bend in the Buffalo River from an overlook on the Buffalo River Trail near Steel Creek.

The flat terrain and rich soils of the Arkansas Delta near Mc Gehee are in stark contrast to the north-western part of the state. Cedar Falls in Petit Jean State Park Boundaries Arkansas borders Louisiana to the south, Texas to the southwest, Oklahoma to the west, Missouri to the north, and Tennessee and Mississippi on the east. The United States Census Bureau classifies Arkansas as a southern state, sub-categorized among the West South Central States.

The Mississippi River forms most of Arkansas's eastern border, except in Clay and Greene, counties where the St. Francis River forms the western boundary of the Missouri Boot heel, and in many places where the current channel of the Mississippi has meandered from where its original legal designation. The state line along the Mississippi River is indeterminate along much of the eastern border with Mississippi due to these meanders. Terrain Arkansas can generally be split into two halves, the highlands in the northwest half and the lowlands of the south-eastern half. The highlands are part of the Southern Interior Highlands, including The Ozarks and the Ouachita Mountains.

The southern lowlands include the Gulf Coastal Plain and the Arkansas Delta. This dual split is somewhat simplistic, however, and thus usually yields to general regions named northwest, southwest, northeast, southeast, or central Arkansas. These directionally named regions are also not defined along county lines and are also broad.

Arkansas has seven distinct natural regions: the Ozark Mountains, Ouachita Mountains, Arkansas River Valley, Gulf Coastal Plain, Crowley's Ridge, and the Arkansas Delta, with Central Arkansas sometimes included as a blend of multiple regions. The south-eastern part of Arkansas along the Mississippi Alluvial Plain is sometimes called the Arkansas Delta.

This region is a flat landscape of rich alluvial soils formed by repeated flooding of the adjacent Mississippi. Farther away from the river, in the southeast portion of the state, the Grand Prairie consists of a more undulating landscape. Both are fertile agricultural areas. The Delta region is bisected by an unusual geological formation known as Crowley's Ridge. A narrow band of rolling hills, Crowley's Ridge rises

from 250 to 500 feet (76 to 152 m) above the surrounding alluvial plain and underlies many of the major towns of eastern Arkansas.

Northwest Arkansas is part of the Ozark Plateau including the Ozark Mountains, to the south are the Ouachita Mountains, and these regions are divided by the Arkansas River; the southern and eastern parts of Arkansas are called the Lowlands. These mountain ranges are part of the U.S. Interior Highlands region, the only major mountainous region between the Rocky Mountains and the Appalachian Mountains.

The highest point in the state is Mount Magazine in the Ouachita Mountains; it rises to 2,753 feet (839 m) above sea level. Hydrology The Buffalo National River is one of many attractions that give the state its nickname, The Natural State. Arkansas has many rivers, lakes, and reservoirs within or along its borders. Major tributaries of the Mississippi River include the Arkansas River, White River, and St. Francis River.

The Arkansas is fed by the Mulberry River, and Fourche LaFave River in the Arkansas River Valley, which is also home to Lake Dardanelle. The Buffalo River, Little Red River, Black River and Cache River all serve as tributaries to the White River, which also empties into the Mississippi. The Saline River, Little Missouri River, Bayou Bartholomew, and the Caddo River all serve as tributaries to the Ouachita River in south Arkansas, which eventually empties into the Mississippi in Louisiana. The Red River briefly serves as the state's boundary with Texas.

Arkansas has few natural lakes but many major reservoirs, including Bull Shoals Lake, Lake Ouachita, Greers Ferry Lake, Millwood Lake, Beaver Lake, Norfork Lake, DeGray Lake, and Lake Conway. Arkansas is home to many caves, such as Blanchard Springs Caverns. More than 43,000 Native American living, hunting and tool making sites, many of them Pre-Columbian burial mounds and rock shelters, have been cataloged by the State Archeologist.

Crater of Diamonds State Park near Murfreesboro is the world's only diamond-bearing site accessible to the public for digging. Arkansas is home to a dozen Wilderness Areas totaling 158,444 acres (641.20 km²). These areas are set aside for outdoor recreation and are open to hunting, fishing, hiking, and primitive camping. No mechanized vehicles nor developed campgrounds are allowed in these areas.

The White River in eastern Arkansas Arkansas is divided into three broad ecoregions, the Ozark, Ouachita-Appalachian Forests, Mississippi Alluvial and Southeast USA Coastal Plains, and the Southeastern USA Plains. The state is further divided into seven subregions: the Arkansas Valley, Boston Mountains, Mississippi Alluvial Plain, Mississippi Valley Loess Plain, Ozark Highlands, Ouachita Mountains, and the South Central Plains.

A 2010 United States Forest Service survey determined 18,720,000 acres (7,580,000 ha) of Arkansas's land is forestland, or 56% of the state's total area. Dominant species in Arkansas's forests include *Quercus* (oak), *Carya* (hickory), *Pinus echinata* (shortleaf pine) and *Pinus taeda* (Loblolly pine). Arkansas's plant life varies with its climate and elevation. The pine belt stretching from the Arkansas delta to Texas consists of dense oak-hickory-pine growth. Lumbering and paper milling activity is active throughout the region.

In eastern Arkansas, one can find *Taxodium* (cypress), *Quercus nigra* (water oaks), and hickories with their roots submerged in the Mississippi Valley bayous indicative of the Deep South. Nearby Crowley's Ridge is only home of the tulip tree in the state, and generally hosts more northeastern plant life such as the beech tree.

The north-western highlands are covered in an oak-hickory mixture, with Ozark white cedars, cornus (dogwoods), and *Cercis canadensis* (redbuds) also present. The higher peaks in the Arkansas River Valley play host to scores of ferns, including the *Woodsia scopulina* and *Adiantum* (maidenhair fern) on Mount Magazine. Climate Devil's Den State Park is a popular state park in Washington County for enjoying autumn foliage. Arkansas generally has a humid subtropical climate, which borders on humid continental in some northern highland areas. While not bordering the Gulf of Mexico, Arkansas is still close enough to this warm, large body of water for it to influence the weather in the state.

Generally, Arkansas has hot, humid summers and cold, slightly drier winters. In Little Rock, the daily high temperatures average around 93 °F (34 °C) with lows around 73 °F (23 °C) in July. In January highs average around 51 °F (11 °C) and lows around 32 °F (0 °C). In Siloam Springs in the northwest part of the state, the average high and low temperatures in July are 89 and 67 °F (32 and 19 °C) and in January the average high and lows are 44 and 23 °F (7 and −5 °C). Annual precipitation throughout the state averages between about 40 and 60 inches (1,000 and 1,500 mm); somewhat wetter in the south and drier in the northern part of the state. Snowfall is infrequent but most common in the northern half of the state.

The half of the state south of Little Rock is more apt to see ice storms. Arkansas' all-time record high is 120 °F (49 °C) at Ozark on August 10, 1936; the all-time record low is −29 °F (−34 °C) at Gravette, on February 13, 1905.

Arkansas is known for extreme weather and many storms. A typical year will see thunderstorms, tornadoes, hail, snow and ice storms. Between both the Great Plains and the Gulf States, Arkansas receives around 60 days of thunderstorms. A few of the most destructive tornadoes in U.S. history have struck the state. While being sufficiently away from the coast to be safe from a direct hit from a hurricane, Arkansas can often get the remnants of a tropical system which dumps tremendous amounts of rain in a short time and often spawns smaller tornadoes.

Cities and towns Cleveland County Courthouse in Rison Little Rock has been Arkansas's capital city since 1821 when it replaced Arkansas Post as the capitol of the Territory of Arkansas. The state capitol was moved to Hot Springs and later Washington during the Civil War when the Union armies threatened the city in 1862, and state government did not return to Little Rock until after the war ended. Today, the Little Rock–North Little Rock–Conway metropolitan area is the largest in the state, with a population of 724,385 in 2013.

The Fayetteville–Springdale–Rogers Metropolitan Area is the second-largest metropolitan area in Arkansas, growing at the fastest rate due to the influx of businesses and the growth of the University of Arkansas and Walmart. The state has nine cities with populations above 50,000 (based on 2010 census). In descending order of size they are Little Rock, Fort Smith, Fayetteville, Springdale, Jonesboro, North Little Rock, Conway, Rogers, and Pine Bluff. Of these, only Fort Smith and Jonesboro are outside the two largest metropolitan areas. Other notable cities include Hot Springs, Bentonville, Texarkana, Sherwood, Jacksonville, Russellville, Bella Vista, West Memphis, Paragould, Cabot, Searcy, Van Buren, El Dorado, Blytheville, Harrison, and Mountain Home.

The United States Census Bureau estimates that the population of Arkansas was 2,949,132 on July 1, 2012, a 1.1% increase since the 2010 United States Census. As of 2012, Arkansas has an estimated population of 2,949,132. From fewer than 15,000 in 1820, Arkansas's population grew to 52,240 during a special census in 1835, far exceeding the 40,000 required to apply for statehood. Following statehood in 1836, the population doubled each decade until the 1870 Census conducted following the Civil War. The state

recorded growth in each successive decade, although slowing until recording losses in the 1950 and 1960 Censuses. This outmigration was a result of multiple factors, including mechanization on the farm reducing the number of laborers needed and young educated people leaving the state due to a lack of non-farming industry in the state. Arkansas again began to grow, recording positive growth rates ever since and exceeding the 2 million mark during the 1980 Census.

Arkansas's current rate of change, age distributions, and gender distributions mirror national averages. Minority group data also approximates national averages, with the exception of persons of Hispanic or Latino origin approximately 10% below the national percentage in Arkansas. The center of population of Arkansas for 2000 was located in Perry County, near Nogal. Economy The Simmons Tower is the state's tallest building. Once a state with a cashless society in the uplands and plantation agriculture in the lowlands, Arkansas's economy has evolved and diversified to meet the needs of today's consumer. The state's gross domestic product (GDP) was \$105 billion in 2010. Six Fortune 500 companies are based in Arkansas, including the world's #1 retailer, Walmart. The per capita personal income in 2010 was \$36,027, ranking forty-fifth in the nation. The three-year median household income from 2009-11 was \$39,806, ranking forty-ninth in the nation.

The state's agriculture outputs are poultry and eggs, soybeans, sorghum, cattle, cotton, rice, hogs, and milk. Its industrial outputs are food processing, electric equipment, fabricated metal products, machinery, and paper products. Mines in Arkansas produce natural gas, oil, crushed stone, bromine, and vanadium.

According to CNBC, Arkansas currently ranks as the 20th best state for business, with the 2nd-lowest cost of doing business, 5th-lowest cost of living, 11th best workforce, 20th-best economic climate, 28th-best educated workforce, 31st-best infrastructure and the 32nd-friendliest regulatory environment. Arkansas gained twelve spots in the best state for business rankings since 2011.

As of April 2013 the state's unemployment rate is 7.5% Industry and commerce Arkansas's earliest industries were fur trading and agriculture, with development of cotton plantations in the areas near the Mississippi River. They were dependent on slave labor through the American Civil War. Today only approximately 3% of the population is employed in the agricultural sector, it remains a major part of the state's economy, ranking 13th in the nation in the value of products sold. The state is the U.S.'s largest producer of rice, broilers, and turkeys, and ranks in the top three for cotton, pullets, and aquaculture (catfish).

Forestry remains strong in the Arkansas Timberlands, and the state ranks fourth nationally and first in the South in softwood lumber production. In recent years, automobile parts manufacturers have opened factories in eastern Arkansas to support auto plants in other states. Bauxite was formerly a large part of the state's economy, mined mostly around Saline County.

Tourism is also very important to the Arkansas economy; the official state nickname "The Natural State" was created for state tourism advertising in the 1970s, and is still used to this day. The state maintains 52 state parks and the National Park Service maintains seven properties in Arkansas, including the nation's first National Park, Hot Springs National Park. The completion of the William Jefferson Clinton Presidential Library in Little Rock has drawn many visitors to the city and revitalized the nearby River Market District.

Many cities also hold festivals which draw tourists to the culture of Arkansas, such as King Biscuit Blues Festival, Ozark Folk Festival, Toad Suck Daze, and Tontitown Grape Festival.

One of the bridge pavilions over Crystal Spring at Crystal Bridges Museum of American Art, Bentonville
The culture of Arkansas is available to all in various forms, whether it be architecture, literature, or fine and performing arts. The state's culture also includes distinct cuisine, dialect, and traditional festivals. Sports are also very important to the culture of Arkansas, ranging from football, baseball, and basketball to hunting and fishing. Perhaps the best-known piece of Arkansas's culture is the stereotype of its citizens as shiftless hillbillies. The reputation began when the state was characterized by early explorers as a savage wilderness full of outlaws and thieves.

The most enduring icon of Arkansas's hillbilly reputation is *The Arkansas Traveller*, a painted depiction of a folk tale from the 1840s. Although intended to represent the divide between rich south-eastern plantation Arkansas planters and the poor north-western hill country, the meaning was twisted to represent a Northerner lost in the Ozarks on a white horse asking a backwoods Arkansan for directions.

The state also suffers from the racial stigma common to former Confederate states, with historical events such as the Little Rock Nine adding to Arkansas's enduring image. Art and history museums display pieces of cultural value for Arkansans and tourists to enjoy. Crystal Bridges Museum of American Art in Bentonville is the most popular with 604,000 visitors in 2012, its first year. The museum includes walking trails and educational opportunities in addition to displaying over 450 works covering five centuries of American art.

Several historic town sites have been restored as Arkansas state parks, including Historic Washington State Park, Powhatan Historic State Park, and Davidsonville Historic State Park. Arkansas features a variety of native music across the state, ranging from the blues heritage of West Memphis and Helena-West Helena to rockabilly, bluegrass, and folk music from the Ozarks.

Festivals such as the King Biscuit Blues Festival and Bikes, Blues, and BBQ pay homage to the history of blues in the state. The Ozark Folk Festival in Mountain View is a celebration of Ozark culture and often features folk and bluegrass musicians. Literature set in Arkansas such as *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings* by Maya Angelou and *A Painted House* by John Grisham describe the culture at various time periods. Sports and recreation The flooded forested bottomlands of east Arkansas attract wintering waterfowl (Wapanocca National Wildlife Refuge). Sports are an integral part of the culture of Arkansas, and her residents enjoy participating in and watching various events throughout the year.

One of the oldest sports in Arkansas is hunting. The state created the Arkansas Game and Fish Commission in 1915 to regulate and enforce hunting. Today a significant portion of Arkansas's population participates in hunting duck in the Mississippi flyway and deer across the state. Millions of acres of public land are available for both bow and modern gun hunters.

Fishing has always been popular in Arkansas, and the sport and the state have benefited from the creation of reservoirs across the state. Following the completion of Norfolk Dam, the Norfolk Tailwater and the White River have become a destination for trout fishers. Several smaller retirement communities such as Bull Shoals, Hot Springs Village, and Fairfield Bay have flourished due to their position on a fishing lake. The Buffalo National River has been preserved in its natural state by the National Park Service and is frequented by fly fishers annually.

Football, especially collegiate football, has always been important to Arkansans. College football in Arkansas began from humble beginnings. The University of Arkansas first fielded a team in 1894 when football was a very dangerous game.

Calling the Hogs is a cheer that shows support for the Razorbacks, one of the two FBS teams in the state. High school football also began to grow in Arkansas in the early 20th century. Over the years, many Arkansans have looked to the Razorbacks football team as the public image of the state. Following the Little Rock Nine integration crisis at Little Rock Central High School, Arkansans looked to the successful Razorback teams in the following years to repair the state's reputation.

Although the University of Arkansas is based in Fayetteville, the Razorbacks have always played at least two games per season at War Memorial Stadium in Little Rock in an effort to keep fan support in central and south Arkansas. Arkansas State University joined the University of Arkansas in the Football Bowl Subdivision in 1992 after playing in lower divisions for nearly two decades. However, the two schools have never played each other, due to the University of Arkansas' policy of not playing intrastate games. Six of Arkansas' smaller colleges play in the Great American Conference, with University of Arkansas at Pine Bluff playing in the South-western Athletic Conference and University of Central Arkansas competing in the Southland Conference.

Baseball runs deep in Arkansas and has been popular since before the state hosted Major League Baseball (MLB) spring training in Hot Springs from 1886-1920s. Today, two minor league teams are based in the state. The Arkansas Travelers play at Dickey-Stephens Park in North Little Rock, and the Northwest Arkansas Naturals play in Arvest Ballpark in Springdale. Both teams compete in the Texas League. Education Old Main, part of the Campus Historic District at the University of Arkansas in Fayetteville Arkansas ranks as the 32nd smartest state on the Morgan Quitno Smartest State Award, 44th in percentage of residents with at least a high school diploma, and 48th in percentage of bachelor's degree attainment. However, Arkansas has been making major strides recently in education reform.

Week has praised the state, ranking Arkansas in the top 10 of their Quality Counts Education Rankings every year since 2009 while scoring it in the top 5 during 2012 and 2013. Arkansas specifically received an A in Transition and Policy Making for progress in this area consisting of early-childhood education, college readiness, and career readiness Governor Mike Beebe has made improving education a major issue through his attempts to spend more on education.

Through reforms, the state is now a leader in requiring curricula designed to prepare students for postsecondary education, rewarding teachers for student achievement, and providing incentives for principals who work in lower-tier schools. In 2010 Arkansas students earned an average score of 20.3 on the ACT exam, just below the national average of 21. These results were expected due to the large increase in the number of students taking the exam since the establishment of the Academic Challenge Scholarship. Top high schools receiving recognition from the U.S. News & World Report are spread across the state, including Haas Hall Academy in Fayetteville, KIPP Delta Collegiate in Helena-West Helena, Bentonville, Rogers, Rogers Heritage, Valley Springs, Searcy, and Mc Crory.

A total of 81 Arkansas high schools were ranked by the U.S. News & World Report in 2012. The state supports a network of public universities and colleges, including two major university systems: Arkansas State University System and University of Arkansas System. The University of Arkansas, flagship campus of the University of Arkansas System in Fayetteville was ranked #63 among public schools in the nation by U.S. News & World Report.

Other public institutions include Arkansas Tech University, Henderson State University, Southern Arkansas University, and University of Central Arkansas across the state. It is also home to 11 private colleges and universities including Hendrix College, one of the nation's top 100 liberal arts colleges,

according to U.S. News & World Report. Transportation The Greenville Bridge over the Mississippi River, August 2009 The Missouri and Northern Arkansas Railroad Transportation in Arkansas is overseen by the Arkansas State Highway and Transportation Department (AHTD), headquartered in Little Rock. Several main corridors pass through Little Rock, including Interstate 30 (I-30) and I-40 (the nation's 3rd-busiest trucking corridor). In northeast Arkansas, I-55 travels north from Memphis to Missouri, with a new spur to Jonesboro. Northwest Arkansas is served by I-540 from Fort Smith to Bella Vista, which is a segment of future.

The state also has the 13th largest state highway system in the nation. Arkansas is served by 2,750 miles (4,430 km) of railroad track divided among twenty-six railroad companies including three Class I railroads. Freight railroads are concentrated in southeast Arkansas to serve the industries in the region. The Texas Eagle, an Amtrak passenger train, serves five stations in the state Walnut Ridge, Little Rock, Malvern, Arkadelphia, and Texarkana. Arkansas also benefits from the use of its rivers for commerce.

The Mississippi River and Arkansas River are both major rivers. The United States Army Corps of Engineers maintains the McClellan-Kerr Arkansas River Navigation System, allowing barge traffic up the Arkansas River to the Port of Catoosa in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

There are four airports with commercial service: Little Rock National Airport, Northwest Arkansas Regional Airport, Fort Smith Regional Airport, and Texarkana Regional Airport, with dozens of smaller airports in the state. Public transit and community transport services for the elderly or those with developmental disabilities are provided by agencies such as the Central Arkansas Transit Authority and the Ozark Regional Transit, organizations that are part of the Arkansas Transit Association.

Conversation

Make up and act out a conversation between *Anabel Adams*, *Mr Adams - her farther, the banker and Anabel's sister - the mother of the two girls*, after Jimmy Valentine had left the bank. How do you think they reacted to what he had done? What did they think he was? Was Anabel going to follow her fiancé and try to return him? What did her father recommend? What about her sister? Could they guess the truth about him?

Speaking

In the crucial situation, described in the story, Jimmy Valentine pulled himself together and rescued the life of a child, though it could ruin his own life and wonderful prospect for the future.

Search the Internet for a true story of people's heroic behaviour in crucial, critical situations, in emergency (120-150 words). Imagine yourself in this situation. Could you have done the same? Why? / Why not? Make use of the Active Vocabulary of Units 1-4.

Список литературы и сетевых источников

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/O._Henry

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/A_Retrieved_Reformation

http://www.literaturecollection.com/a/o_henry/106/

<http://www.multitrans.ru/c/m.exe?a=1&SHL=2>

<http://pesni.fm/artist/videos/O.+Henry>

Unit 6

AFTER TWENTY YEARS

The policeman on duty moved along the avenue. The time was only about 10 o'clock at night, but the cold wind had driven the people from the streets into their homes. As he went, the policeman tried doors.

The street was a very quiet one and most doors belonged to business places that had long since been closed. In the middle of a certain block the policeman suddenly slowed his walk. In the doorway of a darkened store stood a man with an unlighted cigar in his mouth.

As the policeman walked up to him the man spoke up quickly.

"It's all right, officer," he said. "I'm just waiting for a friend. It's an appointment we made twenty years ago. It may sound funny to you, but I'll explain if you would like to make certain it's all straight. At that time there used to be a restaurant where now this store stands-'Big Joe' Brady's restaurant."

"Five years ago it was pulled down," said the policeman.

The man in the doorway struck a match and lit his cigar. The light showed a pale, square-jawed face with keen eyes and a little white scar near his right eyebrow. In his tie he wore a large diamond.

"Twenty years ago tonight," said the man, "I dined here at 'Big Joe' Brady's restaurant with Jimmy Wells, my best friend and the finest fellow in the world. He and I had grown up here in New York, just like two brothers, together. I was eighteen and Jimmy was twenty. The next morning I was to start for the West to make my fortune. Jimmy stayed in New York. He thought it was the only place on earth to live in. Well, we agreed that night that we would meet here again in exactly twenty years, no matter what our conditions might be, or from what distance we might have to come. We believed that in twenty years each of us would have his destiny worked out, and our fortunes made."

"It sounds pretty interesting," said the policeman. "Haven't you heard from your friend since you left?"

"Well yes, for a time we corresponded, but after a year or two we lost track of each other. You see, the West is a very big place. But I know Jimmy will meet me here if he's alive, for he always was the truest fellow in the world. He'll never forget. I came a thousand miles to stand in this door tonight, and it is worth it if my friend turns up."

The waiting man pulled out watch, the lids of which were set with small diamonds.

"Three minutes to ten," he announced. "It was exactly ten o'clock when we parted here at the restaurant door."

"Did pretty well out West, didn't you?" asked the policeman.

"Sure! I hope Jimmy has half as well. He was a hard-working man. I've had to compete with some of the most desperate men going to get my fortune. A man becomes slow here in New York. It is the West that sharpens him."

The policeman walked a step or two.

"I'll be on my way. I hope your friend comes here all right. Are you going to wait for him only till ten?"

"Oh, no," said the other. "I'll wait till half past ten at least. If Jimmy is alive on earth he'll be here by that time. Good night, officer!"

"Good night, sir," said the policeman, passing on, trying doors as he went.

There was now a cold rain falling and the wind was blowing steadily. The few passers-by hurried along silently, with coat collars turned high and hands in their pockets. And in the doorway of the store stood the man, who had come a thousand miles to see a friend of his youth, smoked his cigar and waited.

About twenty minutes he waited, and then a tall man in a long overcoat, with collar turned up to his ears, hurried across from the opposite side of the street. He went directly to the waiting man.

"Is that you, Bob?" he asked doubtfully.

"Is that you, Jimmy?" cried the man in the doorway.

"Of course!" exclaimed the newcomer grasping both the other's hands with his own. It's Bob, sure it is he! I was certain I would find you here if you were still alive. Well, well! Twenty years is a long time. The old restaurant is gone, Bob. I wish it had lasted, so we have had another dinner there. How was it there in the West, old man?"

"Fine. It has given me everything I asked it for. You've changed a lot, Jimmy. I never thought you were so tall."

"Oh, I grew a little after I was twenty."

"Doing well in New York, Jimmy?"

"Not bad. I have a position in one of the city departments. Come on, Bob, go to a place I know and have a good long talk about old times."

The two men started up the street arm-in-arm. The man from the West was beginning to tell the history of his career. The other listened with interest. At the corner stood a drug-store brilliantly lit.

When they came into the light both of them turned at the same moment to look into each other's face. The man from the West stopped suddenly and pulled his arm away.

"You are not Jimmy Wells," he said. "Twenty years is a long time, but not long enough to change a man's nose from a straight one to a pug."

"But twenty years sometimes changes a good man into a bad one, said the man. "You've been under arrest for ten minutes, 'Silky' Bob. We received a wire from Chicago. She wants to have a chat with you. Going quietly, are you? That's sensible. Now before we go to the station here's a note I was asked to hand to you. It's from policeman Wells."

The man from the West took the little piece of paper. His hand was steady when he began to read, but it trembled a little by the time he had finished. The note was rather short:

“Bob, I was at the appointed place and time. When you struck the match to light your cigar I saw it was the face of the man wanted in Chicago. Somehow I couldn't do it myself so I went off and sent a detective to do the job. Jimmy.”

Translation Practice

Translate from English into Russian:

“Twenty years ago tonight,” said the man, “I dined here at ‘Big Joe’ Brady's restaurant with Jimmy Wells, my best friend and the finest fellow in the world. He and I had grown up here in New York, just like two brothers, together. I was eighteen and Jimmy was twenty. The next morning I was to start for the West to make my fortune. Jimmy stayed in New York. He thought it was the only place on earth to live in. Well, we agreed that night that we would meet here again in exactly twenty years, no matter what our conditions might be, or from what distance we might have to come.” We believed that in twenty years each of us would have his destiny worked out, and our fortunes made.”

Active Vocabulary

To be under the arrest (for) - arrested and in the custody of the police in preparation for the filing of a charge – **быть под арестом**. E.g. “You’ve *been under arrest* for ten minutes, ‘Silky’ Bob. We received a wire from Chicago. – Stop where you are! You *are under arrest!*”

To hear from smb/smith – to get a message from someone or a group – **получать письма, вести от, слушать о ком-то**. E.g. “Haven't you *heard from* your friend since you left?” I want to *hear from* you every now and then.

To make a fortune – earn a great deal of money – **разбогатеть, сделать состояние**. E.g. The next morning I was to start for the West *to make my fortune*. He *made a fortune* on the stock market.

To make an appointment (for) - to arrange a meeting with a person or be at a place at a certain time – **назначить встречу (на)**. E.g. “I’m just waiting for a friend. It's an *appointment* we made twenty years ago”. I *made an appointment with* the doctor for late today.

To part – to divide or separate from one another; take or come apart – **расстаться**. E.g. “It was exactly ten o’clock when we *parted* here at the restaurant door.” I couldn't *part* with my teddy bear

To strike (struck, struck) a match – to light a match by rubbing it on a rough surface. – **зажечь спичку чиркнуть спичкой**. E.g. The man in the doorway *struck a match* and lit his cigar. Mary *struck a match* and lit a candle.

To tremble – to vibrate with short slight movements; quiver; to shake involuntarily, as with cold or fear; shiver – **дрожать**. E.g. His hand was steady when he began to read, but it *trembled* a little by the time he had finished. “When I hear explosions, I start to *tremble* and I want to go home,” said Nour.

Active Vocabulary Drill 1

1. Translate from Russian into English:

1. После долгого и сложного разговора мы, наконец, расстались.
2. Через 3 дня он был арестован по подозрению в ограблении банка.
3. Он чиркнул спичкой, и узнала знакомые черты лица грабителя.
4. Как вы могли потерять из виду убийцу? Теперь ждите новых жертв.
5. Мы назначили встречу на 6 часов в известном в городе французском ресторане.
6. Ты вся дрожишь! Зайди во мне, успокойся, выпьешь чашечку кофе.
7. Он уехал на заработки в столицу, и вот уже полгода мы не получали от него вестей.
8. Метель все усиливалась, и вскоре охотник потерял след лисицы.
9. Как ему удалось так быстро разбогатеть? - «Золотая лихорадка». Он нашел очень крупный камень.
10. Сколько времени он находится под арестом? – Уже несколько месяцев.

2. Make up a story (120-150 words) beginning with one of the following: a) Once in a small town in Arkansas there lived a.... b) Believe it or not, but... c) My friend is a very clever man, but one day.... Make use of the Active Vocabulary of Units 1-5 (5-6 words).

Further Reading

In the story Bob told he had made a fortune in the West. Read the following information on the Social history of American West (American Frontier) of the 19th century. Summarise the information in 120-150 words. Make your guesses in what way the prototype of Silky Bob could have made a fortune in the West.

Social history.

Urban frontier. The cities played an essential role in the development of the frontier, as transportation hubs, financial and communications centers, and providers of merchandise, services, and entertainment.

Panorama of Denver circa 1898. Denver's economy before 1870 had been rooted in mining; it then grew by expanding its role in railroads, wholesale trade, manufacturing, food processing, and servicing the growing agricultural and ranching hinterland. Between 1870 and 1890, manufacturing output soared from \$600,000 to \$40 million, and population grew by a factor of 20 times to 107,000.

Denver had always attracted miners, workers, whores and travelers. Saloons and gambling dens sprung up overnight. The city fathers boasted of its fine theaters, and especially the Tabor Grand Opera House built in 1881. By 1890, Denver had grown to be the 26th largest city in America, and the fifth-largest city west of the Mississippi River.

The boom times attracted millionaires and their mansions, as well as hustlers, poverty and crime. Denver gained regional notoriety with its range of bawdy houses, from the sumptuous quarters of renowned madams to the squalid "cribs" located a few blocks away. Business was good; visitors spent lavishly, then left town.

With its giant mountain of copper, Butte, Montana was perhaps the largest, richest and rowdiest mining camp on the frontier. City boosters opened a public library in 1894. Ring argues that the library was originally a mechanism of social control, "an antidote to the miners' proclivity for drinking, whoring, and gambling." It was also designed to promote middle-class values and to convince Easterners the Butte was a cultivated city.

Law and order. Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson, and others on the Dodge City Peace Commission Author Waddy W. Moore uses court records to show that on the sparsely settled Arkansas frontier lawlessness was common. He distinguished two types of crimes: unprofessional (duelling, crimes of drunkenness, selling whiskey to the Indians, cutting trees on federal land) and professional (horse stealing, highway robbery, counterfeiting).

Criminals found many opportunities to rob pioneer families of their possessions, while the few underfunded lawmen had great difficulty detecting, arresting, holding, and convicting wrongdoers. Bandits, typically in groups of two or three, rarely attacked stagecoaches with a guard carrying a sawed-off, double-barrelled shotgun; it proved less risky to rob teamsters, people on foot, and solitary horsemen. When they were convicted, punishment was severe.

Law enforcement tended to be more stringent in townships than in rural areas. Law enforcement emphasized maintaining stability more than armed combat, focusing on drunkenness, disarming cowboys who violated gun-control edicts, trying to prevent duelling, and dealing with flagrant breaches of gambling and prostitution ordinances. Dykstra argues that the violent image of the cattle towns in film and fiction is largely myth.

The real Dodge City, he says, was the headquarters for the buffalo-hide trade of the Southern Plains and one of the West's principal cattle towns, a sale and shipping point for cattle arriving from Texas. He states there is a "second Dodge City" that belongs to the popular imagination and thrives as a cultural metaphor for violence, chaos, and depravity. For the cowboy arriving with money in hand after two months on the trail, the town was exciting. A contemporary eyewitness of Hays City, Kansas paints a vivid image of this cattle town: Hays City by lamplight was remarkably lively, but not very moral. The streets blazed with a reflection from saloons, and a glance within showed floors crowded with dancers, the gaily dressed women striving to hide with ribbons and paint the terrible lines which that grim artist, Dissipation, loves to draw upon such faces...

To the music of violins and the stamping of feet the dance went on, and we saw in the giddy maze old men who must have been pirouetting on the very edge of their graves."Hollywood celebrated Earp's Tombstone days with John Ford's *My Darling Clementine* (1946). Tombstone, Arizona was a turbulent mining town that flourished longer than most, from 1877 to 1929. Silver was discovered in 1877, and by 1881 the town had a population of over 10,000. In 1879, the newly arrived Earp brothers bought shares in the Vizina mine, water rights, and gambling concessions, but Virgil, Morgan and Wyatt were soon appointed as federal and local marshals. They killed three outlaws in the Gunfight at the O.K. Corral, the most famous gunfight of the Old West. In the aftermath, Virgil Earp was maimed in an ambush and Morgan Earp was assassinated while playing billiards. Wyatt and others, including his brother Warren Earp, pursued those they believed responsible in a vendetta and warrants were issued for their arrest in the murder of Frank Stilwell. Western story tellers and film makers featured Tombstone in many productions.

Walter Noble Burns's novel *Tombstone* (1927) made Earp famous. Hollywood celebrated Earp's Tombstone days with John Ford's *My Darling Clementine* (1946), John Sturges's *Gunfight at the O.K. Corral* (1957) and *Hour of the Gun* (1967), Frank Perry's *Doc* (1971), George Cosmatos's *Tombstone* (1993), and Lawrence Kasdan's *Wyatt Earp* (1994). They solidified Earp's modern reputation as the Old West's deadliest gunman. Banditry Members of the Dalton Gang after the Battle of Coffeyville in 1892.

The names and exploits of Western gunslingers took a major role in American folklore, fiction and film. Their guns and costumes became children's toys for make-believe shootouts. The stories became

immensely popular in Germany and other European lands, which produced their own novels and films about the American frontier. Banditry was a major issue in California after 1849, as thousands of young men detached from family or community moved into a land with few law enforcement mechanisms. San Francisco solved the problem with informal citizens' vigilance committees that gave drumhead trials and death sentences to well-known offenders. In rural areas Joaquin Murieta, Jack Powers, and other bandits terrorized the state. Fatal duels were often fought to uphold personal honor.

Some of the banditry of the West was carried out by Mexicans and Indians against white targets of opportunity along the U.S. –Mexico border, particularly in Texas, Arizona, and California. The second major type of banditry was conducted by the infamous outlaws of the West, including Jesse James, Billy the Kid, the Dalton Gang, Black Bart, Butch Cassidy and the Wild Bunch and hundreds of others who preyed on banks, trains, and stagecoaches. Some of the outlaws, such as Jesse James, were products of the violence of the Civil War (James had ridden with Quantrill's Raiders) and others became outlaws during hard times in the cattle industry. Many were misfits and drifters who roamed the West avoiding the law. When outlaw gangs were near, towns would occasionally raise a posse to attempt to drive them away or capture them. Seeing that the need to combat the bandits was a growing business opportunity, Allan Pinkerton ordered his National Detective Agency, founded in 1850, to open branches out West, and they got into the business of pursuing and capturing outlaws. There was plenty of business thanks to the criminals such as the James Gang, Butch Cassidy, Sam Bass, and dozens of others. Gunfights Charles Marion Russell painting "Smoke of a .45" depicting gunfighters in battle. The image of a Wild West filled with countless gunfights was a myth generated primarily by dime-novel authors in the late 19th century. Only an average of five murders were recorded in a given year.

An alternative explanation to the disparity between recorded murders and popular perceptions of violence is the proposition that gunfights, crime, and other violent activities were largely undocumented, as many of the settlements in the American frontier had little ways to record their everyday happenings. There are some estimates that up to 20,000 men in the American West were killed by gunshot between 1866 and 1900. When gunfights did occur, the cause for each was varied. Some were simply the result of the heat of the moment, while others were longstanding feuds, or skirmishes between bandits and lawmen. Larger scale violence such as range wars, bandit raids, and clashes with Native Americans were also a factor. Some of these shootouts became famous, while others faded into history with only a few accounts surviving.

Popular films and literature portrayed the Old West as being filled with countless duels and showdowns. Although some duels did actually occur, they were rare and unlike the popular portrayals of the Wild Bill Hickok – Davis Tutt shootout and Luke Short-Jim Courtright Duel. Range wars became more common by the end of the Civil War such as the Lincoln County War, Mason County War, Pleasant Valley War, and many others. Gunfighters and mercenaries were often employed during these skirmishes. The 1892 Johnson County range war was typical of these events and took place in Wyoming's Powder River country.

Daniel Belgrad argues that in the 1880s centralized range management was the solution to the overgrazing that had depleted open ranges. Furthermore cattle prices were low. Ranchers were hurt by mavericking (taking lost, unbranded calves from other ranchers' herds), and responded by organizing cooperative roundups, blacklisting, and lobbying for stricter anti-maverick laws. The ranchers formed the Wyoming Stock Growers' Association, assembled a list of suspected rustlers, and hired 46 gunmen (half from Texas) to hunt down and shoot rustlers. Local farmers, however, were known to occasionally steal calves and

resented the ranchers' collective political power. The farmers moved toward decentralization and the use of private winter pastures.

The gunmen assembled in April 1892. The sheriff raised a posse of 200 men and besieged the invading force on a ranch after they shot two men. The acting governor alerted Washington which sent the Sixth Cavalry to take custody of the invaders. The courts freed the Texan mercenaries. The confrontation represented opposing property rights systems. The result was the end of the open-range system and the ascendancy of stock ranching and farming. However the contemporary popular depiction of the episode portrayed the violence as an act of vigilantism by aggressive absentee-owned firms against small individual settlers defending their rights.

The rise of the cattle industry and the cowboy is directly tied to the demise of the huge herds of bison—usually called the "buffalo". Once numbering over 25 million on the Great Plains, the grass-eating herds were a vital resource animal for the Plains Indians, providing food, hides for clothing and shelter, and bones for implements. Loss of habitat, disease, and over-hunting steadily reduced the herds through the 19th century to the point of near extinction. The last 10-15 million died out in a decade 1872-1883; only 100 survived. The tribes that depended on the buffalo had little choice but to accept the government offer of reservations, where the government would feed and supply them on condition they did not go on the warpath. Conservationists founded the American Bison Society in 1905; it lobbied Congress to establish public bison herds. Several national parks in the U.S. and Canada were created, in part to provide a sanctuary for bison and other large wildlife, with no hunting allowed. The bison population reached 500,000 by 2003.

Cattle The end of the bison herds opened up millions of acres for cattle ranching. Spanish cattlemen had introduced cattle ranching and longhorn cattle to the Southwest in the 17th century, and the men who worked the ranches, called "vaqueros", were the first "cowboys" in the West. After the Civil War, Texas ranchers raised large herds of longhorn cattle. The nearest railheads were 800 or more miles north in Kansas (Abilene, Kansas City, Dodge City, and Wichita). So once fattened the ranchers and their cowboys drove the herds north along the Western, Chisholm, and Shawnee trails. The cattle were shipped to Chicago, St. Louis, and points east for slaughter and consumption in the fast-growing cities. The Chisholm Trail, laid out by cattleman Joseph McCoy along an old trail marked by Jesse Chisholm, was the major artery of cattle commerce, carrying over 1.5 million head of cattle between 1867 and 1871 over the 800 miles (1,300 km) from south Texas to Abilene, Kansas. The long drives were treacherous, especially crossing water such as the Brazos and the Red River and when they had to fend off Indians and rustlers looking to make off with their cattle. A typical drive would take three to four months and contained two miles (3 km) of cattle six abreast.

Despite the risks, a successful drive proved very profitable to everyone involved, as the price of one steer was \$4 in Texas and \$40 back East. By the 1870s and 1880s, cattle ranches expanded further north into new grazing grounds and replaced the bison herds in Wyoming, Montana, Colorado, Nebraska and the Dakota territory, using the rails to ship to both coasts. Many of the largest ranches were owned by Scottish and English financiers. The single largest cattle ranch in the entire West was owned by American John W. Iliff, "cattle king of the Plains", operating in Colorado and Wyoming.

Gradually, longhorns were replaced by the American breeds of Hereford and Angus, introduced by settlers from the Northwest. Though less hardy and more disease-prone, these breeds produced better tasting beef and matured faster. The funding for the cattle industry came largely from British sources, as the European

investors engaged in a speculative extravaganza — a "bubble". Graham concludes the mania was founded on genuine opportunity, as well as "exaggeration, gullibility, inadequate communications, dishonesty, and incompetence." A severe winter engulfed the plains toward the end of 1886 and well into 1887, locking the prairie grass under ice and crusted snow which starving herds could not penetrate. The British lost most of their money — as did eastern investors like Theodore Roosevelt, but their investments did create a large industry that continues to cycle through boom and bust periods. On a much smaller scale sheep grazing was locally popular; sheep were easier to feed and needed less water. However, Americans did not buy mutton.

As farmers moved in open range cattle ranching came to an end and was replaced by barbed wire spreads where water, breeding, feeding, and grazing could be controlled. This led to "fence wars" which erupted over disputes about water rights. Cowboys A classic image of the American cowboy, as portrayed by C.M. Russell Central to the myth and the reality of the West is the American cowboy. His real life was a hard one and revolved around two annual roundups, spring and fall, the subsequent drives to market, and the time off in the cattle towns spending his hard earned money on food, clothing, gambling, and prostitution. During winter, many cowboys hired themselves out to ranches near the cattle towns, where they repaired and maintained equipment and buildings.

On a long drive, there was usually one cowboy for each 250 head of cattle. Alcohol was everywhere in the West (outside Mormondom), but on the trail the cowboys were forbidden to drink it Before a drive, a cowboy's duties included riding out on the range and bringing together the scattered cattle. The best cattle would be selected, roped, and branded, and most male cattle were castrated. The cattle also needed to be dehorned and examined and treated for infections. On the long drives, the cowboys had to keep the cattle moving and in line.

The cattle had to be watched day and night as they were prone to stampedes and straying. The work days often lasted fourteen hours, with just six hours of sleep. It was grueling, dusty work, with just a few minutes of relaxation before and at the end of a long day. On the trail, drinking, gambling, and brawling were often prohibited and fined, and sometimes cursing as well. It was monotonous and boring work, with food to match: bacon, beans, bread, coffee, dried fruit, and potatoes. On average, cowboys earned \$30 to \$40 per month, because of the heavy physical and emotional toll; it was unusual for a cowboy to spend more than seven years on the range.

As open range ranching and the long drives gave way to fenced in ranches in the 1880s, by the 1890s the glory days of the cowboy came to an end, and the myths about the "free living" cowboy began to emerge. Many of the cowboys were veterans of the Civil War, particularly coming from both the Confederacy, and the Union, who returned to their home towns and found no future, so they went west looking for new opportunities. Some were Blacks, Hispanics, Native Americans, and even Britons.

Nearly all were in their twenties or teens. The earliest cowboys in Texas learned their trade, adapted their clothing, and took their jargon from the Mexican vaqueros or "buckaroos", the heirs of Spanish cattlemen from Andalusia in Spain. Chaps, the heavy protective leather trousers worn by cowboys, got their name from the Spanish "chaparreras", and the lariat, or rope, was derived from "la reata".

All the distinct clothing of the cowboy— boots, saddles, hats, pants, chaps, slickers, bandannas, gloves, and collar-less shirts—were practical and adaptable, designed for protection and comfort. The cowboy hat quickly developed the capability, even in the early years, to identify its wearer as someone associated with the West. The most enduring fashion adapted from the cowboy, popular nearly worldwide today, are "blue jeans", originally made by Levi Strauss for miners in 1850. It was the cowboy hat, however, that came to

symbolize the American West. Cowtowns Anchoring the booming cattle industry of the 1860s and 1870s were the cattle towns in Kansas and Missouri. Like the mining towns in California and Nevada, cattle towns such as Abilene, Dodge City, and Ellsworth experienced a short period of boom and bust lasting about five years.

The cattle towns would spring up as land speculators would rush in ahead of a proposed rail line and build a town and the supporting services attractive to the cattlemen and the cowboys. If the railroads complied, the new grazing ground and supporting town would secure the cattle trade. However, unlike the mining towns which in many cases became ghost towns and ceased to exist after the ore played out, cattle towns often evolved from cattle to farming and continued on after the grazing lands were exhausted.

Grammar Reference and Practice

Comment on the use of the definite article in the sentences:

1. *The* policeman on duty moved along the avenue.
2. *The* time was only about 10 o'clock at night, but *the* cold wind had driven the people from *the* streets into their homes.
3. *The* street was a very quiet one and most doors belonged to business places that had long since been closed.
4. In *the* doorway of a darkened store stood a man with an unlighted cigar in his mouth.
5. As *the* policeman walked up to him *the* man spoke up quickly.
6. *The* waiting man pulled out watch, the lids of which were set with small diamonds.
7. *The* few passers-by hurried along silently, with coat collars turned high and hands in their pockets.
8. *The* old restaurant is gone, Bob.
9. Now before we go to *the* station here 's a note I was asked to hand to you.

Speaking

In the story we find:

*"Bob,
I was at the appointed place time. When you struck the match to light your cigar saw it was the lace of the man wanted in Chicago. Somehow I couldn't do it myself so I went off and sent a detective to do the job.
Jimmy."*

Jimmy was sure he only performed his duty. As a policeman he did what he was supposed to do in this situation. What do you think about his action, knowing Bob's attitude to his friend and to the promise they had given each other 20 years before? While discussing the topic mind the following quotations from the text:

"But I know Jimmy will meet me here if he's alive, for he always was the truest fellow in the world. He'll never forget. I came a thousand miles to stand in this door to-night, and it is worth it if my friend turns up..."

"And in the doorway of the store stood the man, who had come a thousand miles to see a friend of his youth, smoked his cigar and waited..."

Essay

In the story we find "I was to start for the West to make my fortune.."

Look up for the information how people could (il)legally make a fortune in the (Wild) West of the USA in the 19th century. One of the ideas could be mining, e.g. during Gold Rush in California. Write an essay on the topic "American Wild West - sink or swim" (150-180 words)

Make use of the Active Vocabulary of Units 1-5 (5-6 words). Underline the Active Vocabulary you are using.

Список литературы и сетевых источников

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/O._Henry

http://www.literaturecollection.com/a/o_henry/44/

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=217is3vMGXk>

<http://www.multitrans.ru/c/m.exe?a=1&SHL=2>

<http://pesni.fm/artist/videos/O.+Henry>

Unit 7

A DEPARTMENTAL CASE

The Commissioner of Insurance, Statistics, and History of the State of Texas was an official of no very great or very small importance. In the year 188-, the governor appointed Luke Coonrod Standifer to be the head of this department.

Standifer was then years old, and a Texan to the core. His father had been one of the earliest settlers in the State. Standifer himself had served the state as a soldier and legislator. He did not claim much learning, but he had much practical experience of life.

Standifer accepted the office with some doubt, as he was not quite sure that he could manage the business. But as a few weeks passed the new commissioner became acquainted with the work of the department and felt more at ease. In his office worked an old clerk-Kaufman by name-who gradually explained business to his new chief, without seeming to do so. and all went on quite well in the department. Indeed, the Department of Insurance, Statistics, and History didn't have too much to do. Its main work was the regulating of the business done in the state by foreign insurance companies.

It also made reports about the corn crop and the cotton crop and cattle, and answered various letters. History? Well, there was not too much to do in the line of history. Old ladies interested in history sent to the department long reports of proceedings of their historical societies. No one in the department ever read these reports.

One hot August afternoon the commissioner sat his office chair smoking a cigar. He was thinking of the rough life he had led, of the old days of adventure, and of the comrades of the old days. The office was very still. Old Kaufman had taken a holiday. A few noises came in through the open doors from the other departments: the tinkling of coins from the treasurer's office, the tapping of a typewriter. Suddenly there was a faint rustle and the sound of steps in the hall.

Then a gentle feminine voice said something the commissioner did not catch. He turned round and saw, standing in the door, a faded Woman dressed all in black. You couldn't tell whether she was twenty or

forty. — I beg your pardon, ma'am, said the commissioner, standing up. — Are you the governor, sir?" asked the woman. — No, ma'am, I am not the governor. I am the Commissioner of Insurance, Statistics, and History. Is there anything I can do for you, ma'am? Will you take a chair, please?

The lady sat down. She looked very tired. Her clothes told of extreme poverty. She looked at the man who was not the governor and saw kindness in his face. She also saw that his eyes were clear and strong and blue and his mouth set and firm. — You wanted to see the governor, ma'am? asked the commissioner in the polite manner he always used when speaking to women. — I really don't know, said the lady, hesitatingly. — I suppose so. And then, encouraged by the look of the commissioner, she told him her story.

It was the old tale of an unhappy married life, of a brutal husband - who was a robber, a splendid thrift and a bully - who failed to provide even the means of the barest existence and had now fallen so low as to strike her. It happened only the day before, when she asked him for a little money. — I thought, said the woman, — that maybe the government could help me. I have heard that the government used to give some relief to the families of the first settlers.

My father had been an old settler, but he never received anything from the government. I thought that if my father had been entitled to anything, the governor might let it come to me? That is why I came. — It is possible, ma'am," said Standifer, — that such might be the Case. But almost all the old settlers got their certificates a long time ago. We can look it up in and be sure. What was your father's name?" — Amos Colvin, sir. — Good God! exclaimed Standifer. — Are you Amos Colvin's daughter? Why, ma'am, Amos Colvin and I were the closest friends for more than ten years. We used to night and to drive Cattle with your father nearly all over Texas.

I remember now that I had seen you before, when you were a child of about seven years old. Amos and I stopped at your house once when we were trailing a band of cattle thieves. And so you if are Amos Colvin's little girl! Well, well! Did you ever hear your father mention Luke Standifer? A pale smile appeared on the lady's white face. —It seems to me, she said, — that he seldom talked about much else. Every day there was some story he had to tell about what he and you had done.

The last thing I heard him tell was about the time when he was wounded and you crawled to him through the grass - — Yes, yes, well, that wasn't anything, said Standifer; —And now, ma'am, who was the brute-I beg your pardon ma'am, who was the gentleman you married?" "Benton Sharp." The commissioner sank into his chair again with a groan.

This gentle, sad little woman in the old black dress, the daughter of his oldest friend, was the wife of Benton Sharp! Benton Sharp, one of the most noted "bad" men in the state, a man that had been a cattle thief, an outlaw, a murderer and was now a gambler and a bully. Sharp was a ready and accurate shot' and seldom did anyone take the risk of quarrelling with him. Standifer wondered how that gentle daughter of Amos Colvin could marry such a man.

Mrs. Sharp sighed. "You see, Mr. Standifer," she said, "we didn't know anything about him, and he can be very pleasant and kind when he wants. We lived in the little town of Goliad. One day Benton came to the town and stopped there for a while. I was better looking then than I am now. He was good to me for a whole year after we were married. He insured his life for me for five thousand dollars. But for the last six months he has done everything but kill me. He had no money for a while and was angry with me because I hadn't anything he could spend.

Then my father died and left me the little house in Goliad. My husband made me sell the house and he spent all the money I had got for it and I have been hardly able to live for I am not strong enough to work. Some time ago I heard that he was making money in San Antonio; so I went there, and found him, and asked him for a little help. This, "she said, touching a bruise on her temple, "is what he gave me. So I came here to see the governor. Maybe he could give me land or a pension." Standifer rose to his feet and looked around the room. "It is a very difficult thing," he said, "to get back dues from the government. I am not certain that this department of which I am chief can do anything. It deals only with Insurance, Statistics, and History. But I shall try to do something. You sit here for a few minutes, ma'am, and I'll go into the next room and see about it."

The state treasurer sat in the next room, reading a news-paper. Business was nearly over. The clerks sat at their desks waiting for the closing hour. The Commissioner of Insurance entered and went up to the treasurer. The treasurer, a little old man, with a snow-white moustache and beard stood up to greet Standifer. They were old friends. "Uncle Frank," said Standifer, "how much money have you got on hand?" The treasurer named the sum—something more than a million dollars. The commissioner's eyes grew hopefully bright. "Have you heard of Amos Colvin, Uncle Frank?" he asked. "I knew him well," said the treasurer. "He was a good man. One of the first settlers in the Southwest." "His daughter," said Standifer, "is sitting in my office. She is penniless. She is married to Benton Sharp, a bandit and a murderer. He has ruined her and broken her heart. Her father had helped to build this state, and now it is the state's turn to help his child. Two thousand dollars will buy back her house and let her live peacefully. Give me the money, Uncle Frank, and I'll give it to her now. We shall fix up the papers afterwards." The treasurer looked surprised. "Why, Standifer," he said. "You know that I cannot pay a cent out of the treasury without a warrant from the controller. I cannot spend a dollar without a document to show for it."

The commissioner looked impatient. "I'll give you a document," he said. "Charge it up to Insurance, or Statistics, or History. Come, now, Uncle Frank, let her have the money. I'll sign the papers officially, if you say so; and if the controller or the governor are against it I shall ask the people to indorse the act." The treasurer looked shocked. The commissioner's voice had grown louder and the clerks were beginning to listen. "Now, Standifer," said the treasurer, soothingly, "you know I would like to help in this matter, but stop and think a moment, please. Every cent in this treasury is spent only by permission of the legislature. I cannot use a cent of it. Neither can you. Your department isn't discursive, it's purely, clerical. The only way for the lady to get help is to ask the legislature, and ——" "To the devil with the legislature," said Standifer going away. The treasurer called him back. "I would be glad, Standifer," he said, "to give a hundred dollars of my own to Amos Colvin's daughter." He reached for his pocketbook. "Never mind, Uncle Frank," said Standifer, in a softer tone. "There is no need of that. Her case is in my hands. But I see now what a .good-for-nothing little department I've been put in charge of. It seems- to be as important as an almanac or a hotel register. But while I am at the head of it, it will not turn away. Amos Colvin's daughter without help." The commissioner returned to his office, looking thoughtful. He opened and closed an inkstand on his desk many times before he spoke. "Why don't you get a divorce? he asked, suddenly. "I haven't the money to pay for it," answered the lady. —Just at present," said the commissioner, in a formal tone, —my department hasn't got very much power. But you've come to the right place, ma'am. Where did you say your husband is, ma'am? —He was in San Antonio yesterday. He is living there now. Suddenly the commissioner dropped his official air. He took the faded little woman's hands in his and said gently: —Your name is Amanda, isn't it? "Yes, sir." "I thought so, I heard your father say it quite often. Well, Amanda, here's your father's best friend, the head of a big office in the state government, that is going to help you out of your troubles.' Amanda, have you got any money to live on for two or three days?" Mrs. Sharp's white face

flushed a little. "Plenty, sir- for a few days." "All right then, ma'am. Now you go back where you are stopping here, and come again to the office the day after to-morrow at four o'clock in the afternoon. I think that I shall be able to do something for you by that time. You said that your husband had insured his life for 5000 dollars.... Do you know whether he continued to pay for the insurance or not?" "He paid for a whole year in advance about five months ago," said Mrs. Sharp. "I have all the papers in my trunk." "Oh, that's all right then," said Standifer. "Some day they may come in handy." Mrs. Sharp went away, and soon afterwards Luke Standifer went to the little hotel where he lived and looked up the railway time-table in the newspaper.

Half an hour later he took off his coat and tied a pistol holster under his left arm-pit. Into this holster he put a .44-calibre revolver. Then he put on his coat again, went to the railway station and took the afternoon train to San Antonio.

The next morning the San Antonio Express contained the following piece of news: BENTON SHARP MEETS HIS MATCH THE MOST NOTED BANDIT IN SOUTHWEST TAXED SHOT TO DEATH IN A RESTAURANT. WELL-KNOWN STATE COMMISSIONER DEFENDS HIMSELF AGAINST THE BANDIT.

Last night about eleven o'clock Benton Sharp with two other men entered the Gold Front Restaurant and sat down at a table. Sharp had already been drinking and talked very loudly. Five minutes later a tall, well dressed elderly gentleman entered the restaurant. Some people recognized Luke Standifer, the new Commissioner of Insurance, Statistics, and History.

Mr. Standifer wanted to sit down at a table next to the one Sharp was sitting at. When hanging his hat on one of the hooks along the wall. Mr. Standifer let it fall on Sharp's head. Sharp turned angrily and cursed Mr. Standifer. Mr. Standifer apologized calmly for the accident, but Sharp continued cursing. Then Mr. Standifer came nearer to the bandit and said something to him in so low a tone that no one else caught the words.

Sharp sprang up wild with rage. Mr. Standifer stepped some yards away and was standing quietly with his arms folded across the breast of his coat. Quick as lightning, Sharp got out his pistol, but while he was raising it, a shining .44-calibre revolver appeared in the right hand of Mr. Standifer who shot Benton Sharp through the heart. It is believed that Mr. Standifer will have no trouble with the police, as all witnesses who were present declare that the deed was done in self-defence. When Mrs. Sharp came to the office of the commissioner at the appointed hour, she found that gentleman sitting at his desk and calmly eating an apple.

He greeted her without any embarrassment. "I had to do it, ma'am," he said simply, "or I would have been shot myself. Mr. Kaufman," he said, turning to the old clerk, "please look up the insurance documents of Benton Sharp, and see whether they are all right." "There is no need to look," said old Kaufman who had everything in his head. "The lady can get the money in ten days. Mrs. Sharp soon rose to go home. The commissioner did not try to keep her. She was tired and needed rest. But, as she was leaving, Luke Standifer said: "The Department of Insurance, Statistics, and History, ma'am, has done the best it could with your case. It was a difficult case. Statistics and History didn't help us, but we came out particularly strong on Insurance."

Translation Practice

Translate from English into Russian:

Standifer accepted the office with some doubt, as he was not quite sure that he could manage the business. But as a few weeks passed the new commissioner became acquainted with the work of the department and felt more at ease. In his office worked an old clerk - Kaufman by name - who gradually explained business to his new chief, without seeming to do so. And all went on quite well in the department. Indeed, the Department of Insurance, Statistics, and History didn't have too much to do. Its main work was the regulating of the business done in the state by foreign insurance companies. It also made reports about the corn crop and the cotton crop and cattle, and answered various letters. History? Well, there was not too much to do in the line of history. Old ladies interested in history sent to the department long reports of proceedings of their historical societies. No one in the department ever read these reports.

Active Vocabulary

(Legal) proceedings – legal action taken against someone – (судопроизводство) работа, заседание. E.g. Old ladies interested in history sent to the department long reports of *proceedings* of their historical societies. A spokesman for the Victoria Hospital, Blackpool, said they expected *legal proceedings*.

To apologize (for) – to express or make an apology; acknowledge failings or faults – извиниться (за). E.g. Sharp turned angrily and cursed Mr. Standiter. Mr. Standifer *apologized* calmly for the accident, but Sharp continued cursing. And I will say she did *apologize for* the way she behaved when she was here.

To curse - to utter obscenities or oaths – проклинать, ругать. E.g. Sharp turned angrily and *cursed* Mr. Standiter. Mr. Standifer apologized calmly for the accident, but Sharp continued *cursing*. At once, as if her act were the prescribed answer to a witch's *curse*, the stiffness fled from his body.

To defend smb/smith - to protect (a person, place, etc) from harm or danger; ward off an attack on – защищать.

In defence of smb/smith - the action of defending from or resisting attack – в защиту.

In self-defence –the protection of one's person or property against some injury attempted by another. – в целях самозащиты. E.g. It is believed that Mr. Standifer will have no trouble with the police, as all witnesses who were present declare that the deed was done *in self-defence*.

To encourage – to inspire (someone) with the courage or confidence (to do something); to stimulate (something or someone to do something) by approval or help; support – поддерживать, вдохновлять, воодушевлять. E.g. And then, *encouraged* by the look of the commissioner, she told him her story. And they agreed a number of measures to liberalise markets and to *encourage* more people to enter the workforce.

To fix up- to arrange; (often followed by with) to provide – устраивать, устроить, оформлять. E.g. We shall *fix up* the papers afterwards. But if you can *fix up* to see Prudhoe this afternoon, I should be able to give you chapter and verse then.

Gradually in small stages over a long period of time, rather than suddenly – постепенно. E.g. In his office worked an old clerk-Kaufman by name-who *gradually* explained business to his new chief, without seeming to do so, and all went on quite well in the department. *Gradually* he learned to cope with living alone.

To hesitate- to hold back or be slow in acting; be uncertain – **сомневаться**. E.g. “I really don’t know,” said the lady, *hesitatingly*. “I suppose so.” And of course, if you need any advice filling in the forms, don't *hesitate* to call me.

To insure smth/smb (for) – to guarantee or protect; to issue (a person) with an insurance policy or take out an insurance policy (on) – **застраховать (на)**. E.g. You said that your husband had *insured* his life for 5000 dollars.... A source told me: `All artists have to *insure* their tours in case something like this happens.

A legislator – a person concerned with the making or enactment of laws – **законодатель**. E.g. Standifer himself had served the state as a soldier and *legislator*. But then how could any *legislator* be against a mere investigation of waste?

Active Vocabulary Drill

1. Translate from Russian into English:

1. Вдохновленный поддержкой любимой женщины, он работал день и ночь, и через несколько лет на обычном мусоре он сделал целое состояние.
2. Вот у меня решение городского законодательного собрания. Здесь написано «выделить этой семье 2,000 долларов из городской казны».
3. Вы сомневаетесь в его честности? - А Вы когда-нибудь встречали честного чиновника?
4. Прекрати проклинать свою судьбу. Ты не убийца. Ты был вынужден стрелять в целях самообороны.
5. Судопроизводство в любой стране - довольно сложное и запутанное дело, так что оформить эти бумаги будет нелегко.
6. Я прошу прощения за свои слова, я не хотел Вас обидеть. Я недавно поселился здесь, и еще не знаю всех местных обычаев.
7. Он застраховал свою жизнь на 1 млн долларов. После его смерти жена получила хорошее наследство и поселилась в самом престижном районе города.
8. Постепенно я начал понимать, почему этот человек тогда ничего не сказал в мою защиту - он очень хотел избавиться от меня.
9. Казначей не может выдать Вам ни цента без соответствующего ордера (распоряжения) городского собрания.
10. Я бы хотела увидеть протокол последнего заседания вашей организации. – Пожалуйста. Мы обсуждали вопрос помощи семьям первых поселенцев.

2. In the end of the story we find:

“But, as she was leaving, Luke Standifer said: "The Department of Insurance, Statistics, and History, ma'am, has done the best it could with your case. It was a difficult case. Statistics and History didn't help us, but we came out particularly strong on Insurance." Retell the story, trying to explain how The Department of Insurance, Statistics could help to solve the difficult case of Mrs Sharp (120-150 words). Make use of the Active Vocabulary below:

- Чиновник • (первый) поселенец • Законодатель • Казначей • Оформлять (бумаги), улаживать вопрос с (документами) • Проклинать, ругаться • Извиняться • В целях самообороны, самозащиты

Further Reading

In the story Luke Conrod Standifer worked as the Commissioner in the Department of Insurance, Statistics, and History of the State of Texas, USA.

Study the information below to find how much in common or how different the structure of the US and the Russian Government is. Compare the English names of the departments (ministries) and their Russian translation:

Министерства (департаменты) правительства США

- Министерство сельского хозяйства США (Department of Agriculture, USDA)
- Министерство торговли США (Department of Commerce, DOC)
- Министерство обороны США (Department of Defense, DOD)
- Министерство образования США (Department of Education, ED)
- Министерство энергетики США (Department of Energy, DOE)
- Министерство здравоохранения и социальных служб США (Department of Health and Human Services, HHS)
- Министерство внутренней безопасности США (Department of Homeland Security, DHS)
- Министерство жилищного и городского развития США (Department of Housing and Urban Development, HUD)
- Министерство юстиции США (Department of Justice, DOJ)
- Министерство труда США (Department of Labor, DOL)
- Государственный департамент США (Госдепартамент) (Department of State, DOS)
- Министерство внутренних дел США (Department of the Interior, DOI)
- Министерство финансов США (Department of the Treasury)
- Министерство транспорта США (Department of Transportation, DOT)
- Министерство по делам ветеранов США (Department of Veterans Affairs, VA)

Правительство Российской Федерации Федеральные министерства:

Министерство внутренних дел Российской Федерации

Министерство Российской Федерации по делам гражданской обороны, чрезвычайным ситуациям и ликвидации последствий стихийных бедствий

Министерство иностранных дел Российской Федерации

Министерство обороны Российской Федерации

Министерство юстиции Российской Федерации

Министерство здравоохранения Российской Федерации

Министерство культуры Российской Федерации

Министерство образования и науки Российской Федерации

Министерство природных ресурсов и экологии Российской Федерации

Министерство промышленности и торговли Российской Федерации

Министерство Российской Федерации по развитию Дальнего Востока

Министерство Российской Федерации по делам Крыма

Министерство регионального развития Российской Федерации

Министерство связи и массовых коммуникаций Российской Федерации

Министерство сельского хозяйства Российской Федерации

Министерство спорта Российской Федерации

Министерство строительства и жилищно-коммунального хозяйства

Министерство транспорта Российской Федерации
Министерство труда и социальной защиты Российской Федерации
Министерство финансов Российской Федерации
Министерство экономического развития Российской Федерации
Министерство энергетики Российской Федерации Federal

Ministries of Russia

- Ministry of Agriculture (Russia)
- Ministry of Communications and Mass Media (Russia)
- Ministry of Culture (Russia)
- Ministry of Defence (Russia)
- Ministry of Economic Development (Russia)
- Ministry of Education and Science (Russia)
- Ministry for Development of Russian Far East
- Ministry of Construction Industry, Housing and Utilities Sector
- Ministry of Crimean Affairs • Ministry of Industry and Trade (Russia)
- Ministry of Sport (Russia)
- Ministry of Emergency Situations (Russia)
- Federal Energy Agency (Russia)
- Ministry of Energy (Russia)
- Ministry of Natural Resources and Environment
- Ministry of Finance (Russia)
- Ministry of Health (Russia)
- Ministry of Foreign Affairs (Russia)
- Ministry of Internal Affairs (Russia)
- Ministry of Justice (Russia)
- Ministry of Labour and Social Affairs (Russia)

Grammar Reference and Practice

Comment on the use of (a) *little*, (a) *few*, *much*, *many*. In the story we find:

But as *a few* weeks passed the new commissioner became acquainted with the work of the department and felt more at ease.

“Indeed, the Department of Insurance, Statistics, and History didn’t have too *much* to do.

A few noises came in through the open doors from the other departments: the tinkling of coins from the treasurer’s office, the tapping of a typewriter.

It happened only the day before, when she asked him for *a little* money.

“It seems to me,” she said, “that he seldom talked about *much* else.

You sit here for *a few* minutes, ma'am, and I'll go into the next room and see about it."

"Uncle Frank," said Standifer, "*how much* money have you got on hand?"

“Just at present,” said the commissioner, in a formal tone, “my department hasn't got very *much* power.

Conversation

In the story we find:

"BENTON SHARP MEETS HIS MATCH

THE MOST NOTED BANDIT IN SOUTHWEST TAXED SHOT TO DEATH IN A RESTAURANT.
WELL-KNOWN STATE COMMISSIONER DEFENDS HIMSELF AGAINST THE BANDIT...

It is believed that Mr. Standifer will have no trouble with the police, as all witnesses who were present declare that the deed was done in self-defence."

Do you think Mr Standifer could go to prison for what he had done? Make up a polylogue to discuss this topic. Act out the roles of the policemen, Mr Standifer, witnesses from the bar. Express your point of view using Active Vocabulary of Units 1-6

Opinion Essay

In the story we find:

"Luke Standifer went to the little hotel where he lived and looked up the railway time-table in the newspaper. Half an hour later he took off his coat and tied a pistol holster under his left arm-pit. Into this holster he put a .44-calibre revolver . Then he put on his coat again, went to the railway station and took the afternoon train to San Antonio...

THE MOST NOTED BANDIT IN SOUTHWEST TAXED SHOT TO DEATH IN A RESTAURANT.
WELL-KNOWN STATE COMMISSIONER DEFENDS HIMSELF AGAINST THE BANDIT...

...Mr. Standifer wanted to sit down at a table next to the one Sharp was sitting at. When hanging his hat on one of the hooks along the wall. Mr. Standifer let it fall on Sharp's head. Sharp turned angrily and cursed Mr. Standifer. Mr. Standifer apologized calmly for the accident, but Sharp continued cursing, Then Mr. Standifer came nearer to the bandit and said something to him in so low a tone that no one else caught the words. Sharp sprang up wild with rage..."

On the one hand, Mr Standifer did what he was supposed to do in the situation: he defended himself and Mrs Sharp against the Bandid, but, on the other hand, he definitely provoked Mr Sharp and then shot him.

Write an opinion essay to discuss this topic (150-180 words). Make use of the Active Vocabulary of Units 1-6.

Список литературы и сетевых источников

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/O._Henry

http://www.literaturecollection.com/a/o_henry/44/

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=H35C2B2SGyg>

<http://www.multitrans.ru/c/m.exe?a=1&SHL=2>

Unit 8

A MIDSUMMER KNIGHT'S DREAM

A Midsummer Night's Dream (Сон в летнюю ночь) is a comedy play by William Shakespeare, believed to have been written between 1590 and 1596. It portrays the events surrounding the marriage of the Duke of Athens, Theseus, and Hippolyta. These include the adventures of four young Athenian lovers and a group of six amateur actors (mechanical), who are controlled and manipulated by the fairies who inhabit the forest in which most of the play is set. The play is one of Shakespeare's most popular works for the stage and is widely performed across the world.

It was summer-time. The sun glared upon the city pitilessly. It was dreadfully hot. A man stood at the corner of Thirty-fourth Street waiting for a tram.

The man was forty, grey-haired, plainly dressed and with a nervous look in his eyes. He wiped his forehead and laughed loudly when a fat man with an outing look stopped and spoke to him.

"No, sir," he shouted. "None of your swamps with mosquitos for me! When I want to get away from the hot weather I know what to do. New York, sir, is the best summer resort in the country. Sit in the shade near an electric fan and have something cold to eat and drink. I do not want your Adirondacks and your Catskills.' I do not want to climb up cliffs, and to be waked up at o'clock in the morning and to eat canned goods. Comforts and conveniences of home— that's what I prefer in summer-time."

"You need a vacation," said the fat man looking attentively at the other. "You haven't been away from town for years. Come with me for two weeks. The trout in the Beaverkill are jumping at anything that looks like a fly. Harding wrote to me that he caught a three-pound trout last week."

"Nonsense!" cried the other man. "Go ahead if you like, and wear yourself out, trying to catch fish. When I want fish, I go to a cool restaurant and order it. I laugh at you fellows when I think how you run about in the heat in the country thinking you are having a good time. New York is the best place for me."

The fat man sighed over his friend and went his way. The man who thought New York was the best summer resort took train and went to his office. On the way he threw away his newspaper and looked up at the blue patch of sky above the house tops.

"Three pounds!" he muttered. "And Harding isn't a hat. I wonder if I could—but no, it's impossible. They must have another month, another month at least."

In his office the man dived into the swimming pool of business at once. His clerk brought him a heap of letters and telegrams. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon the busy man leaned back in his chair, put his feet on the desk and said to himself: "I wonder what kind of bait Harding used."

She wore a white dress that day; and Compton lost a bet to Gaines. Compton had said that she would wear a blue dress — because she knew that blue was his favourite colour. Compton was a millionaire's son and very sure of himself. But she had chosen white, and Gaines was very proud. The little hotel in the mountains was very lively that year.

There were two or three young college men there, a couple of artists and a young naval officer; there were several beautiful young ladies; but the moon among the stars was Mary Sewell. Each one of the young men wanted to arrange matters so that she would do away with the "Sewell" part of her name forever. Those young men who could stay only for a week or two, went away with broken hearts. But Compton stayed because he could afford it, and Gaines stayed because he was a fighter and wasn't afraid of millionaires' sons, and—well, he adored the country.

"What do you think, Miss Marv?" he said once. "I knew a fellow in New York who said that he liked to be in the city in summer-time. Wasn't he silly? I couldn't breathe on Broadway after the 1st of June."

"Mother was thinking of going back next week," said Miss Mary.

"Well," said Gaines, "there are some jolly places in town in summer. The roof gardens, you know, and the-er-the roof gardens."

The lake was the deepest blue that day—the day when they had the mock tournament. The men rode clumsy farm horses and caught curtain rings on the end of a lance. It was such fun! Gaines caught most of the rings. He was the conquering knight and had the privilege to crown the queen of the tournament. Gaines looked about for the queen. Suddenly he heard her merry laugh as if from the clouds. She was standing on a high granite rock, fifty feet above their heads. It was quite easy to climb this rock from the rear, but the front offered small hold to hand or foot. Instantly Compton and Gaines began to climb the rock from the front. It was a race and each man wanted to be the first. Gaines tugged at the root of a laurel bush and pulled himself to Miss Mary's feet. On his arm he carried the wreath of roses, and while all the people were applauding below he placed it on the queen's head.

"You are a gallant knight," said Miss Mary. "I wish I could be your true knight always," said Gaines, but Miss Mary began to laugh, as Compton scrambled over the edge of the rock one minute behind time. When they drove back to the hotel, the first pale stars came out over the mountain tops and-

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Gaines," said the clerk.

The man who said that New York was the best summer resort in the country opened his eyes and looked around.

"I—I think I was asleep," he said. "It's the heat," said the clerk. "It's something dreadful in the city in summertime."

"Nonsense!" said Gaines. "The city is ten times better than the country in summer."

"Some letters just came," said the clerk. "I thought you would like to look at them before you go."

Let us look over his shoulder and read a few lines of one of the letters:

MY DEAR, DEAR HUSBAND,

I have just received your letter in which you say that we may stay here for another month. Rita does not cough any more, and Johnny is so happy here. The mountain air is very good for the children. But you have to work so hard... and I know that you can hardly afford to keep us here so long. You are the best man that ever was on earth. You always pretend that you like the city in summer... I know that you are very fond of the country and especially of trout fishing ... you are staying in town so as to keep us well and happy. I would come to you, but I cannot leave the children. Last evening I stood on the rock in the same place where I was when you put the wreath of roses on my head... it was fifteen years ago, dear, just think! ... you have always been a true knight to me.

Yours for ever and ever,

MARY

The man who said that New York was the best summer resort in the country dropped into a cafe on his way home and had a glass of beer under an electric fan. "I wonder what kind of bait old Harding used," he said to himself.

Active Vocabulary

To bet on - to make or place a bet with (a person or persons) - **делать ставки, спорить на**

To lose a bet - **проиграть пари**. E.g. She wore a white dress that day; and Compton *lost a bet* to Gaines.

To do away with - to kill or destroy; to discard or abolish - **покончить с**. E.g. Each one of the young men wanted to arrange matters so that she would *do away with* the "Sewell" part of her name forever. The Russians seem determined to resist the new policy and would prefer to *do away with* the embargo

To mock - to imitate, esp in fun; mimic – **дразнить**. E.g. The lake was the deepest blue that day--the day when they had the *mock* tournament. The impulse to *mock*, to ridicule, to share contempt for another was too strong.

Swamp - permanently waterlogged ground that is usually overgrown and sometimes partly forested (*Compare* marsh) – **болото**. E.g. "None of your *swamps* with mosquitos for me!"

I wandered through the trees to the place where the cultivation of the grounds is relinquished to the glorious disorder of the *swamp*.

A trout - any of various game fishes, esp. *Salmo trutta* and related species, mostly of fresh water in northern regions: family Salmonidae (salmon). They resemble salmon but are smaller and spotted – **форель**. E.g. The *trout* in the Beaverkill are jumping at anything that looks like a fly. Supermarkets mark farmed *trout* up by 100 % over the trade price of around 90p per lb.

To wear oneself out - to exhaust or tire - **изнуряться, истощаться**. E.g. "Go ahead if you like, and *wear yourself out*, trying to catch fish."

Active Vocabulary Drill

1. Retell the story as if you were

a) Mary Gaines (Sewell) (150—180 words). Tell, how you got acquainted with Mr Gaines, how he won your heart and your marriage life. Explain why you spend the summer in the mountains while your husband has to stay in New York,

b) Mr Gaines (150—180 words). Tell, how you got acquainted with Miss Mary Sewell, how you won her heart and your marriage life. Explain why your family spend the summer in the mountains while you have to stay in New York. Make use of the Active Vocabulary of Unit 7.

2. Translate from Russian into English. Make use of the Active Vocabulary.

1. Он проиграл пари, и теперь вынужден продать этот прекрасный сад практически даром.
2. Он вконец измотал себя тяжелой работой, заболел и в скором времени умер.
3. Этот пробный экзамен оказался очень тяжелым. Не знаю, как буду сдавать настоящий.
4. Сад позади дома был полон плодовых деревьев и редких экзотических растений.
5. До начала строительства города, место, где сейчас находится Вашингтон, столица США, называли «болотом, кишашим (infected) комарами».
6. Спорим, он легко сдаст и пробный, и основной экзамен?!
7. Я хочу покончить с этим делом до того, как уеду в Америку навсегда.
8. Лавровый венок традиционно дарят победителям соревнований, а венок из роз возлагают (кладут) на голову прекрасных дам.
9. Я люблю рыбалку. – А я просто люблю есть рыбу, запечённую форель, например. У-м-м, вкуснятина!
10. Не притворяйся, что тебе не хочется поехать с нами – конечно, хочется, но дело - прежде всего.

3. Speak on one of the following topics (120-150 words):

- Summer in Russia
- The best summer holidays I've ever had
- The summer holidays of my dream
- Business before pleasure

Make use of the Active Vocabulary of Unit 7. Underline the Active Vocabulary you are using.

Grammar Reference and Practice

Comment on the use of the nouns in the plural form. In the story we find:

"I do not want to climb up *cliffs*..."

"*The trout* in the Beaverkill *are* jumping at anything that looks like a fly."

"At 5 o'clock in the afternoon the busy man leaned back in his chair, put his *feet* on the desk and said to himself..."

"There were two or three young college *men* there, a couple of artists and a young naval officer; there were several beautiful young *ladies*..."

"...while all the *people* were applauding below he placed it on the queen's head."

Further Reading 1

Names of Most Common English Fish

English name	Russian name
Artic Charr	Голец арктический
Asp	Жерех
Atlantic Salmon	Лосось
Blue Bream	Синец
Brook Charr/Brook Trout	Американская паляя
Brown Trout	Ручьевая форель

Burbot	Налим
Chub	Голавль
Common Bream	Лещ
Common Carp	Карп, сазан
Common Perch	Окунь
Common Whitefish	Сиг (проходной, морской)
Crucian Carp	Золотой карась
Dace	Елец
Eel	Угорь
European Pikeperch	Судак
European Wels	Сом
Grass Carp	Белый амур
Grayling	Хариус
Great Lakes Char /Great Lakes Trout	Крестивомер (США)
Ide	Язь
Lake Trout	Озерная форель
Landlocked Salmon	Озерный лосось
Minnow common	Гольян обыкновенный
Northern Pike	Щука
Pink Salmon	Горбуша
Rainbow Trout	Радужная форель
Roach	Плотва
Rudd	Красноперка
Sea Trout	Кумжа (проходная форма)
Silver Bream	Густера
Taimen	Таймень
Tench	Линь
Vimba	Сырть, рыбец

Further Reading 2

In the story we find:

"You need a vacation," said the fat man looking attentively at the other. "You haven't been away from town for years..."

"I do not want your Adirondacks and your Catskills.' I do not want to climb up cliffs, and to be waked up at o'clock in the morning and to eat canned goods. .. I laugh at you fellows when I think how you run about in the heat in the country thinking you are having a good time..." "The little hotel in the mountains was very lively that year..."

How do Americans spend their summer vacation today? What about you? Study the information below and discuss Top 10 U.S. Summer Vacation Spots? Do you like them? Would you like to spend your summer vacation in any of them?

TOP 10 U.S. SUMMER VACATION SPOTS

KIRSTEN KLAHN MAY 24, 2014

There's more than just enjoying warm weather when it comes to summer. There are also vacations — a week (or more if you're lucky) of no work, a great destination, and enjoying all of the activities it has to

offer. So, as you get ready to plan your trip, take a look at some of the cities that have made the list. These cities are worthy of a place in the top 10 due to their awesome activities, delicious food, and unique neighborhoods and culture. Happy planning!

1. Grand Rapids & Lake Michigan's Gold Coast "Beach bums, beer lovers, and art enthusiasts agree: there's a lot to love about western Michigan this year. Grand Rapids, Michigan's second largest city, was voted best beer city in the U.S. by the national Beer Examiner blog in 2012 and 2013, and its beer-tourism revolution rages on," per Lonely Planet. If you're hoping to visit to take advantage of its beer, you should definitely check out the Summer Craft Beer Festival, held in August. If you're visiting to take in its art scene, you'll have plenty of options. You can take in the blooms and Rodin sculptures in the Frederik Meijer Gardens, as well as the Grand Rapids Art Museum, which is made even cooler for the fact that it's housed in a LEED Gold certified building. Don't forget to stop by Art Prize, the world's largest art competition where more than 1,700 artists display their masterpieces, according to Lonely Planet. Finally, for the beach bums out there, Lake Michigan's Gold Coast is a must see. It includes 300 miles of beautiful beaches that offer wineries, antiquing, orchards, cider houses, and even surfing.

2. San Francisco, California An eclectic mix of great art, unique cuisine, and exciting adventures, San Francisco is a great place to take a vacation. You'll also get plenty of stunning views, cute cafés, and a booming nightlife, should any of those suit your fancy. If you're looking for something on the outdoorsy side, you can enjoy one of its many great beaches. There's also the Twin Peaks to check out, and the Marina offers a great place to walk, according to U.S. News & World Report. San Francisco wouldn't be the same without its infamous cable car rides, a must-do if you're visiting this California city. Hoping to do more sightseeing? Visit the Fisherman's Wharf (you'll get a great view of Alcatraz) and make sure you take a look at the Golden Gate Bridge. If you visit San Francisco hoping to be wowed with different culture, you won't be disappointed. Be sure to visit the Mission district, the Haight, and the Castro while you're there. Looking for a few ways to visit without breaking your budget? U.S. News & World Report suggests reconsidering big name hotels. Look for smaller bed and breakfasts, as well as independent hotels, located in Nob Hill and the Marina District. If you're planning on being there for more than a couple of days, consider purchasing a CityPass. It's \$84, which may seem pricey at first, but if you're going to be traveling around the city, you'll easily accumulate that in cab costs within a couple of days. The CityPass gets you unlimited rides on all city transportation, as well as entry into some things to do.

3. Portland, Oregon Looking for top notch farmers markets? Check. How about unique and one-of-a kind cafés? You got it. Or, perhaps you're looking for a place to enjoy a few great summer drinks. Whatever it is, Portland probably has it. It's got great restaurants with delicious food, excellent microbrews, and ample outdoor activities to enjoy the beautiful summer weather, including bicycling around Portland or hiking near the waterfalls just outside of town, per Travel + Leisure. "Summer is the time to enjoy this rainy state at its sunniest, driest best. Good weather, a stellar public transit system, tree-filled urban parks with extensive biking and hiking trail systems, and an eclectic offering of home grown food and libations can help you discover why Portland's been called the city 'where young people go to retire,'" writes Gold Boat Journeys. If you're in the mood for some seafood while you're there, check out Jake's Famous Crawfish, a restaurant that has provided fresh fish and excellent seafood for more than 100 years.

4. Boston, Massachusetts Summer signifies festivals, beer gardens, great restaurant patios, and a fantastic arts and entertainment scene. Check out the Freedom Trail or visit the Bell in Hand Tavern, which is the oldest tavern in the U.S, according to Lonely Planet. If you're looking for a fun place to stay, try the Omni Parker House, a beautiful historic hotel that overlooks the Freedom Trail. Fun fact: Both Malcolm X (he

was a busboy) and Ho Chi Minh (a pastry chef) were employed there, and Charles Dickens and JFK both stayed there, per Lonely Planet. It's a family friendly hotel filled with rich history. Be sure to stop by the Rose Kennedy Greenway, which is filled with a strip of landscaped gardens, fountains, and beautiful green grass. There's an artist market for those who venture there on Saturdays, as well as great food trucks for people seeking a tasty lunch during the week.

Conversation

Make up a dialogue to discuss the topic. For names of fish refer to Further Reading

In the story we find:

You need a vacation," said the fat man looking attentively at the other. "You haven't been away from town for years. Come with me for two weeks. The trout in the Beaverkill are jumping at anything that looks like a fly. Harding wrote to me that he caught a three-pound trout last week."

"Three pounds!" he muttered. "And Harding isn't a hat. I wonder, if I could—but no, it's impossible....I wonder what kind of bait Harding used."

Mr Gains seems to have been very fond of fishing. What about you? Do you like fishing or angling? Do you like to eat or cook fish? How do you like it: fried, baked, grilled, stewed with vegetables, in a soup or other? Why?

Descriptive Essay

In the story we find the following words of Mr Gains:

"New York, sir, is the best summer resort in the country."

They must have another month, another month at least."

"I wonder what kind of bait Harding used."

"I knew a fellow in New York who said that he liked to be in the city in summer-time. Wasn't he silly? I couldn't breathe on Broadway after the 1st of June."

How do these words characterise him? He seemed to be lying to his friends and family. Why? What sort of man was he? Use the above mentioned quotations and find more in the text to prove your point of view.

Write a descriptive essay about Mr Gains (120-150 words). Make use of the Active Vocabulary of Units 1-7 (5-6 words). Underline the Active Vocabulary you are using.

Список литературы и сетевых источников

http://www.literaturecollection.com/a/o_henry/225/

<http://www.opensourceshakespeare.org/views/plays/playmenu.php?workid=midsummer>

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/A_Midsummer_Night%27s_Dream

Unit 9

THE THEORY AND THE HOUND

Not many days ago my old friend from the tropics, J. P. Bridger, United States consul on the island of Ratona, was in the city. One night we were walking up a street which parodies Broadway, and suddenly saw, at the corner of the street, a well-dressed man, with a well-groomed dog, talking with a woman. The woman wept, as she spoke, and it was obviously all she could do, while the man cursed her in a low voice.

Bridger smiled — to himself, — took out of his pocket a little note-book and made a hotel in it. I asked him for an explanation.

"It's a new theory," he answered,, "which I picked up down in Ratona."

So I took Bridger to a restaurant where he told me the story which served as support for his new theory. One afternoon at three o'clock, on the island of Ratona a boy ran along the beach screaming:

"Steamer, steamer!"

The inhabitants of Ratona listened and soon heard the whistle of an approaching steamer. The sound grew louder and nearer and at last they saw above the line of palms the two black funnels of a fruiter slowly coming into the mouth of the harbour.

You must know that Ratona is an island twenty miles off the south of a South American republic. It is a port of that republic. Eight hundred people live in a green village that is situated around the harbour. They are mostly of Spanish or Indian origin.

No steamers come to Ratona except the fruit steamers which take on board their fruit inspectors and leave Sunday newspapers, ice, quinine, bacon and water-melons at the island; and that is about all the touch Ratona gets with the world. The steamer stopped at the mouth of the harbour, and two boats from the village — one bringing fruit inspectors, the other going for what it could get — went to the steamer.

The inspectors' boat was taken on board with them, and the steamer went away for the mainland for its load of fruit. The other boat returned to Ratona bringing from the steamer ice, newspapers, and one passenger — Taylor Plunkett, sheriff of Chatham County, Kentucky. Bridger, the United States consul at Ratona, was cleaning his rifle in his office under a bread-fruit tree twenty yards from the harbour. Bridger had a passion for shooting alligators in the lagoons near his consulate.

When he looked up from a careful inspection of his rifle lock he saw a broad, noiseless, sun-burnt man, neatly dressed, with scanty light hair, a brown-and-grey beard and pale- blue eyes.

"You are Mr. Bridger, the consul?" said the broad man.

"They directed me here. Can you tell me what those big bunches of things are in those trees along the edge of the water?"

"Take that chair," said the consul, continuing his work.

"Why, they are cocoanuts — green cocoanuts. They are always a light green before they are ripe."

"Much obliged," said the other man, sitting down. "I thought they were olives. My name is Plunkett. I am sheriff of Chatham County, Kentucky. I've got extradition papers in my pocket authorizing the arrest of a man on this island. They have been signed by the President of this country. The man's name is Wade

Williams. He is in the cocoanut business. He is wanted for the murder of his wife two years ago. Where can I find him?"

"There is nobody on this island who calls himself 'Williams,' " the consul answered.

"I didn't suppose there was," said Plunkett mildly. "He'll do by any other name."

"Besides myself," said Bridger, "there are only two Americans on Ratona — Bob Reeves and Henry Morgan."

"The man I want sells cocoanuts," repeated Plunkett.

"Do you see that cocoanut walk?" said the consul pointing at the walk which was visible through the open door.

"It belongs to Bob Reeves. Henry Morgan owns half the trees on the other side of the island."

"One month ago," said the sheriff, "Wade Williams wrote a confidential letter to a man in Chatham County telling him where he was and how he was getting on. The letter was lost; and the person that found it gave it away. They sent me after him, and I've got the papers. I think he is one of your cocoanut men for certain."

"You've got his picture, of course," said Bridger. "It might be Reeves or Morgan, but I would hate to think it. They are both such fine fellows."

"No," said Plunkett, "we couldn't get any picture of Williams. And I never saw him himself. I have been sheriff only a year. But I have a description of him. About 5 feet 11 inches; dark hair and eyes, Roman nose, broad shoulders, strong, white teeth, laughs a good deal, drinks but never to intoxication, age thirty-five. Which one of your men does that description fit?"

The consul smiled. "I'll tell you what you should do," he said, laying down his rifle and putting on his black coat.

"You come with me, Mr. Plunkett, and I will take you up to see the boys. Then you can see for yourself which of them your description fits better."

Bridger led the sheriff along the beach. Immediately behind the town rose a group of small hills. The consul led the sheriff up one of these. On the very top of the hill stood a two-room wooden cottage. An old woman was washing clothes outside. The consul and the sheriff entered the house. Two men were in the room, ready to sit down to dinner. They were quite unlike each other, but the general description given by Plunkett could have been justly applied to either. They were jovial, ready-witted Americans who had become friends in a foreign country.

"Hello, Bridger!" they called in unison at the sight of the consul. "Come and have dinner with us!"

And then they noticed Plunkett who stood behind him and came forward to meet him.

"Gentlemen," said the consul formally, "this is Mr. Plunkett. Mr. Plunkett - Mr. Reeves and Mr. Morgan."

The cocoanut barons greeted the newcomer joyously. Reeves seemed about an inch taller than Morgan, but his laugh was not so loud. Morgan's eyes were deep brown; Reeves's were black. Reeves was the host. He

fetches two more chairs and told the old woman to bring some more table ware. Plunkett stood still during the preparations, looking about mildly with his pale-blue eyes. Bridger looked very uneasy. At last two other covers were laid and the company sat down. And then suddenly Plunkett raised his hand with a gesture of authority. He was looking straight between Reeves and Morgan.

"Wade Williams," he said quietly. "You are under arrest for murder."

Reeves and Morgan instantly exchanged a quick, bright glance of surprise. Then they turned to the speaker with a puzzled look.

"We do not understand you, Mr. Plunkett," said Morgan cheerfully. "Did you say 'Williams'?"

"What's the joke, Bridger?" asked Reeves, turning to the consul with a smile. Before Bridger could answer Plunkett spoke again.

"I'll explain," he said quietly. "One of you doesn't need any explanation, but this is for the other one. One of you is Wade Williams of Chatham County, Kentucky. You murdered your wife on May 5, two years ago, after ill-treating her for five years. I have the proper papers in my pocket for taking you back with me, and you are going. We will return on the fruit steamer that comes back to this island to-morrow to leave its inspectors. I acknowledge, gentlemen, that I'm not quite sure which one of you is Williams. But Wade Williams goes back to Chatham County to-morrow. I want you to understand that."

Morgan and Reeves laughed merrily.

"My dear Mr. Plunkett," cried Morgan, "the dinner is getting cold. Let us eat. I am anxious to get my spoon into that shark fin soup. Business afterwards."

"No objections, I am sure," said Plunkett, "I am hungry myself. But I didn't want to accept your hospitality without giving you notice."

Reeves set bottles and glasses on the table.

"There's cognac," he said, "and Scotch whiskey and rye. Take your choice."

Bridger chose rye, Reeves poured some Scotch for himself, Morgan took the same. The sheriff, against much protestation, filled his glass with water.

"Here's to the appetite," said Reeves, raising his glass, "of Mr. Williams!"

Morgan laughed and nearly spilt his whiskey. All began to pay attention to the dinner, which was very well cooked.

"Williams!" called Plunkett, suddenly.

All looked up wonderingly. Reeves saw that the sheriff was looking at him. He flushed a little.

"Look here," he said, "my name is Reeves, and I don't want you to—"

But suddenly he thought the whole thing so funny that he ended with a laugh.

"I suppose, Mr. Plunkett," said Morgan, "that you know that you will have a lot of trouble in Kentucky if you take back the wrong man — that is, of course, if you take anybody back?"

"Oh, I'll take somebody back," said the sheriff. "It will be one of you two gentlemen. Yes, I know I'll have trouble if I make a mistake. But I'll try to get the right man."

"I'll tell you what to do," said Morgan with a jolly twinkle in his eyes. "You take me. I'll go without any trouble. The cocoanut business isn't very good this year, and I would like to make some extra money."

"That's not fair," said Reeves. "I got only \$16 a thousand for my last shipment. Take me, Mr. Plunkett."

"I'll take Wade Williams," said the sheriff, patiently.

"It's like dining with a ghost," said Morgan, pretending to shiver. "The ghost of a murderer, too!"

Plunkett seemed as calm as if he were dining at his own table in Chatham County. He had a good appetite and liked the strange tropic food that was given him. He even stopped watching the two men, one of whom he had decided to take away with him for murdering his wife. But the consul felt very uneasy.

Reeves and Morgan were his friends; yet the sheriff from Kentucky had a certain right to his official aid. So Bridger sat silent not knowing what to do in this difficult situation. Watching the two men he saw that both Reeves and Morgan had got the idea that the other might be the guilty Williams, and that each of them was now trying to protect his comrade. When the meal was over the old woman came and took away the dishes and the cloth. Reeves put some excellent cigars on the table and Plunkett lighted one.

"Now," said Morgan with a grin and a wink at Bridger, "I think this is all a joke of Mr. Plunkett's. Is this William son to be taken seriously or not?"

"Williams," corrected Plunkett. "I am not joking. I wouldn't travel 2,000 miles for that. Gentlemen!" continued the sheriff, looking from one to the other, "see if you can find any joke in this case. Wade Williams is listening to me now, but out of politeness I will speak of him as a third person. For five years he made his wife lead the life of a dog. No, no dog in Kentucky was ever treated as she was. He spent the money that she brought him — spent it at races, at the card table and on horses and hunting. He was a good fellow to his friends, but a real demon at home. And then after five years of neglect he one day hit her with his fist — a fist as hard as a stone — when she was ill and weak from suffering. She died the next day; and he disappeared. That is all. I never saw Williams; but I knew his wife. She and I were keeping company when she met him. She went to Louisville on a visit and saw him there. I'll admit that he spoiled my chances in no time. I was elected sheriff of Chatham County a year after Wade Williams killed his wife. My official duty sends me out here after him; but I'll admit that there's personal feeling, too. And he is going back with me. Mr. — er — Reeves, will you pass me a match?"

"Awfully imprudent of Williams," said Morgan, "to strike a Kentucky lady." "Bad, bad Williams," said Reeves, pouring himself some more.

"Scotch."

The two men spoke lightly, but the consul saw and felt a carefulness in their actions and words.

"Good old fellows," he said to himself, "they are both all right."

And then a dog walked into the room where they sat — a black-and-tan hound, long-eared, lazy, confident of welcome. Plunkett turned his head and looked at the animal which halted near his chair. Suddenly he sprang from his chair and kicked the dog with his heavy shoe. The hound, astonished, uttered a piercing

yelp of pain and surprise. Reeves and the consul remained in their chairs, saying nothing, but astonished at the unexpected cruelty of the man from Chatham County. But Morgan, with a purple face, sprang to his feet and raised his arm above the guest.

"You — brute!" he shouted passionately; "why did you do that?"

And then Plunkett leaped at Morgan like a tiger and snapped handcuffs on his wrists.

"Hound-lover and woman-killer!" he cried, "get ready to meet your God."

When Bridger finished his story I asked him: "Did he get the right man?"

"He did," said the consul.

"And how did he know?" I asked.

"I asked him the same question the next day," said the consul.

"Mr. Bridger," he said, "I am a Kentuckian, and I have seen a great deal of both men and animals. And I never yet saw a man that was over fond of horses and dogs but was cruel to women."

Active Vocabulary

To accept - to take (what is offered or given); receive, esp. willingly – **принимать (приглашение, благодарность)** E.g. "No objections, I am sure," said Plunkett, "I am hungry myself. But I didn't want to *accept* your hospitality without giving you notice." On Thursday, Machinists in the Puget Sound area, Wichita, Kan., and Portland will vote on whether to *accept* the contract.

To approach smth - to come closer or draw nearer - **приближаться к**. E.g. The inhabitants of Ratona listened and soon heard the whistle of *an approaching* steamer. Peter watched David *approach*, mopping his brow with a handkerchief.

To be of....origin - coming into existence or use; beginning; parentage; birth; lineage; that in which something has its beginning; source; root; cause – **происходить из, быть по происхождению...** E.g. They *are* mostly of Spanish or Indian *origin*. On the ground some Americans blamed Canada for its *origin*; Canadians returned the favor.

To fit - to be the proper size, shape, etc. for – **подходить (к)кому-то, чему-то, сочетаться, «идти»** E.g. "Which one of your men does that description *fit*?" The light in Jerusalem seems to *fit* that description perfectly.

A harbour-a protected inlet, or branch of a sea, lake, etc., where ships can anchor, esp. one with port facilities – **гавань**. E.g. Eight hundred people live in a green village that is situated around the *harbour*. Leaving the *harbour* mouth, the Hardys turned northward along the coast.

Jovial - full of hearty, playful good humor; genial and cheerful – **веселый**. E.g. They were *jovial*, ready-witted Americans who had become friends in a foreign country. Ever *jovial*, Reeve said at the time that returning to acting was "just like getting on a bicycle."

To neglect - to ignore or disregard; to fail to care for or attend to sufficiently or properly; slight – **пренебрегать, дурно обращаться**. E.g. And then after five years of *neglect* he one day hit her with his fist — a fist as hard as a stone — when she was ill and weak from suffering. After 40 years of *neglect*, the Forth and Clyde Canal is finally open once more.

To receive means to get by having something given, told, or imposed, and may or may not imply the consent of the recipient [*to receive* a gift, a blow, etc.];

To admit – stresses permission or concession on the part of the one that receives [*I will not admit* him in my home] - **принимать(гостей),получать (подарки)/принимать (соглашаться)**. E.g. She returned to Japan when she was about 5 years old to *receive* a traditional education. I was forced to *admit* that my initial plan, of having Enid sleep in a tent near our own, was unsatisfactory.

To shiver - to shake, quiver, or tremble, as from fear or cold – **дрожать (от холода)**. E.g. "It's like dining with a ghost," said Morgan, pretending to *shiver*. Stone began to *shiver* violently, his teeth chattering loudly.

Table ware - articles such as dishes, plates, knives, forks, etc, used at meals – **столовые приборы**. E.g. He fetched two more chairs and told the old woman to bring some more *table ware*. Sono uses beautiful *table ware* and, following Japanese tradition, the dishes are chosen to enhance the look of the contents.

Active Vocabulary Drill

1. Make up ten sentences to cover the main events of the story. The sentences should contain factually incorrect information. In each of the sentences make use of the Active Vocabulary of Unit 8. Give the sentences to your group mates and ask them to correct them without looking at the text of the story.

2. Translate from Russian into English. Make use of the Active Vocabulary.

1. Он был так взволнован, что не мог произнести ни слова. Как долго он ждал этой встречи!
2. За два часа до прибытия парохода в гавани собралась толпа народа. Всем хотелось посмотреть на этого необычного пассажира.
3. «Не свисти в доме, пожалуйста. Разве ты не знаешь, что в России это плохая примета – денег не будет» – печально произнесла она.
4. Большинство новозеландцев, живущих на этих островах, китайского происхождения. Вам будет легко влиться в их круг.
5. От страха она вся дрожала. Накрывая на, стол даже уронила пару приборов! Не каждый день приходится обслуживать такого посетителя!
6. На день рождения я получила много подарков, но самый приятный был видеть тебя в веселом настроении.
7. Я с удовольствием принимаю Ваше приглашение. Огромная честь быть принятой в таком доме!
8. Как только путешественники приблизились к Голдвиллидж, они услышали звуки веселого деревенского праздника.
9. Нелегко было влиться в их компанию! Так все богатые интеллектуалы, а его образование – средняя школа, да и денег немного.

10. Если и дальше государство будет так плохо заботиться о памятниках старины, мы их потеряем навсегда.

3. Make up a monologue to illustrate one of the following proverbs and sayings (100-120 words). Give relevant examples from your background:

- Love me, love my dog
- You can never teach an old dog to bark
- A dog that runs after two bones catches neither
- If you lie down with dogs you'll rise with fleas
- Let sleeping dogs lie
- Two dogs strive for a bone, and a third runs away with it.

Make use of the Active Vocabulary of Unit 8. Underline the Active Vocabulary you are using.

Grammar Reference and Practice

Comment on the use of articles with Proper Nouns. In the story we find:

Not many days ago my old friend from the tropics, J. P. Bridger, *United States consul* on the island of Ratona, was in the city.

"It's a new theory," he answered, which "I picked up down in *Ratona*."

You must know that Ratona is an island twenty miles off the south of a South American republic.

"You are Mr. Bridger, the consul?" said the broad man.

I am sheriff of *Chatham County, Kentucky*.

"Besides myself," said Bridger, "there are only *two Americans on Ratona—Bob Reeves and Henry Morgan*."

They were *joyial, ready-witted Americans* who had become friends in a foreign country.

Watching the two men he saw that both Reeves and Morgan had got the idea that the other might be *the guilty Williams*, and that each of them was now trying to protect his comrade.

"*Bad, bad Williams*," said Reeves, pouring himself some more "Scotch.

"Mr. Bridger," he said, "I am *a Kentuckian*, and I have seen a great deal of both men and animals.

Further Reading 1

Study the following information about the most popular pets in America

Most Popular Pet in the U.S.A. is... a cat or a dog. It depends on how you look at the numbers. While there are far more cats as pets, many homes have multiple cats. That means there are more households with a dog than there are households with cats--even if the total number of cats outnumbers dogs.

The 2007 National Pet Owners Survey, conducted by the American Pet Products Manufacturer's Association, broke down the pet preferences of Americans as follows, reports LiveScience.com:

- 142 million freshwater fish
- 88.3 million cats
- 74.8 million dogs
- 16 million birds
- 24.3 million small animals

- 13.8 million horses
- 13.4 million reptiles
- 9.6 million saltwater fish

Pet ownership in the United States has reached an all-time high with 71.1 million households owning at least one pet, which translates to 63 percent of all households. In 1988, the first year the survey was conducted, 51 million households owned a pet.

Fun facts to know and tell about pet ownership:

- Americans will spend about \$40 billion on their pets this year.
- Pets' veterinary care, medicine and supplies will total \$19.7 billion this year.
- \$16.1 billion is what Americans will spend on pet food this year.
- 77 percent of dogs were on medication at some point in 2006.
- 3 percent of dog owners purchased health insurance for their pooches.
- 30 percent of dogs go on vacation with their owners.
- Almost 50 percent of dog owners consider their dog's comfort when purchasing a new vehicle.
- More than 50 percent of dog owners bought their dog a gift in 2006. The average price of that gift was just over \$10.
- The average pet owner will spend \$107 a year on toys and treats.
- 40 percent of dogs and cats are overweight.
- 26 percent of dogs have their own beds.
- 42 percent of dog owners share a bed with their dog.
- 63 percent of cat owners let the cat sleep in their bed. (Source: American Pet Products Manufacturers Association)

Further Reading 2

In the story we find:

Reeves set bottles and glasses on the table.

“There’s cognac”, he said, “and Scotch whiskey and rye. Make your choice.”

Bridger chose rye, Reeves poured some Scotch for himself, Morgan took the same. The sheriff, against much protestation, filled his glass with water...

Study the following names of beverages in English. Learn their translation into Russian.

Make up a dialogue in which as many names of beverages could be used as possible.

Beverages

beverages - напитки
1. Soft drinks - Безалкогольные напитки
Cordial – подслащенный фруктовый напиток.
Lemonade – лимонад, газированный ароматизированный фруктовый напиток.
Pop / Sparkling water – газированный напиток, «шипучка».
Soda – газированная вода, с углекислым натрием.
2. Coffee
White or black? – С молоком или без? (Вопрос о том, как вам подавать чай или кофе)
Espresso - кофе «эспрессо», то есть горячая вода под сильным давлением

пропускается через свежемолотые кофейные зерна.
Caffe latte – кофе «эспрессо» с горячим молоком.
Cappuccino – кофе «эспрессо» с одной третью горячего молока и одной третью молочной пенки.
Macchiato – кофе «эспрессо» с чуточкой горячего и холодного молока.
Mocha – кофе «мокко», то есть caffee latte с шоколадом.
Americano - кофе «эспрессо» с горячей водой.
Single – одна порция кофе «эспрессо».
Double – двойная порция кофе «эспрессо».
Triple – тройная порция кофе «эспрессо» Quadruple – четыре порции кофе «эспрессо»
Skinny – обезжиренное или снятое молоко.
Unleaded – без кофеина.
3. Alcoholic Beverages - Алкогольные напитки
Scrumpy – крепкий сидр (sider – яблочное вино), который разливают в пабах прямо из бочек.
Snake bite - (букв.: «змеиный укус») смесь в равных долях сидра и легкого пива с небольшим количеством малинового напитка.
Whisky – разумеется, "виски". Термин этот является сокращенной формой слова
"whiskybae" или "usquebae", произошедшего от гаэльского (язык шотландских кельтов) словосочетания "uisqge beatha", что означает «вода жизни».
Sweet wine – вино крепленое
Dry wine – вино сухое
Blended whisky – смесь ячменного и пшеничного виски.
Malt whisky – виски из ячменного солода.
Martini - – «мартини», коктейль из джина и сухого вермута (вина, ароматизированного сухими травами), смешанным в пропорции пять к одному.
Neat - значит "чистый", "опрятный". Когда говорят об алкогольных напитках, это означает «чистый, не разбавленный»)
Vodka and lime - смесь водки с соком лайма.
Grain whisky – виски из пшеницы, употребляется обычно в коктейлях.
gin – джин, крепкий алкогольный напиток, изготовленный путем перегонки пшеничного спирта с добавлением ягод можжевельник. Название этого напитка произошло от французского "genièvre", или голландского "jenever", что в обоих случаях означает "juniper" - можжевельник.
tonic – тоник, тонизирующее средство
brandy - "бренди", сокращенно от слова "brandywine", которое произошло от нидерландского "brandewijn" — огненное вино (branden — сжигать; wijn — вино). Это общее название продуктов дистилляции виноградного вина, фруктовой или ягодной браги. Обычно бренди изготавливается именно из виноградного вина путем перегонки. Известный пример: Коньяк - виноградней бренди, который производят в провинции Коньяк (Cognac) во Франции. Американский бренди изготавливают в основном в Калифорнии. Популярные марки: Christian Brothers, Coronet, E&J, Korbel, Paul Masson.
4. Beer – пиво
Сорта пива:

Ale – "эль"; мягче, слаще и темнее обычного пива, подается при комнатной температуре.
Bitter – светлое пиво, крепкое, с горьковатым вкусом; в этом сорте пива высокое содержание алкоголя; подается охлажденным.
Draught (англ.) = draft (амер.) – бочковое пиво.
Lager – светлое пиво с большим, чем в "bitter", содержанием углекислоты; лучше подавать охлажденным.
Lager top – порция пива с добавлением лимонада.
Stout – темное и плотное (из чего и следует его названия) пиво из солода.
Shandy – смесь обычного пива с лимонадом

Convesation

Based on information in Further Reading 1 and 2, discuss the role of pets in people 's life.

Consider why some people have a few pets and others have none; what is the best pet for you (why?); what the choice of a pet depends on (age, interests, character, income, living conditions of the person).

Make use of the Active Vocabulary of Units 1-8.

Список литературы и сетевых источников

<https://allshortstories.wordpress.com/2013/12/31/the-theory-and-the-hound/>

http://www.online-literature.com/o_henry/1059/

<http://fantlab.ru/work250424>

Unit 10

MADAM BO-PEEP, OF THE RANCHES

«Мадам Бо-Пип на ранчо»

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And doesn't know where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
Wagging their tails behind them...

Nursery rhyme

"Aunt Ellen," said Octavia, cheerfully, as she threw her black kid gloves at the Persian cat on the window-seat, "I am a pauper."

"You always say such strange things, Octavia, dear," said Aunt Ellen, looking up from her paper. "If you need some small change for sweets, you may take it from my purse in the drawer of the writing desk."

Octavia Beaupree took off her hat and sat down on a footstool near her aunt's chair. She wore a stylish mourning costume. She had a slim figure, a bright and youthful face and sparkling eyes.

"Dear Auntie," she said, "you do not understand. I have just come from my lawyer, and he told me that there is al-most nothing left after Colonel Beaupree's death."

"Octavia!" exclaimed Aunt Ellen, "I can hardly believe it. Everyone thought he was worth a million!"

Octavia laughed and then became serious.

"The dear old colonel — what a gold brick he was, after all! I paid for my bargain fairly—I'm all here—eyes, fingers, youth, old family, position in society as called for in the contract." Octavia picked up the morning newspaper from the floor. "But I am not going to rail at fortune because I've lost the game." She turned the pages of the news-paper calmly. "Stock market' no use for that. `Society's doings' that is over. Here is my page—`Chambermaids, cooks, stenographers'—"

"Dear," said Aunt Ellen in a trembling voice, "please don't talk like that. Even if your affairs are so bad, there is my three thousand—"

Octavia sprang up and kissed the old lady.

"Dear Auntie, your three thousand is just enough to buy your favourite tea and some cream for the cat. I know I would be welcome but I want to earn my own living. Oh, I had forgotten! There is one thing from the wreck. It is a ranch in Texas. The lawyer was pleased to tell me about tins ranch. I have a description of it in my bag."

Octavia opened her shopping-bag and took out a long envelope filled with typewritten documents.

"A ranch in Texas," sighed Aunt Ellen. "There are centipedes there and cowboys."

"The Rancho de las Sombras," read Octavia from a typewritten paper, "is situated one hundred and ten miles south-east of San Antonio, and thirty-eight miles from its nearest railroad station, Nopal. The ranch consists of 7,680 acres of well-watered land, eight thousand merino sheep, all the necessary equipment, horses, vehicles, etc. The ranch-house is built of brick, and has six rooms furnished according to the requirements of the climate. The ranch is surrounded by a strong barbed-wire fence.

"The present ranch manager is competent and reliable, and is rapidly improving the business that had been neglected before.

"This ranch had been bought by Colonel Beaupree from a Western irrigation syndicate and his right to it seems to be perfect. With good management it can be made the foundation of a comfortable fortune for its owner."

Octavia finished reading. Aunt Ellen looked at the paper with suspicion.

"The prospect," she said, "doesn't say anything about the centipedes. And you never liked mutton, Octavia. I don't see what you can do with this ranch."

But Octavia didn't hear her. Her eyes were fixed on some-thing far away. Her lips were parted, and her face was lighted by the ardent disquiet of the explorer and adventurer. Suddenly she clasped her hands and said:

"The problem solves itself, Auntie. I'm going to that ranch. I shall live there. I shall learn to like mutton and not be afraid of centipedes. It is just what I need. It is a new life that comes when my old one is just ending. It's a release, Auntie. Think of the gallops across the prairies with the wind blowing in your face! It will be glorious! And they will print my picture too, in the newspapers, with the wild cats I have killed hanging from my saddle. And they will print photographs of the old mansion where I used to live and the

church where I was married. 'From Fifth Avenue to the Flocks' is the way they'll headline it. I'll be wild and woolly, and sell wool."

"Octavia!" That was all Aunt Ellen was able to utter.

"Don't say a word, Auntie, I am going. I shall see the sky at night and make friends again with the stars that I haven't looked at since I was a child. I want to go. I am tired of all this. I am glad I haven't any money. I am thankful to Colonel Beaupree for that ranch, and forgive him for all his bubbles. What if my life will be rough and lonely! I—I deserve it. I had shut my heart to everything except that miserable money. I—oh, I want to go away, and forget, forget!"

Octavia slipped suddenly to the floor, hid her flushed face in her aunt's lap and shook with sobs.

Aunt Ellen bent over her and smoothed her brown hair.

"I didn't know," she said gently. "Who was it, dear?"

When Mrs. Octavia Beaupree got off the train in Nopal, she was not so sure of herself as she had been before. The town was very new and seemed to have been hastily constructed of undressed lumber and canvas. The citizens that had gathered at the station seemed to be accustomed to rough life.

Octavia stood on the platform near the post-office and tried to choose in the crowd the manager of her ranch, who was to meet her there. That tall, serious-looking, elderly man in a blue flannel shirt must be he, she thought. But no, he passed by, looking in another direction. Octavia was getting impatient. She didn't like to wait. She continued watching the people on the platform when she suddenly noticed Teddy Westlake hurrying in the direction of the train — eddy Westlake, amateur polo (almost) champion and all-round butterfly.' But now he was broader, surer and he seemed more grown than a year ago when she saw him last.

He noticed Octavia at almost the same time and hurried up to her. He was sun-burnt and seemed quite another man, but when he spoke, the old, boyish Teddy came back again. They had been friends from childhood.

"Why, 'Tave!" he exclaimed, looking very much surprised, "how did you get here?"

I came on this train ten minutes ago," said Octavia. "And what are you doing here, Teddy?"

"I'm working here," said Teddy. He glanced around the station as if looking for someone.

"You didn't notice on the train," he asked, "an old lady with grey curls and a poodle, who occupied two seats with her bundles and quarreled with the conductor, did you?"

"I think not," answered Octavia. "And you haven't noticed here a big, grey-moustached man in a blue shirt with flakes of merino wool sticking in his hair?"

"Lots of them," said Teddy. "Do you know any such person?"

"No; the description is imaginary. And why are you interested in the old lady with a poodle?"

"I never saw her in my life. But she is the owner of the little ranch where I earn my bread arid butter—the Rancho de las Sombras. I came here to meet her."

Octavia leaned against the wall of the post-office. Was this possible? Didn't he know?

"Are you the manager of that ranch?" she asked, weakly.

"I am," said Teddy with pride.

"I am Mrs. Beaupree," said Octavia faintly; "but my hair never would curl and I didn't quarrel with the conductor."

For a moment Teddy seemed very serious and grown-up again.

"I hope you'll excuse me," he said rather awkwardly. "You see, I have been here for a year and I hadn't heard anything. Give me your checks, please, and I'll get your things and put them into the cart."

Soon Octavia was sitting with Teddy in the cart, behind a pair of wild, cream-coloured ponies. They drove out of the little town and down the road towards the south. Soon the road disappeared, and they drove along on a carpet of curly green grass. The wheels made no sound. The tireless ponies ran ahead. The wind brought the fragrance of thousands of blue and yellow wild flowers. Octavia sat silent, feeling very happy. Teddy seemed to be thinking about something.

"I am going to call you Madame," he announced suddenly. "That is what the Mexicans will call you—nearly all the men on the ranch are Mexicans, you know."

"Very well, Mr. Westlake," said Octavia primly.

"Oh, no," said Teddy, somewhat troubled. "That's carrying the thing too far, isn't it?"

"Don't worry me with your beastly etiquette. I am just beginning to live. Don't remind me of anything artificial. This air is wonderful! And—could I—might I drive?" asked Octavia, looking at Teddy with the eyes of an eager child.

"On one condition. Could I — might I smoke?"

"Forever!" cried Octavia, taking the reins. "But how shall I know which way to drive?"

"Keep south-east. Do you see that black spot on the horizon? That is a group of live oaks and a landmark. Drive past that and turn to the little hill on the left. Keep the reins from under the horses' feet and swear at them as often as you can."

"I'm too happy to swear, Teddy. Oh, why do people buy yachts or travel in cars when a cart and a pair of ponies and a spring morning like this are all one can desire?"

They talked as naturally as in the old days, but gradually they began to feel the strangeness of the new relations between them.

"Madame," said Teddy, "how did you get it into your head to leave the city and come here? Is it a fad now among the upper classes to go to sheep ranches instead of health-resorts?"

"I was broke, Teddy," said Octavia, calmly, "I haven't a thing in the world but this ranch—not even any other home to go to."

"You don't mean it?" said Teddy anxiously.

"When my husband," said Octavia, "died three months ago, I thought I was rich. But his lawyer explained my position to me in sixty minutes. Now, tell me, is it a fad among the gilded youth of New York to become ranch managers?"

"It's easily explained in my case," answered Teddy. "I had to go to work. So I talked to old Sandford, who was a member of the syndicate that sold the ranch to Colonel Beaupree and got a place here. I wasn't manager at first. I rode around on ponies and studied the business in detail, until

I began to understand everything. Then Sandford put me in charge. I get a hundred dollars a month."

"Poor Teddy!" said Octavia, with a smile.

"No, I like it. I save half my wages and I am more healthy now than when I played polo."

"Will this ranch give bread and tea and jam for another outcast from civilization?"

"The spring shearing," said the manager, "just cleaned up a deficit in last year's business. The autumn shearing will leave a small profit. Next year there will be jam."

When, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the ponies rode into the Rancho de las Sombras, Octavia gave a little cry of delight. A grove of magnificent live oaks cast a cool shade upon the house. The one-storeyed house was of red brick. A broad gallery encircled the building. Vines climbed about it, and the ground around it was covered with grass and shrubs. A little lake, behind the house, glimmered in the sun. Further away stood the huts of the Mexican workers, the wool sheds and the corrals. To the right lay the low hills; and to the left, the endless green prairie.,

"It's a home," said Octavia, breathlessly, "that's what it is—it's a home."

"Not so bad for a sheep ranch," said Teddy, with pride. A Mexican youth came out and took charge of the ponies. The mistress and the manager entered the house.

"Here's Mrs. MacIntyre," said Teddy, as a neat, elderly lady came out on the gallery to meet them. "Mrs. Mac, this is the boss. Very likely she will want some bacon and a dish of beans after her drive."

Mrs. MacIntyre, the housekeeper, listened to these words about the scantiness of the food resources of the ranch with indignation, and wanted to say something when Octavia spoke:

"Oh, Mrs. MacIntyre, don't apologize for Teddy. Yes, I call him Teddy. You see, we used to play together when we were children. No one minds what he says."

"No," said Teddy, "no one minds what he says, if he doesn't do it again."

Octavia looked at Teddy from beneath her lowered eyelids, but there was nothing in his face to tell her that he was making an allusion. "He has forgotten," thought Octavia.

"Mr. Westlake likes his fun," said Mrs. MacIntyre, as she led Octavia to her rooms. "But," she added, "people around here usually pay attention to what he says when he talks in earnest. I do not know what would have happened to this ranch without him."

Two rooms at the east end of the house had been arranged for the mistress of the ranch. When she entered them she was shocked to see that there was so little furniture in them. But then she remembered that the

climate there was semitropical and the room had been furnished in accordance with the climate. White curtains waved in the gentle wind that came through the large open windows. The bare floor was covered with cool rugs; the wicker chairs were made of willow; the walls were covered with cheerful green wallpaper. One whole side of the sitting-room was covered with books on smooth, unpainted pine shelves. She went up to them at once. Before her was a well-selected library. She began turning the fly-leaves of one book after another. On each book there was the name of Theodore Westlake.

Octavia felt tired after her long journey and she went early to bed that night. She lay on her white, cool bed and rested, but she could not fall asleep for a long time. She listened to the faint noises that reached her — the yelping of the coyotes, the rustle of the wind, the sound of a concertina. She suddenly felt very lonely and she cried. "He has forgotten," were the last words she said to herself before she fell asleep.

The manager of the Rancho de las Sombras usually got up very early and made the rounds of the flocks and camps before anyone else in the house was awake. He always re-turned to the ranch to breakfast at eight o'clock, with Octavia and Mrs. MacIntyre.

A few days after Octavia's arrival Teddy made her get out one of her riding-skirts.

She put it on, mounted a pony and rode with him to look at her possessions. He showed her everything—the flocks of ewes and lambs, the shearing pens, the merino rams, the water-tanks prepared against the summer drought. He was full of boyish enthusiasm, giving account of all he had done for the ranch.

Where was the old Teddy that she knew so well? Where was his sentimentality, his boyish devotion and tenderness? She knew that besides being a follower of fashion and sports' he had also an artistic nature. He used to write and painted a little, and was something of a student in certain branches of art. And he used to share with her all his aspirations and thoughts. But now Teddy showed her only one side of him-self—the side that showed the manager of the Rancho de las Sombras and a jolly friend who had forgiven and forgotten. She remembered the description of the ranch that her lawyer had given her: "the ranch is surrounded by a strong barbed-wire fence."

"Teddy is surrounded by a fence, too," said Octavia to herself.

She understood why it was so. It happened one night at the Hammersmiths' ball. It was soon after she had decided to marry Colonel Beaupree and his millions. Teddy had pro-posed to her with all his fire, and she looked him straight in the eyes and said coldly: "Never let me hear any such silly nonsense from you again." "You won't," said Teddy, with a new expression in his face, and — now Teddy was behind a strong barbed-wire fence.

It was on their first ride together that Teddy began calling her "Madame Bo-Peep" — after the name of Mother-Goose's heroine — because, like that heroine, Octavia was now also looking after sheep. He used this name very often and the Mexicans on the ranch also began calling her "Madame Bo-Peep." And the ranch itself was now very often called "Madame Bo-Peep's ranch."

During the hot season from May to September there is little work on the ranches. Octavia passed the days reading books, writing letters to a few intimate friends, painting. The evenings were more lively. There were horseback rides with Teddy, when the moon gave light over the prairies. Often the Mexicans would come up from their huts with their guitars and sing heart-breaking songs. Sometimes they would just sit and talk on the gallery.

So the nights came, one after another, soft and fragrant nights; but Teddy kept behind his fence.

One July night Madame Bo-Peep and her manager were sitting on the east gallery. Teddy had been talking about the autumn shearing, and was now silently smoking an expensive cigar. Only as bad a judge as a woman could have failed to notice long ago that at least one third of Teddy's salary went to pay for these cigars.

"Teddy," said Octavia, suddenly, "What are you working on this ranch for?"

"One hundred dollars a month," answered Teddy. "I'm going to discharge you."

"You cannot do it," said Teddy, smiling.

"Why not?" asked Octavia.

"According to the contract I have to work here till twelve o'clock at night on December thirty-first. You might get up at midnight on that date and fire me. But if you try to do it sooner I'll be in a position to bring legal proceedings."

Octavia looked thoughtful.

"But," continued Teddy, cheerfully, "I have been thinking of resigning."

Octavia's rocking-chair stopped suddenly. She felt frightened. She thought of the centipedes and the wide lonely prairies. She must know for certain whether Teddy had forgotten or not.

"Oh, well, Teddy," she said, politely, "it is lonely down here; you want to get back to your old life—to polo, theatres and balls."

"I never cared much for balls," said Teddy.

"You are getting old, Teddy; you do not remember. But nobody ever knew you to miss a dance. And sometimes you danced too often with the same partner. What was the name of the girl with whom you danced at the Hammersmiths' ball — Mabel?"

"No, it was Adele," said Teddy.

"Those Hammersmiths," went on Octavia, "had too much money. Mines, wasn't it? Everything at that ball was dread-fully overdone. And it was so hot! The balconies were as warm as the rooms. And there was such a crowd. I—lost-something at that ball," said Octavia meaningly.

"So did I," said Teddy, in a lower voice.

"A glove," said Octavia, "a pearl-grey glove, almost new."

"Caste," said Teddy. "I spent nearly all the evening talking to one of Hammersmith's miners about mines and levels and sluice-boxes. A fine chap, that McArdle! A man that never said any word of silly nonsense in his life. Did you sign those papers, Madame? They must be in the land office to-morrow."

Teddy turned his head lazily. Octavia's chair was empty.

A certain centipede, crawling along the lines marked out by fate, expounded the situation. It happened one morning when Octavia and Mrs. MacIntyre were trimming the honey-suckle on the west gallery. Teddy got

up very early and rode off to look for a flock of sheep that had been driven from their usual place during the night by a thunder-storm.

The centipede crawled out on to the gallery and then, frightened by the screams of the two women, disappeared through the open door of Teddy's room. Octavia and Mrs. MacIntyre armed themselves with brooms and followed it.

Octavia had never been in Teddy's room before. It was the room of a Spartan or a soldier. In one corner stood a big canvas covered bed; in another, a small bookcase; in another, a stand of guns; a large table, covered with letters, papers and documents, occupied one side.

The centipede could be seen nowhere. Mrs. MacIntyre was poking a broom handle behind the bookcase. Octavia came up to Teddy's bed. She thought the horrid centipede might have hidden itself somewhere in the bed to bite Teddy.

She cautiously lifted the pillow and saw a dark, long object lying there. She wanted to cry out to Mrs. MacIntyre for help, but then she noticed that it was not the centipede but a glove, a pearl-grey glove, which was hidden there by the man who said that all he remembered about the Hammersmiths' ball was the talk with the miner.

Octavia hid the glove in the pocket of her summer dress. It was hers. She felt suddenly very happy.

Why was Mrs. MacIntyre poking about the room with a broom?

"I have found it," said Mrs. MacIntyre, shutting the door. "Here it is."

"Did you lose anything?" asked Octavia, politely.

"The little devil!" said Mrs. MacIntyre; "Have you forgotten about it already?"

Together they killed the centipede.

Teddy did not find the glove in its usual place when he returned to the ranch. He found it only in the evening on the moonlit gallery, and it was on Octavia's hand; so Teddy repeated certain words that he had been told never to say again. Teddy's fences were down. The prairies changed to a garden.

A few days later Octavia received a letter from the late Colonel Beaupree's lawyer, in reply to a letter Octavia had sent him. Here is part of what he wrote:

"I cannot understand your interest in the sheep ranch. Two months after you left, I found out that your husband had no right to this ranch. I wrote about it to your manager Mr. Westlake, and he at once bought it for himself. I do not understand how it can be that you do not know anything about this fact."

Octavia met Teddy with an angry look in her eyes.

"What are you working on this ranch for?" she asked him once more.

"One hundred-" he began to repeat, but saw the letter in her hand and knew that the game was up.

"It is my ranch," said Teddy, looking like a schoolboy.

"Why were you working here?" continued Octavia.

"To tell you the truth, 'Tave," said Teddy, "it wasn't for the money. I spent nearly all of it on cigars. You see, I was sent to the South by my doctor. My right lung was getting bad because of over-exercise at polo and gymnastics. I needed a change of climate and rest."

In an instant Octavia was close beside him.

"It's all right now, isn't it, Teddy?"

"Quite all right. I deceived you only in one thing. I paid fifty thousand for your ranch as soon as I found out that you had no right to it. I had the money accumulated at my banker's while I was working here. There is some money there again, 'Tave. I have been thinking of a wedding trip in a yacht through the Mediterranean."

"And I was thinking," said Octavia softly, "of a wedding gallop with my manager through the prairies and a wedding breakfast on the gallery with a sprig of orange-blossom in the red jar on the table."

Translation Practice

Translate from English into Russian:

"The Rancho de las Sombras," read Octavia from a typewritten paper, "is situated one hundred and ten miles south-east of San Antonio, and thirty-eight miles from its nearest railroad station, Nopal. The ranch consists of 7,680 acres of well-watered land, eight thousand merino sheep, all the necessary equipment, horses, vehicles, etc. The ranch-house is built of brick, and has six rooms furnished according to the requirements of the climate. The ranch is surrounded by a strong barbed-wire fence.

"The present ranch manager is competent and reliable, and is rapidly improving the business that had been neglected before."

This ranch had been bought by Colonel Beaupree from a Western irrigation syndicate and his right to it seems to be perfect. With good management it can be made the foundation of a comfortable fortune for its owner."

Active Vocabulary

Bargain – an agreement or contract establishing what each party will give, receive, or perform in a transaction between them – **сделка**. E.g. I paid for my *bargain* fairly—I'm all here—eyes, fingers, youth, old family, position in society as called for in the contract. She needed to have her wits about her to find a way out of this terrible *bargain*.

To be accustomed to- used or inured (to); in the habit (of) - **привыкнуть к**. E.g. The citizens that had gathered at the station seemed *to be accustomed to* rough life. She herself, coming from the Highlands, *was accustomed to* such views.

To crawl - to move slowly, either by dragging the body along the ground or on the hands and knees – **ползти**. E.g. The centipede *crawled* out on to the gallery and then, frightened by the screams of the two women, disappeared through the open door of Teddy's room. He had to *crawl* through about forty miles of jungle with a broken leg.

To deceive – to mislead by deliberate misrepresentation or lies – **обмануть**. E.g. "I *deceived* you only in one thing. I paid fifty thousand for your ranch as soon as I found out that you had no right to it." He didn't want to *deceive* her, nor did he want her to *deceive* him.

To deserve – to be entitled to or worthy of; merit – **заслуживать, заслужить**. E.g. "What if my life will be rough and lonely! I—I *deserve* it." But maybe he'd felt as if he'd been living a life he didn't *deserve*.

To discharge – (to fire, *inf*) - to dismiss from or relieve of duty, office, employment, etc – **уволить**. E.g. "I'm going to *discharge* you." The defence services social work team provide follow up for 12 months after *discharge*.

(To talk) in earnest – with serious or sincere intentions – **(говорить) серьезно**. E.g. "But," she added, "people around here usually pay attention to what he says when he *talks in earnest*." The battle to force Los Angeles to take responsibility for the disaster has been waged *in earnest* for 20 years.

Intimate – characterized by a close or warm personal relationship – **близкий**. E.g. Octavia passed the days reading books, writing letters to a few *intimate* friends, painting.

Mourning – the act or feelings of one who mourns; grief ; the conventional symbols of grief, such as the wearing of black – **траур**. E.g. She wore a stylish *mourning* costume. The first was dressed entirely in black - this would be Philippa, still *mourning* her first lost brother.

Possessions – wealth or property – **собственность, владения, имущество**. E.g. She put it on, mounted a pony and rode with him to look at her *possessions*. He has been away for two years and three months, has no *possessions* left and can't walk.

Active Vocabulary Drill

1. Knowing the ending of the story, retell it as if you were a) Octavia Beaupree, b) Teddy Westlake (150—180 words). Speak about the motives of your character as well as their dreams and ideas. Make use of the Active Vocabulary of Unit 9.

2. Translate from Russian into English. Make use of the Active Vocabulary of Unit 9:

1. Я посчитал наш доход за этот год. Печальная картина. Придется продавать кое-что из имущества.
2. Вы говорите серьезно? Неужели наши дела так плохи? Мне кажется, Вы обманываете меня.
3. Я думаю, нам придется уволить большую часть прислуги, в том числе и управляющего, а Вам самой - заняться ведением хозяйства.
4. Я не заслуживаю такой тяжелой доли. – Все не так страшно. Скоро Вы привыкните и вести хозяйство, и обходиться без слуг. Станете настоящей домохозяйкой.
5. Пожалуйста, перестаньте ругаться. Разве вы не видите, что эта женщина в трауре?! Проявите уважение к ее положению.
6. Сначала ребенок учится ползать, потом стоять и ходить. На все это требуется много сил и терпения.
7. «Это была действительно выгодная сделка. Теперь я – графиня Фонтевиль, владелица замка в окрестностях Парижа!», написала она в письме своей близкой подруге сразу после свадьбы.
8. Клянусь, я ничего не знала о его планах. Он только все время говорил, что заслуживает большего, и скоро его мечта осуществится. Но я никогда не относилась к этому серьезно.

3. Make up a monologue to illustrate one of the proverbs and sayings (120-150 words):

- Let the sleeping dog lie.
- A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.
- Like cow, like calf.
- Curiosity killed the cat.

Make use of the Active Vocabulary of Unit 9. Underline the Active Vocabulary you are using.

Grammar Reference and Practice

Translate the sentences into Russian and comment on the use of the pronoun *it*. In the story we find:

If you need some small change for sweets, you may take *it* from my purse in the drawer of the writing desk.

It is a ranch in Texas.

This ranch had been bought by Colonel Beaupree from a Western irrigation syndicate and his right to it seems to be perfect.

It is just what I need. *It* is a new life that comes when my old one is just ending. *It's* a release, Auntie.

Oh, no," said Teddy, somewhat troubled. "That's carrying the thing too far, isn't *it*?"

"Madame," said Teddy, "how did you get *it* into your head to leave the city and come here? Is *it* a fad now among the upper classes to go to sheep ranches instead of health-resorts?"

"You don't mean *it*?" said Teddy anxiously.

Vines climbed about *it*, and the ground around *it* was covered with grass and shrubs.

"No," said Teddy, "no one minds what he says, if he doesn't do *it* again."

It happened one night at the Hammersmiths' ball. *It* was soon after she had decided to marry Colonel Beaupree and his millions.

It happened one morning when Octavia and Mrs. MacIntyre were trimming the honey-suckle on the west gallery.

"I have found it," said Mrs. MacIntyre, shutting the door. "Here *it* is."

Dialogue

Make use of the Active Vocabulary of Unit 9. Make up and act out a dialogue between:

1) Octavia and her imaginary intimate friend who came to visit them on the ranch beginning with:

- *So, now you are Octavia Westlake...*
- *Yes, and I'm awfully happy about it!*
- *But how did it happen? Had he forgiven you...?*

2) Teddy and his imaginary friend who came to visit them on the ranch beginning with:

- *So, now you are the owner of the ranch in the middle of nowhere...*
- *Yes, and I'm a married man, by the way...*
- *But how did it happen? You are a famous polo-player, a dancer and theater-goer...*

Further Reading 1

In the story we find: "He showed her everything – the flocks of ewes and lambs, the shearing pens, the merino rams...." This is an example of ESP – English for Specific Purposes: Agriculture. Translate the information below into Russian to extend your Farm Animals Vocabulary. Make up a short description of a farm in Russian (100-120 words). Exchange your descriptions with your group mates and translate them into English. Discuss the translation difficulties you had to cope with while doing it.

All about farm animals!

Farm animals in North America are collectively called livestock (cows, horses, pigs, etc.).

Poultry is the collective term for birds raised on a farm for meat and eggs (chicken, ducks, turkey, etc.).

Farm animals have been domesticated. They are animals that have been tamed and trained for work (or to live with humans).

The opposite of tamed and domesticated animals is wild animals (or animals that live in the wild). Cattle (commonly known as 'cows') - a male is a bull - a male that has had its sex organs removed and is used mainly for meat is a steer - a female is a cow - a baby is a calf - a group of cattle is a herd, (a herd of cattle, a herd of cows) - meat from cattle is called beef, meat from calves is called veal - the sound a cow makes is moo.

Chickens - a male chicken is a rooster - a female chicken is a hen - a baby is a chick - a hen lays eggs; when the chicks hatch (come out of the eggs), the hen has a brood of chicks - a group of chickens is a flock, (a flock of chickens) - a chicken clucks (verb) to make a sound, and the sound it makes is cluck (noun) - meat from a chicken is... chicken

NOTES: - chick is also a slang word for a young girl (it is sometimes considered offensive) - a brood is also used to describe all the children in a big family

Donkeys - a male donkey is a jack or a jackass - a female donkey is a jenny - a baby donkey is a colt or a foal - a donkey brays (verb) when it makes a sound, and the sound it makes is hee haw (in American English) or eeyore (in British English, where the 'r' is not pronounced) - donkeys are kept on farms mainly for labour, not for their meat.

NOTES: - donkeys are thought to be dumb animals, so the term jackass now also means a stupid person in English (it is a very impolite and sometimes offensive word) - Eeyore is also the name of the donkey in the stories of Winnie-the-Pooh.

Goats - a male goat is a buck or a billy (a billy goat) - a female goat is a nanny (a nanny goat) - a baby goat is a kid (yes, the same word for a young human!) - a goat bleats (verb), but there is no word for the sound it makes - meat from a goat is called... goat meat.

Horses - a male horse is a stallion; if the horse is used to breed (to produce more horses), it is called a stud - a female horse is a mare - a baby horse is a foal (male – colt, female – filly) - the sound horse makes is neigh; a horse also whinnies (makes a high sound) - horse meat is not eaten in North America.

NOTES: - a pony is a small horse (it could mean a child horse, or it could mean a breed of horses that is smaller than others) - stud is also a word used jokingly to describe a young, attractive man who has no problem finding women to have sex with; an even funnier term is stud muffin - the word horse is used in a lot of idioms in English; here's one of them: Wild horses couldn't drag it out of me! = I will not tell you my secret ['it' = secret information]!

Pigs - a male pig is a boar - a female pig is a sow - a baby pig is a piglet; a female pig gives birth to a litter of piglets - the sound a pig makes is oink - pig meat is called pork.

NOTES: - pigs can't fly, but a common expression in English is when pigs fly, meaning something will never happen! He says he'll get a Mac when pigs fly! It can also be used to answer a question: "Do you think you'll get into Harvard?" "When pigs fly!"

Sheep *The singular and plural forms of sheep are the same: 1 sheep, 2 sheep, 3 sheep etc. - a male sheep is a buck or ram - a female sheep is an ewe - a baby sheep is a lamb - a group of sheep is a flock (a flock of sheep) - when a sheep bleats (verb), the sound it makes is baa - the meat from an adult sheep is called mutton; the meat from a lamb is... lamb.

NOTES: - in North American pop culture, counting sheep has become a common reference for sleep or insomnia (the inability to sleep); people who can't sleep are told to imagine sheep jumping over a fence and then count them – a task so boring that it is supposed to put the person back to sleep!

Turkey - a male turkey is a tom - a female turkey is a hen- a baby turkey is a poult - the sound a turkey makes is gobble - meat from a turkey is... turkey

NOTES: - a turkey is also a play or film that is failure or a flop, and it is also a silly, stupid, foolish person - if you quit something cold turkey (like smoking), you just stop doing it, suddenly and completely, with no help

Список литературы и сетевых источников

<http://www.online-literature.com/donne/1028/>

http://www.kinomania.ru/film/8171/people/creators/998x180_takoekino_3.swf/

<http://fantlab.ru/work252050>

Unit 11

PROOF OF THE PUDDING

"Попробовали — убедились"

'The proof of the pudding' is just shorthand for 'the proof of the pudding is in the eating'

Editor Westbrook of the Minerva Magazine had lunched in his favourite restaurant in a Broadway hotel and was returning to his office, when, for no reason whatsoever, he turned eastward, crossed the Fifth Avenue and found himself in a quiet corner of the little park in Madison Square. Editor Westbrook's spirit was contented and serene.

The April number of the Minerva Magazine had sold its entire edition before the tenth day of the month. The owners of the magazine had raised the editor's salary and the morning papers had published in full a speech he had made at a banquet. The gay notes of a splendid song his charming young wife had sung to him before he left home this morning were echoing in his mind.

His wife had been taking great interest in music lately and sang the whole day. When he praised her on the improvement of her voice, she was overjoyed. As Editor Westbrook was walking between the rows of park benches, he felt his sleeve grasped and held.' He turned a cold and severe face and saw that it was — Dawe-Shackleford Dawe, almost ragged.

While the editor is pulling himself out of his surprise we offer the reader the biography of Dawe's. He was a writer of fiction and an old acquaintance of Westbrook. At one time they might have called each other friends. In those days Dawe had some money and lived in a decent house near the Westbrook's. The two

families often went to theatres and dinners together. Mrs. Dawe and Mrs. Westbrook became "dearest" friends.

Then one day Dawe lost all his money and moved to the poorest part of the city. Dawe thought to live by writing fiction. Now and then he sold a story. Many of them he sent to Westbrook, but only one or two of them were printed in the *Minerva Magazine*; the rest were returned. With each of the stories Westbrook sent a letter pointing out his reasons for his refusal to print the story. Editor Westbrook had his own clear idea of what good fiction is. So had Dawe.

Mrs. Dawe was now mainly concerned about the cooking and she and Dawe never talked about art. As far as this from success was Dawe when he grasped Editor Westbrook's sleeve in Madison Square.

"Why, Dawe, is this you?" said Westbrook, somewhat awkwardly.

"Sit down for a minute," said Dawe. "This is my office. I can't come to yours looking as I do."

"Smoke, Dawe?" asked the editor, sitting down cautiously on the green bench. Dawe snapped at the cigar.

"I have just-" began the editor.

"Oh, I know; don't finish. You have just ten minutes to spare. Give me a match."

"How goes the writing?" asked the editor.

"Look at me for your answer and don't ask me why I don't get a job. I know I can write good fiction and I shall make you, editors, admit it."

Editor Westbrook looked through his glasses with a sorrowful, sceptical expression. "Have you read the last story I sent you?" asked Dawe.

"Carefully. It had some good points. I was writing you a letter to send with it, when it goes back. I regret..."

"Never mind the regrets," said Dawe, grimly.

"What I want to know is WHY. Come, now; out with the good points first."

"The story," said Westbrook, "is written around an almost original plot. Construction is almost good, except for a few weak points. It is a good story, I have always told you that you had a style. You work like an artist. And then you turn into a photographer, and spoil everything by being so ordinary and commonplace."

"Oh, nonsense!" cried Dawe getting hot. "You've got that old notion of yours yet. When the man with the black moustache kidnaps golden-haired Bessie, you expect her mother to kneel and raise her hands and say: 'May high heaven witness that I will rest neither night nor day till the heartless villain who has stolen my child feels the weight of a mother's vengeance!'"

Editor Westbrook smiled. "I think," he said, "that in real life the woman would express herself in those words or in very similar ones."

"Only on the stage," said Dawe. "I'll tell you what she would say in real life. She would say: 'What! Bessie led away by a strange man? Good God! It's one trouble after another! Give me my hat, I must hurry to the

police station. Why wasn't somebody looking after her, I'd like to know? For God's sake, get out of my way, or I'll never get ready. Bessie must have been mad; she's usually shy of strangers. Oh, God! How I'm upset! That's how she would talk; people in real life don't talk blank verse at emotional crises. They simply can't do it. They use the same words they use every day.

"Shack," said Editor Westbrook, "did you ever pick up the mangled dead body of a child from under the wheels of a tram and carry it in your arms and lay it down before the mother? Did you ever do this and listen to the words of grief from the mother's lips?"

"I never did," said Dawe. "Did you?"

"Well, no," said the editor. "But I can well imagine what she would say."

"So can I," said Dawe.

"My dear Dawe," said Editor Westbrook, "if I know anything of life I know that every sudden, deep, and tragic emotion prompts the man to express it in appropriate language. The words used on such occasions are different from the words we use every day as much as the roar of a lioness from which her little ones were taken differs from her customary purr."

And with these words the editor looked at his watch, "Say, Westbrook," said Dawe, holding him by the sleeve, "would you have accepted my last story if you had believed that the actions and words of the characters were true to life?"

"Perhaps I would, if I believed it, but I don't."

"And if I could prove to you that I'm right?"

"How could you do that?"

"Listen," said Dawe, seriously. "If you give me about half an hour of your time, I'll prove to you that I'm right. I'll prove it by Louise."

"Your wife?" exclaimed Westbrook. "But how?"

"Not exactly by her, but with her. You know how devoted and loving Louise has always been. She has been even more faithful to me lately."

"Indeed, she is a charming and wonderful life companion," agreed Editor Westbrook. "I remember what great friends she and Mrs. Westbrook once were. You must bring Mrs. Dawe up some evening. "

"Later," said Dawe, "when I get another shirt. And now I'll tell you my plan. When I was about to leave home this morning, Louise told me she was going to visit her aunt. She said she would return home at 3 o'clock. She is always on time to a minute. It is now -"

Dawe glanced towards the editor's watch pocket.

"Twenty-seven minutes to three," said Westbrook, consulting his watch.

"We have enough time," said Dawe. "We shall go to my flat at once. I shall write a note, address it to her and leave it on the table where she will see it as she enters the room. You and I will be in the dining-room behind the half-closed door. In that note I'll say that I have left her forever with a woman who understands

art as she never did. When she reads it we shall observe her actions and hear her words. Then we shall know which theory is the correct one — yours or mine."

"Oh, never!" exclaimed the editor. "That would be too cruel. I couldn't consent to have Mrs. Dawe's feelings played upon in such a manner."

"Brace up!" said Dawe, "I guess I think of her as much as you do. It's for her benefit as well as mine. I've got to get a market for my stories in some way. It won't hurt Louise. She is healthy and sound. It'll last only a minute, and then I'll step out and explain to her. You really ought to give me the chance, Westbrook."

The editor agreed at last.

The two experimenters in Art left the Square and hurried eastward. Soon they came to a dirty house and climbed up a dirty stairway to the fifth storey. Dawe opened the door of one of the flats. Westbrook saw, with feelings of pity, how poor the rooms were.

"Get a chair, if you can find one," said Dawe, "while I try to find pen and ink. Hallo, what's this? Here is a note from Louise. She must have left it there when she went out this morning."

He picked up an envelope and tore it open.

He began to read the letter aloud and he read it through to the end. These are the words Editor Westbrook heard:

"DEAR SHACKLEFORD,

By the time you get this letter I shall be a hundred miles away. I've got a place in the chorus of the Occidental Opera Company, and we are leaving to-day at twelve o'clock. I didn't want to starve to death and decided to make my own living. I'm not coming back. Mrs. Westbrook is going with me. She said she was tired of living with a combination of phonograph, iceberg, and dictionary (which means her husband) and she is not coming back either. We've been practising the songs and dances for two months on the quiet.

Good -bye,

LOUISE."

Dawe dropped the letter, covered his face with his trembling hands and cried out in a deep, vibrating voice:

"My God, why have you given me this cup to drink? Since she is false, then let Faith and Love become the jesting by-words of traitors."

Editor Westbrook's glasses fell to the floor as he cried out the following:

"Say, Dawe, isn't that a hell of a note? Wouldn't that knock you off your perch, Dawe? Isn't it hell, now, Dawe - isn't it?"

Translation Practice. Translate from Russian into English:

"Oh, nonsense!" cried Dawe getting hot. "You've got that old notion of yours yet. When the man with the black moustache kidnaps golden-haired Bessie, you expect her mother to kneel and raise her hands and

say: 'May high heaven witness that I will rest neither night nor day till the heartless villain who has stolen my child feels the weight of a mother's vengeance!'"

Editor Westbrook smiled. "I think," he said, "that in real life the woman would express herself in those words or in very similar ones."

"Only on the stage," said Dawe. "I'll tell you what she would say in real life. She would say: 'What! Bessie led away by a strange man? Good God! It's one trouble after another! Give me my hat, I must hurry to the police station. Why wasn't somebody looking after her, I'd like to know? For God's sake, get out of my way, or I'll never get ready. Bessie must have been mad; she's usually shy of strangers. Oh, God! How I'm upset!' That's how she would talk; people in real life don't talk blank verse at emotional crises. They simply can't do it. They use the same words they use every day..."

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Active Vocabulary

To admit – to confess or acknowledge – **признавать (вину, правоту)**. E.g. "I know I can write good fiction and I shall make you, editors, *admit* it." He is the first to *admit* that he has driven himself to the point of nervous collapse more than once.

Benefit – advantage or sake – **выгода, польза**. E.g. "I guess I think of her as much as you do. It's for her *benefit* as well as mine." He endured physical pain and made many sacrifices for the *benefit* of other beings.

Decent – polite or respectable; proper and suitable; fitting – **приличный**. E.g. In those days Dawe had some money and lived in a *decent* house near the Westbrook's. He said, "The last three or four years has shown that the Common Agricultural Policy cannot guarantee farmers a *decent* income."

Faithful – reliable or truthful – **верный, преданный**. E.g. "You know how devoted and loving Louise has always been. She has been even more *faithful* to me lately." The child followed Adrina like a *faithful* shadow, afraid to let her out of his sight.

Improve - to make or become better in quality; ameliorate – **улучшить**.

Improvement – something that improves, esp an addition or alteration – **улучшения**. E.g. When he praised her on the *improvement* of her voice, she was overjoyed. But perhaps the greatest benefit of her stay with them was the *improvement* in Benedict.

Occasion – an opportunity (to do something); chance; a special event, time, or celebration – **случай, событие**. E.g. The words used on such *occasions* are different from the words we use every day as much

as the roar of a lioness from which her little ones were taken differs from her customary purr. "The dinner at Usher's was obviously a very special *occasion*.

To prompt – to refresh the memory of – **подсказывать, подталкивать**. E.g. "My dear Dawe," said Editor Westbrook, "if I know anything of life I know that every sudden, deep, and tragic emotion *prompts* the man to express it in appropriate language." Some you'll know, even if you don't remember them... I'll *prompt* you.

Salary - a fixed regular payment made by an employer, often monthly, for professional or office work as opposed to manual work – **зарплата, оплата труда («белые воротнички»)**. E.g. The owners of the magazine had raised the editor's *salary* and the morning papers had published in full a speech he had made at a banquet. I anticipate qualifying as a chartered accountant within the next few months and expect my *salary* to increase rapidly.

Active Vocabulary Drill

1. Make up ten questions of different types the answers to which could serve as the outline of the main events of the story. In each of the questions make use of the Active Vocabulary of Unit 10. Ask the questions to your group mates.

2. Translate from Russian into English. Make use of the Active Vocabulary of Unit 10:

1. По-моему, он вполне приличный молодой человек, и тебе стоит принять его приглашение в театр.
2. Я признаю, что был неправ. Жаль, что я не сделал этого сразу – Лучше поздно, чем никогда.
3. Какое счастье иметь таких верных друзей, как вы, мои дорогие! Действительно, друг познается в беде.
4. Его зарплаты достаточно, чтобы оплатить аренду дома в хорошем районе Лондона и основные потребности молодого человека его возраста.
5. Для меня в этом деле нет никакой выгоды. Я просто искренне хочу им помочь.
6. Дом, конечно, старый, но после того, как были произведены кое-какие улучшения, в нем еще вполне можно жить.
7. Этот случай с Мэри подтолкнул меня к решению переехать в Йорк. О чем я ничуть не жалею.
8. Это событие ждал весь город - не так часто их посещает королева.

3. Make up a monologue on one of the following topics (120-150 words):

- The Worst Book I've ever Read
- Why I would (not) like to be a writer
- The Proof of the Pudding...

Make use of the Active Vocabulary of Unit 10. Underline the Active Vocabulary you are using.

Grammar Reference and Practice

Translate the sentences into Russian and comment on the use of the Absolute Pronouns. In the story we find:

"Sit down for a minute," said Dawe. "This is my office.

I can't come to *yours* looking as I do."

"Oh, nonsense!" cried Dawe getting hot. "You've got that old notion of *yours* yet.

When she reads it we shall observe her actions and hear her words. Then we shall know which theory is the correct one—*yours or mine*

I guess I think of her as much as you do. It's for her benefit as well as *mine*.

Conversation 1. "The Proof of the Pudding..."

Discuss the ending of the story:

Dawe dropped the letter, covered his face with his trembling hands and cried out in a deep, vibrating voice:

"My God, why have you given me this cup to drink? Since she is false, then let Faith and Love become the jesting by-words of traitors."

Editor Westbrook's glasses fell to the floor as he cried out the following:

"Say, Dawe, isn't that a hell of a note? Wouldn't that knock you off your perch, Dawe? Isn't it hell, now, Dawe - isn't it?"

Think of the motives of behaviour of the four characters: Mr Dawe, Mrs Dawe, Editor Westbrook, Mrs Westbrook. Who do you think these words belong to? How do they characterise the men and women in the story?

They use the same words they use every day.

..every sudden, deep, and tragic emotion prompts the man to express it in appropriate language.

She has been even more faithful to me lately.

I didn't want to starve to death and decided to make my own living.

She said she was tired of living with a combination of phonograph, iceberg, and dictionary (which means her husband) and she is not coming back either.

How well did they know each other? How well did they know themselves?

Find other quotations in the text to prove your ideas

Список литературы и сетевых источников

<http://www.phrases.org.uk/meanings/proof-of-the-pudding.html>

<http://www.enotes.com/homework-help/review-proof-pudding-by-o-henry-264561>

http://www.literaturecollection.com/a/o_henry/202/

<http://www.slideshare.net/CantDecideMyUsername/proof-of-the-pudding-44135392>

Unit 12

A BLACKJACK BARGAINER

"Сделка"

Blackjack, also known as twenty-one, is the most widely played casino banking game in the world

On a dull June day Yancey Goree was sitting in his little law office which faced the main street of the town of Bethel. There were no clients, and it was so still that through the open back door of the office Goree could hear the voices of the sheriff, the county clerk and the attorney who were playing poker in the courthouse. They played poker every day, but Goree couldn't join them as he had already lost all that he had ever had—a few thousand dollars that he had inherited, the old family home, and, finally, his self-respect. The broken gambler had become a drunkard and a parasite. His former companions did not let him take part in the game. His word was no longer to be taken.

After a drink of corn whiskey Goree sprawled in his creaky old armchair and looked out of the window. In the distance he could see the mountains, and, on the side of Blackjack, he could see Laurel, the village near which he had been born. There, also, was the birthplace of the feud between the Gorees and the Coltranes.

Now none of the Gorees was left alive except the unfortunate Yancey. To the Coltranes, also, only one man was left—Colonel Abner Coltrane a member of the State Legislature and a contemporary of Goree's father.

But Yancey Goree was not thinking of feuds. His brain was busy with the problem of getting some money. Of late, old friends of the family had seen to it that he had what to eat and a place to sleep, but they would not buy whiskey for him and he must have whiskey. His law business had come to an end; no case had been intrusted to him in two years. He had borrowed money from everyone. One more chance—he was saying to himself—if he had one more stake at the game, he thought he could win; but he had nothing left to sell and his credit was more than exhausted.

He could not help smiling, though, as he thought of the man to whom, six months before, he had sold the old Goree homestead. There had come from "there" in the mountains two of the strangest creatures — a man named Pike Garvey his wife. For twenty years they had lived in a cabin high up Blackjack, in the wildest part of the hills. They had neither dog nor children to break the heavy silence of the mountains. Pike Garvey was little known in the villages, but those who knew him considered him quite crazy. He was a squirrel hunter, but he "moonshined" from time to time. Once he was arrested for it and sent to the state prison for two years.

When he was released, Pike returned to his cabin and continued his squirrel hunting. One day a party of prospectors appeared near the Garveys' cabin. Pike lifted his squirrel rifle and shot at them for he had taken them for representatives of law and justice. Happily he missed. Later on, they offered the Garveys an enormous sum of money for their thirty acre patch of cleared land, mentioning as an excuse, some nonsense about a bed of mica underlying that patch.

When the Garveys got so many dollars that they could hardly count them, they began to feel how very uncomfortable their life on Blackjack was. Pike began to talk about buying new shoes, a huge box of tobacco, a new lock to his rifle and a small cannon to defend their cabin from any intrusion by representatives of the law.

But Mrs. Garvey coldly rejected Pike's proposed system of fortifications, and announced that they would descend upon the world and enter "society."

And so at last it was decided. The village of Laurel was their compromise between Mrs. Garvey's wish to live in town and Pike's love for the wild mountains.

Their arrival at Laurel coincided with Yancey Goree's desire to sell his family home for ready cash, so they bought the old Goree homestead and paid four thousand dollars into the spendthrift's shaking hands.

So it happened that while the last of the Gorees sat alone in his disreputable office, strangers lived in his family home.

A cloud of dust was rolling up the main street, and when it came nearer, a new, brightly painted vehicle, drawn by a grey horse, became visible. The vehicle slowed down as it reached Goree's office and stopped in front of his door.

On the front seat sat a tall man in a black suit, with yellow kid gloves on his hands. On the back seat was a stout lady in a silk dress. She sat erect, waving a fan, with her eyes fixed stonily far down the street.

Goree watched the equipage, as it drove to his door, with only faint interest; but when the tall man awkwardly descended and stepped into his office, Goree recognized Pike Garvey and rose to receive him.

The mountaineer took the chair Goree offered him. Goree was at a loss to account for the visit.

"Everything all right at Laurel, Mr. Garvey?" he asked.

"Everything all right, sir, and we are very pleased with the place. Mrs. Garvey said she wanted society, and she is getting plenty of it. The Rogerses, the Hapgoods, the Pratts, and the Troys have been to see Mrs. Garvey, and she has been to dinner at their houses. The best folks have asked her to their parties. I can't say, Mr. Goree, that I like all these things very much—I belong there." Garvey's huge hand pointed in the direction of the mountains. "But that isn't what I came to say to you, Mr. Goree. There is something that I and Mrs. Garvey want to buy from you."

"Buy!" repeated Goree. "From me?" then he laughed loudly. "I suppose you are mistaken about that. I have sold everything I had. There is nothing left to sell."

"But there is, and we want it," said Garvey.

Goree shook his head. "I don't understand you," he said. "Well," said the mountaineer, "It's that. We were poor when we lived in the mountains, and now we are rich and can have folks to dinner every day. Mrs. Garvey says we have been recognized by the best society. But there is one thing that we haven't got."

Garvey threw his hat upon the table and fixed his eyes on Goree's.

"There is an old feud," he said, distinctly and slowly, "between you and the Coltranes. Mrs. Garvey has studied all about feuds. Most of the quality folks in the mountains have them. But we have none. 'Take the money then,' said Mrs. Garvey, 'and buy Mr. Goree's feud, fair and square.' "

The squirrel hunter drew a roll of bills from his pocket, and threw them on the table.

"Here are two hundred dollars, Mr. Goree," he said, "that's a fair price for a feud that has run down as yours has. And you are not a very good shot. I'll take it off your hands, and I and Mrs. Garvey shall become quality folks."

The little roll of bills on the table slowly untwisted itself. In the silence that followed Garvey's last words Goree could hear the voices from the court-house again. He knew that the sheriff had just won a lot of

money, for the tone of his voice was such with which he always greeted a victory. Beads of perspiration appeared on Goree's forehead. He took a bottle of whiskey from under the table, and filled a glass from it.

"Some whiskey, Mr. Garvey? Of course you are joking about—about this feud?" Goree laughed self-consciously.

The mountaineer took the glass Goree handed him, and drank the whiskey. Goree filled a glass for himself and drank it like a drunkard, by gulps.

"Two hundred," repeated Garvey. "There's the money." Goree suddenly became angry. He struck the table with his fist.

"Do you come to me," he shouted, "seriously with such a ridiculous, insulting proposition?"

"It's fair and square," said the squirrel hunter, but he reached out his hand as if to take the money back. And then Goree knew that he had been angry not with the man, but with himself, because he knew he would take the money in the end.

"Don't be in a hurry, Garvey," he said in a shaky voice, "I accept your proposition, though I consider it too cheap at two hundred.

Shall I wrap it up for you, Mr. Garvey?"

Garvey rose. "Mrs. Garvey will be very pleased," he said. "So you are out of it, and now the feud is between Coltrane and Garvey. Well, you are a lawyer, Mr. Goree, will you just write a little note, to show we traded."

Goree seized a sheet of paper and a pen. He had the money in his hand. Everything else seemed unimportant now. "Here's the bill of sale," said Goree with a loud laugh, handing the paper to the mountaineer. Garvey put it carefully in his pocket.

Goree was standing near the window. "Come up here," he said, "and I shall show you the enemy you've just bought. There he goes, on the other side of the street."

The squirrel hunter looked out of the window. Colonel Abner Coltrane, an erect, portly gentleman of about fifty in a long, double-breasted black coat, worn by the members of the State Legislature, and an old high silk hat, was passing on the opposite sidewalk. As Garvey looked, Goree glanced at his face. It wore a horrible expression reminding one of the face of a hungry wolf.

"Is that he?" said Garvey. "Why, that's the man who sent me to prison once!"

"He used to be the district attorney," said Goree carelessly. "And, by the way, he is a first-class shot."

"I can hit a squirrel's eye from a hundred yards," said Garvey. "So that's Coltrane! I made a better trade than I thought. I'll take care of this feud, Mr. Goree, better than you ever did."

He moved to the door, but stopped there, hesitatingly.

"Anything else to-day?" asked Goree, with sarcasm. "Any family traditions? Prices are very low."

"There was another thing," said the squirrel hunter, "that Mrs. Garvey was thinking of. There's your family burying ground in the yard under the cedars. There lie your relatives who had been killed by the Coltranes.

The monuments have their names on them, but those names can be changed to 'Garvey'. Mrs. Garvey says that if we get the feud we ought to get the-

"Go! Go!" screamed Goree, shaking his fist at Garvey, his face turning purple.

The squirrel hunter went out of the door to his equipage.

Goree collected the money that had fallen from his hand to the floor and hurried along the patch to the court-house.

At three o'clock in the morning the sheriff, the county clerk, and the attorney brought him back to his office unconscious, and laid him on the table.

"A man who drinks as much as he does, mustn't play poker. I wonder how much he lost to-night," said the attorney.

"Something about two hundred," said the sheriff. "What I wonder is where he got it. Yancey hadn't a cent for over a month, I know."

"Maybe he got a client. Well, let's go home now before daylight. He will be all right when he wakes up."

For a long time Goree lay on the table without moving. But when the morning light lit tip the room Goree stirred. This movement sent a heavy law book onto the floor, with a crash. Opening his eyes, Goree saw, bending over him, a man in a long black coat. Looking higher, he saw an old high silk hat and the kind face of Colonel Abner Coltrane.

The Colonel waited for Goree to recognize him.' For twenty years the male members of these two families hadn't faced each other in peace. Goree smiled.

"Have you brought Stella and Lucy here to play with me?" he said, calmly. "Do you know me, Yancey?" asked Coltrane.

"Of course I do. You brought me a whip and a whistle once."

So he had —twenty-four years ago, when Yancey's father was Coltrane's best friend.

Coltrane brought some cold water and gave it to Goree to drink. Presently Goree sat up.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I must have drunk too much whiskey last night and gone to bed on the table." He looked puzzled.

"Have you been somewhere?" asked Coltrane, kindly. "No, I went nowhere. I haven't had a dollar to spend for the last two months."

Colonel Coltrane touched him on the shoulder.

"A little while ago, Yancey," he began, "you asked me if I had brought Stella and Lucy to play with you. You weren't quite awake then, and, I suppose, you were dreaming you were a boy again. You are awake now and I want you to listen to me. I have come from Stella and Lucy to their old playmate, and to my old friend's son. I want you to come to my house and stay until you are yourself again. Will you come, my boy? Will you forget the old family trouble and come with me?"

"Trouble!" said Goree opening his eyes wide. "There was never any trouble between us. But, Colonel, how can I go to your home as I am—a miserable drunkard, a spend-thrift, a gambler—"

He dropped into his armchair and began to weep with shame. It was not easy for the Colonel to persuade Goree to come with him. So, finally, he told Goree that he needed his help in the transportation of a large amount of timber from the hills to the river. He knew, that Goree had once invented a special device for this purpose, and was very proud of it.

Now Goree was delighted at the idea that he could be of use to anyone. He took a sheet of paper and began to draw the device with his shaking hand.

The town of Bethel was greatly surprised that afternoon when Coltrane and Goree rode together through the town. Side by side they rode, down to the bridge and then up towards the mountains. Goree had washed himself and combed his hair, and looked more decent now, but he was unsteady in the saddle. Once he was seized by a shaking fit. He had to get down and rest by the side of the road.

The Colonel took out a small flask of whiskey and offered it to Goree, but he refused it angrily and said he would never touch it again. Presently he recovered and they rode quietly for a mile or two. Then Goree suddenly said:

"I lost two hundred dollars last night when I was playing poker. Now, where did I get that money?"

"Take it easy, Yancey . . . You will soon feel better in the mountain air. We'll go fishing at the waterfall. We'll ask Stella and Lucy to come with us and we'll have a picnic on Eagle Rock."

It was clear that the Colonel did not believe Goree's story of the lost money. They drove on in silence. Now they were quite near Laurel. Every rock that Goree passed, every tree, every turn of the road was familiar to him. They crossed a stream and drove past the old apple orchard that had once belonged to the Gorees. But the house was yet hidden by a hill.

Suddenly both Goree and Coltrane heard a rustle coming from the apple orchard, and, glancing up, they saw a wolfish face above the fence, staring at them with pale, unwinking eyes. Then the face quickly disappeared, and a figure ran up the orchard in the direction of the house.

"That's Garvey," said Coltrane. "The man to whom you sold your house. Why, what 's the matter with you, Yancey?"

Goree was wiping his forehead, and his face had lost its colour. "I have just remembered a few more things," he said. "I know now where I got that two hundred dollars."

"Don't think of it," said Coltrane, cheerfully.

They rode on, but when they reached the hill Goree stopped.

"Did you ever think that I was a very vain fellow, Colonel?" he asked.

"Especially about my clothes?"

"I remember," replied Coltrane, "that when you were about twenty you were very good-looking and always well-dressed."

"You are right," said Goree. "I want to ask you to do something for me. In a few minutes we shall pass the house where I was born and where my people have lived for nearly a century. Strangers live there now—and look at me! I look not better than a beggar! Colonel Coltrane, I am ashamed of my clothes. I want you to let me wear your coat and hat until we are out of sight. I know you'll think it foolish, but I want to make as good a showing as I can when I pass the old home."

Coltrane was greatly surprised, but he was already un-buttoning his coat. The coat and hat fitted Goree well. He and Coltrane were nearly the same size. There were twenty-five years between them, but in appearance they might have been brothers, Goree looked older than his age. Coltrane put on Goree's old coat and faded hat.

"Now," said Goree, "I am all right. I want you to ride about ten feet behind me as we go by, Colonel, so that they can get a good look at me. Let's ride on."

Goree sat straight in the saddle, but his eyes were turned to the right, looking attentively at the shrub behind the fence of his old home. Once he muttered to himself: "Will the crazy fool try to do it, or did I dream it?"

It was when he came opposite the family burying ground that he saw a puff of white smoke coming from the cedars in one corner. He fell so slowly to the left that Coltrane had time to catch him with one arm.

The squirrel hunter had not overpraised his aim. He had sent the bullet where he intended and where Goree had expected it would pass—through the breast of Colonel Abner Coltrane's black coat.

Goree did not fall; the Colonel's arm kept him steady in the saddle. Then Goree saw the little white houses of Laurel and turned his eyes to Coltrane.

"Good friend," he said, and that was all. Thus did Yancey Goree, as he rode past his old home, make the best showing that was in his power.

Translation Practice

Translate from English from Russian:

1. His former companions did not let him take part in the game.
2. They had neither dog nor children to break the heavy silence of the mountains
3. Their arrival at Laurel coincided with Yancey Goree's desire to sell his family home for ready cash, so they bought the old Goree homestead and paid four thousand dollars into the spendthrift's shaking hands.
4. The mountaineer took the chair Goree offered him. Goree was at a loss to account for the visit.
5. The little roll of bills on the table slowly untwisted itself.
6. Colonel Abner Coltrane, an erect, portly gentleman of about fifty in a long, double-breasted black coat, worn by the members of the State Legislature, and an old high silk hat, was passing on the opposite sidewalk.
7. At three o'clock in the morning the sheriff, the county clerk, and the attorney brought him back to his office unconscious, and laid him on the table.
8. But when the morning light lit tip the room Goree stirred. This movement sent a heavy law book onto the floor, with a crash.
9. You weren't quite awake then, and, I suppose, you were dreaming you were a boy again

10. Once he was seized by a shaking fit.
11. Side by side they rode, down to the bridge and then up towards the mountains.
12. Goree was wiping his forehead, and his face had lost its colour
13. There were twenty-five years between them, but in appearance they might have been brothers, Goree looked older than his age.
14. It was when he came opposite the family burying ground that he saw a puff of white smoke coming from the cedars in one corner
15. Thus did Yancey Goree, as he rode past his old home, make the best showing that was in his power.

Active Vocabulary

To coincide - to occur or exist simultaneously; to be identical in nature, character, etc – **совпадать**. E.g. Their arrival at Laurel *coincided* with Yancey Goree's desire to sell his family home for ready cash, so they bought the old Goree homestead and paid four thousand dollars into the spendthrift's shaking hands. In the first place, your interests and Miss Radovich's may not totally *coincide*.

To descend - to move, pass, or go down (a hill, slope, staircase, etc) – **спускаться**. E.g. Goree watched the equipage, as it drove to his door, with only faint interest; but when the tall man awkwardly *descended* and stepped into his office, Goree recognized Pike Garvey and rose to receive him. There was a ladder, but Burnell felt no great inclination to *descend*.

To exhaust - to drain the energy of; tire out - **истощать**. **Exhausted** - tired and deprived of energy - **измученный истощенный**. E.g. One more chance—he was saying to himself—if he had one more stake at the game, he thought he could win; but he had nothing left to sell and his credit was more than *exhausted*. One morning I found my best bull, *exhausted*, only just able to stand.

To face - to look or be situated or placed (in a specified direction); to be opposite - **выходить окнами на**. E.g. On a dull June day Yancey Goree was sitting in his little law office which *faced* the main street of the town of Bethel. The house *faces* on the square.

Feud [fju:d] - long and bitter hostility between two families, clans, or individuals; vendetta - **мечь, вражда**. E.g. There, also, was the birthplace of the *feud* between the Gorees and the Coltranes. The *feud* between the Ambani brothers, two of India's richest businessmen, has the country enthralled.

A gambler - a person who plays games of chance to win money – **игрок**. **To gamble** - to play games of chance to win money - **играть в азартные игры**. E.g. The broken *gambler* had become a drunkard and a parasite. They don't want it to *gamble* with their money or to take unreasonable risks.

To persuade - to cause to believe; convince – **убедить**. E.g. It was not easy for the Colonel to *persuade* Goree to come with him. He could almost *persuade* himself that Abramov knew only part of the story.

A prospector - a person who searches for the natural occurrence of gold, petroleum, etc - **разведчик; золотоискатель**. E.g. One day a party of *prospectors* appeared near the Garveys' cabin. He realised, as he said, that he was a lone *prospector* with very limited facilities and that he was flying by the seat of his pants.

Ridiculous - worthy of or exciting ridicule; absurd, preposterous, laughable, or contemptible - **нелепый**. E.g. "Do you come to me," he shouted, "seriously with such a *ridiculous*, insulting proposition?" And to wait three weeks is *ridiculous*, when they haven't even been here in the first place.

Self-consciously - in a manner that suggests you are unduly aware of yourself as the object of the attention of others - **скромно, застенчиво**. E.g. "Some whiskey, Mr. Garvey? Of course you are joking about—about this feud?" Goree laughed *self-consciously*. As we all watch her approach, she smiles *self-consciously*, and slips quietly into the back row of chairs.

A stake- the money that a player has available for gambling - **ставка(в игре)**. E.g. One more chance—he was saying to himself—if he had one more *stake* at the game, he thought he could win; but he had nothing left to sell and his credit was more than exhausted.

To trade - to buy and sell (commercial merchandise) - **торговаться, сторговаться**. E.g. "Well, you are a lawyer, Mr. Goree, will you just write a little note, to show we traded." While it is possible to *trade* off between categories, the overall efficiency of production must be maintained.

Active Vocabulary Drill

1. **Make up 10 sentences that contain factually incorrect information about the text. Give the statements to your groupmates so that they could correct them. In each sentence make use of the Active Vocabulary of Unit 11. While correcting the sentences mind the conversational formulas that allow you to sound polite:**

I am afraid, you are wrong...

Let me disagree with you here...

I am afraid, I have to disagree...

On the contrary, ...

Sorry, but..

It's hard to believe, bit...

2. **Translate from Russian into English. Make use of the Active Vocabulary of Unit 11:**

1. Что за нелепые шутки?! На кону жизнь и честь человека, а вы веселитесь.

2. Когда золотоискатель наконец добрался до города, ему еще долго пришлось торговаться с хозяином магазина, чтобы получить за камень свои деньги.

3. Похоже, этот молодой человек ужасно застенчив – или молчит, или говорит нелепые вещи. Видимо, это его первое свидание.

4. Описания двух домов совершенно совпадают – белые, двухэтажные, выходят окнами на городской парк.

5. Как нелепо выглядит этот золотоискатель в вечернем костюме! Ему бы больше пошли джинсы и рабочая куртка.

6. Какое совпадение! Наша компания тоже собирается участвовать в этой торговой ярмарке.

7. Да, - ответила она с застенчивой улыбкой и покраснела. Через месяц молодая индианка и золотоискатель поженились и жили долго и счастливо.

8. Семейная вражда (месть) настигла его в возрасте 65 лет, когда он спускался по лестнице своего дома на ранчо Лас Пальмас.

9. Он попытался убедить меня, что это простое совпадение, но я не поверила ему. Уж слишком высоки были ставки в этой игре!

10. Когда я спускался по лестнице Дворца Правосудия, я лицом к лицу столкнулся с моим старым знакомым – Грязным Майком

Grammar Reference and Practice

Comment on the use of Articles with Names of Persons. In the story we find:

"There, also, was the birthplace of the feud between the Gorees and the Coltranes. Now none of the Gorees was left alive except the unfortunate Yancey. To the Coltranes, also, only one man was left—Colonel Abner Coltrane a member of the State Legislature and a contemporary of Goree's father."

One day a party of prospectors appeared near the Garveys' cabin.

The vehicle slowed down as it reached Goree's office and stopped in front of his door.

The Rogerses, the Hapgoods, the Pratts, and the Troys have been to see Mrs. Garvey, and she has been to dinner at their houses.

...But, Colonel, how can I go to your home as I am—a miserable drunkard, a spend-thrift, a gambler—" He dropped into his armchair and began to weep with shame. It was not easy for the Colonel to persuade Goree to come with him.."

Conversation

Who do these words belong to? How do they characterize the person who said them the one who they were said about? What do you think of the idea of the feud in general? Is this phenomenon possible nowadays? In the story we find:

I can't say, Mr. Goree, that I like all these things very much—I belong there." Garvey's huge hand pointed in the direction of the mountains. "

. His brain was busy with the problem of getting some money. Of late, old friends of the family had seen to it that he had what to eat and a place to sleep, but they would not buy whiskey for him and he must have whiskey. His law business had come to an end; no case had been entrusted to him in two years. He had borrowed money from everyone. One more chance—he was saying to himself—if he had one more stake at the game, he thought he could win; but he had nothing left to sell and his credit was more than exhausted.

Mrs. Garvey has studied all about feuds. Most of the quality folks in the mountains have them. But we have none. "Take the money then," said Mrs. Garvey, "and buy Mr. Goree's feud, fair and square."

And then he knew that he had been angry not with the man, but with himself, because he knew he would take the money in the end.

"There was another thing," said the squirrel hunter, "that Mrs. Garvey was thinking of. There's your family burying ground in the yard under the cedars. There lie your relatives who had been killed by the Coltranes. The monuments have their names on them, but those names can be changed to 'Garvey'. Mrs. Garvey says that if we get the feud we ought to get the—"

I have come from Stella and Lucy to their old playmate, and to my old friend's son. I want you to come to my house and stay until you are yourself again. Will you come, my boy? Will you forget the old family trouble and come with me?"

Colonel Coltrane, I am ashamed of my clothes. I want you to let me wear your coat and hat until we are out of sight. I know you'll think it foolish, but I want to make as good a showing as I can when I pass the old home.

Discussion

Read the information below about the plans of the RF government to establish Azov-city, the only legal gambling center, like Las Vegas, Nevada, US. Think of and discuss the advantages and disadvantages of the project for the Azov region and the country in general. Consider geographical, climatic, economical, ecological, ethical aspects of the problem.

After a ban on gambling outside special areas, the first legal casino opened Saturday in the southern Krasnodar region.

The president of the Kazan-based Royal Time Company, Rashid Taimasov, received an official document allowing his company to carry out gambling activities at the Casino "Oracle" in Azov City.

The interior of the casino is designed in golden hues. The walls are draped to separate recreational areas from gambling tables. There are more than 200 slot machines and ten gambling tables in the casino, occupying an area of 1,500 square metres on the Azov Sea coast located at the border between the Krasnodar region and the Rostov region.

Royal Time Company is planning to invest from four to four and a half billion roubles (\$150 mln) in the development of the gambling business within the next three to four years.

"Oracle will be the central facility in a future resort area which, apart from the casino, will have an aqua park and other entertainment spots," said Rashid Taimasov. "A cottage settlement for comfortable accommodation of our guests may be built in the future."

The regional authorities are planning to implement the Azov City project in several stages. At the moment, 150 hectares of land around the Molchanovka farmstead are being developed.

The territory is divided into 20 land plots with an area from 2 to 21 hectares. They are being offered to investors on long-term lease contracts. Four land plots in Azov City don't have an investor. An auction is scheduled for mid-February.

The absence of hotels in Azov City remains a big problem. In the beginning, guests will have to be accommodated in a hotel in neighbouring villages and towns. Buses will bring gamblers from Rostov-on-Don (100 km) and Krasnodar (250 km) free of charge. Taxis will be arranged for VIP guests.

"At first, only the authorities believed that Azov City would work. Now, investors also have this confidence. However, some of them are still unprepared to undertake commitments and open their facilities on time," said Aleksey Agafonov, the vice-governor of the Krasnodar region. "But if everything goes according to plan, Azov City will earn about 200 billion Roubles in taxes by 2022."

A federal law on state regulation of gambling activities came into force in Russia on January 1, 2007. The law provides for the creation of four gambling zones where gambling enterprises can be set up: in the Kaliningrad region, the Altai region, the Primoyre in the Far East as well as between the Rostov region and the Krasnodar region in southern Russia.

Elsewhere in Russia, gambling has been declared illegal.

In the story we find:

Write a report (180-200 words) on Gambling in the USA, based on the information provided in Further Reading, Unit 11. Speak on the reasons and suggest the possible measures to fight the spread of gambling in the country. If necessary, refer to the information on "How to write a report" in Unit 11. Use the Active vocabulary of Unit 11 (5-6 words).

"Goree could hear the voices of the sheriff, the county clerk and the attorney who were playing poker in the court-house. They played poker every day, but Goree couldn't join them as he had already lost all that he had ever had — a few thousand dollars that he had inherited, the old family home, and, finally, his self-respect. The broken gambler had become a drunkard and a parasite. His former companions did not let him take part in the game. His word was no longer to be taken..."

Список литературы и сетевых источников

http://www.literaturecollection.com/a/o_henry/296/

<http://www.silentera.com/PSFL/data/B/BlackjackBargainer1918.html>

<http://www.citwf.com/film39096.htm>

Unit 13

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS

"One thousand dollars," repeated Lawyer Tolman solemnly, "and here is the money."

Young Gillian took the thin package of new fifty-dollar notes.

"It's such an awkward sum of money," he said to the lawyer. I don't know what to do with it. I know how I could have spent ten thousand dollars. Even fifty dollars would have been less trouble."

"You heard your uncle's will," continued Lawyer Tolman, "I do not know if you paid attention to its details. I must remind you of one. You have to give us an account of the manner in which you spend this \$1000. I believe you will fulfil this wish of the late Mr. Gillian."

"Certainly," replied the young man.

Gillian went to his club. There he found a friend of his who was known by the name of Old Bryson.

Old Bryson was sitting in a corner of the room reading a book. When he saw Gillian, he sighed, laid down his book and took off his glasses.

"Hello, Old Bryson," said Gillian. "I have a funny story to tell you."

"I wish you would tell it to some one else," said Old Bryson. "You know how I hate your stories."

"This is a better one than usual," said Gillian, "and I want to tell it to you. I have just come from my late uncle's lawyers. He has left me a thousand dollars. Now, what can a man do with a thousand dollars?"

"I thought," said Old Bryson, "that the late Mr. Gillian was worth something like half a million."

"He was," Gillian agreed, "but he left all his money to a microbe. That is part of it goes to a man who invents a new microbe, -and the rest to establish a hospital that would do away with it again. There are two more people who got a ring and \$10 each—the butler and the housekeeper. His nephew gets \$1000.

"Any other heirs?" asked Old Bryson.

"There is a Miss Hayden, a ward of my uncle, who lived in his house. She's a quiet girl—musical—the daughter of one of my uncle's friends. I forgot to say that she also got a ring and \$10. Now, really, Bryson, tell me what a fellow can do with a thousand dollars?"

Old Bryson smiled.

"A thousand dollars," he said, "means much or little. One man may buy a happy home with it. Another could send his wife South and save her life. A thousand dollars would buy milk for one hundred babies during June, July and August and save fifty of their lives. It would pay for the education of an ambitious boy. A picture of Corot was sold for this sum at an auction yesterday. You could go to a little town and live decently for two years on \$1000.

"Oh, Bryson, don't moralize," said Gillian, "I asked you to tell me what I could do with a thousand dollars."

"You?" said Bryson, with a laugh. "Why, Bobby Gillian, there is only one thing you can do. You can buy a diamond necklace for Miss Lauriere with the money and then go to the West and live on a sheep ranch."

"Thanks," said Gillian, rising. "That's exactly what I'll do. I wanted to spend the money in a lump, because I have to turn in an account for it, and I hate itemizing." Gillian took a taxi and said to the driver:

"The stage entrance of the Columbine Theatre."

Miss Lauriere was almost ready for her call at the performance when her dresser said that Mr. Gillian wanted to see her.

"Let him in," she said. "Now, what is it, Bobby? I'm going in two minutes."

"Oh, I won't take more than two minutes," said Gillian. "What would you say if I gave you a thousand dollar necklace?"

"As you wish," replied Miss Lauriere. "By the way, did you see the necklace Della Stacey wore last night? It cost 2,500 dollars."

"Miss Lauriere!" cried the call boy.

Gillian went out to where his taxi was waiting.

"What would you do with a thousand dollars if you had it?" he asked the driver.

"I would open a saloon," answered the driver. "I know a place that would be wonderful for a saloon. If you want to invest a capital I can show you—"

"No, thank you. I just asked from curiosity. Drive till I tell you to stop."

They drove silently for a while, then Gillian said suddenly: "I forgot something. You may drive to the law offices of Tolman and Sharp, on Broadway."

Lawyer Tolman looked at Gillian with surprise as he entered the office.

"I beg your pardon," said Gillian, cheerfully, "but may I ask you a question? Has my uncle left anything to Miss Hayden besides the ring and the \$10?"

"Nothing," said Mr. Tolman.

"I thank you very much, sir," said Gillian, and went out to his taxi. He gave the driver the address of his late uncle's home.

Miss Hayden, dressed in black, was writing letters in the library. She was small and slender and she had beautiful eyes.

The door of the library opened and Gillian came in.

"I've just come from Mr. Tolman," he explained. "They have been going over the papers there and found"—Gillian tried hard to recall the legal term—"a codicil to the will. It seemed that the old man left you a thousand dollars. I was driving up this way and Mr. Tolman asked me to bring you the money. Here it is."

And Gillian laid the money beside her on the desk.

Miss Hayden turned white, "Oh," she said, and again "Oh!"

Gillian turned to the window. "I suppose," he said in a low voice, "that you know that I love you."

"I am sorry, " said Miss Hayden, taking the money. "There is no use?" asked Gillian.

"I am sorry," she said again.

"May I write a note?" asked Gillian, with a smile. He sat down at the big library table. She gave him a pen and some paper and then went back to her desk.

Gillian made out his account of his expenditure of the thousand dollars in these words:

"Paid by Robert Gillian \$1000 for the happiness of the best and dearest woman on earth."

Gillian put the note into an envelope, bowed and went out.

His taxi stopped again at the offices of Tolman and Sharp.

"I have spent the thousand dollars," he said cheerfully to Tolman, "and here is the account," And he put the white envelope on the lawyer's table.

Without touching the envelope, Mr. Tolman went to the door and called his partner, Mr. Sharp. Together they opened a large safe and took out a big envelope sealed with wax. They opened it and, together, they read the contents of the document that was inside. Then Mr. Tolman spoke.

"Mr. Gillian," he said, formally, "there was a codicil to your uncle's will. It was given to us privately, with instructions not to open it until you have given us a full account of how you spent the thousand dollars. As you have already done so, my partner and I have read the codicil. As it is written in legal phraseology, I'll tell you its contents in simpler language.

"If you have spent the \$1000 in a way that deserves reward, that is, if your disposal of the money has been prudent, wise, or unselfish, you are to get \$50,000.

But if you have used this money as you have used money in the past— the \$50,000 is to be paid to Miriam Hayden—ward of the late Mr. Gillian. Now, Mr. Gillian, Mr. Sharp and I shall look through your account."

Mr. Tolman reached for the envelope. But Gillian was a little quicker than he. He seized the envelope and tore the account into pieces and put them into his pocket."It's all right," he said, smilingly. "You needn't bother about this. I have lost all the money on the races. Good-day to you, gentlemen." He went out of the office, whistling gaily in the corridor as he waited for the lift.

Translation Practice

Translate from English into Russian:

Without touching the envelope, Mr. Tolman went to the door and called his partner, Mr. Sharp. Together they opened a large safe and took out a big envelope sealed with wax. They opened it and, together, they read the contents of the document that was inside. Then Mr. Tolman spoke.

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Active Vocabulary

An account - a verbal or written report, description, or narration of some occurrence, event, etc; assessment; judgment - **счет, отчет**. E.g. "I have to turn in an *account* for it, and I hate itemizing." Three out of 10 said a current *account* was their most important financial product.

Contents - everything that is inside a container; a list, printed at the front of a book, of chapters or divisions together with the number of the first page of each - **содержание, содержимое**. E.g. They opened it and, together, they read the *contents* of the document that was inside. Among its *contents* is a one-page feature on her late husband, the actor Al Waxman, who died two years ago.

To do away with - to kill or destroy - **покончить с**. E.g. That is part of it goes to a man who invents a new microbe, -and the rest to establish a hospital that would *do away with* it again. There was no reason for them to *do away with* her if she couldn't or wouldn't work for them.

To fulfil -to finish or reach the end of; to carry out or execute (a request, etc) - **исполнить. Выполнить**. E.g. "I believe you will *fulfil* this wish of the late Mr. Gillian." Anyway, he had a feeling he'd not get to meet them at all if he didn't *fulfil* their basic requirements.

A necklace - a chain, band, or cord, often bearing beads, pearls, jewels, etc, worn around the neck as an ornament, esp by women - **ожерелье**. E.g. "You can buy a diamond *necklace* for Miss Lauriere with the money and then go to the West and live on a sheep ranch." She changed her earrings, swapped her rings and watch back, put on her pearl *necklace* and brushed out her hair.

Prudent - discreet or cautious in managing one's activities; circumspect; practical and careful in providing for the future - **экономный, бережливый**. E.g. "If you have spent the \$1000 in a way that deserves reward, that is, if your disposal of the money has been *prudent*, wise, or unselfish, you are to get \$50,000". Best was given his own newspaper column; he rejoined the after-dinner speaking circuit; and he made some *prudent* property investments.

A will - the declaration of a person's wishes regarding the disposal of his or her property after death - **завещание, воля**. E.g. "You heard your uncle's *will*," continued Lawyer Tolman, "I do not know if you paid attention to its details.

Active Vocabulary Drill

1. Knowing the ending of the story, retell it as if you were

- 1) Miss Hayden
- 2) Mr Tolman
- 3) Mr Gillian (150 – 180 words)

Render in the retelling the character of your hero (heroine). Make use of the Active Vocabulary of Unit 11.

2. Translate from Russian into English. Make use of the Active Vocabulary of Unit 9:

1. В своей речи кандидат в мэры обещал покончить с безработицей в нашем городе. Удастся ли ему выполнить свое обещание?
2. Содержание вашего доклада не соответствует теме исследования.
3. Пожалуйста, подготовьте отчет о том, как вы израсходовали средства на этот проект.
4. Я не знаю, сможем ли мы выполнить условия завещания покойного дядюшки Тома.

5. Он очень бережлива. Поэтому за год ей удалось накопить на поездку к морю.
6. Когда мы сможем покончить с курением в общественных местах, дышать в городе станет легче.
7. Это ожерелье мне подарила бабушка. Поэтому оно так дорого для меня.
8. Содержание завещания вызывает сомнения. Боюсь, это подделка.
9. Если Вы будете достаточно бережливы, сможете выплатить долг в течение двух-трех лет.
10. Единственное, что оставил мне дедушка в своем завещании, - это ожерелье. Но оно стоит целое состояние.

Grammar Reference and Practice

Comment on the use of the Indefinite Article. In the story we find:

"It's such an awkward sum of money," he said to the lawyer

There he found a friend of his who was known by the name of Old Bryson.

He has left me a thousand dollars. Now, what can a man do with a thousand dollars?"

"There is a Miss Hayden, a ward of my uncle, who lived in his house

I forgot to say that she also got a ring and \$10.

A picture of Corot was sold for this sum at an auction yesterday. You could go to a little town and live decently for two years on \$1000.

I have to turn in an account for it, and I hate itemizing."

"What would you say if I gave you a thousand dollar necklace?"

I know a place that would be wonderful for a saloon. If you want to invest a capital I can show you-"

She gave him a pen and some paper and then went back to her desk.

Gillian put the note into an envelope, bowed and went out.

Further Reading and Comprehension 1.

In the story we find:

"There is a Miss Hayden, a ward of my uncle, who lived in his house. She's a quiet girl—musical teacher of the daughter of one of my uncle's friends."

Study the musical instruments below. Which of them can you play? Which of them would (not) you like to learn to play? Which of them do (not) like to listen to?

String instruments / Strings – струнные инструменты: "violin [ˌvaɪəˈlɪn] – скрипка

viola [viˈəʊlə] – альт

cello [ˈtʃeləʊ] – виолончель

(double) bass [ˈdʌblˈbeɪs] – контрабас

music stand – нотный пюпитр

bow [bəʊ] – смычок

strings – струны

guitar pick – медиатор, плектор
 (acoustic) guitar [gi'ta:] – (акустическая) гитара
 electric guitar [i'lektrik gi'ta:] – электрогитара
 bass guitar ['beis gi'ta:] – бас гитара
 banjo ['bændʒəʊ] – банджо
 harp [hɑ:p] – арфа
 lyre ['laɪə] – лира
 gusli – гусли
 lute [lu:t] – лютня

Brass instruments – медные духовые инструменты: trumpet ['trʌmpɪt] – труба
 trombone [trɒm'bəʊn] – тромбон
 French horn ['frentʃ 'hɔ:n] – валторна
 tuba ['tju:bə] – туба

Percussion instruments [pə'kʌʃn] – ударные инструменты, перкуссия: drums [drʌmz] – барабаны
 cymbals ['sɪmbəlz] – тарелки
 tambourine [ˌtæmbə'ri:n] – бубен, тамбурин
 xylophone ['zaɪləfəʊn] – ксилофон
 bell – колокольчик
 gong [gɒŋ] – гонг
 triangle ['traɪæŋɡl] – треугольник

Drum kit / Drum set – ударная установка: drum sticks – барабанные палочки
 bass drum – бас-барабан (большой барабан)
 tom-tom drum – том-том
 floor tom – напольный том-том
 hanging tom – том-том на стойке (подвесной)
 snare drum – малый барабан
 hi-hat – хай-хэт (вид тарелок)

Woodwind instruments / Woodwinds [ˈwʊdwindz] – деревянные духовые инструменты: piccolo
 ['pɪkələʊ] – пикколо (малая флейта)
 flute [flu:t] – флейта
 clarinet [ˌklærə'net] – кларнет
 oboe ['əʊbəʊ] – гобой
 recorder [rɪ'kɔ:də] – блок-флейта saxophone ['sæksəfəʊn] – саксофон
 bassoon [bə'su:n] – фагот
 bagpipes ['bæɡpaɪps] – волынка

Essay

Search the Internet for a true story of extravagant behaviour of people in love towards their beloved (120-150 words). Imagine yourself in this situation. Could you have done the same? Why? Make use of the Active Vocabulary of Units 1-12 (5-6 words). In the story we find:

"I suppose," he said in low voice, "that you know that I love you."

"I am sorry," she said Miss Hayden, taking the money.

"There is no use?" asked Gillian.

"I am sorry," she said again. "...

"If you have spent the \$1000 in a way that deserves reward, that is, if your disposal of the money has been prudent, wise, or unselfish, you are to get \$50,000. But if you have used this money as you have used money in the past—the \$50,000 is to be paid to Miriam Hayden—ward of the late Mr. Gillian. Now, Mr. Gillian, Mr. Sharp and I shall look through your account."

Mr. Tolman reached for the envelope. But Gillian was a little quicker than he. He seized the envelope and tore the account into pieces and put them into his pocket.

"It's all right," he said, smilingly. "You needn't bother about this. I have lost all the money on the races. Good-day to you, gentlemen." He went out of the office, whistling gaily in the corridor as he waited for the lift."

Personal Letter

Write a letter that Miriam Hayden could write to Mr. Gillian after she had learned all the truth about what he had done for her (120-150 words). Make use of the Active Vocabulary of Units 1-12 (5-6 words). Underline the Active Vocabulary you are using.

Conversation

"It's such an awkward sum of money..."

Imagine you inherited 1000 dollars from your relative. What would you do with the money? Why? (50-60 words)

Список литературы и сетевых источников

<http://www.correctenglish.ru/reading/literature/o-henry/one-thousand-dollars/>

http://www.online-literature.com/o_henry/voice-city/9/

<http://learningenglish.voanews.com/content/short-story-one-thousand-dollars-by-o-henry-127613863/114531.html>