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международных отношений, истории и востоковедения Высшая
школа иностранных языков и перевода**

**Практический курс
I иностранного (английского) языка:
лексико-грамматический и стилистический
аспекты**

(III курс)

**Направление обучения: 45.03.02 Лингвистика
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Данное учебное пособие составлено в помощь преподавателям и студентам, обучающимся по направлению «Лингвистика» на III курсе. Пособие состоит из 3 частей, в которых представлены тексты и упражнения, составленные в соответствии с требованиями ООП по **Практическому курсу первого иностранного (английского) языка (III курс)**. В I части пособия представлен комплекс текстов и тренировочных упражнений по формированию лексико-грамматических навыков по всем темам базового УМК под рук. В.Д. Аракина «Практический курс английского языка» (III курс). Во II части студентам и преподавателям предлагаются тексты - художественные произведения британских и американских авторов для чтения, перевода и обсуждения, а также базового стилистического анализа. В III части представлены для реферирования статьи из британских и американских газет и журналов по темам, изучаемым на III курсе в соответствии с требованиями ООП по Практическому курсу первого иностранного (английского) языка.

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ПРЕДИСЛОВИЕ

Данное учебное пособие предназначено для организации практических занятий и самостоятельной работы студентов по освоению дисциплины Б1.В.ОД.1 **Практический курс первого иностранного (английского) языка** студентами третьего курса очной и очно-заочной форм обучения, обучающимися по направлению *Лингвистика*.

Пособие состоит из трех частей, в которых представлены тексты, задания и упражнения в соответствии с рекомендациями ООП по *Практическому курсу первого иностранного (английского) языка*.

Первая часть представляет собой комплекс текстов и тренировочных упражнений по формированию лексико-грамматических навыков по всем темам базового УМК В.Д. Аракина «Практический курс английского языка» (3 курс), 2006 г.: **Unit 1. Changing Patterns of Leisure. Unit 2. Man and the Movies. Unit 3. English Schooling. Unit 4. Bringing up Children. Unit 5. Painting. Unit 6. Feelings and Emotions. Unit 7. Talking about People. Unit 8. Man and Nature.** Цель предложенных упражнений - совершенствование навыков и умений практического владения устной и письменной речью и переход к использованию английского языка как средства расширения общего и лингвистического кругозора.

Во второй части пособия студентам и преподавателям предлагаются тексты - художественные произведения британских и американских авторов для чтения, перевода и обсуждения, а также стилистического анализа. Тексты для анализа представлены в авторской редакции с учетом особенностей британского и американского варианта английского языка.

В третьей части представлены рекомендуемые для реферирования статьи из британских газет и журналов по всем темам, изучаемым на III курсе в соответствии с требованиями ООП по *Практическому курсу первого иностранного (английского) языка*. Во второй и третьей частях представлены образцы анализа текстов и реферирования газетных и журнальных статей в качестве образцов для изучения, сравнения и обсуждения. В двух приложениях содержатся схемы и клише для стилистического анализа художественных текстов и реферирования газетных статей.

Целью применения учебного пособия является развитие у студентов основ лингвистической и коммуникативной компетенции, устойчивого интереса к изучению иностранного языка; развитие у студентов умения наблюдать языковые явления, устанавливать между ними лингвистические связи. Для этого в данном учебном пособии студентам и преподавателям предлагается большое количество текстов на чтение, обсуждение и разные виды перевода, а также задания на реферирование и аннотирование. Важной частью процесса изучения курса является выполнение студентами языковых, условно-речевых и коммуникативных заданий, предполагающих активное использование лексических единиц, относящихся к различным областям знаний и деятельности. Особое внимание уделяется заданиям коммуникативного плана, развитию монологической речи (подготовленной и неподготовленной), групповому обсуждению. На занятии преподавателю необходимо создать

обстановку общения на предлагаемые в пособии темы на английском языке. Обращение к родному языку необходимо и неизбежно, так как одной из задач данного курса является формирование и развитие навыков выбора адекватного перевода той или иной лексической единицы в соответствующем контексте.

В результате освоения дисциплины *Практический курс первого иностранного (английского) языка* у студентов должны сформироваться следующие профессиональные компетенции: ОПК-10 - способность использовать этикетные формулы в устной и письменной коммуникации; ОПК-3 - владение системой лингвистических знаний, включающей в себя знание основных фонетических, лексических, грамматических, словообразовательных явлений и закономерностей функционирования изучаемого иностранного языка; ОПК-5 - владение основными дискурсивными способами реализации коммуникативных целей высказывания применительно к особенностям текущего коммуникативного контекста; ОПК-7 - способность свободно выражать свои мысли, адекватно используя разнообразные языковые средства с целью выделения релевантной информации.

При регулярном использовании в процессе обучения данное учебное пособие, составленное в соответствии с требованиями ООП по *Практическому курсу первого иностранного (английского) языка*, позволяет повысить уровень владения указанными выше базовыми компетенциями и подготовить студентов-лингвистов к использованию иностранного (английского) языка в профессиональной деятельности.

FOREWORD

This **Study Guide** is recommended as the teacher and learner's manual to assist in practical lessons and individual work of the third year full-time and part-time students majoring in *Linguistics* and studying *The Practical Course of the First Foreign Language (English)*.

The **Study Guide** is thematically organized and consists of three parts. The **first part** contains texts and practice tasks to improve students' lexical and grammatical skills on all themes of the basic training package *Practical Course of the English Language* by V.D. Arakin. It is divided accordingly into 8 units: **Unit 1. Changing Patterns of Leisure. Unit 2. Man and the Movies. Unit 3. English Schooling. Unit 4. Bringing up Children. Unit 5. Painting. Unit 6. Feelings and Emotions. Unit 7. Talking about People. Unit 8. Man and Nature.** The **second part** includes literary works by English and American writers aimed at improving students' skills of reading, translation, discussion and literary analysis. The **third part** provides articles for rendering from English and American newspapers on the units and themes studied by third-year students. Both parts are provided with samples and plans to cater for the improvement of students' skills of literary interpretation and rendering an article rendering skills.

The aim of the **Study Guide** is developing both basics of linguistic and communication competencies of future linguists and a sustainable professional interest in learning English.

PART I
BASIC PRACTICAL COURSE DRILL

UNIT 1
CHANGING PATTERNS OF LEISURE

1. Paraphrase using Speech Patterns:

1. They said they had run out of butter and asked me to fetch it. 2. She talked to her teacher for about one hour. 3. The thought that if he might have deceived her, should never have come to him. 4. I can't give you a good mark for this work; it seems to me it's not a report, it's just an essay. 5. It would be wonderful if you went to London; you could master your language there.

2. Translate the sentences using Speech Patterns:

1. Это никуда не годится. Лучше исправь ошибку в тексте. 2. Дом был похож скорее на развалины старинного замка, чем на дворец. 3. Он прожил в этой гостинице около недели. 4. Он подумал, что это был бы удобный случай напомнить Джейн о ее обязательстве. 5. Никогда бы не подумала, что он так глуп. 6. К сожалению, у нас совсем не оставалось денег, а то я бы купила пальто. 7. Это никуда не годится! Нельзя же быть таким рассеянным! 8. Поторопись! У нас совсем не осталось времени. 9. Ни за что бы не подумала, что написание такого простого натюрморта занимает столько времени. 10. Это был бы подходящий случай обсудить наши планы.

3. Read and translate the biographical sketch of J.K. Jerome. Point out the most important facts of his biography that might influence his writing manner:

Jerome K. Jerome is a British writer of the Victorian period, best known for his comic novels. His most famous and enduring work is *Three Men in a Boat*.

Jerome Klapka Jerome was born in the village of Caldmore, near Birmingham in Central England. Jerome's father was an ironmonger and a non-conformist preacher. The family enjoyed a middle-class lifestyle for many years, although a series of bad investments forced them into poverty when Jerome was two years old. Because of this, the family had to leave their house, and Jerome spent his childhood as a poor boy ("Jerome the Man"). Jerome's financial situation went from bad to worse at age 13, when his father died. Two years later, his mother passed away, and Jerome was forced to drop out of grammar school to work menial jobs.

Despite these difficult circumstances, Jerome developed a passion for literature, politics, and the theatre. In his late teens and twenties, he held a variety of jobs including acting, journalism, and teaching at school. He was not particularly successful at any of these occupations.

Jerome finally broke through creatively in 1885, when he published a memoir about his time working for a low-budget theatre troupe. He then began to publish comedic essays in a magazine called *Home Chimes*.

He married his wife, Georgina, in 1888, and they spent their honeymoon rowing on the Thames. Their trip inspired his most successful work, *Three Men in a Boat*,

which was serialized in *Home Chimes* in 1889. Although *Three Men in a Boat* was poorly received by critics, it was immensely popular among readers of all social classes. Royalties from the book ensured Jerome financial freedom for the rest of his life. He devoted himself to writing full-time, although he remained critically unpopular and his later works sold inconsistently. Jerome published a sequel to *Three Men in a Boat* called *Three Men on the Bummel* in 1898, but it garnered mixed reviews and mediocre sales.

When World War I broke out in 1914, Jerome was eager to contribute to the war effort. Because he was too old to join the British military, he drove an ambulance for the French throughout the war. He returned to England traumatized, and was further psychologically damaged by the death of his beloved stepdaughter, Elsie. Jerome wrote an autobiography in 1926, and died in 1927 of a stroke.

(Source: <http://www.gradesaver.com/author/jerome-k-jerome>)

4. Read the summary of the novel “Three Men in a Boat...” to determine if you would like read to book in the original. Why (not)? Render the summary into Russian in 200-220 words:

The novel, narrated by the Englishman J., tells of a boat trip J. takes up the Thames River with his friends George and William Samuel Harris. His prose is rambling, and often digresses into anecdotes or long observational passages.

One night, the three men smoke together in J.'s London apartment, discussing their anxiety over their sicknesses. The reader can discern that they are actually hypochondriacs. After researching diseases at the British Museum, J. has recently concluded that he suffers from every disease known to man except for housemaid's knee. The men decide that a vacation will be good for their health, and after some deliberating, they decide to spend a week rowing up the Thames with their dog, Montmorency.

The men make arrangements for the trip. They decide to bring a cover for the boat so they can sleep in it, rather than bringing a tent or staying in inns. They compile a long list of items to bring, but quickly realize that they should only pack the essentials. Although they are friends, J. seems to dislike Harris, and compares him at length to J.'s incompetent Uncle Podger. They end up bringing a hamper of food, clothing, a cover for the boat, and a methylated spirit stove for cooking. Packing takes a long time because the men keep forgetting items they need, and prove somewhat ill-fit for the task.

The men oversleep on the morning they are supposed to leave, and have trouble determining which train to board for Kingston, from which they intend to embark. They eventually make it, though, and begin the journey. J. describes some local landmarks, including Hampton Court and some pubs that Queen Elizabeth dined in. Harris tells a story about getting lost in the hedge maze at Hampton Court.

The men pass through their first lock – that is, a section of the river where the levels are lowered or raised between gates, to regulate traffic and water flow. J. comments on how irritating it is when women wear ‘boating clothes’ that are too delicate to get wet. George separates from the group to do some work for his employer in Shepperton. Harris proposes visiting a cemetery to see an interesting

tombstone, but J. rejects this idea, finding cemeteries depressing. Harris falls into the food hamper while trying to get some whiskey.

When J. and Harris stop to lunch on the riverbank, a man accuses them of trespassing and tries to blackmail them. Harris, a large man, physically intimidates the visitor and they journey on. J. warns readers not to be taken in by these thugs, who usually do not work for the landowner they claim to represent.

He then recounts some embarrassing stories, in which he and Harris both make fools of themselves at pretentious parties – Harris by singing a comic song, and J. by pretending to speak German. J. describes a few more local points of interest, and the two men reunite with George in Shepperton.

Harris and J. convince George to tow the boat from the shore; towing is an arduous task that can lead to problems if the tower becomes distracted. J. recalls various incidents when he was boating and the tow-line became tangled or detached entirely.

The men have a satisfying dinner and sleep in the boat. The next morning, they wake up early and George tells J. a story about accidentally starting his day at 3 a.m. because he forgot to wind his watch. Later that morning, J. falls in the water and Harris fails in attempting to make scrambled eggs. As they pass Magna Charta Island, J. describes what it would have been like to be a peasant when the Magna Carta was signed.

When the men pass Datchet, they reminisce about an earlier trip, when all the inns were full there and they had to sleep at a local's house. That night, they sleep at an inn in Marlow. Montmorency chases a large cat, but is too intimidated to attack it.

The next day, they pass more historical landmarks, including Bisham Abbey. They run out of drinking water, and are disgusted when a local lock-keeper suggests that they drink from the river. Harris falls off the edge of a gulch while trying to eat supper.

The next evening, they cook Irish stew, and George plays the banjo. However, he is a beginner and his music is so awful that Harris and J. persuade him not to play for the rest of the trip. George and J. go for drinks in the town of Henley that night, but get lost on their way back. When they eventually find Harris sleeping in the boat, he explains that he had to move it because he was attacked by a flock of aggressive swans.

J. describes some of the mishaps that he and George experienced when they first learned to row. The men pass through Reading without incident, although J. does offer a brief history of the town. As they approach Goring, they discover a woman's corpse floating in the water. They later learn that she drowned herself after having a child out of wedlock and finding herself unable to support it.

The men attempt to wash their clothes in the Thames, but the clothes only come out dirtier than before. That night, they drink at a pub in Wallingford with a large fish hanging on the wall. All of the patrons claim to have caught the fish themselves, but George accidentally knocks it over, and the men realize that it was made of plaster of Paris.

The friends continue toward Oxford, where they plan to turn around and row back toward London. J. describes a time that he and George went rowing and, by

falling over at exactly the wrong moment, managed to ruin a professional photographer's pictures. J. describes the attractions of Dorchester, Clifton, and Abingdon, which include Roman ruins and the grave of a man who fathered 197 children.

They manage to navigate a difficult stretch of river near Oxford, and spend two days there. J. interrupts the story to warn readers about renting a boat in Oxford because they tend to be of poor quality there.

On the way back from Oxford, it rains terribly, and the men find themselves cold, wet, and miserable. They soon decide to abandon the boat and spend the rest of the trip at an inn. That night, they enjoy a delicious supper and toast their decision to abandon the boat. Montmorency barks in agreement.

(Source: <http://www.gradesaver.com/three-men-in-a-boat/study-guide/summary>)

5. Make the literary translation of the extract from Text I:

"...It is the most fairy-like nook on the whole river. It is more like a stage village than one built of bricks and mortar. Every house is smothered in roses, and now, in early June, they were bursting forth in clouds of dainty splendour. If you stop at Sonning, put up at the "Bull", behind the church. It is a veritable picture of an old country inn, with a green, square courtyard in front, where, on seats beneath the trees, the old men group of an evening to drink their ale and gossip over village politics; with low quaint rooms and latticed windows and awkward stairs and winding passages..."

6. Make the literary interpretation of Text I. For the structure and basic vocabulary to use in the interpretation refer to Appendix I.

7. Match up the explanation of the following words (Essential Vocabulary):

- | | |
|---------------|---|
| 1) crack | a) the flavour of smth; the ability of a person or animal to recognize flavours |
| 2) steady | b) to break usually without separating into pieces |
| 3) peel | c) someone who enjoys talking about other people's private lives |
| 4) scrape | d) to remove a layer from smth, using smth rough |
| 5) wind | e) to give money (support) towards a particular aim or purpose |
| 6) contribute | f) to follow a route which bends repeatedly in different directions |
| 7) spirit | g) to remove the skin of fruit and vegetables |
| 8) gossip | h) not moving or changing suddenly |
| 9) mess | i) a particular way of thinking typical of a particular group of people, activity |
| 10) taste | j) when you describe a situation as full of problems and difficulties |

8. Paraphrase the sentences using Essential Vocabulary:

1. It's high time you finished your speech.
2. You should know that silly people are always getting into trouble.
3. It was a great problem for us to find money to pay for the rent and food.
4. He said that the pie had the flavour of lemon.

5. This young gentleman writes articles for our newspaper.
6. Don't you see that she can make anyone do what she wants them to do?
7. It seemed to me that after the conversation with his father he felt depressed.
8. This person seems to be regular in his work and studies.
9. This old man often gives money to the children from the orphanage.
10. She added tomatoes to the gravy so as to make it thicker.

9. Fill in prepositions where necessary:

1. She wanted to add some salt ... soup, but in confusion emptied the salt-cellar ... it.
2. To be ... the safe side, they decided not to tell this information to anyone.
3. This conference was a real contribution ... mutual understanding of international problems.
4. Jane tried to do her best to raise ... her friend's spirits.
5. Ann was known to be a bright pupil and everyone was surprised to know that she had just scraped ... the examinations.
6. Only two minutes were left before the break and we wished the lecturer would ... his speech.
7. Everyone in the town was gossiping ... his affairs.
8. George Goldsmith contributed his poems ... our magazine.
9. I'm afraid you took me ... the wrong spirit; I didn't really mean that.
10. What has happened here? Who made a mess ... the work?

10. Translate the sentences using Essential Vocabulary:

1. Он отпускает шутки с таким серьезным видом, что невозможно быть в плохом настроении. 2. Она умеет обвести всех вокруг пальца, поэтому ее никто не любит, и сплетничают о ней с огромным воодушевлением. 3. Джейн внесла свой вклад в наш роскошный ужин, купив полдюжины пирожных, но сама так и не попробовала их. 4. После того, как я сказала, что суп без соли безвкусный, она высыпала всю солонку в кастрюлю и все яростно перемешала. 5. Остаток вечера они бродили по парку; затем, уже ночью, остановились в отеле. 6. Ходят слухи, что это она испортила весь проект и теперь впала в депрессию. 7. В начале апреля они обосновались в нашем городе, и с тех пор они живут, экономя буквально на всем. 8. На всякий случай мы не перемешивали соус, чтобы он не загустел. 9. Со вчерашнего дня не переставая идет дождь. Так хочется, чтобы хоть что-нибудь подняло мое настроение. 10. Он услышал треск, вбежал в кухню и обнаружил, что кухня в полном беспорядке; сломалась ножка стула, и пришлось ее укреплять.

11. Translate the words and phrases from Topical Vocabulary and make up situations with them:

1) смотреть на реку и дрожать; тяжелый багаж; кухонная утварь; живописный; спальный мешок; освежающее купание; жаркий (удушливый) день; проливать; вещи промокли; начинает моросить дождь.

2) корма; сильное течение; брать лодку в аренду; грести против течения; высаживаться; причалить; не сомкнуть глаз; спать на открытом воздухе; фонарик; поплыть в тихий уголок.

3) обсуждать планы; корзина; упаковывать вещи; закоренелый противник пикников; рюкзак; выбрать маршрут; тяжелый багаж; роща; дух путешествия; сельская местность.

12. Answer the questions using Topical Vocabulary:

1. Imagine you are invited to go on a hike with two of your friends, but the weather is bad. You promised them to go many times, and now you don't have the opportunity to refuse. What arguments would you use to persuade them not to go?

2. Have you ever admired the nature in early morning? Use your active vocabulary to describe how the nature awakes. 3. (Work in groups.) Imagine you have to spend a week in the forest with one of your friends, but you are allowed to take only 10 things with you. What will they be? Explain your choice. Compare your answers with your group-mates and make a list of the most popular things.

UNIT 2 MAN AND MOVIES

1. Paraphrase the sentences using Speech patterns:

1. After a year of hard work he requires a good rest. 2. Your answer has nothing in common with my question, I'm afraid. 3. We saw that the child could hardly find words with which to express his wish. 4. I think he is an ignorant person. I don't find him amusing. 5. Do you consider him to be a clever man? - Well, rather clever.

2. Translate the extracts from Text II:

1. "...But Stravinsky was a composer. By its nature, music is non-discursive; we don't have to understand it. Films, plays, poems, novels all make propositions or observations, embody ideas or beliefs, and we go to these forms ..."

2. "... I must tell you before we go on to more complicated things: I make my pictures for use! They are made to put me in contact with other human beings. My impulse has nothing to do with intellect or symbolism: it has only to do with dreams and longing, with hope and desire, with passion."

3. "...In my earlier pictures, it was very difficult for me to go from directing in the theatre to directing films. I had always felt technically crippled – insecure with the crew, the cameras, the sound equipment – everything".

3. Read the article about Ingmar Bergman. Make a talk on the life and contribution to cinematography of the famous film director based on the article and Text II:

Ingmar Bergman was born on July 14, 1918, in Uppsala, Sweden. The son of a Lutheran minister, he believed in strict discipline for his children. Raised under these circumstances, Bergman developed a love for movies, which he used as an escape from his rigid upbringing. By the age of six Bergman was making his own movies,

primitive works that he pieced together from film scraps. A few years later, after seeing his first stage production, Bergman began producing his own plays for a puppet theater.

In 1937 Bergman entered the University of Stockholm, where he became an active member of the student theatrical group. In 1942, after a brilliant production of William Shakespeare's (1564–1616) *Macbeth*, the aspiring director was appointed to the Swedish Royal Opera. In the years following he divided his talents equally between stage and film efforts.

In 1945 Bergman directed his first film, *Crisis*, the story of an unhappy love affair which ends in suicide. Several films followed closely, but in 1956 Bergman reached the peak of critical and popular praise with *The Seventh Seal*. *The Seventh Seal* is a morality (having to do with the difference between wrong and right) play about a knight who, seeking to satisfy his religious doubts and unravel the mystery of the universe, challenges Death to a game of chess. Even Bergman's critics agree that this film has visual daring with great dramatic power.

A year later Bergman directed *Wild Strawberries*, a touching study of the difference between youth and old age. With his next film, *The Magician* (1959), Bergman returned to his earlier use of symbolism, where objects or events are used to represent something else. It is the story of a group of wandering magicians and their encounters with otherworldly spirits. *The Virgin Spring* followed in 1960, as well as several lesser works.

In 1961 Bergman embarked upon his ambitious trilogy (three works), beginning with *Through a Glass Darkly*, an intense, almost hysterical, study of family violence. The second contribution, *Winter Light* (1962), presents the emptiness which follows loss of faith. The final portion, *The Silence* (1963), explores the problems of noncommunication. The trilogy is concerned with the problem of God's absence rather than His presence, and with the pain stemming from personal isolation rather than the puzzle of human existence itself. It represents Bergman's increasingly complex view of the world.

This sophistication is also evident in the coldly poetic *Persona* (1966). This film tells of a bizarre relationship between a young actress who has lapsed into complete silence and the talkative nurse who cares for her. *The Hour of the Wolf* (1968), about an artist who is haunted by specters (ghosts), marks what some feel is a regrettable return to Bergman's earlier use of mysticism, or a spiritual search.

Due to tax problems Bergman spent much of the 1970s overseas, where he produced work for television in Norway and Germany as well as in Sweden. His major theatrical films of this period include *Cries and Whispers* (1971) and *Autumn Sonata* (1978). Highly regarded among the television work are *Scenes from a Marriage* (1973) and *The Magic Flute* of the same year.

In 1982 Bergman released one of his most autobiographical films, the richly detailed *Fanny and Alexander*. Announced as his final film, it brings together many different themes from his previous works and is seen as a powerful summary of his life and career. Since *Fanny and Alexander* Bergman has published an autobiography, *The Magic Lantern* (1988); a novel, *Best Intentions* (1989); and has continued to

write and direct for Swedish television and theatre. *Best Intentions* was produced from Bergman's script for Swedish television in 1991.

The year 2001 saw the release of *Faithless*, written by Bergman but directed by actress Liv Ullmann. Bergman believed the movie's subject—one man's destructive affair with a married woman — was too personal and emotionally draining.

Bergman's reputation has diminished somewhat in recent years, but he is still regarded as one of the great directors, and his films remain among the most widely recognized in the world. Many well-known American directors, such as Woody Allen (1935–), have paid tribute to Bergman in their own films.

(Source: <http://www.notablebiographies.com/Ba-Be/Bergman-Ingmar.htm>)

4. Read the definition of “авторское кино” and information on it. Give a summary of the article (100-150 words).

Теория авторского кино (фр. *Cinéma d'auteur*, англ. *Auteur theory*) - влиятельное учение, зародившееся во Франции в 1950-х годах.

С тех пор как авторская теория была озвучена Франсуа Трюффо в 1954 году, она имела значительное влияние на кинокритику во всем мире. В США её основным приверженцем и популяризатором выступал Эндрю Саррис. Среди американских режиссёров он выделил «авторов», которые выработали уникальный, характеризующий их художественный киностиль, проглядывающийся в снятых ими фильмах.

До появления авторской теории кинофильм воспринимался как продукт киноиндустрии - совокупное произведение режиссёра, сценариста, композитора и актёров. Однако теоретики *Cahiers du cinéma* обратили внимание на то, что даже в рамках конвейерной студийной системы Голливуда успешно работали яркие индивидуальности, подлинные авторы - такие, как Альфред Хичкок и Джон Форд (а также Фриц Ланг и Орсон Уэллс).

Теоретики авторского кино впервые обоснованно сформулировали, что режиссёр является ключевой фигурой всего кинопроцесса и автором (фр. *auteur*) кинофильма (рассматриваемого как произведение искусства). Подобное суждение подтверждает присущий каждому мастеру (режиссёру) индивидуальный киноязык: вы никогда не спутаете фильмы Чарльза Чаплина, Стэнли Кубрика, Квентина Тарантино с картинами других режиссёров. Несмотря на то, что над кинофильмом работает целый коллектив, приверженцы авторского кинематографа увидели: вся деятельность этого коллектива (съёмочной группы) направлена только на наиболее адекватную передачу художественного замысла режиссёра, как в картине художника либо романе писателя. Без замысла режиссера деятельность коллектива (съёмочной группы) бессмысленна. Отдельным направлением авторских фильмов являются картины, выполненные на высоком профессиональном уровне киносъёмочной группой, состоящей из ограниченного количества людей, каждый из которых одновременно совмещает несколько кинематографических профессий. Иногда съёмочная группа состоит только из одного человека.

Авторская теория ассоциируется с французской новой волной. Впервые она была сформулирована на страницах журнала *Cahiers du cinéma* ведущими

фигурами новой волны (Франсуа Трюффо, Жан-Люк Годар, Эрик Ромер, Клод Шаброль, Жак Риветт, Андре Базен). В терминах «авторского кино» было принято рассматривать и т. н. новое немецкое кино 1970-х (Вернер Херцог, Вим Вендерс, Фолькер Шлёрндорф, Райнер Вернер Фассбиндер, Александр Клюге).

В современном кинопроцессе на нынешний момент существование авторского кино не вызывает сомнений ни у зрителей, ни у критиков. «Авторскими» признаются фильмы, в которых присутствует индивидуальный взгляд (почерк) автора, то есть режиссера фильма.

(Source: https://ru.wikipedia.org/wiki/Теория_авторского_кино)

5. Translate the sentences using Speech Patterns and Word Combinations and Phrases:

1. Он преуспевал в своей работе? - Да, по-своему. 2. Хотя он высказался достаточно ясно, его слова не имели ничего общего с сутью дела. 3. Он всегда оказывал большое влияние на свою сестру. 4. Этот предмет был похож на пирамиду. 5. Неожиданно он понял, что писать исторические романы - это его призвание. 6. Жители деревни страдали от недостатка воды. 7. Джордж отреагировал на это происшествие весьма странным образом. 8. Что им нужно, так это поднять проблему оплаты труда. 9. Влияет ли это на его поведение? - В какой-то степени. 10. У них были сложности с написанием доклада.

6. Insert prepositions where possible:

1. That' s not right. You are mixing ... these two words, I'm afraid.
2. After having looked through my report, the professor pointed ... a few mistakes I made.
3. At first Mrs. Brown refused to accept this plan, but ... reflection she agreed.
4. Nobody likes Jennis because she always interferes ... other students' conversations.
5. Jim Mainsfield was arrested ... suspicion ... murder.
6. When the members of the family came back, Jennis was ... the point of leaving.
7. If you want to cook an omelet, mix eggs ... milk before you fry them.
8. Do you know anything about the expedition? - Yes, I heard that they didn't succeed ... it.
9. I just want to know, if you really think that this vase resembles ... a pyramid.
10. Mother felt something bad might have happened to Jim but he didn't confess he was mixed ... something.

7. Translate the sentences using Essential Vocabulary.

1. Все говорили, что Джордж необщительный человек, и подозревали его в том ужасном преступлении. 2. Я советую тебе не вмешиваться в это дело; ты просто не осознаешь всей опасности. 3. Сначала Джон не мог устоять против ее обаяния, но потом ему пришлось страдать от ее равнодушия. 4. Старик размышлял о своем прошлом и мечтал о том, что все могло бы быть и по-

другому. 5. Отвечая на вопросы, постарайся говорить по существу, иначе может получиться так, что ты сам окажешься под подозрением. 6. Этот роман не только вызвал восхищение современников, но и оказал огромное влияние на развитие отечественной литературы. 7. В тот день Элисон была неотразима. В своем красном платье она напоминала цветок - только что распутившейся бутон розы, но совершенно не осознавала этого. 8. Попроси Тома не приходить - он постоянно надоедает всем своими глупыми шутками. 9. Никто уже не верил, что удастся прийти к соглашению по всем пунктам, но одна из сторон, подумав, решила, что упорствовать дальше не имело смысла, и согласилась. 10. Джек, верный друг, пытался спасти его, но сам упал и потерял сознание.

8. Fill in preposition into the expressions from Topical Vocabulary and translate them:

- 1) to be dubbed ... Russian
- 2) to make a screen version ... a novel
- 3) to leave a deep and lasting impression ...
- 4) the songs set ... music ...
- 5) to make a hit ... the public
- 6) the film came ...
- 7) to adapt a novel ... the screen
- 8) empty ... serious content
- 9) to go ... production
- 10) to watch somebody acting ... the screen
- 11) to make the most ... the role
- 12) not a film ... everyone' s taste
- 13) to bring ... life ... the screen
- 14) to star ... a role
- 15) to be cast ... advantage

9. Translate the text using Topical Vocabulary:

Однажды теплым летним вечером мы прогуливались по парку, обсуждая последний сериал. Вдруг мы увидели яркую афишу. В нашем открытом кинотеатре шла преьера знаменитого блокбастера «Полночь». Фильм был снят Дэвидом Стронгом по одноименному роману Уильяма Смита. Судя по афише, это было не детское кино, но и не фильм из серии «до 16» - скорее смесь триллера и приключений с элементами комедии и научной фантастики. В фильме было заявлено много звезд разной величины. В главной роли - молодой, перспективный актер Джим Кантон. Но имена художника-постановщика, операторов и сценаристов были нам не знакомы. Фильм был выпущен совместно компаниями «ТВН» и *TVT* и дублирован на русский язык одной московской фирмой. Сеанс начинался в 18 часов, и у нас оставалось еще 30 минут. Мы перекусили в кафе и отправились в кино. Купив билеты в кассе у входа, мы прошли в зал.

Перед сеансом, как всегда, показали блок хроники и рекламу, потом пошли титры, и фильм начался. Надо сказать, мы не особенные любители кинотеатров,

но эта полнометражная широкоэкранная версия романа надолго произвела на нас глубокое впечатление. На экране разыгрывалась настоящая жизненная драма, одновременно ужасающая и забавная. Фильм описывал жизнь солдата, вернувшегося с войны. Актерский состав был подобран великолепно. Каждый актер был звездой в своей роли. Но главный герой затмил всех. Похоже, он может претендовать на приз за лучшую мужскую роль на каком-нибудь всемирном кинофестивале. Редко кому удается создать такой превосходный образ своего героя! Как только режиссеру удалось снять такой хороший фильм!

Испортить фильм довольно легко. Вот тонкая психологическая драма, но фильм затянут, идеи неясны и запутаны, как будто авторы запустили в производство свои ночные кошмары. Такой фильм трудно смотреть, хотя в нем есть и над чем подумать. Впрочем, третьесортные комедии не лучше: скомканный сюжет, глупые диалоги. Иногда сценарий фильма может быть очень интересным, актеры подобраны неудачно. И опять провал!

Однако «Полночь» определенно станет хитом этого сезона. Тут соединилось все: классная игра актеров, захватывающий сюжет, новейшие спецэффекты. Работу операторов стоит упомянуть отдельно. Тут и множество крупных планов, и возвращение в прошлое героев, и запоминающиеся массовые и натурные сцены. Не говоря уже о финальной сцене, которая никого из нас не оставила равнодушным.

В общем, за полтора часа перед нашими глазами на экране прошла целая жизнь. Наверное, стоит взять диск с этим фильмом, хочется посмотреть его еще раз...

10. Do the following cinema quiz to find out how well you know the history of the world and Russian cinematography:

1. The inventor(s) of cinematography is/are
 - a) Louis and Auguste Lumier
 - b) Thomas Edison
 - c) Brothers Warner – Sam, Albert, Harry, Jack
2. The first movie *Arrival of a Train at La Ciotat*, 1896, lasted for
 - a) an hour
 - b) less than a minute
 - c) 5 minutes
3. Norma Jeane Mortenson is the real name of
 - a) Keira Knightley
 - b) Whoopi Goldber
 - c) Marilyn Monroe
4. In 1993 Steven Spielberg released two of his famous movies. What are they?
 - a) *Jurassic Park* and *Schindler's List*
 - b) *Jurassic Park* and *Jaws*
 - c) *Jurassic Park* and *E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial*

5. How many Oscars does Leonardo DiCaprio have?

- a) one
- b) two
- c) none

6. The first Russian narrative film was:

- a) Aleksandr Drankov's *Stenka Razin*
- b) Sergei Eisenstein's *Battleship Potemkin*
- c) Grigori Aleksandrov's *Jolly Fellows*

7. 2014 Oscar for the best picture was awarded to

- a) *The Imitation Game*
- b) *Birdman*
- c) *Interstellar*

8. The most successful film in box-office history is:

- a) *Gone with the Wind*
- b) *Batman*
- c) *Star Wars*

9. The record of four best actress Oscars belongs to

- a) Audrey Hepburn
- b) Katharine Hepburn
- c) Meryl Streep

10. In 2014 Russian film *Leviathan* was awarded

- a) Oscar
- b) Golden Globe
- c) Moscow International Film Festival Grand Prix.

The correct options are: 1) a; 2) b; 3) c; 4) a; 5) c; 6) a; 7) b; 8) a; 9) b; 10) b.
(Source: Dr Olga B. Karasik, PhD, Kazan Federal University)

11. Write an essay on one of the following topics (220-250 words). Make use of the Topical Vocabulary of the Unit (min 5-6 words and word combinations). Underline the Topical Vocabulary you are using:

1. Television is no doubt a powerful medium in society. State your position concerning its negative or positive force and support it with examples from your experience or observations.

2. The role of cinema in our life. Write about different genres of films, their impact on the spectators.

UNIT 3 ENGLISH SCHOOLING

1. Paraphrase the sentences using Speech Patterns:

1. I think it's Jane who must go and buy tickets for the concert. 2. Jeff knew that he was to tell everything to them, but he had no courage to do it. 3. The cucumbers had a bitter taste. 4. It was decided that Jennifer was to make a report at the next meeting. 5. We knew that he loved this music and respected his feelings.

2. Translate the sentences using Speech Patterns:

1. Ты права, музыка просто замечательна! 2. Они так и не осмелились рассказать Джефферсонам правду и поэтому долгое время избегали встреч с ними. 3. Пирог пах рыбой, поэтому я не стал его есть. 4. Он не был трусом, но все же не осмелился подойти к Смигу и рассказать ему все, что произошло на самом деле. 5. Было принято решение, что именно ты поедешь в эту командировку. 6. Ей нравился этот мальчик - он был хорошо воспитан и всегда проявлял к ней уважение. 7. Как чудесно пахнут эти розы! 8. Не думаю, чтобы он осмелился напечатать такую статью в газете. 9. Мы долгое время не подозревали, что наш сын был влюблен в эту девочку и очень страдал. 10. Мы все знали о его любви к цветам и с уважением относились к этому увлечению.

3. Read the summary of the novel *To Sir, With Love* by Braithwaite before you read Text III. Give its summary (150-200 words):

Ricky Braithwaite is an engineer from British Guiana who has worked in an oil refinery in Aruba. Coming to Britain just before the outbreak of World War Two, he joins the RAF and is assigned to an aircrew. Demobbed in 1945, he is unable to find work despite his qualifications and experience due to prevailing anti-black attitudes. After discussing his situation with a stranger, he applies for a teaching position and is assigned to Greenslade School, a secondary school in London's East End.

Most of the pupils in his class are unmotivated to learn, and are only semi-literate and semi-articulate. He persists despite their unresponsiveness to his approach.

Braithwaite decides to try a new approach, and sets some ground rules. The students will be leaving school soon and will enter adult society, so he will treat them as adults and allow them to decide what topics they wish to study. In return, he demands their respect as their teacher. This novel approach is initially rejected, but within a few weeks the class is largely won over. He suggests out-of-school activities including visits to museums, which the students have never experienced before. A young teacher, Gillian Blanchard, volunteers to assist him on these trips. Some of the girls start to speculate whether a personal relationship is budding between Braithwaite and Gillian. The trip is a success and more are approved by the initially sceptical headmaster.

Braithwaite slowly teaches life lessons like how to respect themselves first before other human beings, irrespective of colour. When he gets injured once, one of

his students sees his blood and gasps, “Your colour is only skin deep, Sir.” As the older students start to refer to each other respectfully Braithwaite asserts that this is something the younger ones would aim at. He writes, “Every now and then I could overhear the now familiar ‘Sir said ...’ expressed with positive finality, a constant reminder of the great responsibility I had undertaken.” Their relationship slowly transforms from bad to worse; then to amicable, and finally such fondness. The class even surprises him with a vase of neatly arranged flowers “collected from the tiny backyards and window boxes of their homes ... the most wonderful bouquet in the world.” Even though Sir always subscribes to such exquisite etiquette and the finer things in life, equality and nobility is at his heart. When a local newspaper wants to feature the school, they want to interview Sir as a show of the school’s tolerance to supporting British ideals of equality. Sir, however, turns them down not wanting his achievements to be aligned to his skin colour.

The book’s life lessons are many; the most profound being – respect begets respect. For instance, in the ruggedness of the kids, Braithwaite finds their style and individuality. “I could understand that such clothes merely reflected vigorous personalities in a relentless search for self-expression.” One of Braithwaite’s colleagues applauds his efforts, “You’ve made good of this job, you treat them with kindness and courtesy and what’s more they’re learning a lot with you.”

The teachers and the Student Council openly discuss all matters affecting the school including curricula. The general feeling is that Braithwaite's approach is working, although some teachers advocate a tougher approach.

Braithwaite and Gillian fall deeply in love and discuss marriage. Her parents are openly disapproving of a mixed-race marriage, but realise that the couple are serious and intelligent and must be trusted to make the right decision.

4. Prepare good reading of the extract (Text III):

“... It is of advantage to both pupils and teacher. If a child wants to write about something which matters to him, he will take some pains to set it down as carefully and with as much detail as possible; that must in some way improve his written English in terms of spelling, construction and style. Week by week we are able, through his review, to follow and observe his progress at such things. As for the teachers, we soon get a pretty good idea what the children think of us and whether or not we are getting close to them... .You will discover that these children are reasonably fair, even when they comment on us. If we are careless about our clothing, manners or person they will soon notice it, and it would be pointless to be angry with them for pointing such things out.”

5. Answer the questions (Text III):

1. How did the narrator try to be a good teacher? 2. In what part of London was the school situated? How did it influence the pupils' behaviour? 3. What advantages did the Headmaster see in pupils' writing their weekly Reviews? 4. Characterize the second phase of pupils' campaign. 5. What are the problems of the extract?

6. Fill in prepositions where possible:

1. I didn't expect you to turn your back ... me when I needed your help.
2. He forgot to bring his note-book, and it played ... our hands.
3. Do you think Jack has a pretty good idea ... where we are going?
4. The splendid palace stood out ... the background of the high mountains.
5. I don't expect him to help us, because he's a person who often goes back ... his word.
6. I didn't find this information in your book as it doesn't contain any references ... medical literature.
7. Where shall I hang the painting so that it can be seen ... better advantage?
8. The conquerors laid waste ... a small village, none of the inhabitants survived.
9. Professor advised me to take advantage ... my trip to Europe and learn French.
10. Jeniffer's sister flew ... a temper ... my inviting the Jacksons to her birthday party.
11. Her mother thinks that the matter requires ... great care.
12. The girl doesn't have friends because she always stays ... the background.
13. Two hundred students are admitted ... the university every year.
14. As Nicole has been in Paris twice, she has a great advantage ... other students from her group.
15. I hate people doing something ... my back.

7. Translate the words and word combinations and make up a situation with them:

1. Прилагать все усилия; держаться в тени; проявлять любопытство; учащиеся; лишняя трата; отказаться от обещания; делать что-либо без чьего-либо ведома; требования; недостатки; это кому-либо на руку; расточать; поддерживать в споре.

2. Преимущество; направление в искусстве; на самом деле; взять верх над кем-либо; вход по билетам; выставлять картины в галерее; отдавать себе отчет, осознавать; владеть собой; скрывать от кого-либо; насквозь; обратно; обращаться.

3. Поставить задачу; на голубом фоне; требования для поступления; воспользоваться возможностью; уничтожать; полное неуважение; выгодно, в хорошем свете; учащиеся школы; стипендия; сильно рассердиться; приличие; изнурительный.

8. Translate the sentences using Essential Vocabulary and Speech Patterns:

1. Я понимаю, что ты не питаешь к ней любви, но ты должен признать, что она честный человек. 2. Он не может владеть собой, и это нам на руку. 3. Билл не проявил никакого энтузиазма по этому делу, тем не менее, мы не можем делать что-либо за его спиной. 4. К сожалению, ничем не можем вам помочь, так как не знаем требования для поступления в университет. 5. Как Вы смеее так себя вести? У Вас очень вспыльчивый характер. 6. Думаю, что вы должны воспользоваться его отсутствием и обратиться к его заместителю. 7. Нам предстояло узнать о ней все, и это было сложно, так как она предпочитала держаться в тени, и никто ничего о ней толком не мог сказать. 8. В нашей

фирме говорят, что Джефф приложил максимум усилий, чтобы опередить конкурентов. 9. Думаю, что ходить взад-вперед по комнате, заламывая руки - это пустая трата времени; надо сесть и подумать, как изменить ситуацию в нашу пользу. 10. Надеюсь, Вы поддержите научные планы этого молодого ученого-лингвиста?

9. Answer the questions using Topical Vocabulary:

1. What are the stages of education in England and Wales? 2. Where can children get pre-school education? 3. What are the ages children go to primary and secondary schools? 4. What are the stages in primary school? 5. What are the types of secondary schools? What education do they offer? 6. What do you know about independent schools? 7. What are the examinations taken by secondary pupils in England?

10. Speak on the topic translating the words and expressions from Topical Vocabulary:

1. **Curriculum:** (профессиональный уклон; общепринятый учебный план; фундаментальные предметы; упрощенный учебный план; чтение, письмо и арифметика; корректирующее обучение; учитель-предметник; академический курс.)

2. **Examinations:** (неуспевающий ученик; сдавать экзамен; свидетельство о среднем образовании; экзамен на уровень «А»; проверять и отмечать; экзаменационная комиссия; раздавать листы; пересдачи; баллы; проходные баллы; оставаться на второй год; отставать; идти наравне с группой; сдать экзамен.)

3. **Stages of Education:** (обязательное; дошкольное; начальное; среднее; высшее.)

4. **Admission:** (поступать; подавать документы для поступления; тесты на умственные способности; измерять природные способности; микрорайон, прилегающий к школе; независимо от способностей или успеваемости ребенка; переводить из класса в класс.)

5. **Management:** (директор; заместитель директора; педколлектив школы; администрация школы; принимать на работу учителей; обеспечивать оборудованием; выдавать гранты; назначение и увольнение учителей.)

6. **Types of Schools:** (средняя школа; начальная школа; школа для детей 5-7 лет; школа для детей 7-11 лет; школа для мальчиков/для девочек; специальная школа; частная школа; государственная школа; школа округа).

11. Write an essay on the following topic (220-250 words). Make use of the Topical Vocabulary of the Unit (min 5-6 words and word combinations). Underline the Topical Vocabulary you are using:

Mixed-ability grouping was the usual basis of classroom organization in Russia. Write which problems teachers have at such classes and how to solve them. State positive and negative points in mixed-ability grouping.

UNIT 4

BRINGING UP CHILDREN

1. Paraphrase the sentences using Speech Patterns:

1. Why will she wish to forget about everything? 2. She is very pretty and can twist any man round her little finger. 3. Although Bill was not invited to her birthday party, he decided to come. 4. After the trip to France, Carol spoke French better than she ever had. 5. Carrie was not so clever. She could not get everything she wanted. 6. After these words Tommy became ashamed of what he had said and his cheeks turned red. 7. I can imagine how weak she has been. 8. All his friends had to study in the night; so did he. 9. Chris left the room very quickly; he didn't even look at her. 10. I can't understand why he should decide to visit us when we are so ill.

2. Translate the sentences using Speech Patterns:

1. Не понимаю, с какой стати она будет приходить сюда и делать мне замечания в моем же доме? 2. Увидев его, она вскрикнула от волнения и попыталась сделать вид, что не заметила его, но было слишком поздно. 3. Дилан почувствовал, что он очень хочет ее увидеть, возможно, даже сильнее, чем когда-либо. 4. Неожиданно для самой себя она покраснела от смущения. 5. Возможно, она недостаточно умна, но нельзя же игнорировать ее только из-за этого! 6. Как сильно, должно быть, Дэвиду нравилась эта девушка, если он готов был бросить все и уехать! 7. Кажется, что эта умная студентка знает столько же, сколько сам преподаватель. 8. Он сказал это строго и тихо и вышел, даже не дожидаясь ответа. 9. Казалось, что Дженнис ненавидит его больше, чем когда-либо, но ему было все равно. 10. Боюсь, что он недостаточно ответственный человек, чтобы поручить ему такое важное дело.

3. Read and retell Isaak Asimov's biography (150-200 words):

Isaac Asimov was born Isaak Yudovich Ozimov on January 2, 1920, in Petrovichi, Russia, to Anna Rachel Berman and Judah Ozimov. The family immigrated to the United States when Asimov was a toddler, settling into the East New York section of Brooklyn. (Around this time, the family name was changed to Asimov.)

Judah owned a series of candy shops and called upon his son to work in the stores as a youngster. Isaac Asimov was fond of learning at a young age, having taught himself to read by the age of 5; he learned Yiddish soon after, and graduated from high school at 15 to enter Columbia University. He earned his Bachelor of Science degree in 1939 and went on to get his M.A. and Ph.D. from the same institution. In 1942, he wed Gertrude Blugerman.

In 1949, Asimov began a stint at Boston University School of Medicine, where he was hired as an associate professor of biochemistry in 1955. He eventually became a professor at the university by the late 1970s, though by that time he'd given up full-time teaching to do occasional lectures.

Yet even with his impeccable academic credentials, writing for general readers was to be the professor's passion. Asimov's first short story to be sold, *Marooned Off*

Vesta, was published in *Amazing Stories* in 1938. Years later, he published his first book in 1950, the sci-fi novel *Pebble in the Sky* - the first in a line of titles that would mark a highly prolific writing career.

An influential vision came with another 1950 release, the story collection *I, Robot*, which looked at human/construct relationships and featured the Three Laws of Robotics. (The narrative would be adapted for a blockbuster starring Will Smith decades later.) Asimov would later be credited with coming up with the term "robotics."

The year 1951 saw the release of another work, *Foundation*, a novel that looked at the end of the Galactic Empire and a statistical method of predicting outcomes known as "psychohistory." The story was followed by two more installations, *Foundation and Empire* (1952) and *Second Foundation* (1953), with the series continuing into the 1980s.

Asimov was also known for writing books on a wide variety of subjects outside of science fiction, taking on topics like astronomy, biology, math, religion and literary biography. A small sample of notable titles include *The Human Body* (1963), *Asimov's Guide to the Bible* (1969), the mystery *Murder at the ABA* (1976) and his 1979 autobiography, *In Memory Yet Green*. He spent most of his time in solitude, working on manuscripts and having to be persuaded by family to take breaks and vacations. By December 1984, he had written 300 books, ultimately writing nearly 500.

Asimov died in New York City on April 6, 1992, at the age of 72, from heart and kidney failure. He had dealt privately with a diagnosis of AIDS, which he'd contracted from a blood transfusion during bypass surgery. He was survived by two children and his second wife, Janet Jeppson.

Over the course of his career, Asimov won several *Hugo and Nebula Awards*, as well as received accolades from science institutions. He stated during a televised interview that he hoped his ideas would live on past his death; his wish has come to fruition, with the world continuing to contemplate his literary and scientific legacies.

(Source: <http://www.biography.com/people/isaac-asimov-9190737>)

4. In Text IV *The Fun They Had*, the author pretty effectively predicted the existence of electronic books. Find information on its inventors and its history:

5. Fill in prepositions where possible:

1. It stands ... reason that we can't go there without the doctor's permission.
2. Go to the tailor to have your dress fitted
3. Nobody expected Roy to get the CD-player adjusted ... so quickly.
4. I don't like to go to market because I am always taken ... there.
5. We heard her scream ... laughter.
6. It took the child about two months to take ... his new teacher.
7. Bill's knowledge is ... a level ... a fourth-year student.
8. He said he didn't understand what the students were smiling
9. Mrs. Button decided to give the students a test ... French.
10. After the accident, every time a car passed him his hair stood ... end.

11. The roof of their house stood ... well from the background of the cold blue sky.
12. Tell me, please, how my plans for the week-end fit ... yours.
13. Diana couldn't go for a walk with other children because her homework took ... too much time.
14. Don' t take this device
15. The soldier warmly patted ... his shoulder.
16. The teacher explained to us what M.P. stands
17. No one expected him to fall ... love ... that lady.
18. The dining-room was empty, except for the table next ... us.
19. Mr. Parker asked Bill when he would be ready to take the duties
20. Before jumping into water, he took ... a deep breath.

6. Translate the sentences using Speech Patterns and Essential Vocabulary:

1. У Джеффа не было постоянной работы, уровень его доходов был невысок, но, несмотря на это, он всегда имел весьма довольный вид. 2. Само собой разумеется, что я не настолько занят, как Вы, так что пусть он постарается вписать время для нашей встречи в свои великие планы. 3. И вдруг в полной тишине кто-то подошел к нему и похлопал по плечу; он вскрикнул от неожиданности и бросился бежать, даже не посмотрев, кто же это стоял за ним. 4. Пожалуйста, не делай ничего с этим оборудованием! Ты всегда все разбираешь, а потом у тебя возникают сложности с тем, как собрать все части вместе. Ты лучше просто настрой его. 5. Марк неожиданно пристрастился к чтению книг, и скоро это стало его обычным занятием - в то лето он прочитал книг больше, чем когда-либо. 6. Все студенты в группе возненавидели Рика, но он ни за что на свете не бросил бы учебу, но и уступить им он тоже не мог, поэтому он стоял на своем. 7. Директор сказал Джейн, что настолько доверяет ей, что передает ей управление компанией. Джейн, приняв управление, решила вложить средства в производство, чтобы перевести его на более высокий уровень. 8. Рейчел была достаточно красива, чтобы очаровать любого мужчину и так походила на свою мать, что, не будь она такой молодой, он влюбился бы в нее. 9. Самолет принял последнюю группу пассажиров, и через десять минут он взлетел с аэродрома, и вскоре мы видели лишь небольшое пятнышко на фоне голубого неба. 10. «С какой стати мне терпеть эту ненавистную ложь?» - выкрикнул он. Ему хотелось разрушить до основания все здание суда.

7. Answer the questions using Topical Vocabulary:

1. What school and home atmosphere encourages a child' s development?
2. What are the best ways, in your opinion, to praise and punish a child?
3. What are the basic principles of upbringing, both in a family and at school?
4. What are the basic qualities of a parent or a teacher should possess to bring up a child? Which of them do you possess?
5. How should a teacher handle children? What can be considered wrong handling?
6. What must a teacher do to keep discipline in class?
7. Do you consider grandparents and their influence important in the process of upbringing?
8. Imagine you are a teacher. How would you like your pupils to react to

your handling them? 9. What do you consider to be more important in the process of upbringing - school or home background? 10. Do you think that children should always obey their parents?

8. Translate the words and expressions using Topical Vocabulary, choose 5-6 of them and make up a situation with them:

1) давать реальную оценку достижениям ребенка; лучший способ критиковать; расти; быть последовательным; не навязывать; не создавать напряжение; реалистичная оценка личности ребенка; выбивать дух из ребенка; делать что-либо намеренно; подтолкнуть ко лжи; способ воспитания вежливости; прямой выговор; давать детям выбор; позволять ребенку решать самому; решать — солгать или оправдываться;

2) кричать на кого-либо; позволить ребенку решать самому; эффективный подход; повлечь за собой умственное расстройство; не навязывать детям ничего; нежелательная форма наказания; подливать масло в огонь; продумывать план мести; лучший способ критиковать; физическое и умственное развитие; терять терпение; дерзить; намеренно не разговаривать с ребенком; запереть ребенка; не иметь любимчиков;

3) замедленное развитие; чрезмерно хвалить; умение сдерживать гнев; быть придирчивым; быть пунктуальным; пробудить совесть в ком-либо; отчитывать; подбадривать ребенка; получать предостережение; стимулировать внутреннее развитие; искусство жить вместе; обучать кого-либо хорошим манерам; спокойная и уравновешенная манера; полностью верить в кого-либо; не чувствовать пренебрежения к себе.

4) иметь более быстрое развитие, чем предыдущие поколения; привязанность; создавать споры и напряжение; повлечь психологическую травму; дерзить; ни слова упрека; сказано сгоряча; стать независимыми от родителей; проявлять терпение; избегать вопросов; ставящих в тупик; быть пытливым и любознательным; учиться, подражая; атмосфера спокойствия; нежелательная форма наказания.

9. Write an essay on one of the following topics (220-250 words). Make use of the Topical Vocabulary of the Unit (min 5-6 words and word combinations). Underline the Topical Vocabulary you are using:

1. Recollect a family problem you once had to solve. Describe how it affected you or your family, how it was solved and how you (didn't) try to solve it.

2. Write about how you would like to bring up your own children, what principles you'll try to observe and what you'll never do to your child (children).

REVIEW. UNITS 1 – 4

1. Paraphrase the sentences using Speech Patterns:

1. That is not good. Your answer has nothing in common with my question.

2. He left the room and didn't notice me.

3. He was sufficiently clever to get what he wanted.

4. It was the wish his mother, not his own, to enter this institute.
5. Jane was roaming the wood for about one hour.
6. We knew that he loved that little girl, and respected his feeling.
7. We've run out of butter. Please go and buy it.
8. It's me who should buy the tickets tomorrow.
9. When she was little, her family had no money, and it influenced her character.
10. What a beautiful song!

2. Translate the sentences using Essential Vocabulary:

1. Он стоял там с серьезным и задумчивым видом, когда вдруг кто-то похлопал его по плечу. Он обернулся и увидел мужчину, который напомнил ему отца.

2. Этот выдающийся писатель, внесший огромный вклад в литературу, находился в конфликте с духом своего времени. Ему было сложно приспособиться к его требованиям.

3. Когда они пошли по извивающейся через луг тропинке, они увидели белоснежную крышу красивого дома, выделяющуюся на фоне голубого неба. Они не могли неподдаться искушению подойти поближе.

4. Представители компаний долго не могли прийти к соглашению по многим вопросам, так как в них отражались различные точки зрения. Однако, подумав, они решили пойти по пути наименьшего сопротивления и подписать сразу два договора.

5. Несмотря на то, что Дженнифер всегда держалась и тени, она была та еще сплетница и умела всех обвести вокруг пальца.

6. Перед ней стоял человек с правильными чертами лица, одетый без особого вкуса, совершенно обычный, но просто светился от радости (имел очень довольный вид).

7. В манерах и голосе она походила на свою мать, и ее улыбка была так же неотразима.

8. Профессор указал на то, что работа этого молодого ученого-лингвиста, безусловно, выделяется среди остальных.

9. Вы вели себя ужасно и проявили полное неуважение к нам. Вы не знаете, что такое приличие. Уходите, пока мой муж не рассердился.

10. Она посмотрела, как самолет взлетел, и потом долго размышляла о том, как все могло бы быть, но не сложилось - она мечтала о другой жизни.

11. Уровень знаний этого восьмиклассника соответствует уровню студента-первокурсника. Само собой разумеется, это вызывает восхищение и уважение.

12. «Какие требования для поступления на работу в ваше заведение?», - «Сначала принесите рекомендации».

13. Позже выяснилось, что его верный друг тоже находился под подозрением в убийстве. Эта новость буквально вергла его в депрессию.

14. Джейн воспользовалась этим случаем, чтобы вмешаться в его дела и получить огромное влияние на него.

15. Джефф очень общительный человек. Он никогда не будет делать гадости за твоей спиной, но он обожает сплетничать!

UNIT 5 PAINTING

1. Paraphrase the sentences using Speech Patterns:

1. Jane refuses to take the medicine prescribed by the doctor. 2. He was invited to the dinner party, but he didn't come as he had to read a lot for the exam. 3. Mother nearly lost her patience because Tim refused to put on his coat. 4. This was an extraordinary case. 5. I had not expected that the film might be so thrilling. 6. Well, I think we could meet on Friday. 7. I only wanted to display my respect. 8. You'll have to do your best to get there on time. 9. Her appearance excited admiration which was not at all small. 10. Mary has been thinking of it a good deal.

2. Translate the sentences using Speech Patterns:

1. К сожалению, ничем не могу помочь. Это далеко не простой случай. 2. Делай, как хочешь. Я только хотел помочь - вот и все. 3. Не удивлюсь, если Мартин окажется великолепным актером. 4. Несмотря на боли в спине, она стирала весь вечер. 5. Миссис Смит пожаловалась, что она ничего не могла поделывать с сыном - он отказывался ходить в школу. 6. Простите, у меня мало времени - давайте договоримся на 4 часа. 7. Ты знаешь, с каким нетерпением я жду приезда этой звезды в наш город. Постарайся купить билеты. 8. Анна молчала, и мне пришлось все объяснять самой. 9. Собака отказывается есть - наверное, она больна. 10. У меня было предчувствие, что день окажется очень удачным.

3. Read and translate the extracts from Text V:

1. "...But he had to be kept from buying things. He had suffered his last heart attack after his disastrous purchase of that jerkwater railroad out in Iowa. All his purchases of recent years had to be liquidated at a great sacrifice both to his health and his pocketbook".

2. "... The doctor had his stethoscope ready in case of abruptness of the suggestion proved too much for the patient's heart".

3. "... He proudly displayed the variegated smears of paint on his heavy silk dressing gown".

4. "...When the late spring sun began to cloak the fields and gardens with colour, Ellsworth executed a god-awful smudge which he called "Trees Dressed in White".

5. "... Upon this distinguished group Ellsworth was going to foist his "Trees Dressed in White", which resembled a gob of salad dressing thrown violently up against the side of a house!"

4. Find information on the *Art for Art's Sake* movement. Render it in 100-150 words.

5. Read the story *Is He Living or is He Dead?* by M. Twain in Part II. Compare Text V and the story by M. Twain and problems raised in both of them. Write the comparative analysis of themes and problems (200-250 words).

6. Fill in prepositions where necessary:

1. This is a convenient instrument to draw nails
2. I think he's painting the situation ... dark colours.
3. I saw Jane yesterday - she was ... colour. What had happened to her?
4. Jeff Nicolson wanted to know if his painting was accepted ... the show.
5. Don't get involved ... the quarrels of other people.
6. His extraordinary painting was awarded ... the first prize.
7. When we told him about that, he suddenly blushed ... the top of his ears.
8. These paintings seem to be executed by a mature artist. Do you know when he took... painting?
9. After Alison relieved ... her feelings to her husband, she felt relieved.
10. I don't like to communicate with people who are difficult to draw... .

7. Use the correct word from your Essential Vocabulary to fill in the blanks:

1. I have decided to (make lines on paper) ... a (painting, sketch) ... that (make a picture of) ... my life in Russia. Now, keep in mind that I'm not an (person who is professional in painting) By telling you this I feel (to lessen pain) Now, what I want to (draw) ... isn't something (not natural) ..., but real. I will use a (combination of colours) ... that I hope will make my (painted picture) ... look very (giving very vivid impression of reality) It is (uncertain) ... that it will really be so, but I'll give my best (trying hard)

2. I love (creation of beautiful things) ... Some people can (pick out) ... masterpieces just by looking at them once. Though I (try hard) ... to do this, I'm not very good at it. I (to be uncertain)... I will ever get good at this.

3. What a (lessening or ending of pain) ... to hear that you are feeling better! You have been feeling (not well) ... for a few days. (Certainly) ..., you are glad to be feeling better too!

4. What (degree of largeness or smallness) ... shirt do you think I need? I would like to have one of these red (having colour) ... shirts.

8. Translate the sentences using Speech Patterns and Essential Vocabulary:

1. Несомненно, ему стоило огромных усилий избежать этой катастрофы.
2. Это была далеко не обычная картина, и он не переставал удивляться, почему ее приняли на выставку, но поместили в неприметном месте.
3. Картины этого зрелого художника всегда отбираются для участия в выставках и претендуют на получение гран-при.
4. Не люблю, когда люди выплескивают на тебя свои негативные чувства и чувствуют облегчение, но из нее даже слова вытянуть невозможно.
5. - Вчера я видел Элен. Она в плохой форме и очень бледна. Что случилось? - Не знаю, я ничего не могу с ней поделать. Она никак не хочет говорить, что с ней.
6. Никто не сомневался, что эта фотография окажется

объектом такого внимания. 7. Она описала все в радужных красках, но мы почувствовали, что она хочет вовлечь нас в это дело, и это будет в ущерб нашему кошельку и здоровью. 8. Художник на своей картине изображает женщину в платье нежного кремового цвета на живописном фоне. 9. Мечтой всей его жизни было заняться живописью и выставляться рядом с великими современниками. 10. - А что, если нам встретиться и тщательно обдумать все вместе? - Хорошо, но чуть позже. Мне надо еще зайти в химчистку. Давай договоримся на 16.00.

9. Study the information on the painting styles. Provide your own examples for each of them:

The **Renaissance** marks the pinnacle of artistic development in Italian art of the late 14th, 15th and early 16th centuries. The word 'Renaissance' means 'rebirth' - a rebirth of the classical ideals from Ancient Rome and Greece. The great artists of the High Renaissance were Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo Buonarroti from Florence, Raphael Sanzio from Umbria, and Titian (Tiziano Vecellio) and Tintoretto (Jacopo Robusti) from Venice. They painted artworks of unprecedented skill and beauty and were responsible for raising the status of the artist in society from the level of artisan to an intellectual plane on a par with writers, philosophers and scientists. These great masters achieved what artists had aspired to since the Early Renaissance: a revival of the classical ideals of beauty and form; an anatomical and scientific accuracy in drawing; a sensual and psychological response to colour and composition, and an acceptance and appreciation of classical content as the subject matter for art.

Baroque spread throughout Europe during the 17th century. Among the great Baroque masters were Italian painter Caravaggio and sculptor Bernini, the Flemish artist Rubens, Velazquez from Spain, and Rembrandt, the greatest of all Dutch painters. Baroque art is identified by realistic subjects that depict spectacular action and generate powerful emotions. Religious, mystical and historical subjects, which were often propaganda for the Church or State, were brought to life with characters in contemporary clothing, by naturalistic painting of outstanding virtuosity, dramatic lighting (chiaroscuro) and bold asymmetric and diagonal compositions.

Rococo art (1700-1775) is a term that derives from the French word 'rocaille' which means rock-work, referring to a style of interior decoration that swirls with arrangements of curves and scrolls. The style was essentially French but spread throughout Europe. Rococo was a decorative response to the realism of Baroque. While some authorities consider Rococo to be a refined, elegant, and allegorical style, others judge it as pompous, indulgent and pretentious (Boucher, Fragonard).

Notable Rococo artists were Watteau, Boucher and Fragonard in France, Tiepolo, Guardi and Canaletto in Italy, and to some extent Hogarth in England.

Realism (19-20 cent.) is the art style most people regard as "real art", where the subject of the painting looks very much like it appears in real life. From a little distance everything looks "real" but up close you'll see it's an illusion created by skillful use of paint, of color and tone. The artist uses perspective to create an illusion

of reality, setting the composition and lighting to make the most of the subject (Ilya Repin).

Impressionism originated in Paris in late 19th century. It is an art style that is still much loved today and it's hard to imagine that when it first appeared on the art scene in Paris in the 19th century, most critics hated and ridiculed it. What was then regarded as an unfinished and rough painting style, is now loved as being the impact of light on nature filtered through an artistic eye to show the rest of us just what can be seen if you know how to look properly (Claude Monet).

Expressionism (1905-1933) is characterized by the artist not feeling compelled to use realistic colors or using perspective techniques to recreate an illusion of reality. Rather colors are selected to fit the emotion felt or to create emotional impact. Instead of focusing on having a likeness to something, it's a painting that conveys a sense of mood and emotion foremost (Edvard Munch).

Cubism (1907-1922). In this abstract art form, geometrical solids play an important role. The final product will be a blend of actual form of the object and some geometrical shape (Picasso).

The **Surrealism** movement was founded in Paris by a small group of writers and artists who sought to channel the unconscious as a means to unlock the power of the imagination. Disdaining rationalism and literary realism, and powerfully influenced by Sigmund Freud, the Surrealists believed the conscious mind repressed the power of the imagination, weighting it down with taboos (Salvador Dali).

10. Answer the questions using Topical Vocabulary:

1. Can you enumerate various reasons for the making of pictures? 2. What kinds of pictures do you know according to the artist's theme? 3. How do pictures differ in composition? 4. What expressions are usually used to describe colouring, light and shade effects? 5. What impression can a picture produce on you? 6. What can a picture preserve for the posterity? 7. What is typical of realism / impressionism / expressionism / surrealism? Who are their representatives? 8. What kind of painting do you prefer? Why? 9. What do you know about Gainsborough? 10. What other outstanding British painters do you know?

11. Choose one painting, bring it to the class and prepare a 5-minute report about it according to the following outline:

1. Information about the author and the period or trend represented.
2. The content of the picture.
3. The composition and colouring.
4. The painting's interpretation.

12. Translate the critics' notes on famous paintings:

1. Многие картины К.Коровина не являлись картинами в традиционном представлении – они могли считаться лишь этюдами с натуры, и выставлять их на всеобщее обозрение было не принято. В таких работах сохранялись живая связь с изображаемым, живописная свобода и неоформленность, свойственная

этюдам. Коровин стремился как можно точнее передать реальность, которая, меняясь ежесекундно, ускользает от художника.

Новизна живописи Коровина заключалась прежде всего в том, что он пытался написать «как есть», максимально приближаясь к ускользающей красоте мира. Это требовало новых живописных приемов - светлого колорита, составленного из чистых, звучных красок, живого мазка.

2. К московскому периоду деятельности О. Кипренского относится одна из самых эффектных работ - «Портрет Е.В. Давыдова», двоюродного брата знаменитого партизана Отечественной войны 1812 года. Перед нами предстает блестящий полковник в гусарском мундире. Однако задумчивые, печальные глаза, скользящие по лицу и фигуре тревожные тени усложняют атмосферу портрета, создают впечатление одновременно бравады и грусти. На заднем фоне портрета вырисовывается ночной парк. Кипренский трансформирует традиционную схему парадного портрета. Для него важны не богатство и важность модели, а качества индивидуальности.

UNIT 6 FEELINGS AND EMOTIONS

1. Translate the sentences using Speech Patterns:

1. Помочь ей выбрать картину в подарок не займет у тебя много времени.
2. С ним шутки плохи — здесь его все боятся.
3. Не обвиняй во всем Элен - ты ведь знаешь, что она сделала это от отчаяния.
4. Если вы на самом деле так считаете, тогда почему бы вам не пойти и не помочь им?
5. Как только мальчик увидел собаку, он сразу бросился к отцу.
6. Кто она такая, чтобы говорить нам, как себя вести?
7. Я всегда удивлялся ее характеру - она никогда не дает волю слезам.
8. Имейте в виду, что он не тот, на кого можно кричать.
9. Только вернувшись домой, он понял, что его надули.
10. Кто он такой, чтобы мы его столько ждали!

2. Read the plot of the *Man of Destiny* by B. Shaw. Would you like to read the play? Why (not)?

The Man of Destiny is an 1897 play by George Bernard Shaw. It was published as a part of *Plays Pleasant*, which also included *Arms and the Man*, *Candida* and *You Never Can Tell*. Shaw titled the volume *Plays Pleasant* in order to contrast it with his first book of plays, *Plays Unpleasant*.

May 12, 1796, an inn at Tavazzano. After his victory at the Battle of Lodi, Napoleon eats his meal, works on his plans and talks with the innkeeper Giuseppe Grandi. A lieutenant arrives with bad news. The dispatches he was carrying have been stolen by a youth who tricked him out of them. Napoleon says he will be arrested for dereliction of duty. The lieutenant says he can hear the voice of the youth who tricked him. A woman appears. She says that the dispatches were stolen by her brother. Napoleon is unconvinced. He orders the lieutenant out and tells the woman to hand over the dispatches. A battle of wits ensues between Napoleon and the woman, but she eventually concedes and hands over the documents. However, she

says he should not read one of the documents. It is a letter claiming that Napoleon's wife Josephine has been having an affair with Paul Barras. If he is known to have read the letter it will cause a duel. Napoleon, concerned about a public scandal, decides to pretend that the dispatches are still missing. He calls the lieutenant back, and tells him to go and find the missing documents or be court martialed. To save the lieutenant from disgrace, the lady leaves and switches to her male disguise. As soon as she reappears the lieutenant recognises the "brother" who robbed him. Pretending to have magical powers, she finds the dispatches in Napoleon's coat. Napoleon says he's been outwitted by an Englishwoman, and makes a series of comments about the English ability to constantly have things both ways ("*As the great champion of freedom and national independence, he conquers and annexes half the world, and calls it Colonization*"). He gives the woman the letter unopened; she burns it.

3. Paraphrase the following sentences using the following words and phrases from the Essential Vocabulary: *sensible; bitter opposition; to slip one's memory; injured; with caution; to stir; to take revenge on somebody; not to stir an eyelid:*

1. He punished his employers by setting fire to the factory.
2. I'm sorry, I missed your birthday. I completely forgot about it.
3. Before painting the fence Tom was asked to move the paint around with the stick to make sure it was smooth.
4. Malcolm gave her a look that showed that he felt as if he had been treated unfairly.
5. There was a strong attack and criticism of the President's policies on the part of the opponents.
6. Evidence given by convicted criminals should always be treated carefully, because it might not be true.
7. Surely it would be reasonable and practical to get second education.
8. She wasn't surprised to hear the news; anyway she didn't show any sign of it.

4. Fill in prepositions:

1. Everyone admired her. She was a woman ... great character.
2. We were threatened ... dismissal if we didn't co-operate.
3. His behaviour is inexplicable. He might have been ... his senses when he did it.
4. He rushed into the room and shouted that he had been robbed ... everything he had.
5. Laura is very sensitive ... her figure.
6. Don't try to play your tricks ... me!
7. The driver of the lorry received only slight injures ... his arm.
8. Mother cautioned the boy ... talking to strange men.
9. Don't tell her anything. She is so sensitive ... criticism.
10. He revenged himself ... the manager for having been treated unfairly.
11. We were surprised to hear the news that such a man as Mr. Ridcliff was ... arrest.
12. She slipped ... her bed and came cautiously to the window.

13. After that incident Mr. Morley was ... himself.
14. Having displayed neglect of his duties he sank ... our estimation.
15. He slips ... his grammar.

5. Use the correct word from your Essential Vocabulary to fill in the blanks:

1. Now where did I put that (narrow strip) ... of paper with his phone number on it?
2. At the Halloween party he (to change in appearance) ... himself as an old man.
3. Please be (careful) ... so that you won' t (slide suddenly) ... on the ice and (to hurt) ... yourself.
4. I don' t like lemons, they taste (sharp) ... to me.
5. Take off your shoes and put on some (shoes for indoor wear)
6. She was made to finish her homework due to her mother' s (statement of intentional punishment)
7. After he (to move around) ... his coffee he put his spoon in the (basin with a drain)
8. It is (showing his character) ... of him to often (go downward) ... into depression.
9. She has a very (easily hurt) ... (nature) ...; she can cry at the drop of a hat.
10. She wept (with pain) ... and decided to seek (to pay back evil with evil)

6. Translate the sentences using Essential Vocabulary:

1. Он перешел через границу, переодевшись священником.
2. Она сказала это из вежливости, но ее слова вполне разумны.
3. Он наотрез отказался так жестоко подшучивать над родителями.
4. Ты не можешь зайти так далеко и украсть последнее, что у него есть.
5. Он не ранен, не поддавайтесь панике!
6. Он был сбит с толку сценой, которую она устроила.
7. Майк воспользовался отсутствием отца, чтобы ускользнуть из дома.
8. Почему бы не простить ей эту оговорку?
9. Он бы и пальцем не пошевелил, чтобы поймать тех, кто у нее все украл.
10. Он сделал это в отместку за ее угрозы его убить жену и детей.

7. Guess the feeling according to its definition (Topical Vocabulary):

1. A strong feeling of interest and enjoyment about something and an eagerness to be involved in it.
2. A feeling of extreme happiness and excitement.
3. A feeling of being very worried about something that may happen or may have happened so that you think about it all the time.
4. A feeling when you have no hope at all for the future.
5. A feeling of shame and great embarrassment because you have been made to look stupid or weak.
6. A nervous worried feeling that makes it impossible for you to relax.

8. What would you feel in the following situations:

1. You need to make a call but your battery is flat.
2. Your younger sister is going to get married, but she is too young!
3. Your friend drives too fast, and it scares you.

4. Your boss is too angry and throws his pen at you.
5. Your teenage sister hasn't washed her head for a week.
6. You were going to have a great birthday party, but you suddenly are ill and have to cancel it.
7. There is a big queue to get into the club and it's raining.
8. Your computer broke and you have lost all your files.
9. A man in the street unexpectedly gives you a bunch of beautiful flowers.
10. Your mother shows your baby photos to all your friends.

9. Answer the questions using Topical Vocabulary:

1. What emotion and feelings are usually classified as positive and negative?
2. How do people usually display their emotions?
3. Describe a situation when you were screaming and yelling at somebody (concentrate on your feelings).
4. What could make you be bright and happy?
5. Describe your feelings when you: get wet through; are going to the concert of your favourite singer; have just quarrelled with your best friend; have lost your mobile phone.

10. Choose one person from your group whom you'll speak about. Without mentioning their name, describe their behaviour in different situations. Ask your groupmates guess who you are speaking about.

11. Write an essay on the following topic (220-250 words). Make use of the Topical Vocabulary of the Unit (min 5-6 words and word combinations). Underline the Topical Vocabulary you are using:

Emotions are perfectly permissible signs of the healthy body's response to distress. Some people think that we need to release tension through emotions, others state that we must keep emotions "in". What do you think about the place of emotions in our life and the necessity to keep them?

UNIT 7

1. Paraphrase the sentences using Speech Patterns:

1. I'm very fond of this village. I can't imagine a better place to build a cottage.
2. It was not easy for her to translate this article from Russian into English.
3. Then she gave me a critical look and I was very embarrassed.
4. When I saw this book on his table, I understood that it was the thing I had been looking for.
5. You'll fail your examination if you don't work hard.
6. He knows poetry very well, so she can tell you whether this poem is good or not.
7. At seeing me Rosa sighed with relief.

2. Translate the sentences using Speech Patterns:

1. Ей всегда было довольно трудно говорить то, что она думает.
2. Увидев меня, он вздохнул с облегчением.
3. Конечно, мы поедем туда с вами, только если не будет дождя.
4. Невозможно представить лучшую книгу для чтения; обязательно возьмите ее.
5. Я все рассказала Джорджу. - Как раз этого вы не должны были делать.
6. Он бросил беглый взгляд на людей, стоящих у двери, и

зашел внутрь. 7. Я прекрасно разбираюсь в картинах. Советую тебе ее купить.
8. Я никогда не решался сказать тебе правду. 9. Я с огромным трудом перевела эту статью.

3. Read and translate the extracts from Text VII:

1. Each one of us is a prisoner in a solitary tower and he communicates with the other prisoners, who form mankind, by conventional signs that have not quite the same meaning for them as for himself. And life, unfortunately, is something that you can lead but once; mistakes are always irreparable and who am I that I should tell this one and that how he should lead it?

2. But there are men who flounder at the journey's start, the way before them is confused and hazardous, and on occasion, however unwillingly, I have been forced to point the finger of fate ... and I have seen myself for a moment wrapped in the dark cloak of Destiny.

3. There was something very striking in the short, sharp sentences he used. They had a forcible ring He was a little man, thick-set and stout, of thirty perhaps, with a round red face from which shone small, dark and very bright eyes.

4. How do you understand the word *Happiness*? Read the quotes by famous people and choose one to write comments on it (150-200 words).

1. *Be happy for this moment. This moment is your life.* (Omar Khayyam)

2. *There is only one happiness in this life, to love and be loved.* (George Sand)

3. *Happiness is when what you think, what you say, and what you do are in harmony.* (Mahatma Gandhi)

4. *True happiness comes from the joy of deeds well done, the zest of creating things new.* (Antoine de Saint-Exupery)

5. *Nothing brings me more happiness than trying to help the most vulnerable people in society. It is a goal and an essential part of my life - a kind of destiny. Whoever is in distress can call on me. I will come running wherever they are.* (Princess Diana)

6. *When what we are is what we want to be, that's happiness.* (Malcolm Forbes)

7. *Happiness is like those palaces in fairy tales whose gates are guarded by dragons: we must fight in order to conquer it.* (Alexandre Dumas)

5. Use the correct word or phrase to fill in the blanks:

1. You must (regard smth as essential) ... remembering that this information is (private)

2. You are (mix up) ... me, begin again (from the very beginning)

3. I am (sure) ... that she will (see smbd at home place)

4. Get (to the subject) ..., your flattery is (embarrassing)

5. Isn't it (strange) ... how often she (not stick to a decision) ...?

6. Many people (feel trust in someone) ... in Janet. She is very (quick to understand other people's feelings)

7. "(Strange to say) ..., I'm really (unable to do smth well after a break) ...," - the concert pianist said.

8. The (doctor or lawyer) ... (neglected, omitted) ... to ask the patient for the fee.

9. I (be interested in and approve of) ... with your (that in which one is interested) ... for the poor.

10. I (be troubled about) ... about Ann. She seems to (be anxious about smth) ... and doesn't speak to me.

6. Translate the sentences using Speech Patterns and Essential Vocabulary:

1. Она решила поменять свой образ жизни, и я одобряю ее в этом. 2. Я в замешательстве (*mind*) и нахожу его слова смущающими. Не могу представить более странную ситуацию. 3. Ее нельзя назвать легкомысленной, но часто она делает странные вещи, и это меня смущает. 4. Боюсь, у вас не получится осуществить этот план, и я не имею ни малейшего представления, как вам помочь. 5. Мистер Смит открыл свою художественную галерею. Он прекрасно разбирается в картинах. Он всегда любил собирать живопись. 6. Он подумал, это как раз такой дом, в котором можно чувствовать себя как дома. Он напоминал ему коттедж его родителей. 7. Я бросил беглый взгляд на этого человека, и мне показалось, что он чем-то озабочен. У него был озабоченный вид. 8. Какая-то машина подъехала к дому, затем раздался стук в дверь. Но Джейн не открыла дверь, потому что никогда не решалась открывать незнакомцам. 9. Помните, что такую работу нельзя делать урывками. Нужна долгая практика. 10. Мы не могли представить, что здравый смысл вдруг изменит Павлу, и он окажется замешанным в этом деле. Надеюсь, после судебного процесса он изменит свои взгляды.

7. Use the following words in the sentences: *enthusiastic, eager, calm, cautious, pride, annoys, adores, envy, nasty, fright, gentle, stubborn, miserable*:

1. My daughter just _____ her new baby brother.

2. The policeman tried to _____ the victim by getting her to breathe slowly.

3. He knew he was wrong, but he was simply too _____ to admit it.

4. I wish you would show a little more _____ about our upcoming wedding. You're making me a little nervous.

5. The children were really _____ to see their grandmother after she came home from the hospital.

6. You need to be very _____ when you pick up a newborn baby.

7. It really _____ me when you change the television channel every five minutes.

8. The little girl smiled with _____ when her grandmother complimented her on the skirt she had made in sewing class.

9. I really _____ my children because they are being raised to speak both English and French.

10. Don't worry, he's a very _____ driver.

11. Our neighbour is a _____ old man who is always shouting at the children.

12. The children gasped in _____ when the monster appeared on stage.

13. We were thinking of going camping, but with this _____ weather I think we'd better wait until next week.

8. Answer the questions using as many words from Topical Vocabulary as possible:

1. What traits of character are required to make a good journalist (teacher, lawyer)? What traits of character might hinder you while mastering this profession?

2. What traits do you detest most? 3. What traits would you like to change in yourself? 4. What do you call a person who feels deeply (is not greedy at all, is always sure of himself, interferes in other people's affairs, is mostly in high spirits, says what he thinks, is a good mixer, has no moral principles, doesn't make his work well, can never betray, doesn't keep their word, always tells lies, helps others, always works too much, is a bad mixer, has a good sense of humour, never feels sorry for others).

9. Write an essay on the following topic (220-250 words). Make use of the Topical Vocabulary of the Unit (min 5-6 words and word combinations). Underline the Topical Vocabulary you are using:

Human beings are sometimes said to have personalities or traits very much like other animals. If you had to envision yourself as an animal, which one would it be? What qualities does this animal have that make it comparable to you? If you had to be an animal, which one would you choose to be?

UNIT 8 MAN AND NATURE

1. Paraphrase the sentences using Speech Patterns:

1. I found nobody in the house, it seemed odd to me. 2. I was very surprised to see the children playing the game, which I didn't know. 3. It happened when we were travelling in India. 4. They had covered five miles, and there were still two more miles which they were to walk. 5. His appearance resembled that of a wild elephant.

2. Translate the sentences using Speech Patterns:

1. Она рано осталась без отца, и старший брат был ей как отец. 2. Все это произошло, когда мы были в походе. 3. У них было нечто вроде дачи, но она была не достроена. 4. Она показалась мне настоящим знатоком литературы. 5. Когда ты позвонила, нам оставалось проехать еще тридцать километров.

3. Read and translate the extract from Text VIII:

The pool formed by the damming of a rock, had a sandy bottom, and the big apple tree, lowest in the orchard, grew so close that its boughs almost overhung the water; it was in leaf and all but in flower – its crimson buds just bursting. There was no room for more than one at a time in that narrow bath, and Ashurst waited his turn,

rubbing his knee and gazing at the wild meadow, all rocks and thorn trees and field flowers, with a grove of beeches beyond, raised up on a flat mound.

4. Read the summary of *The Apple Tree* by J. Galsworthy. Could you expect the plot of the story to develop like this judging by the extract you are given in your textbook by V.D. Arakin? Say if you would like to read the complete long short story. Why (not)?:

Galsworthy's characters, young lovers, Frank Ashurst and Megan David, contrast in various ways - they are male and female, Anglo-Saxon and Celt, scion of civilization and child of nature, gentleman and common girl. All these differences are aspects of what for Galsworthy is the one great polarity.

The story opens on a splendid spring day, the twenty-fifth wedding anniversary of Frank and Stella Ashurst, who in honor of the occasion have driven out into the Devon countryside not far from where they first met. They stop by a grave at a crossroad on the moor. Stella brings out her colours to paint, but a vague discontent rises in Frank, who regrets his inability to seize and hold the ecstatic beauty of the spring day. Suddenly he knows that he has been here before. His mind takes him back twenty-six years to when, a young man of independent means with Oxford just behind him and the world before him, he had curtailed a walking tour at a nearby farm. There he had met Megan David, a country girl with the loveliness of a wild flower. The season and his youth, the beauty of the countryside, and the maiden combined to capture his susceptible fancy; she was dazzled by the attentions of a lordly aesthete from the Great World. After a midnight tryst in the apple orchard, they fell deeply in love. Charmed almost as much by her innocence as by the prospect of his own chivalry, Frank proposed that they elope together, to live, love, and perhaps finally marry in London. Megan acquiesced, and he departed for the nearby resort town of Torquay to procure money for the trip and a traveling wardrobe for his rustic beauty.

At Torquay, Frank encountered an old Rugby classmate, Halliday, and his sisters, Stella, Sabina, and Freda. In their company he enjoyed the ordinary holiday pleasures of the leisure class, exploring and sea bathing, taking tea, and making music. Soon the moonlit idyll in the orchard came to seem merely an interlude of vernal madness. In the company of the amiable Hallidays, particularly Stella, Ashurst's conscience revived: he saw his intended elopement for what it would be, not romance but seduction. He decides to marry Stella, and escapes from Megan

So, now, his memories come over him, and he learns the story of the grave – his Magan is buried there. As the local man tells him, she told him she wanted to be buried under the apple tree, and committed suicide. Ashurst is depressed

5. Read and discuss another extract from *The Apple Tree* by J. Galsworthy. Give a summary of the extract in 200-250 words:

... Next day he found they had arranged to go by train to Totnes, and picnic at Berry Pomeroy Castle. Still in that resolute oblivion of the past, he took his place with them in the landau beside Halliday, back to the horses. And, then, along the sea

front, nearly at the turning to the railway station, his heart almost leaped into his mouth. Megan - Megan herself! - was walking on the far pathway, in her old skirt and jacket and her tam-o'-shanter, looking up into the faces of the passers-by. Instinctively he threw his hand up for cover, then made a feint of clearing dust out of his eyes; but between his fingers he could see her still, moving, not with her free country step, but wavering, lost-looking, pitiful-like some little dog which has missed its master and does not know whether to run on, to run back - where to run. How had she come like this? - What excuse had she found to get away? - What did she hope for? But with every turn of the wheels bearing him away from her, his heart revolted and cried to him to stop them, to get out, and go to her! When the landau turned the corner to the station he could stand it no more, and opening the carriage door, muttered: "I've forgotten something! Go on - don't wait for me! I'll join you at the castle by the next train!" He jumped, stumbled, spun round, recovered his balance, and walked forward, while the carriage with the astonished Hallidays rolled on.

From the corner he could only just see Megan, a long way ahead now. He ran a few steps, checked himself, and dropped into a walk. With each step nearer to her, further from the Hallidays, he walked more and more slowly. How did it alter anything - this sight of her? How make the going to her, and that which must come of it, less ugly? For there was no hiding it - since he had met the Hallidays he had become gradually sure that he would not marry Megan. It would only be a wild love-time, a troubled, remorseful, difficult time - and then - well, then he would get tired, just because she gave him everything, was so simple, and so trustful, so dewy. And dew - wears off! The little spot of faded colour, her tam-o'-shanter cap, wavered on far in front of him; she was looking up into every face, and at the house windows. Had any man ever such a cruel moment to go through? Whatever he did, he felt he would be a beast. And he uttered a groan which made a nursemaid turn and stare. He saw Megan stop and lean against the sea-wall, looking at the sea; and he too stopped. Quite likely she had never seen the sea before, and even in her distress could not resist that sight. 'Yes - she's seen nothing,' he thought; 'everything's before her. And just for a few weeks' passion, I shall be cutting her life to ribbons. I'd better go and hang myself rather than do it!' And suddenly he seemed to see Stella's calm eyes looking into his, the wave of fluffy hair on her forehead stirred by the wind. Ah! it would be madness, would mean giving up all that he respected, and his own self-respect. He turned and walked quickly back towards the station. But memory of that poor, bewildered little figure, those anxious eyes searching the passers-by, smote him too hard again, and once more he turned towards the sea.

The cap was no longer visible; that little spot of colour had vanished in the stream of the noon promenaders. And impelled by the passion of longing, the dearth which comes on one when life seems to be whirling something out of reach, he hurried forward. She was nowhere to be seen; for half an hour he looked for her; then on the beach flung himself face downward in the sand. To find her again he knew he had only to go to the station and wait till she returned from her fruitless quest, to take her train home; or to take train himself and go back to the farm, so that she found him there when she returned. But he lay inert in the sand, among the indifferent groups of children with their spades and buckets. Pity at her little figure wandering, seeking,

was well-nigh merged in the spring-running of his blood; for it was all wild feeling now - the chivalrous part, what there had been of it, was gone. He wanted her again, wanted her kisses, her soft, little body, her abandonment, all her quick, warm, pagan emotion; wanted the wonderful feeling of that night under the moonlit apple boughs; wanted it all with a horrible intensity, as the faun wants the nymph. The quick chatter of the little bright trout - stream, the dazzle of the buttercups, the rocks of the old "wild men"; the calling of the cuckoos and yaffles, the hooting of the owls; and the red moon peeping out of the velvet dark at the living whiteness of the blossom; and her face just out of reach at the window, lost in its love-look; and her heart against his, her lips answering his, under the apple tree - all this besieged him. Yet he lay inert. What was it which struggled against pity and this feverish longing, and kept him there paralysed in the warm sand? Three flaxen heads - a fair face with friendly blue-grey eyes, a slim hand pressing his, a quick voice speaking his name - "So you do believe in being good?" Yes, and a sort of atmosphere as of some old walled-in English garden, with pinks, and cornflowers, and roses, and scents of lavender and lilac cool and fair, untouched, almost holy - all that he had been brought up to feel was clean and good. And suddenly he thought: 'She might come along the front again and see me!' and he got up and made his way to the rock at the far end of the beach. There, with the spray biting into his face, he could think more coolly. To go back to the farm and love Megan out in the woods, among the rocks, with everything around wild and fitting - that, he knew, was impossible, utterly. To transplant her to a great town, to keep, in some little flat or rooms, one who belonged so wholly to Nature - the poet in him shrank from it. His passion would be a mere sensuous revel, soon gone; in London, her very simplicity, her lack of all intellectual quality, would make her his secret plaything - nothing else. The longer he sat on the rock, with his feet dangling over a greenish pool from which the sea was ebbing, the more clearly he saw this; but it was as if her arms and all of her were slipping slowly, slowly down from him, into the pool, to be carried away out to sea; and her face looking up, her lost face with beseeching eyes, and dark, wet hair-possessed, haunted, tortured him! He got up at last, scaled the low rock-cliff, and made his way down into a sheltered cove. Perhaps in the sea he could get back his control - lose this fever! And stripping off his clothes, he swam out. He wanted to tire himself so that nothing mattered and swam recklessly, fast and far; then suddenly, for no reason, felt afraid. Suppose he could not reach shore again--suppose the current set him out - or he got cramp, like Halliday! He turned to swim in. The red cliffs looked a long way off. If he were drowned they would find his clothes. The Hallidays would know; but Megan perhaps never - they took no newspaper at the farm. And Phil Halliday's words came back to him again: "A girl at Cambridge I might have. Glad I haven't got her on my mind!" And in that moment of unreasoning fear he vowed he would not have her on his mind. Then his fear left him; he swam in easily enough, dried himself in the sun, and put on his clothes. His heart felt sore, but no longer ached; his body cool and refreshed.

5. Fill in prepositions when necessary:

1. Jane is very tired - she was dancing two hours ... a stretch.

2. When the boss called Jimmy, he showed him the plan of the project ... outline.
3. Ann always kept track ... current events.
4. What are you holding ... from us?
5. He was limping ... his right foot, he is lame ... it.
6. The Headmaster took the boy ... head ... heel.
7. He was playing the piano, ... his eyes on me.
8. The figure of the girl was outlined ... the blue sky.
9. The trees were breaking ... flower.
10. Could you put me ... to the chief manager, please?

6. Translate the sentences using Essential Vocabulary.

1. Он грубо перебил нас, сказав, что нам придется терпеть этот шум и его ругань. 2. В соответствии с картой, леса простирались на сотни километров, а им оставалось проехать еще полпути. 3. Мне показалось странным, что он вдруг хромотает на правую ногу, но оказалось, что его нога действительно болит и давно. 4. Пять лет они копили деньги на дом за городом и скрывали это от всех, но это событие ввело их в расходы. 5. В тумане над гладкой поверхностью воды были видны очертания чего-то типа большой лодки.

7. Answer the questions using translated expressions from Topical Vocabulary.

1. How is environment polluted? (промышленные отходы, интенсивное использование химикатов, загрязнение воды, падение уровня воды, разлив нефти, столкнуться с проблемой обеспечения пресной водой, показатель загрязнения воздуха, выпускать токсичные газы, сгорание топлива, высокий уровень радиоактивности, истребление животных, разрушение естественной среды обитания животных).

2. How does a man influence the environment? (связывать человека с природой; приспособляться к окружающей среде; увеличение площади застройки; экономический рост; нарушать биологический баланс; экология; экосистема; быть экологически грамотным).

3. What natural resources and attractions do you know? (минералы; растительность; лесные массивы; лесоводство; живая природа; флора и фауна; популяции животных; пахотная земля; прибрежные районы; национальные парки).

4. What are the steps undertaken by the authorities of many countries to protect the environment? (всемирный призыв к защите окружающей среды; сохранять экосистемы; разрабатывать программы по предотвращению природных катаклизмов; движение по сохранению; охранять заповедники; устанавливать очистительное оборудование; уменьшать загрязнение).

8. Find an article which highlights the problem of environmental protection and make a report on it. Point out the reason(s) of the problem(s) the author describes and the way(s) of solving it (them). Express your opinion on the problem(s) under discussion in terms of ecological situation in the place where you live (220-250 words).

REVIEW. UNITS 5 - 8

1. Paraphrase using Speech Patterns:

1. They were quite surprised to see children playing some game, which they didn't know.
2. I don't have time today, I suggest meeting on Tuesday.
3. I think George did it because he was in despair.
4. Listen, I'm not a person whom you can shout at.
5. Mr. Tennessy knows literature, so he can tell you if this book is worth reading or not.
6. It was very difficult for her to get used to their customs and traditions.
7. When Carrie saw the dog, she immediately rushed out of the room.
8. Jeff had a premonition that the journey would bring him only disappointments.
9. When Helen saw me, she sighed with relief.
10. Simon's mother complained that he refused to goto school.

2. Translate using Essential Vocabulary:

1. "Если бы мой сын не был таким чудаком, я бы так не сомневался в его будущем", - сказал он сгоречью.
2. Ее имя выскользнуло из моей памяти, но я помню ее красивые глаза и ее застенчивость.
3. Художник на своей картине изображает девушку на живописном фоне расцветающих яблонь.
4. После несчастного случая число пациентов этого врачаобщейпрактики резко уменьшилось в ущерб егодоходам.
5. Она была слишком чувствительна к своим недостаткам. Ей стоило огромныхусилий это скрывать.
6. Говори, что думаешь. Только постарайся не сгущать краски и не устраиватьсцен.
7. Преступник угрожал ему смертью его жены, но Голдберг не изменил своегорешения и принял необходимые мерыпредосторожности.
8. Он потерял уверенность в своих силах и только благодаря преданным друзьям с огромным усилиемизменилсвоеобразжизни.
9. Она была внесебя и пообещала отомстить ему за оскорбленные чувства.
10. Мечтой всей его жизни было заняться рисованием и выставлять свои картины.
11. Какэтонистранно, они никогда не беспокоились о своем сыне и даже не сочувствовали ему.
12. Не имею ни малейшего представления, почему учитель закрывает глаза на все его странные действия.
13. После занятий он решил размять ноги и обнаружил, что хромает на правую ногу; ему пришлось смириться, и подождать немного, пока боль не прошла.

14. Мистер Бредшоу оглядел нас с ног до головы и уверенным голосом сообщил, что в соответствии с инструкцией он может пропустить нас в здание только на 30 мин.

15. Прочувшись пять лет в университете, он получил диплом юриста; открыл свое дело (практику) и начал откладывать деньги.

PART II INTERPRETATION OF THE TEXT

I. Study the following samples of the interpretation of the stories by British and American writers. Discuss them from the point of view of the requirements provided in APPENDIX I. Mind lexical, grammar and stylistic mistakes if there are any:

1. Jerome K. Jerome *Three Men in a Boat (to Say Nothing of the Dog)*

*The extract is taken from Jerome K. Jerome's novel **Three Men in a Boat**. Jerome K. Jerome was a famous English author of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. He is well-known for his humorous stories presenting typical Victorian gentlemen who usually get into funny situations. **Three Men in a Boat** is his best and the most famous work.*

The extract presents one of the episodes of the heroes' trip along the river Thames. It is a first person narration, and the story is told by one of the main characters Jerome, the writer's namesake. The first person narration makes the reader believe in this story, and we may call Jerome a trustful narrator. At the same time this type of narration makes the description of the events subjective as the individual point of view is presented by it.

The plot is simple: three gentlemen, Jerome, Harris and George, and their dog Montmorency, are preparing the Irish stew while they are on a trip along the river Thames.

The action takes place in a small village – Sonning. The description of this village opens the story. The descriptive passage is full of tropes. The narrator says, that “every house is smothered in roses”, the village is “a fairy-like nook”, and it “looks more like a stage village than one built of bricks and mortar”. A metaphor, similes and an epithet here create the atmosphere of cozy and peaceful place. This effect is strengthened by the description of the “old country inn” and old people “gossiping about village politics” - these phrases show that the place is small, everybody knows each other, and the life there is calm and quiet. This kind of description serving as an introduction to the further events creates a certain mood for the whole story. The reader understands that only something positive may happen in such a pleasant place.

The main part of the extract presents the description of events and dialogues. The author puts his characters in comic situations, therefore we see the personality of each of them.

The idea of cooking belongs to George. His suggestion of making the Irish stew is the knotting of this text. George tries to show his leadership ambition and intelligence, but they are presented by the author in an ironical key. So the reader realizes that George is not a good cook; he knows nothing about preparing food, especially the Irish stew. He phrase “George said” is repeated several times throughout the text. The author underlines George's wish to give orders and control the process, but after learning the result of the cooking, we understand the absurdness of his ambition.

Harris is shown in the episode with peeling potatoes. He makes a mess of it, and it is described by the narrator in a comic way with the use of a number of hyperboles: "the more we peeled, the more peel there seemed to be left on", "it was about the size of pea-nut", "we should require the rest of the evening for scraping ourselves", "the potato scrapings in which Harris and I stood, half-smothered". Thus, Harris, as well as the other gentlemen, is unable to do anything unusual, to which he is not used to.

The most interesting personage of the episode, and the whole novel as well, is Montmorency, a dog. The presence of this creature as one of the main characters, equal to men, is the reflection of the national character. English people are fond of pets, especially dogs, and regard them as equal friends of humans. As an English writer, Jerome K. Jerome shares this opinion, and Montmorency sometimes plays a more important role in the plot of the novel than three gentlemen.

In this text the appearance of Montmorency signifies the climax of the story. When he makes his contribution to the process of cooking bringing a dead water rat, the plot reaches its highest and the most absurd and funny point. The author ascribes human features to Montmorency, describing his emotions with the help of epithets "earnest and thoughtful air". The reader realizes that the dog is the smartest of the company, and he is the only one who makes a real contribution to the stew, though according to his own perspective and vision of tasty food.

As for Jerome, he is the narrator here, and we see all the events with his eyes. He gives subjective descriptions and evaluations. We see it in the end of the episode, when he speaks about the result of their cooking, which is the denouement of the text. In this final part of the story, the author and the narrator disagree: Jerome as the narrator praises the Irish stew, saying that it "was a poem", "piquant", "success". At the same time the author, Jerome K. Jerome, presents these words in such a way, that the reader understands, that the stew failed and it was impossible to eat it. Thus, here we deal with irony as an artistic means.

The conflict of the episode may be defined as "man against nature", and it is presented with the use of different types of comic means – humour, satire and irony. The humour of situations makes the text funny, when the reader sees three friends trying to cook the Irish stew though having no idea how to do it. They can't peel potatoes, they don't know what to do with the ingredients, the ingredients are also absurd. Satire is presented in the idea of gentlemen who are used to city life and their dealing with nature. The irony appears in the end of the text, when the narrator and the characters try to deceive themselves saying that the stew was a success.

The theme of the story is travelling, going on a trip. This also serves as a motif for the whole novel, as the plot is constructed around the river trip. Within this theme the author raises different problems, such as living in nature, men's cooking skills, etc.

Developing the plot of the story and using different artistic means and stylistic devices, the author leads us to the message. It is the idea that even intellectual and smart people become helpless and awkward when they find themselves out of familiar life and conditions. The three friends are typical English gentlemen who live in London. They are serious and significant while in the city, in their club, at home. But

when they find themselves in the nature they become helpless, awkward and ridiculous. The dog, on the opposite, shows common sense and wisdom, as he is closer to nature.

Therefore, this message is presented in the text not in a serious way, and the story is pleasant and easy to read due to the author's comical manner.

2. Edward R. Braithwaite *To Sir, with Love*

I'm going to analyze an extract from the book ***To Sir, with Love*** by Edward Ricardo Braithwaite, a Guyanese novelist, writer, teacher, and diplomat, best known for his stories of social conditions and racial discrimination against black people. He was born in Georgetown, Guyana in June 27, 1920. His varied career included service with the RAF in the Second World War, and as Permanent Representative of Guyana at the United Nations Organization.

After the war, like many other ethnic minorities, despite his extensive training, Braithwaite could not find work in his field and, disillusioned, reluctantly took up a job as a schoolteacher in the East End of London. Braithwaite's numerous writings have primarily dealt with the difficulties of being an educated black man, a black social worker, a black teacher, and simply a human being in inhumane circumstances. His best-known novel ***To Sir, with Love*** is based on the author's experiences as a teacher who can't get on with his pupils.

The story starts with the young teacher coming to a new school. But he finds it quite difficult to work with children as they behave in not a very good way no matter what the teacher is and how much he tries to make his lessons interesting.

Firstly the pupils keep silent, then they make too much noise at the lessons that it becomes difficult for the teacher to control his temper. The story ends with the main character sitting in the school library and feeling desperate about the situation.

There is an external type of a conflict in the story. The two parties are the young teacher that is the protagonist, and the pupils, the antagonists. The author doesn't describe them directly, but we can guess what kind of people they are through their actions. It's quite clear that the teacher is inexperienced and young. He is patient and not strict because he doesn't say any hard word to the children while they are trying to make the teacher lose his temper. And the teacher is a lonely person. E.R. Braithwaite doesn't write about his friends whom he can ask for advice. He is creative and purposeful. He uses some illustrations to make his lessons more interesting for the pupils.

As for the pupils, the author doesn't try to make us sympathize with them. I see them nasty and selfish. Children's behavior proves their being unwell-brought-up. For example Monica Page, one of the students, made the top of the desk fall in order to make a very loud noise while the teacher was explaining a new material. And she didn't even think to apologize. She only looked at him for some moment and said rude words that proved her being rude and ill-bred. And there was no student to follow the teacher and ask to excuse them.

The method of presentation is subjective and the reader sees everything from the teacher's point of view. It helps the reader to understand deeply the teacher's feelings and emotions.

To Sir, with Love is an autobiographic story. The events take place in the school where the author used to work many years ago. First of all, the author writes about Weekly Review and tells that the main character wasn't mentioned in any reviews. The author emphasizes this fact not only because he wants the main character to be as popular as other teachers, but because he doesn't want to be known as a new "blackie" teacher as one child writes. The author makes us sympathize with the young teacher writing about his feelings and his blaming himself in not having impressed the children. Braithwaite describes the process of the teacher's reading books on Psychology in detail in order to make the readers be sure about his desire to teach and to be better than he is.

The author uses the first-person narration to make the situation true-to-life because the story is told us as if we are the people with whom the narrator has a kind of a dialogue and tells us all his problems. We believe him to be in such a difficult situation.

Braithwaite treats the characters in a serious tone. He uses only the words which are all connected with the main problem, he doesn't tell any unnecessary word which would prevent us from concentrating on it. It's quite easy to read the story as it is written in simple language. The language is emotional and expressive. The author uses many epithets while describing the children's attitude to the new teacher. The children call him "blackie teacher", "bleeding thing" and don't care if it is very unpleasant to the teacher to be called like that.

The story also contains many metaphors, hyperboles and gradation which tell us of the teacher's mood and condition. Braithwaite writes that it was very difficult to get on with the students as if there were a thick pane of glass between them. Using this stylistic device the author underlines the difficulty of his situation. Gradation shows the reader the mood of the author. He is so angry with the children that it seems as if he feels sick at heart. Parallel construction is used to emphasize the teacher's desperate attempts to maintain good relations with the students, to make them be interested in the subject.

The vocabulary of the extract is stylistically neutral and contains a great number of words and phrases expressing the teacher's feelings. The analysis of the extract shows an obvious difference between the words the children use describing the teacher and the words in the author's narration. The difference emphasizes the children's ill breeding.

The syntactical pattern is not very simple, but it doesn't do any difficulty to follow the main idea. Each sentence contains a complete thought, the author writes about the problem fully, he doesn't keep the necessary facts back. Braithwaite doesn't use many details. Every used detail is important from the author's view point and carefully selected.

The story is devoted to the problem of relationships between people of different race. It is very difficult for Braithwaite to associate with the students because they consider them to be better only because of the fact that they have white skin, neither does the teacher.

The author touches upon one of the most important problems of our society. We shouldn't think of a person judging on their race, colour of hair or skin. No matter if

a person is an African, Asiatic or European. The most important thing is hidden from our first sight. It is impossible to get to know a person from the first introduction to him.

There is another problem in the extract. The problem of relationship between the teacher and the students. It is known that the profession of the teacher is very difficult especially if you couldn't get on with your students. You should be a person whom they could trust and respect. I should say that relationship depends not only on a teacher but also on students. If they are difficult to get along with it would be very hard to work with them, no matter what a good teacher you are. But we shouldn't give up in such situation. We should behave wisely and not forget give up as did Edward Ricardo Braithwaite.

(Source: <http://www.twirpx.com/file/777095/>)

3. William Somerset Maugham *The Happy Man*

*The story under discussion is **The Happy Man** by W. S. Maugham who is known as a master of the short story. His style of writing is clear and precise. He doesn't impose his views on the reader. He puts a question and leaves it to the reader to answer it. When criticizing something he sounds rather amused than otherwise.*

The theme of the story is the advice to go to Spain and Stephen's following it. The action in the story develops slowly. The plot is the following: a total stranger, named Stephens, comes to the narrator and asks him whether to go to Spain or not. The narrator expresses his opinion. Several years later the narrator comes to Seville and goes to consult a doctor who turns to be Stephens. Stephens tells the narrator that he is poor but happy.

The problem of giving advice is pushed to the forth. On the one hand, it is dangerous to advise because your advice may do harm and spoil everything, but, on the other hand, it turn out useful and help a person make the right decision, especially when he/she really asks for help.

The problem of light-mindedness also suggests itself. We can see that Stephen doesn't know the narrator but asks him to solve the most important problem in his life. The message is the following: sometimes even not a close person can advise well, especially if he has some experience on the topic. But it's necessary to be careful about that.

The problem of taking risk is also touched upon in the text. Stephen gives up his life in England , his work, and even his wife leaves him. Here the message is nothing ventured, nothing gained.

Another problem the author touches upon is happiness. For Stephen, to be happy means to be free and fulfill the dream. The message here might be: there are people who are happy because of money. Others are happy if they have enough money to keep body and soul together.

The characters of the story are the narrator and Stephens. The narrator makes an impression of a sensible, honest and sincere person. This is proved by the fact that he gives advice to Stephens explaining to him all pros and cons of moving to Spain. It is obvious that he is rather thoughtful and clever as he reflects on the problem of

guiding lives of others, but he doesn't come to any definite conclusion, and this fact shows that he is a realist.

Stephens gives the impression of an independent person. He is not keen on money because having enough money to keep body and soul together gives him satisfaction. The most important thing for him is harmony. Nevertheless, he is a rather selfish man because he didn't take into consideration his wife's opinion and just lets her go back. Stephens is satisfied with the "compensation", with another woman, whom the fate gives to him. He is described directly: "He was a little man, thick-set and stout, of thirty perhaps, with a round red face from which shone small, dark and very bright eyes. His black hair was cropped close to a bullet-shaped head. He was dressed in a blue suit a good deal the worse for wear. It was baggy at the knees and the pockets bulged untidily", "He was very fat now and bald, but his eyes twinkled gaily and his fleshy, red face bore an expression of perfect good-humour. The clothes he wore, terribly shabby they were, had been made obviously by a Spanish tailor and his hat was the widebrimmed sombrero of the Spaniard". These descriptions serve to create the impression of a careless, untidy man, for whom his appearance has not meant much throughout his life.

The key of the text is mainly narrative, but there is a paragraph written in the lyrical key, when the narrator reflects on the topic: "It is a dangerous thing to order the lives of others and I have often wondered at the self-confidence of politicians, reformers and suchlike who are prepared to force, upon their fellows measures that must alter their manners, habits, and points of view. I have always hesitated to give advice, for how can one advise another how to act unless one knows that other as well as one knows oneself? Heaven knows, I know little enough of myself: I know nothing of others. We can only guess at the thoughts and emotions of our neighbours..." By comparing people with the prisoners in solitary towers, the narrator introduces his readers into the problem of giving advice and influencing other people's lives. The language is literary, the text abounds in epithets and metaphors: "a complete and rounded thing", "dissipated, though entirely sympathetic, appearance", "they had a forcible ring", "bullet-shaped head", "terribly shabby clothes", "delightful creature", "wrapped in the dark cloak of Destiny".

From the point of view of its narrative forms, the extract presents the first-person narration, descriptions and dialogues.

4. Isaac Asimov *The Fun They Had*

I'm going to analyze the story which is entitled "The fun they had" by Isaac Asimov, best known for his works of science fiction and for his popular science books. He was born in Petrovichi in the Russian Soviet Federative Socialist Republic in January 2, 1920. He grew up in Brooklyn, New York as his family had emigrated to the United States when he was three years old. He taught biochemistry at Boston University until he retired in 1958 to become a full-time writer.

The events of the story take place in future in 2157 year. The story starts with two children, Margie and Tommy by name, finding a "real" book. It seems very unusual for them to have such book because they have only screen books. The

children read about a type of a school which people had centuries ago where only men were teachers. They have never thought that a simple man could teach. Though then they understand it to be better and much cheerful to study in old types of schools where all children sit together and do the same tasks. But it is high time for the children to study and Margie goes to a classroom where a machine teacher is waiting for her. The story ends with Margie adding the fractions and thinking about “those funny schools”.

The main characters of the story are eleven year old Margie and Tommy, who is thirteen years old. The author doesn't describe them directly, but it doesn't do us any hard to understand what kind of people they are. Isaac Asimov shows us the character's personalities through the actions, dialogues and thoughts. I see Tommy as a very serious boy who is fond of reading. In my view point Tommy is a curious boy because he has managed to find a very old book in the attic. He behaves with his young sister little bit arrogantly. He considers her to be much cleverer and know more than she does. That is why he laughs at her wrong suggestions. When Margie says that she will not like if an unknown man will come to her home to teach her, he screams with laughter.

As for Margie, I sympathize with her. She seems to be a clever girl no matter what points she has in geography because it is her mechanical teacher's fault. I feel sorry for her. She goes to study knowing about old types of schools which seem to be definitely better for. I think Margie feels a little jealous of the children who study there. She is fed up with studying at home with a heartless mechanical teacher. She even wishes the teacher not to be put together after being taken apart by the County Inspector. I think this fact proves her bad attitude to modern school.

The author uses the third-person omniscient narrator. That means that the narrator doesn't participate in the actions but knows everything concerning the characters. I think it to be a very objective and reliable type of narration because the author can enter the minds of the characters and the reader is able to know more.

The story is written in simple language, that's why it's quite easy to read it. The author uses many epithets while describing the children's process of reading the book. Margie writes in her diary about a “real book” with “yellow and crinkly pages”. This epithets show us that the children really have never seen such books with pages before. And these epithets also prove that the action take place in future when nobody knows about old types of books. To describe Tommy's attitude to Margie the author uses epithets. Tommy looks at Margie with “superior eyes”. Using this stylistic device the author shows us that Tommy thinks him to be cleverer than Margie.

The story also contains many hyperboles and similars. Tommy says that “their father knows as much as his teacher”. But Margie doesn't believe him, she can't even imagine that somebody can be as clever as a mechanical teacher.

The gradation “large and black and ugly” is used to emphasize that a mechanical teacher is just a robot not a real man.

The vocabulary of the extract is stylistically neutral. Some slang words are used to create the atmosphere of real life, to make readers believe that there are real two little children talking to each other.

The story is devoted to the problem of modernization. There are too much modern inventions in all parts of our society. On one hand it simplifies our lives, on the other there are some aspects where it is better to follow traditions, for example education. Asimov touches upon a very serious problem. A teacher is a person whom a student could speak, ask for advice and trust. They should teach us not only to “add the fractions” or to know all the seas and rivers. School is a place where students study to live. And only a man is able to help a student, not a mechanical teacher with whom a student can’t even talk.

(Source: <http://www.twirpx.com/file/777095/>)

5. E. Hemingway *The Cat in the Rain*

*Hemingway was one of the leaders of the modernist literary movement, which took place after World War I, a master of implicit detail. He experimented with language by trimming the often excessive language of the nineteenth century into a spare, hard-edged prose. Hemingway manages to catch the post-war mood of disillusionment and dissatisfaction by forging an enormous impression through the economy of his style and the "toughness" of attitude of mind. Ernest Hemingway's short story **The Cat in the Rain** is, on the surface, a simple tale of an American couple in Italy. However, the reader soon realizes that this uncomplicated tale illuminates much deeper meanings. The main idea of this story is the idea of family routine and loneliness which we can define even from the very beginning. A lot of poetic details such as “the war monument”, “empty square”, words with the semantic field of rain and water (water, pools, sea, dripped, glisten, slipped back) imply loneliness. The author uses the foregrounded repetitions that enforce this feeling of abandonment, oppressiveness and inevitability. For example, we can see the word combination “the war monument”, which implies the idea of destruction, grief and loneliness itself, three times in one paragraph. The theme of the story is that one can have illusions of a happy family being misunderstood and lonely in fact.*

The action starts to develop when the wife who is the protagonist notices a cat in the rain that is a parallel character. The cat “crouched under one of the dripping green tables...trying to make herself so compact that she would not be dripped on”. The situation implies that the cat feels far from convenient and so does the wife in her family life. The word “kitty” is the symbol of loneliness, which helps to reveal the nature of the protagonist, her desire to care and to be cared. This desire is the foundation of the main conflict of the story which is the inner conflict within the wife. Hemingway gives names neither to the wife nor to the cat generalizing women in American families, difficulties in marital relations. There is also the contrast between the notion of the united and extended Italian family and the American family where two people just live together.

The husband, George, is the antagonist in the story. From the very beginning he doesn’t seem to care of his wife, his speech is very laconic while his wife is explicit in the expression of her feelings. But in the end we understand, that he is not indifferent, he loves her. Some elements of the text make us understand that not everything is so bad, namely George changes his position and seems to demonstrate his interest. But

the American wife wants the demonstration of love, she is tired of routine, she needs a lot, but at the same time she cannot get what she wants even her little poor kitty which is shown by the repetition of the words “want”, “like” and “new”. The only way that the woman finds in relieving herself from this situation is through making reveries or complaining. The reveries are those of possessing a child. She wants to be a woman (“I get so tired of looking like a boy”).

The opposing character to the husband is the hotel owner. The author describes the relation between the wife and the hotel-keeper as an indication of her relations with the husband. The poetic details “old heavy face” and “big hands” are full of situational connotation and imply the lack of protection, support, tenderness and care. The syntactical parallel structures which are reinforced by the anaphoric repetition of the verb “like” show the qualities she lacks in her husband. She feels inconvenient, no umbrella in the rain, no care, just the wall of misunderstanding, and the hotel owner provides her with that protection and attention, she feels “very small and at the same time very important”. This unusual opposition of the epithets “small” and “important” helps to understand the needs of this particular woman and women in general.

Another secondary character who is parallel to the wife is the maid. Her actions (“umbrella opened”, “holding the umbrella”) and speech mannerisms (“you must not get wet”) make the contrast between the wife and her husband evident. And that gives us the idea of the conflict between them, which is the minor, external conflict of the story.

The dénouement takes place, when the maid brings “a big tortoise-shell cat” when “the light comes on in the square” (the implication of hope). Symbolically the hotel keeper fulfills the woman’s dream and gives her what she hoped to have. The woman’s agitation and perplexity are calmed down but still the problem remains unsolved.

(Source: <http://www.mikhae.com/2012/01/hemingway-cat-in-rain-critical-analysis.html>)

II. Read, discuss and make the interpretation of the following stories by British and American writers. For the structure and basic vocabulary to use in the interpretation refer to APPENDIX I:

1. THE STORY OF AN HOUR

Kate Chopin

Katherine O’Flaherty was born on February 8, 1851, in St. Louis (USA). Her father was an Irish merchant and her mother was the daughter of an old French family. After her father’s death, her sophisticated grandmother had a great impact on Kate, encouraging her to reject hypocrisy, to love music and storytelling, and to indulge in unconventional behavior. Kate was formally educated at the Academy of the Sacred Heart in St. Louis. Two years after graduating from the Academy, Kate married Oscar Chopin, and gave birth to five boys and one girl. When her husband died of malaria in 1882, he left Kate

*twelve thousand dollars in debt. But being the resourceful woman her matriarchs raised, she ran the family plantation for a year and then returned with her children to her mother in St. Louis. A year later, Eliza O'Flaherty died and Kate began her career as a fiction writer in 1888. Over the next fifteen years, until her death in 1904, she published two novels and wrote almost a hundred stories and sketches. Chopin's stories were published in periodicals such as **Vogue, Harpers, Century, Saturday Evening Post, Atlantic,** and various newspapers of St. Louis and New Orleans.*

Most of her best-known work focuses on the lives of sensitive, intelligent women. Today Kate Chopin is widely accepted as one of America's essential authors.

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will - as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been.

When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under her breath: "free, free, free!" The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial.

She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked safe with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him—sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

"Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. "Louise, open the door! I beg, open the door—you will make yourself ill. What are you doing Louise? For heaven's sake open the door."

"Go away. I am not making myself ill." No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Someone was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

But Richards was too late.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease - of joy that kills.

(1894)

2. THE MAN WHO DID NOT BELIEVE IN LUCK

Jerome K. Jerome

*Jerome Klapka Jerome (1859 - 1927) was a renowned English writer and humorist. He is best known for his humorous and comic masterpiece "Three Men in a Boat", apart from his other notable works of literature. He was born on May 2, 1859 in Caldmore, Walsall, England, and was raised amidst poverty in London, being the fourth child in a family. He studied at the Philological School, but had to leave his school for doing a job at the London and North Western Railway (collecting coal). Jerome's acting career was inspired by his elder sister. He produced low budget plays for three years and at the age of 21, he decided to end his theatre career. He then tried his hand at journalism, wrote essays, satires and short stories, but most of these were rejected. Over the next few years he served as a school teacher, a packer, and a solicitor's clerk. He tasted success as an actor finally in 1885, with his play **On the Stage**.*

*His writing career started with his collection of humorous essays **Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow** published in 1886. Jerome wrote his most famous work of literature **Three Men in a Boat** after his return from his honeymoon on a boat in river Thames. Soon after its publication in 1889 it went on to become an instant hit.*

*His other works include the essay collections like **the Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow**, **Three Men on the Bummel**- which was a sequel to **Three Men in a Boat**; and several other novels. Jerome died at the age of 68 on June 14, 1927.*

He got in at Ipswich with seven different weekly papers under his arm. I noticed that each one insured its reader against death or injury by railway accident. He arranged his luggage upon the rack above him, took off his hat and laid it on the seat beside him, mopped his bald head with a red silk handkerchief, and then set to work steadily to write his name and address upon each of the seven papers. I sat opposite to him and read Punch. I always take the old humour when travelling; I find it soothing to the nerves.

Passing over the points at Manningtree the train gave a lurch, and a horse-shoe he had carefully placed in the rack above him slipped through the netting, falling with a musical ring upon his head.

He appeared neither surprised nor angry. Having staunched the wound with his handkerchief, he stooped and picked the horse-shoe up, glanced at it with, as I thought, an expression of reproach, and dropped it gently out of the window.

"Did it hurt you?" I asked.

It was a foolish question. I told myself so the moment I had uttered it. The thing must have weighed three pounds at the least; it was an exceptionally large and heavy shoe. The bump on his head was swelling visibly before my eyes. Anyone but an idiot must have seen that he was hurt. I expected an irritable reply. I should have

given one myself had I been in his place. Instead, however, he seemed to regard the inquiry as a natural and kindly expression of sympathy.

“It did, a little,” he replied.

“What were you doing with it?” I asked. It was an odd sort of thing for a man to be travelling with.

“It was lying in the roadway just outside the station,” he explained; “I picked it up for luck.”

He refolded his handkerchief so as to bring a cooler surface in contact with the swelling, while I murmured something genial about the inscrutability of Providence.

“Yes,” he said, “I’ve had a deal of luck in my time, but it’s never turned out well.”

“I was born on a Wednesday,” he continued, “which, as I daresay you know, is the luckiest day a man can be born on. My mother was a widow, and none of my relatives would do anything for me. They said it would be like taking coals to Newcastle, helping a boy born on a Wednesday; and my uncle, when he died, left every penny of his money to my brother Sam, as a slight compensation to him for having been born on a Friday. All I ever got was advice upon the duties and responsibilities of wealth, when it arrived, and entreaties that I would not neglect those with claims upon me when I came to be a rich man.”

He paused while folding up his various insurance papers and placing them in the inside breast-pocket of his coat.

“Then there are black cats,” he went on; “they’re said to be lucky. Why, there never was a blacker cat than the one that followed me into my rooms in Bolsover Street the very first night I took them.”

“Didn’t it bring you luck?” I enquired, finding that he had stopped.

A far-away look came into his eyes.

“Well, of course it all depends,” he answered dreamily. “Maybe we’d never have suited one another; you can always look at it that way. Still, I’d like to have tried.”

He sat staring out of the window, and for a while I did not care to intrude upon his evidently painful memories.

“What happened then?” I asked, however, at last.

He roused himself from his reverie.

“Oh,” he said. “Nothing extraordinary. She had to leave London for a time, and gave me her pet canary to take charge of while she was away.”

“But it wasn’t your fault,” I urged.

“No, perhaps not,” he agreed; “but it created a coldness which others were not slow to take advantage of.”

“I offered her the cat, too,” he added, but more to himself than to me.

We sat and smoked in silence. I felt that the consolations of a stranger would sound weak.

“Piebald horses are lucky, too,” he observed, knocking the ashes from his pipe against the window sash. “I had one of them once.”

“What did it do to you?” I enquired.

idiot must have seen that he was hurt. I expected an irritable reply. I should have

“Lost me the best crib I ever had in my life,” was the simple rejoinder. “The governor stood it a good deal longer than I had any right to expect; but you can’t keep a man who is always drunk. It gives a firm a bad name.”

“It would,” I agreed.

“You see,” he went on, “I never had the head for it. To some men it would not have so much mattered, but the very first glass was enough to upset me. I’d never been used to it.”

“But why did you take it?” I persisted. “The horse didn’t make you drink, did he?”

“Well, it was this way,” he explained, continuing to rub gently the lump which was now about the size of an egg. “The animal had belonged to a gentleman who travelled in the wine and spirit line, and who had been accustomed to visit in the way of business almost every public-house he came to. The result was you couldn’t get that little horse past a public-house - at least I couldn’t. He sighted them a quarter of a mile off, and made straight for the door. I struggled with him at first, but it was five to ten minutes’ work getting him away, and folks used to gather round and bet on us. I think, maybe, I’d have stuck to it, however, if it hadn’t been for a temperance chap who stopped one day and lectured the crowd about it from the opposite side of the street. He called me Pilgrim, and said the little horse was ‘Pollion,’ or some such name, and kept on shouting out that I was to fight him for a heavenly crown. After that they called us “Polly and the Pilgrim, fighting for the crown.” It riled me, that did, and at the very next house at which he pulled up I got down and said I’d come for two of Scotch. That was the beginning. It took me years to break myself of the habit.

“But there,” he continued, “it has always been the same. I hadn’t been a fortnight in my first situation before my employer gave me a goose weighing eighteen pounds as a Christmas present.”

“Well, that couldn’t have done you any harm,” I remarked. “That was lucky enough.”

“So the other clerks said at the time,” he replied. “The old gentleman had never been known to give anything away before in his life. ‘He’s taken a fancy to you,’ they said; ‘you are a lucky beggar!’”

He sighed heavily. I felt there was a story attached.

“What did you do with it?” I asked.

“That was the trouble,” he returned. “I didn’t know what to do with it. It was ten o’clock on Christmas Eve, just as I was leaving, that he gave it to me. ‘Tiddling Brothers have sent me a goose, Biggles,’ he said to me as I helped him on with his great-coat. ‘Very kind of ’em, but I don’t want it myself; you can have it!’

“Of course I thanked him, and was very grateful. He wished me a merry Christmas and went out. I tied the thing up in brown paper, and took it under my arm. It was a fine bird, but heavy.

“Under all the circumstances, and it being Christmas time, I thought I would treat myself to a glass of beer. I went into a quiet little house at the corner of the Lane and laid the goose on the counter.

“‘That’s a big ’un,’ said the landlord; ‘you’ll get a good cut off him to-morrow.’

“His words set me thinking, and for the first time it struck me that I didn’t want the bird - that it was of no use to me at all. I was going down to spend the holidays with my young lady’s people in Kent.”

“Was this the canary young lady?” I interrupted.

“No,” he replied. “This was before that one. It was this goose I’m telling you of that upset this one. Well, her folks were big farmers; it would have been absurd taking a goose down to them, and I knew no one in London to give it to, so when the landlord came round again I asked him if he would care to buy it. I told him he could have it cheap,

“I don’t want it myself,’ he answered. ‘I’ve got three in the house already. Perhaps one of these gentlemen would like to make an offer.’

“He turned to a couple of chaps who were sitting drinking gin. They didn’t look to me worth the price of a chicken between them. The seediest said he’d like to look at it, however, and I undid the parcel. He mauled the thing pretty considerably, and cross-examined me as to how I come by it, ending by upsetting half a tumbler of gin and water over it. Then he offered me half a crown for it. It made me so angry that I took the brown paper and the string in one hand and the goose in the other, and walked straight out without saying a word.

“I carried it in this way for some distance, because I was excited and didn’t care how I carried it; but as I cooled, I began to reflect how ridiculous I must look. One or two small boys evidently noticed the same thing. I stopped under a lamp-post and tried to tie it up again. I had a bag and an umbrella with me at the same time, and the first thing I did was to drop the goose into the gutter, which is just what I might have expected to do, attempting to handle four separate articles and three yards of string with one pair of hands. I picked up about a quart of mud with that goose, and got the greater part of it over my hands and clothes and a fair quantity over the brown paper; and then it began to rain.

“I bundled everything up into my arm and made for the nearest pub, where I thought I would ask for a piece more string and make a neat job of it.

“The bar was crowded. I pushed my way to the counter and flung the goose down in front of me. The men nearest stopped talking to look at it; and a young fellow standing next to me said -

“‘Well, you’ve killed it.’ I daresay I did seem a bit excited.

“I had intended making another effort to sell it here, but they were clearly not the right sort. I had a pint of ale - for I was feeling somewhat tired and hot—scraped as much of the mud off the bird as I could, made a fresh parcel of it, and came out.

“Crossing the road a happy idea occurred to me. I thought I would raffle it. At once I set to work to find a house where there might seem to be a likely lot. It cost me three or four whiskies—for I felt I didn’t want any more beer, which is a thing that easily upsets me—but at length I found just the crowd I wanted—a quiet domestic-looking set in a homely little place off the Goswell Road.

“I explained my views to the landlord. He said he had no objection; he supposed I would stand drinks round afterwards. I said I should be delighted to do so, and showed him the bird.

“‘It looks a bit poor,’ said the landlord. ‘How was you De got shie good an out off him to-morrow.’

“‘Oh, that’s nothing,’ I explained. ‘I happened to drop it. That will all wash off.’

“‘It smells a bit queer, too,’ he said.

“‘That’s mud,’ I answered; ‘you know what London mud is. And a gentleman spilled some gin over it. Nobody will notice that when it’s cooked.’

“‘Well,’ he replied. ‘I don’t think I’ll take a hand myself, but if any other gent likes to, that’s his affair.’

“Nobody seemed enthusiastic. I started it at sixpence, and took a ticket myself. The potman had a free chance for superintending the arrangements, and he succeeded in inducing five other men, much against their will, to join us. I won it myself, and paid out three and twopence for drinks. A solemn-looking individual who had been snoring in a corner suddenly woke up as I was going out, and offered me sevenpence ha’penny for it—why sevenpence ha’penny I have never been able to understand. He would have taken it away, I should never have seen it again, and my whole life might have been different. But Fate has always been against me. I replied, with perhaps unnecessary hauteur, that I wasn’t a Christmas dinner fund for the destitute, and walked out.

“It was getting late, and I had a long walk home to my lodgings. I was beginning to wish I had never seen the bird. I estimated its weight by this time to be thirty-six pounds.

“The idea occurred to me to sell it to a poulterer. I looked for a shop, I found one in Myddleton Street. There wasn’t a customer near it, but by the way the man was shouting you might have thought that he was doing all the trade of Clerkenwell. I took the goose out of the parcel and laid it on the shelf before him.

“‘What’s this?’ he asked.

“‘It’s a goose,’ I said. ‘You can have it cheap.’

“He just seized the thing by the neck and flung it at me. I dodged, and it caught the side of my head. You can have no idea, if you’ve never been hit on the head with a goose, how it hurts. I picked it up and hit him back with it, and a policeman came up with the usual, ‘Now then, what’s all this about?’

“I explained the facts. The poulterer stepped to the edge of the curb and apostrophised the universe generally.

“‘Look at that shop,’ he said. ‘It’s twenty minutes to twelve, and there’s seven dozen geese hanging there that I’m willing to give away, and this fool asks me if I want to buy another.’

“I perceived then that my notion had been a foolish one, and I followed the policeman’s advice, and went away quietly, taking the bird with me.

“Then said I to myself, ‘I will give it away. I will select some poor deserving person, and make him a present of the damned thing.’ I passed a good many people, but no one looked deserving enough. It may have been the time or it may have been the neighbourhood, but those I met seemed to me to be unworthy of the bird. I offered it to a man in Judd Street, who I thought appeared hungry. He turned out to be a drunken ruffian. I could not make him understand what I meant, and he followed me down the road abusing me at the top of his voice, until, turning a corner without knowing it, he plunged down Tavistock Place, shouting after the wrong man. In the

Euston Road I stopped a half-starved child and pressed it upon her. She answered 'Not me!' and ran away. I heard her calling shrilly after me, 'Who stole the goose?'

"I dropped it in a dark part of Seymour Street. A man picked it up and brought it after me. I was unequal to any more explanations or arguments. I gave him twopence and plodded on with it once more. The pubs were just closing, and I went into one for a final drink. As a matter of fact I had had enough already, being, as I am, unaccustomed to anything more than an occasional class of beer. But I felt depressed, and I thought it might cheer me. I think I had gin, which is a thing I loathe.

"I meant to fling it over into Oakley Square, but a policeman had his eye on me, and followed me twice round the railings. In Golding Road I sought to throw it down an area, but was frustrated in like manner. The whole night police of London seemed to have nothing else to do but prevent my getting rid of that goose.

"They appeared so anxious about it that I fancied they might like to have it. I went up to one in Camden Street. I called him 'Bobby,' and asked him if he wanted a goose.

"'I'll tell you what I don't want,' he replied severely, 'and that is none of your sauce.'

"He was very insulting, and I naturally answered him back. What actually passed I forget, but it ended in his announcing his intention of taking me in charge.

"I slipped out of his hands and bolted down King Street. He blew his whistle and started after me. A man sprang out from a doorway in College Street and tried to stop me. I tied him up with a butt in the stomach, and cut through the Crescent, doubling back into the Camden Road by Batt Street.

"At the Canal Bridge I looked behind me, and could see no one. I dropped the goose over the parapet, and it fell with a splash into the water.

"Heaving a sigh of relief, I turned and crossed into Randolph Street, and there a constable collared me. I was arguing with him when the first fool came up breathless. They told me I had better explain the matter to the Inspector, and I thought so too.

"The Inspector asked me why I had run away when the other constable wanted to take me in charge. I replied that it was because I did not desire to spend my Christmas holidays in the lock-up, which he evidently regarded as a singularly weak argument. He asked me what I had thrown into the canal. I told him a goose. He asked me why I had thrown a goose into the canal. I told him because I was sick and tired of the animal.

"At this stage a sergeant came in to say that they had succeeded in recovering the parcel. They opened it on the Inspector's table. It contained a dead baby.

"I pointed out to them that it wasn't my parcel, and that it wasn't my baby, but they hardly took the trouble to disguise the fact that they did not believe me.

"The Inspector said it was too grave a case for bail, which, seeing that I did not know a soul in London, was somewhat immaterial. I got them to send a telegram to my young lady to say that I was unavoidably detained in town, and passed as quiet and uneventful a Christmas Day and Boxing Day as I ever wish to spend.

"In the end the evidence against me was held to be insufficient to justify a conviction, and I got off on the minor charge of drunk and disorderly. But I lost my situation and I lost my young lady, and I don't care if I never see a goose again."

We were nearing Liverpool Street. He collected his luggage, and taking up his hat made an attempt to put it on his head. But in consequence of the swelling caused by the horseshoe it would not go anywhere near him, and he laid it sadly back upon the seat.

“No,” he said quietly, “I can’t say that I believe very much in luck.”

(1895)

3. THE FLY

Katherine Mansfield

*Katherine Mansfield (1888 - 1923) played an important role in the modernization of short-story technique. Born Kathleen Mansfield Beauchamp, on October 14, 1888, she was the daughter of a successful Wellington (New Zealand) businessman, Harold Beauchamp, and his wife, Annie Burnell, a sickly woman who was somewhat detached from her children. Mansfield first began journeying into continental Europe in 1903 - 1906, mainly to Belgium and Germany. After finishing her schooling in England, Mansfield returned to her New Zealand home in 1906, only then beginning to write short stories. She had several works published in the Native Companion (Australia), which was her first paid writing work, and by this time she had her mind set on becoming a professional writer. It was also the first occasion on which she used the pseudonym 'K. Mansfield'. She is best-known for the short-stories **The Woman At the Store, A Dill Pickle, Je ne parle pas Francais, Bliss, The Stranger, The Canary, At the Bay, Mr. And Mrs. Dove, The Voyage, Her First Ball and The Stranger**. Most of the stories are set to be free-spirited and of modernist themes; one that was quite rare in her days. In 1917 she was diagnosed with tuberculosis, which led to her death at the age of 34.*

"Y'are very snug in here," piped old Mr. Woodifield, and he peered out of the great, green-leather armchair by his friend the boss's desk as a baby peers out of its pram. His talk was over; it was time for him to be off. But he did not want to go. Since he had retired, since his...stroke, the wife and the girls kept him boxed up in the house every day of the week except Tuesday. On Tuesday he was dressed and brushed and allowed to cut back to the City for the day. Though what he did there the wife and girls couldn't imagine. Made a nuisance of himself to his friends, they supposed....Well, perhaps so. All the same, we cling to our last pleasures as the tree clings to its last leaves. So there sat old Woodifield, smoking a cigar and staring almost greedily at the boss, who rolled in his office chair, stout, rosy, five years older than he, and still going strong, still at the helm. It did one good to see him.

Wistfully, admiringly, the old voice added, "It's snug in here, upon my word!"

"Yes, it's comfortable enough," agreed the boss, and he flipped the *Financial Times* with a paper-knife. As a matter of fact he was proud of his room; he liked to have it admired, especially by old Woodifield. It gave him a feeling of deep, solid

satisfaction to be planted there in the midst of it in full view of that frail old figure in the muffler.

"I've had it done up lately," he explained, as he had explained for the past -- how many? -- weeks. "New carpet," and he pointed to the bright red carpet with a pattern of large white rings. "New furniture," and he nodded towards the massive bookcase and the table with legs like twisted treacle. "Electric heating!" He waved almost exultantly towards the five transparent, pearly sausages glowing so softly in the tilted copper pan.

But he did not draw old Woodifield's attention to the photograph over the table of a grave-looking boy in uniform standing in one of those spectral photographers' parks with photographers' storm-clouds behind him. It was not new. It had been there for over six years.

"There was something I wanted to tell you," said old Woodifield, and his eyes grew dim remembering. "Now what was it? I had it in my mind when I started out this morning." His hands began to tremble, and patches of red showed above his beard.

Poor old chap, he's on his last pins, thought the boss. And, feeling kindly, he winked at the old man, and said jokingly, "I tell you what. I've got a little drop of something here that'll do you good before you go out into the cold again. It's beautiful stuff. It wouldn't hurt a child." He took a key off his watch-chain, unlocked a cupboard below his desk, and drew forth a dark, squat bottle. "That's the medicine," said he. "And the man from whom I got it told me on the strict Q.T. it came from the cellars at Windor Castle."

Old Woodifield's mouth fell open at the sight. He couldn't have looked more surprised if the boss had produced a rabbit.

"It's whisky, ain't it?" he piped feebly.

The boss turned the bottle and lovingly showed him the label. Whisky it was.

"D'you know," said he, peering up at the boss wonderingly, "they won't let me touch it at home." And he looked as though he was going to cry.

"Ah, that's where we know a bit more than the ladies," cried the boss, swooping across for two tumblers that stood on the table with the water-bottle, and pouring a generous finger into each. "Drink it down. It'll do you good. And don't put any water with it. It's sacrilege to tamper with stuff like this. Ah!" He tossed off his, pulled out his handkerchief, hastily wiped his moustaches, and cocked an eye at old Woodifield, who was rolling his in his chaps.

The old man swallowed, was silent a moment, and then said faintly, "It's nutty!"

But it warmed him; it crept into his chill old brain - he remembered.

"That was it," he said, heaving himself out of his chair. "I thought you'd like to know. The girls were in Belgium last week having a look at poor Reggie's grave, and they happened to come across your boy's. They're quite near each other, it seems."

Old Woodifield paused, but the boss made no reply. Only a quiver in his eyelids showed that he heard.

"The girls were delighted with the way the place is kept," piped the old voice. "Beautifully looked after. Couldn't be better if they were at home. You've not been across, have yer?"

"No, no!" For various reasons the boss had not been across.

"There's miles of it," quavered old Woodifield, "and it's all as neat as a garden. Flowers growing on all the graves. Nice broad paths." It was plain from his voice how much he liked a nice broad path.

The pause came again. Then the old man brightened wonderfully.

"D'you know what the hotel made the girls pay for a pot of jam?" he piped. "Ten francs! Robbery, I call it. It was a little pot, so Gertrude says, no bigger than a half-crown. And she hadn't taken more than a spoonful when they charged her ten francs. Gertrude brought the pot away with her to teach 'em a lesson. Quite right, too; it's trading on our feelings. They think because we're over there having a look round we're ready to pay anything. That's what it is." And he turned towards the door.

"Quite right, quite right!" cried the boss, though what was quite right he hadn't the least idea. He came round by his desk, followed the shuffling footsteps to the door, and saw the old fellow out. Woodifield was gone.

For a long moment the boss stayed, staring at nothing, while the grey-haired office messenger, watching him, dodged in and out of his cubby-hole like a dog that expects to be taken for a run. Then: "I'll see nobody for half an hour, Macey," said the boss. "Understand? Nobody at all."

"Very good, sir."

The door shut, the firm heavy steps recrossed the bright carpet, the fat body plumped down in the spring chair, and leaning forward, the boss covered his face with his hands. He wanted, he intended, he had arranged to weep....

It had been a terrible shock to him when old Woodifield sprang that remark upon him about the boy's grave. It was exactly as though the earth had opened and he had seen the boy lying there with Woodifield's girls staring down at him. For it was strange. Although over six years had passed away, the boss never thought of the boy except as lying unchanged, unblemished in his uniform, asleep for ever. "My son!" groaned the boss. But no tears came yet. In the past, in the first few months and even years after the boy's death, he had only to say those words to be overcome by such grief that nothing short of a violent fit of weeping could relieve him. Time, he had declared then, he had told everybody, could make no difference. Other men perhaps might recover, might live their loss down, but not he. How was it possible? His boy was an only son. Ever since his birth the boss had worked at building up this business for him; it had no other meaning if it was not for the boy. Life itself had come to have no other meaning. How on earth could he have slaved, denied himself, kept going all those years without the promise for ever before him of the boy's stepping into his shoes and carrying on where he left off?

And that promise had been so near being fulfilled. The boy had been in the office learning the ropes for a year before the war. Every morning they had started off together; they had come back by the same train. And what congratulations he had received as the boy's father! No wonder; he had taken to it marvellously. As to his popularity with the staff, every man jack of them down to old Macey couldn't make enough of the boy. And he wasn't the least spoilt. No, he was just his bright natural self, with the right word for everybody, with that boyish look and his habit of saying, "Simply splendid!"

But all that was over and done with as though it never had been. The day had come when Macey had handed him the telegram that brought the whole place crashing about his head. "Deeply regret to inform you..." And he had left the office a broken man, with his life in ruins.

Six years ago, six years How quickly time passed! It might have happened yesterday. The boss took his hands from his face; he was puzzled. Something seemed to be wrong with him. He wasn't feeling as he wanted to feel. He decided to get up and have a look at the boy's photograph. But it wasn't a favourite photograph of his; the expression was unnatural. It was cold, even stern-looking. The boy had never looked like that.

At that moment the boss noticed that a fly had fallen into his broad inkpot, and was trying feebly but deperately to clamber out again. Help! help! said those struggling legs. But the sides of the inkpot were wet and slippery; it fell back again and began to swim. The boss took up a pen, picked the fly out of the ink, and shook it on to a piece of blotting-paper. For a fraction of a second it lay still on the dark patch that oozed round it. Then the front legs waved, took hold, and, pulling its small, sodden body up, it began the immense task of cleaning the ink from its wings. Over and under, over and under, went a leg along a wing, as the stone goes over and under the scythe. Then there was a pause, while the fly, seeming to stand on the tips of its toes, tried to expand first one wing and then the other. It succeeded at last, and, sitting down, it began, like a minute cat, to clean its face. Now one could imagine that the little front legs rubbed against each other lightly, joyfully. The horrible danger was over; it had escaped; It was ready for life again.

But just then the boss had an idea. He plunged his pen back into the ink, leaned his thick wrist on the blotting-paper, and as the fly tried its wings down came a great heavy blot. What would it make of that? What indeed! The little beggar seemed absolutely cowed, stunned, and afraid to move because of what would happen next. But then, as if painfully, it dragged itself forward. The front legs waved, caught hold, and, more slowly this time, the task began from the beginning.

He's a plucky little devil, thought the boss, and he felt a real admiration for the fly's courage. That was the way to tackle things; that was the right spirit. Never say die; it was only a question of But the fly had again finished its laborious task, and the boss had just time to refill his pen, to shake fair and square on the new-cleaned body yet another dark drop. What about it this time? A painful moment of suspense followed. But behold, the front legs were again waving; the boss felt a rush of relief. He leaned over the fly and said to it tenderly, "You artful little b..." And he actually had the brilliant notion of breathing on it to help the drying process. All the same, there was something timid and weak about its efforts now, and the boss decided that this time should be the last, as he dipped the pen deep into the inkpot.

It was. The last blot fell on the soaked blotting-paper, and the draggled fly lay in it and did not stir. The back legs were stuck to the body; the front legs were not to be seen.

"Come on," said the boss. "Look sharp!" And he stirred it with his pen - in vain. Nothing happened or was likely to happen. The fly was dead.

The boss lifted the corpse on the end of the paper-knife and flung it into the waste-paper basket. But such a grinding feeling of wretchedness seized him that he felt positively frightened. He started forward and pressed the bell for Macey.

"Bring me some fresh blotting-paper," he said sternly, "and look sharp about it." And while the old dog padded away he fell to wondering what it was he had been thinking about before. What was it? It was He took out his handkerchief and passed it inside his collar. For the life of him he could not remember.

(1922)

4. A HAUNTED HOUSE

Virginia Woolf

Adeline Virginia Woolf (1882 - 1941), better known as Virginia Woolf, was born on January 25, 1882 in London, England. She was educated by her parents. Her father, Sir Leslie Stephen, was an author as well as historian and mountaineer. Her mother, renowned for her beauty, modeled for many painters. When in 1895 her mother died, Virginia Woolf was only 13. Her half sister also died only two years later; this provoked Woolf's first nervous breakdown. Virginia Woolf was to have many other breakdowns throughout her life. She nevertheless managed to study at the Ladies Department of the King's College London, which got her acquainted with some of the first reformers of women's higher education.

Virginia Woolf was part of the Bloomsbury Group, an intellectual circle of artists and writers. In the Bloomsbury group she met Leonard Woolf, they married in 1912 despite his poverty.

*Virginia Woolf was an essayist, novelist, publisher, critic, especially famous for her novels and feminist writings. Considered to be one of the leading figures of modernist literature of the twentieth century, her most notable works are the novels **Mrs Dalloway**, **Orlando**, **To the Lighthouse**, **The Waves** and the feminist essay **A Room of One's Own**. Virginia Woolf committed suicide on the 28th of March 1941 in East Sussex, England, at the age of 59.*

Whatever hour you woke there was a door shutting. From room to room they went, hand in hand, lifting here, opening there, making sure - a ghostly couple.

"Here we left it," she said. And he added, "Oh, but here too!" "It's upstairs," she murmured. "And in the garden," he whispered "Quietly," they said, "or we shall wake them."

But it wasn't that you woke us. Oh, no. "They're looking for it; they're drawing the curtain," one might say, and so read on a page or two. "Now they've found it," one would be certain, stopping the pencil on the margin. And then, tired of reading, one might rise and see for oneself, the house all empty, the doors standing open, only the wood pigeons bubbling with content and the hum of the threshing machine sounding from the farm. "What did I come in here for? What did I want to find?" My

hands were empty. "Perhaps it's upstairs then?" The apples were in the loft. And so down again, the garden still as ever, only the book had slipped into the grass.

But they had found it in the drawing room. Not that one could ever see them. The window panes reflected apples, reflected roses; all the leaves were green in the glass. If they moved in the drawing room, the apple only turned its yellow side. Yet, the moment after, if the door was opened, spread about the floor, hung upon the walls, pendant from the ceiling - what? My hands were empty. The shadow of a thrush crossed the carpet; from the deepest wells of silence the wood pigeon drew its bubble of sound. "Safe, safe, safe," the pulse of the house beat softly. "The treasure buried; the room ..." the pulse stopped short. Oh, was that the buried treasure?

A moment later the light had faded. Out in the garden then? But the trees spun darkness for a wandering beam of sun. So fine, so rare, coolly sunk beneath the surface the beam I sought always burnt behind the glass. Death was the glass; death was between us; coming to the woman first, hundreds of years ago, leaving the house, sealing all the windows; the rooms were darkened. He left it, left her, went North, went East, saw the stars turned in the Southern sky; sought the house, found it dropped beneath the Downs. "Safe, safe, safe," the pulse of the house beat gladly. "The Treasure yours."

The wind roars up the avenue. Trees stoop and bend this way and that. Moonbeams splash and spill wildly in the rain. But the beam of the lamp falls straight from the window. The candle burns stiff and still. Wandering through the house, opening the windows, whispering not to wake us, the ghostly couple seek their joy.

"Here we slept," she says. And he adds, "Kisses without number." "Waking in the morning - " "Silver between the trees - " "Upstairs - " "In the garden - " "When summer came - " "In winter snowtime - " The doors go shutting far in the distance, gently knocking like the pulse of a heart.

Nearer they come; cease at the doorway. The wind falls, the rain slides silver down the glass. Our eyes darken; we hear no steps beside us; we see no lady spread her ghostly cloak. His hands shield the lantern. "Look," he breathes. "Sound asleep. Love upon their lips."

Stooping, holding their silver lamp above us, long they look and deeply. Long they pause. The wind drives straightly; the flame stoops slightly. Wild beams of moonlight cross both floor and wall, and, meeting, stain the faces bent; the faces pondering; the faces that search the sleepers and seek their hidden joy.

"Safe, safe, safe," the heart of the house beats proudly. "Long years - " he sighs. "Again you found me." "Here," she murmurs, "sleeping; in the garden reading; laughing, rolling apples in the loft. Here we left our treasure —" Stooping, their light lifts the lids upon my eyes. "Safe! safe! safe!" the pulse of the house beats wildly. Waking, I cry "Oh, is this your buried treasure? The light in the heart."

(1921)

5. ARABY

(from *Dubliners* collection)

James Joyce

*James Joyce (1882 - 1941) was one of the most preeminent Irish authors of the twentieth century. In 1882, James Joyce was born in a suburb of Dublin, Ireland. Dublin figured predominately in Joyce's writings. After a brief time at Christian Brothers School, Joyce was enrolled at Belvedere College in 1893. In 1898, Joyce began studying Italian, English and French at University College, Dublin. At this time, Joyce also began his entry into the artistic life of Dublin. His literary reviews appeared in **Fortnightly Review**. His **Dubliners** is a linked collection of 15 short stories treating the sometimes squalid, sometimes sentimental lives of various Dublin residents. An essentially realistic portrayal of Dublin life, **Dubliners** was accepted for publication in 1906, but objections from editors and printers delayed publication until 1914. A short volume of poetry, **Chamber Music**, was his first published volume; it appeared in 1907. He published two subsequent volumes of poetry, **Pomes Penyeach** (1927) and **Collected Poems** (1937).*

*The writings of James Joyce include **The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man**, **Ulysses**, **Exiles**, **Finnegan's Wake**.*

North Richmond Street, being blind, was a quiet street except at the hour when the Christian Brothers' School set the boys free. An uninhabited house of two storeys stood at the blind end, detached from its neighbours in a square ground. The other houses of the street, conscious of decent lives within them, gazed at one another with brown imperturbable faces.

The former tenant of our house, a priest, had died in the back drawing-room. Air, musty from having been long enclosed, hung in all the rooms, and the waste room behind the kitchen was littered with old useless papers. Among these I found a few paper-covered books, the pages of which were curled and damp: The Abbot, by Walter Scott, The Devout Communicant, and The Memoirs of Vidocq. I liked the last best because its leaves were yellow. The wild garden behind the house contained a central apple-tree and a few straggling bushes, under one of which I found the late tenant's rusty bicycle-pump. He had been a very charitable priest; in his will he had left all his money to institutions and the furniture of his house to his sister.

When the short days of winter came, dusk fell before we had well eaten our dinners. When we met in the street the houses had grown sombre. The space of sky above us was the colour of ever-changing violet and towards it the lamps of the street lifted their feeble lanterns. The cold air stung us and we played till our bodies glowed. Our shouts echoed in the silent street. The career of our play brought us through the dark muddy lanes behind the houses, where we ran the gauntlet of the rough tribes from the cottages, to the back doors of the dark dripping gardens where odours arose from the ashpits, to the dark odorous stables where a coachman smoothed and combed the horse or shook music from the buckled harness. When we returned to the street, light from the kitchen windows had filled the areas. If my uncle was seen turning the corner, we hid in the shadow until we had seen him safely housed. Or if Mangan's sister came out on the doorstep to call her brother in to his tea, we watched her from our shadow peer up and down the street. We waited to see

whether she would remain or go in and, if she remained, we left our shadow and walked up to Mangan's steps resignedly. She was waiting for us, her figure defined by the light from the half-opened door. Her brother always teased her before he obeyed, and I stood by the railings looking at her. Her dress swung as she moved her body, and the soft rope of her hair tossed from side to side.

Every morning I lay on the floor in the front parlour watching her door. The blind was pulled down to within an inch of the sash so that I could not be seen. When she came out on the doorstep my heart leaped. I ran to the hall, seized my books and followed her. I kept her brown figure always in my eye and, when we came near the point at which our ways diverged, I quickened my pace and passed her. This happened morning after morning. I had never spoken to her, except for a few casual words, and yet her name was like a summons to all my foolish blood.

Her image accompanied me even in places the most hostile to romance. On Saturday evenings when my aunt went marketing I had to go to carry some of the parcels. We walked through the flaring streets, jostled by drunken men and bargaining women, amid the curses of labourers, the shrill litanies of shop-boys who stood on guard by the barrels of pigs' cheeks, the nasal chanting of street-singers, who sang a come-all-you about O'Donovan Rossa, or a ballad about the troubles in our native land. These noises converged in a single sensation of life for me: I imagined that I bore my chalice safely through a throng of foes. Her name sprang to my lips at moments in strange prayers and praises which I myself did not understand. My eyes were often full of tears (I could not tell why) and at times a flood from my heart seemed to pour itself out into my bosom. I thought little of the future. I did not know whether I would ever speak to her or not or, if I spoke to her, how I could tell her of my confused adoration. But my body was like a harp and her words and gestures were like fingers running upon the wires.

One evening I went into the back drawing-room in which the priest had died. It was a dark rainy evening and there was no sound in the house. Through one of the broken panes I heard the rain impinge upon the earth, the fine incessant needles of water playing in the sodden beds. Some distant lamp or lighted window gleamed below me. I was thankful that I could see so little. All my senses seemed to desire to veil themselves and, feeling that I was about to slip from them, I pressed the palms of my hands together until they trembled, murmuring: 'O love! O love!' many times.

At last she spoke to me. When she addressed the first words to me I was so confused that I did not know what to answer. She asked me was I going to Araby. I forgot whether I answered yes or no. It would be a splendid bazaar; she said she would love to go.

'And why can't you?' I asked.

While she spoke she turned a silver bracelet round and round her wrist. She could not go, she said, because there would be a retreat that week in her convent. Her brother and two other boys were fighting for their caps, and I was alone at the railings. She held one of the spikes, bowing her head towards me. The light from the lamp opposite our door caught the white curve of her neck, lit up her hair that rested there and, falling, lit up the hand upon the railing. It fell over one side of her dress and caught the white border of a petticoat, just visible as she stood at ease.

'It's well for you,' she said.

'If I go,' I said, 'I will bring you something.'

What innumerable follies laid waste my waking and sleeping thoughts after that evening! I wished to annihilate the tedious intervening days. I chafed against the work of school. At night in my bedroom and by day in the classroom her image came between me and the page I strove to read. The syllables of the word Araby were called to me through the silence in which my soul luxuriated and cast an Eastern enchantment over me. I asked for leave to go to the bazaar on Saturday night. My aunt was surprised, and hoped it was not some Freemason affair. I answered few questions in class. I watched my master's face pass from amiability to sternness; he hoped I was not beginning to idle. I could not call my wandering thoughts together. I had hardly any patience with the serious work of life which, now that it stood between me and my desire, seemed to me child's play, ugly monotonous child's play.

On Saturday morning I reminded my uncle that I wished to go to the bazaar in the evening. He was fussing at the hallstand, looking for the hat-brush, and answered me curtly:

'Yes, boy, I know.'

As he was in the hall I could not go into the front parlour and lie at the window. I felt the house in bad humour and walked slowly towards the school. The air was pitilessly raw and already my heart misgave me.

When I came home to dinner my uncle had not yet been home. Still it was early. I sat staring at the clock for some time and, when its ticking began to irritate me, I left the room. I mounted the staircase and gained the upper part of the house. The high, cold, empty, gloomy rooms liberated me and I went from room to room singing. From the front window I saw my companions playing below in the street. Their cries reached me weakened and indistinct and, leaning my forehead against the cool glass, I looked over at the dark house where she lived. I may have stood there for an hour, seeing nothing but the brown-clad figure cast by my imagination, touched discreetly by the lamplight at the curved neck, at the hand upon the railings and at the border below the dress.

When I came downstairs again I found Mrs Mercer sitting at the fire. She was an old, garrulous woman, a pawnbroker's widow, who collected used stamps for some pious purpose. I had to endure the gossip of the tea-table. The meal was prolonged beyond an hour and still my uncle did not come. Mrs Mercer stood up to go: she was sorry she couldn't wait any longer, but it was after eight o'clock and she did not like to be out late, as the night air was bad for her. When she had gone I began to walk up and down the room, clenching my fists. My aunt said:

'I'm afraid you may put off your bazaar for this night of Our Lord.'

At nine o'clock I heard my uncle's latchkey in the hall door. I heard him talking to himself and heard the hallstand rocking when it had received the weight of his overcoat. I could interpret these signs. When he was midway through his dinner I asked him to give me the money to go to the bazaar. He had forgotten.

'The people are in bed and after their first sleep now,' he said.

I did not smile. My aunt said to him energetically:

'Can't you give him the money and let him go? You've kept him late enough as it is.'

My uncle said he was very sorry he had forgotten. He said he believed in the old saying: 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.' He asked me where I was going and, when I told him a second time, he asked me did I know The Arab's Farewell to his Steed. When I left the kitchen he was about to recite the opening lines of the piece to my aunt.

I held a florin tightly in my hand as I strode down Buckingham Street towards the station. The sight of the streets thronged with buyers and glaring with gas recalled to me the purpose of my journey. I took my seat in a third-class carriage of a deserted train. After an intolerable delay the train moved out of the station slowly. It crept onward among ruinous houses and over the twinkling river. At Westland Row Station a crowd of people pressed to the carriage doors; but the porters moved them back, saying that it was a special train for the bazaar. I remained alone in the bare carriage. In a few minutes the train drew up beside an improvised wooden platform. I passed out on to the road and saw by the lighted dial of a clock that it was ten minutes to ten. In front of me was a large building which displayed the magical name.

I could not find any sixpenny entrance and, fearing that the bazaar would be closed, I passed in quickly through a turnstile, handing a shilling to a weary-looking man. I found myself in a big hall girded at half its height by a gallery. Nearly all the stalls were closed and the greater part of the hall was in darkness. I recognized a silence like that which pervades a church after a service. I walked into the centre of the bazaar timidly. A few people were gathered about the stalls which were still open. Before a curtain, over which the words *Café Chantant* were written in coloured lamps, two men were counting money on a salver. I listened to the fall of the coins.

Remembering with difficulty why I had come, I went over to one of the stalls and examined porcelain vases and flowered tea-sets. At the door of the stall a young lady was talking and laughing with two young gentlemen. I remarked their English accents and listened vaguely to their conversation. 'O, I never said such a thing!'

'O, but you did!'

'O, but I didn't!'

'Didn't she say that?'

'Yes. I heard her.'

'O, there's a... fib!'

Observing me, the young lady came over and asked me did I wish to buy anything. The tone of her voice was not encouraging; she seemed to have spoken to me out of a sense of duty. I looked humbly at the great jars that stood like eastern guards at either side of the dark entrance to the stall and murmured:

'No, thank you.'

The young lady changed the position of one of the vases and went back to the two young men. They began to talk of the same subject. Once or twice the young lady glanced at me over her shoulder.

I lingered before her stall, though I knew my stay was useless, to make my interest in her wares seem the more real. Then I turned away slowly and walked down the middle of the bazaar. I allowed the two pennies to fall against the sixpence

in my pocket. I heard a voice call from one end of the gallery that the light was out. The upper part of the hall was now completely dark.

Gazing up into the darkness I saw myself as a creature driven and derided by vanity; and my eyes burned with anguish and anger.

(1914)

6. THE EGG

Andy Weir

*Andy Weir (born in 1972) is an American novelist. Weir was born and raised in California, the only child of a particle-physicist father and an electrical-engineer mother who divorced when he was 8. Weir grew up reading classic science fiction such as the works of Arthur C. Clarke and Isaac Asimov. At the age of 15, he began working as a computer programmer for Sandia National Laboratories. He studied computer science at UC San Diego, although he did not graduate. He worked as a programmer for several software companies, including AOL and Blizzard, where he worked on Warcraft. Weir began writing science fiction in his 20s and published work on his website for years. His first work to gain significant attention was **The Egg**, a short story that has been adapted into a number of YouTube videos and a one-act play. Weir is best known for his first published novel **The Martian**. He wrote the book to be as scientifically accurate as possible and his writing included extensive research into orbital mechanics, conditions on Mars, the history of manned spaceflight, and botany. Andy currently lives in Mountain View, California.*

You were on your way home when you died.

It was a car accident. Nothing particularly remarkable, but fatal nonetheless. You left behind a wife and two children. It was a painless death. The EMTs tried their best to save you, but to no avail. Your body was so utterly shattered you were better off, trust me.

And that's when you met me.

"What... what happened?" You asked. "Where am I?"

"You died," I said, matter-of-factly. No point in mincing words.

"There was a... a truck and it was skidding..."

"Yup," I said.

"I... I died?"

"Yup. But don't feel bad about it. Everyone dies," I said.

You looked around. There was nothingness. Just you and me. "What is this place?" You asked. "Is this the afterlife?"

"More or less," I said.

"Are you god?" You asked.

"Yup," I replied. "I'm God."

"My kids... my wife," you said.

“What about them?”

“Will they be all right?”

“That’s what I like to see,” I said. “You just died and your main concern is for your family. That’s good stuff right there.”

You looked at me with fascination. To you, I didn’t look like God. I just looked like some man. Or possibly a woman. Some vague authority figure, maybe. More of a grammar school teacher than the almighty.

“Don’t worry,” I said. “They’ll be fine. Your kids will remember you as perfect in every way. They didn’t have time to grow contempt for you. Your wife will cry on the outside, but will be secretly relieved. To be fair, your marriage was falling apart. If it’s any consolation, she’ll feel very guilty for feeling relieved.”

“Oh,” you said. “So what happens now? Do I go to heaven or hell or something?”

“Neither,” I said. “You’ll be reincarnated.”

“Ah,” you said. “So the Hindus were right.”

“All religions are right in their own way,” I said. “Walk with me.”

You followed along as we strode through the void. “Where are we going?”

“Nowhere in particular,” I said. “It’s just nice to walk while we talk.”

“So what’s the point, then?” You asked. “When I get reborn, I’ll just be a blank slate, right? A baby. So all my experiences and everything I did in this life won’t matter.”

“Not so!” I said. “You have within you all the knowledge and experiences of all your past lives. You just don’t remember them right now.”

I stopped walking and took you by the shoulders. “Your soul is more magnificent, beautiful, and gigantic than you can possibly imagine. A human mind can only contain a tiny fraction of what you are. It’s like sticking your finger in a glass of water to see if it’s hot or cold. You put a tiny part of yourself into the vessel, and when you bring it back out, you’ve gained all the experiences it had.

“You’ve been in a human for the last 48 years, so you haven’t stretched out yet and felt the rest of your immense consciousness. If we hung out here for long enough, you’d start remembering everything. But there’s no point to doing that between each life.”

“How many times have I been reincarnated, then?”

“Oh lots. Lots and lots. An into lots of different lives.” I said. “This time around, you’ll be a Chinese peasant girl in 540 AD.”

“Wait, what?” You stammered. “You’re sending me back in time?”

“Well, I guess technically. Time, as you know it, only exists in your universe. Things are different where I come from.”

“Where you come from?” You said.

“Oh sure,” I explained “I come from somewhere. Somewhere else. And there are others like me. I know you’ll want to know what it’s like there, but honestly you wouldn’t understand.”

“Oh,” you said, a little let down. “But wait. If I get reincarnated to other places in time, I could have interacted with myself at some point.”

“Sure. Happens all the time. And with both lives only aware of their own lifespan you don’t even know it’s happening.”

“So what’s the point of it all?”

“Seriously?” I asked. “Seriously? You’re asking me for the meaning of life? Isn’t that a little stereotypical?”

“Well it’s a reasonable question,” you persisted.

I looked you in the eye. “The meaning of life, the reason I made this whole universe, is for you to mature.”

“You mean mankind? You want us to mature?”

“No, just you. I made this whole universe for you. With each new life you grow and mature and become a larger and greater intellect.”

“Just me? What about everyone else?”

“There is no one else,” I said. “In this universe, there’s just you and me.”

You stared blankly at me. “But all the people on earth...”

“All you. Different incarnations of you.”

“Wait. I’m everyone!?”

“Now you’re getting it,” I said, with a congratulatory slap on the back.

“I’m every human being who ever lived?”

“Or who will ever live, yes.”

“I’m Abraham Lincoln?”

“And you’re John Wilkes Booth, too,” I added.

“I’m Hitler?” You said, appalled.

“And you’re the millions he killed.”

“I’m Jesus?”

“And you’re everyone who followed him.”

You fell silent.

“Every time you victimized someone,” I said, “you were victimizing yourself. Every act of kindness you’ve done, you’ve done to yourself. Every happy and sad moment ever experienced by any human was, or will be, experienced by you.”

You thought for a long time.

“Why?” You asked me. “Why do all this?”

“Because someday, you will become like me. Because that’s what you are. You’re one of my kind. You’re my child.”

“Whoa,” you said, incredulous. “You mean I’m a god?”

“No. Not yet. You’re a fetus. You’re still growing. Once you’ve lived every human life throughout all time, you will have grown enough to be born.”

“So the whole universe,” you said, “it’s just...”

“An egg.” I answered. “Now it’s time for you to move on to your next life.”

And I sent you on your way.

(2009)

7. CHAIN REACTION

Louise Cooper

Louise Cooper (29 May 1952 - 21 October 2009) was a British fantasy writer who lived in Cornwall.

*Cooper was born in Hertfordshire. She began writing stories when she was at school to entertain her friends. She continued to write and her first full-length novel **The Book of Paradox**, published in the USA and Britain, came out when she was twenty. She moved to London in 1975 and worked in publishing before becoming a full-time writer in 1977. She became a prolific writer of fantasy, renowned for her bestselling **Time Master** trilogy. She published more than eighty fantasy and supernatural novels, both for adults and children.*

Cooper gained a great deal of writing inspiration from the coast and scenery, and her other interests included music, folklore, cooking, gardening and "messaging about on the beach".

Cooper died aged 57 of a brain haemorrhage on 21 October 2009.

Everyone was enjoying the cruise. The weather was warm and sunny, the sea was calm, and the passengers hadn't complained about anything, which was unusual. Even the chief engineer wasn't bad-tempered, which was very unusual.

Until, one morning, the ship suddenly stopped.

'What's going on?' roared the captain from the bridge. The jolt had spilled his morning coffee all over his uniform.

'Don't know, sir!' the third mate shouted back. 'But I think we've snagged our propeller on something!'

The chief engineer hastily shut down the engines (which did make him bad-tempered), and the trouble was investigated. The propeller was snagged, all right. An enormous chain was wrapped around it, and if the engineer had not acted so quickly the blades would have been mashed beyond repair.

'What idiot left a thundering great chain drifting around in the sea?' the captain growled.

'Don't know, sir,' the third mate said again, gloomily. 'But it's going to take some clearing.'

The captain sighed and looked around. It could have been worse, he supposed. The sea was dotted with small islands fringed by white beaches on which waves broke gently. The sun shone from a cloudless sky. If the purser organised a few deck games, then with any luck the crew could free the propeller before the passengers started grumbling.

They set to work, and by lunchtime they had untangled the propeller. But the captain was curious. The freed chain disappeared down into the sea, with no end in sight. Who on earth had put it there, and why? He wanted to find out, and another hour wouldn't hurt.

'Haul it in,' he ordered the second mate (the third mate was off duty by now). 'Let's find out if it's attached to anything. If it isn't, I'll complain to the local coastguards - it's a hazard to shipping!'

The crew started to heave the chain aboard. It came easily enough, but there was a lot of it. Half an hour passed, and they were still hauling. Then suddenly the chain became harder to winch in.

'I think we're nearly there, sir!' the second mate panted.

The captain did not reply. He was staring at the nearest island. Strange... the beach looked much bigger than before. And the low cliffs weren't low any more, but seemed to have grown. 'Sir!' bawled the second mate. 'Come and look at this!' The captain hurried to the winch. The crew had reached the end of the chain. Attached to it, bumping and clanging against the ship's side as it was heaved up, was a circular object about five metres across. The captain frowned. It reminded him of something. In fact he had a thing just like it, though much, much smaller, in the bath in his private cabin. It was...

A plug?

He looked at the islands again. The beaches were getting bigger. The cliffs were getting higher. As if the sea level was dropping...

'Oops...' said the captain.

8. IS HE LIVING OR IS HE DEAD?

Mark Twain

*Samuel Langhorne Clemens (1835 - 1910), better known by his pen name, Mark Twain, was born on November 30, 1835, in the tiny village of Florida, Missouri, the sixth child of John and Jane Clemens. His father John Clemens worked as a storekeeper, lawyer, judge and land speculator, dreaming of wealth but never achieving it, sometimes finding it hard to feed his family. In 1851, at 15, he got a job as a printer and occasional writer and editor at the Hannibal Western Union, a little newspaper owned by his brother, Orion. In Virginia City, Nevada, Mark experimented with the work of mining but failed miserably and finally got a job at a Virginia City newspaper, **the Territorial Enterprise**. In year 1863, Mark wrote the first humorous account of his travels, and some short stories. It was here, in 1863, that Samuel adopted the pen name Mark Twain. Then Mark journeyed to San Francisco, where he began to work as a journalist and lecturer. Twain as a writer initiated with humorous and light verse but embarked on more serious and harsh subjects in his later career. His one of the important works in this category was *Huckleberry Finn*, which combined humor and social criticism. Twain also authored several other famous works including **The Prince and the Pauper** (1882), and **A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court** (1889). Mark Twain remained a colorful character well for his entire life. He was involved in several societies, leagues, and clubs including the American Anti-Imperialist League and a member of the Bohemian Club, a secret club for powerful world leaders.*

Mark Twain died of a heart attack on April 21, 1910.

A long time ago I was a young artist and came to France where I was travelling from place to place making sketches. One day I met two French artists who were also moving from place to place making sketches and I joined them. We were as happy as we were poor, or as poor as we were happy, as you like it.

Claude and Carl - these are the names of those boys - were always in good spirits and laughed at poverty. We were very poor. We lived on the money which we got from time to time for our sketches. When nobody wanted to buy our sketches we had to go hungry.

Once, in the north of France, we stopped at a village. For some time things had been very difficult for us. A young artist, as poor as ourselves, lived in that village. He took us into his house, and saved us from starvation. The artist's name was Francois Millet.

He wasn't greater than we were, then. He wasn't famous even in his own village; and he was so poor that very often he hadn't anything for dinner but cabbage, and sometimes he could not even get cabbage. We lived and worked together for over two years. One day Claude said:

"Boys, we've come to the end. Do you understand that? Everybody is against us. I've been all around the village and they do not want to sell food until we pay all the money". There was a long silence. At last Millet said, "What shall we do? I can't think of anything. Can you, boys?"

We made no answer. Then Carl began to walk up and down the room. Suddenly he stopped in front of a picture and said: 'It's a shame! Look at these pictures! They are good, as good as the pictures of any well-known artist. Many people had said so too.'

"But they don't buy our pictures," said Millet.

"Carl sat down and said, 'I know now how we can become rich'".

"Rich! You have lost your mind".

"No, I haven't."

"Yes, you have - you've lost your mind. What do you call rich?"

"A hundred thousand francs for a picture".

"He has lost his mind. I knew it".

"Yes, he has. Carl, these troubles have been too much for you, and..."

"Carl, you must take some medicine and go to bed".

"Stop it!" said Millet seriously, "and let the boy say what he wants to. Now, then - go on with your hour plan, Carl. What is it?"

«Well, then, to begin with, I will ask you to note this fact in human history: many great artists die of starvation. And only after their death people begin to buy their pictures and pay large sums of money for them. So the thing is quite clear", he added, "one of us must die. Let us draw lots". We laughed and gave Carl some medical advice, but he waited quietly, then went on again with his plan.

«Yes, one of us must die, to save the others — and himself. We will draw lots. He will become famous and all of us will become rich. Here is the idea. During the next three months the man who must die will paint as many pictures as he can, sketches, parts of pictures, fragments of pictures with his name on them, and each must have some particulars of his, that could be easily seen. Such things are sold too and collected at high prices for the world's museums, after the great man is dead. At the same time the others of us will inform the public that a great artist is dying, that he won't live over three months.

"But what if he doesn't die?" we asked Carl.

“Oh, he won’t really die, of course; he will only change his name and disappear, we bury a dummy and cry over it and all the world will help us. And - ‘ But he wasn’t allowed to finish. Everybody applauded him, we ran about the room, and fell on each others’ necks, and were happy. For hours we talked over the great plan and quite forgot that we were hungry.

At last we drew lots and Millet was elected to die. We collected the few things we had left and pawned them. So we got a little money for travel and for Millet to live on for a few days. The next morning Claude, Carl and I left the village. Each had some of Millet’s small pictures and sketches with him. We took different roads. Carl went to Paris, where he would begin the work of building Millet’s fame. Claude and I were going abroad.

On the second day I began to sketch a villa near a big town because I saw the owner standing on the veranda. He came down to look on. I showed him my sketch and he liked it. Then I took out a picture by Millet and pointed to the name in the corner.

“Do you know the name?” I said proudly. “Well, he taught me!” I finished.

The man looked confused.

“Don’t you know the name of Francois Millet?” I asked him.

“Of course it is Millet. I recognise it now”, said the man, who had never heard of Millet before, but now pretended to know the name. Then he said that he wanted to buy the picture. At first I refused to sell it, but in the end I let him have it for eight hundred francs. I made a very nice picture of that man’s house and wanted to offer it to him for ten francs, but remembered that I was the pupil of such a master, so I sold it to him for a hundred. I sent the eight hundred francs straight back to Millet from that town and was on the road again next day.

Now that I had some money in my pocket, I did not walk from place to place. I rode. I continued my journey and sold a picture a day. I always said to the man who bought it, “I’m a fool to sell a picture by Ftancois Millet. The man won’t live three months. When he dies, his pictures will be sold at a very high price”.

The plan of selling pictures was successful with all of us. I walked only two days. Claude walked two - both of us afraid to make Millet famous too near the village where he lived - but Carl walked only half a day and after that he travelled like a king. In every town that we visited, we met the editor of the newspaper and asked him to publish a few words about the master’s health. We never called Millet a genius. The readers understood that everybody knew Millet. Sometimes the words were hopeful, sometimes tearful. We always marked these articles and sent the papers to all the people who had bought pictures of us.

Carl was soon in Paris. He made friends with the journalists and Millet’s condition was reported to England and all over the continent, and America, and everywhere.

At the end of six weeks from the start, me three met in Paris and decided to stop asking for more pictures from Millet. We saw that is was time to strike. So we wrote Millet to go to bed and begin to prepare for his death. We wanted him to die in ten days, if he could get ready. Then we counted the money and found that we had sold

eighty-five small pictures and sketches and had sixty-nine thousand francs. How happy we were!

Claude and I packed up and went back to the village to look after Millet in his last days and keep people out of the house. We sent daily bulletins to Carl in Paris for the papers of several continents with the information for a waiting world. The sad end came at last, and Carl came to the village to help us. Large crowds of people from far and near attended the funeral. We four carried the coffin. There was only a wax figure in it. Millet was disguised as a relative and helped to carry his own coffin.

After the funeral we continued selling Millet's pictures. We got so much money that we did not know what to do with it. There is a man in Paris today who has seventy Millet's pictures. He paid us two million francs for them.

(1893)

9. THE BIRTHMARK

Nathaniel Hawthorne

*Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804 – 1864) was an American writer. Hawthorne was born in Salem, Massachusetts to a family with a long New England history. The original name of the family was Hathorne, he added a 'w' to distinguish himself from the history which included John Hathorne, a prominent judge in the Salem witch trials of 1692-1693. Hawthorne attended Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Maine (1821-1824) along with fellow poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and future American President Franklin Pierce, of whom he wrote a biography in 1852. Hawthorne was not interested in entering any of the traditional professions; he was an avid reader and already writing his own short stories and had many published in magazines. Nathaniel Hawthorne's short stories include **My Kinsman**, **Major Molineux** (1832), **Roger Malvin's Burial** (1832), **Young Goodman Brown** (1835), and the collection **Twice-Told Tales**. He is best known for his novels **The Scarlet Letter** (1850) and **The House of the Seven Gables** (1851). His use of allegory and symbolism make Hawthorne one of the most studied writers. Hawthorne became one of the leading writers of his time, moving away from formalism and exploring the ideas of individual responsibility, the importance of creative expression and man's relationship to the natural world.*

A long time ago, there lived a skillful scientist who had experienced a spiritual reaction more striking than any chemical one.

He had left his laboratory in the care of his assistant, washed the chemicals from his hands and asked a beautiful woman to become his wife. In those days new scientific discoveries such as electricity seemed to open paths into the area of miracles. It was not unusual for the love of science to compete with the love of a woman.

The scientist's name was Aylmer. He had so totally given himself to scientific studies that he could not be weakened by a second love. His love for his young wife could only be the stronger of the two if it could link itself with his love of science.

Such a union did take place with truly remarkable results. But one day, very soon after their marriage, Aylmer looked at his wife with a troubled expression.

«Georgiana,» he said, «have you ever considered that the mark upon your cheek might be removed?»

«No,» she said smiling. But seeing the seriousness of his question, she said, «The mark has so often been called a charm that I was simple enough to imagine it might be so.»

«On another face it might,» answered her husband, «but not on yours. No dear, Nature made you so perfectly that this small defect shocks me as being a sign of earthly imperfection.»

«Shocks you!» cried Georgiana, deeply hurt. Her face reddened and she burst into tears. «Then why did you marry me? You cannot love what shocks you!»

We must explain that in the center of Georgiana's left cheek there was a mark, deep in her skin. The mark was usually a deep red color. When Georgiana blushed, the mark became less visible. But when she turned pale, there was the mark, like a red stain upon snow. The birthmark would come and go with the emotions in her heart.

The mark was shaped like a very small human hand. Georgiana's past lovers used to say that the hand of a magical fairy had touched her face when she was born. Many a gentleman would have risked his life for the honor of kissing that mysterious hand.

But other people had different opinions. Some women said the red hand quite destroyed the effect of Georgiana's beauty.

Male observers who did not praise the mark simply wished it away so that they did not see it. After his marriage, Aylmer discovered that this was the case with himself.

Had Georgiana been less beautiful, he might have felt his love increased by the prettiness of that little hand. But because she was otherwise so perfect, he found the mark had become unbearable.

Aylmer saw the mark as a sign of his wife's eventual sadness, sickness and death. Soon, the birthmark caused him more pain than Georgiana's beauty had ever given him pleasure.

During a period that should have been their happiest, Aylmer could only think of this disastrous subject. With the morning light, Aylmer opened his eyes upon his wife's face and recognized the sign of imperfection. When they sat together in the evening near the fire, he would look at the mark.

Georgiana soon began to fear his look. His expression would make her face go pale. And the birthmark would stand out like a red jewel on white stone.

«Do you remember, dear Aylmer, about the dream you had last night about this hateful mark?» she asked with a weak smile.

«None! None whatever!» answered Aylmer, surprised.

The mind is in a sad state when sleep cannot control its ghosts and allows them to break free with their secrets. Aylmer now remembered his dream. He had imagined himself with his assistant Aminadab trying to remove the birthmark with an operation. But the deeper his knife went, the deeper the small hand sank until it had caught hold of Georgiana's heart.

Aylmer felt guilty remembering the dream.

«Aylmer,» said Georgiana, «I do not know what the cost would be to both of us to remove this birthmark. Removing it could deform my face or damage my health.»

«Dearest Georgiana, I have spent much thought on the subject,» said Aylmer. «I am sure it can be removed.»

«Then let the attempt be made at any risk,» said Georgiana. «Life is not worth living while this hateful mark makes me the object of your horror. You have deep science and have made great discoveries. Remove this little mark for the sake of your peace and my own.»

«Dearest wife,» cried Aylmer. «Do not doubt my power. I am ready to make this cheek as perfect as its pair.»

Her husband gently kissed her right cheek, the one without the red hand.

The next day the couple went to Aylmer's laboratory where he had made all his famous discoveries. Georgiana would live in a beautiful room he had prepared nearby, while he worked tirelessly in his lab. One by one, Aylmer tried a series of powerful experiments on his wife. But the mark remained.

Georgiana waited in her room. She read through his notebooks of scientific observations. She could not help see that many of his experiments had ended in failure. She decided to see for herself the scientist at work.

The first thing that struck Georgiana when entering the laboratory was the hot furnace. From the amount of soot above it, it seemed to have been burning for ages. She saw machines, tubes, cylinders and other containers for chemical experiments. What most drew her attention was Aylmer himself. He was nervous and pale as death as he worked on preparing a liquid.

Georgiana realized that her husband had been hiding his tension and fear.

«Think not so little of me that you cannot be honest about the risks we are taking,» she said. «I will drink whatever you make for me, even if it is a poison.»

«My dear, nothing shall be hidden,» Aylmer said. «I have already given you chemicals powerful enough to change your entire physical system. Only one thing remains to be tried and if that fails, we are ruined!»

He led her back to her room where she waited once more, alone with her thoughts. She hoped that for just one moment she could satisfy her husband's highest ideals. But she realized then that his mind would forever be on the march, always requiring something newer, better and more perfect.

Hours later, Aylmer returned carrying a crystal glass with a colorless liquid.

«The chemical process went perfectly,» he said. «Unless all my science has tricked me, it cannot fail.»

To test the liquid, he placed a drop in the soil of a dying flower growing in a pot in the room. In a few moments, the plant became healthy and green once more.

«I do not need proof,» Georgiana said quietly. «Give me the glass. I am happy to put my life in your hands.» She drank the liquid and immediately fell asleep.

Aylmer sat next to his wife, observing her and taking notes. He noted everything - her breathing, the movement of an eyelid. He stared at the birthmark. And slowly, with every breath that came and went, it lost some of its brightness.

«By Heaven! It is nearly gone,» said Aylmer. «Success! Success!»

He opened the window coverings to see her face in daylight. She was so pale. Georgiana opened her eyes and looked into the mirror her husband held. She tried to smile as she saw the barely visible mark.

«My poor Aylmer,» she said gently. «You have aimed so high. With so high and pure a feeling, you have rejected the best the Earth could offer. I am dying, dearest.»

It was true. The hand on her face had been her link to life. As the last trace of color disappeared from her cheek, she gave her last breath.

Blinded by a meaningless imperfection and an impossible goal, Aylmer had thrown away her life and with it his chance for happiness. In trying to improve his lovely wife, he had failed to realize she had been perfect all along.

(1843)

10. THE BROKEN BOOT

John Galsworthy

*John Galsworthy's (1867-1933) family, of Devonshire farming stock traceable to the 16th century, had made a comfortable fortune in property in the 19th century. His father was a solicitor. John was educated at Harrow and studied law at New College, Oxford. He travelled widely and at the age of twenty-eight began to write, at first for his own amusement. **From the Four Winds**, a collection of short stories, was Galsworthy's first published work in 1897. His first stories were published under the pseudonym John Sinjohn. He considered **The Island Pharisees** (1904) his first important work. As a novelist Galsworthy is chiefly known for his trilogy, **The Forsyte Saga**. The first novel of this vast work appeared in 1906. Although he continued writing both plays and novels it was as a playwright that he was mainly appreciated for at the time. Along with those of other writers of the time, such as George Bernard Shaw, his plays addressed the class system and social issues, two of the best known being **Strife** (1909) and **The Skin Game** (1920).*

Galsworthy won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1932.

The actor, Gilbert Caister, who had been "out" for six months, emerged from his east-coast seaside lodging about noon in the day, after the opening of "Shooting the Rapids", on tour, in which he was playing Dr. Dominick in the last act. A salary of four pounds a week would not, he was conscious, remake his fortunes, but a certain jauntiness had returned to the gait and manner of one employed again at last.

Fixing his monocle, he stopped before a fishmonger's and, with a faint smile on his face, regarded a lobster. Ages since he had eaten a lobster! One could long for a lobster without paying, but the pleasure was not solid enough to detain him. He

moved upstreet and stopped again, before a tailor's window. Together with the actual tweeds, in which he could so easily fancy himself refitted, he could see a reflection of himself, in the faded brown suit wangled out of the production of "Marmaduke Mandeville" the year before the war. The sunlight in this damned town was very strong, very hard on seams and buttonholes, on knees and elbows! Yet he received the ghost of aesthetic pleasure from the reflected elegance of a man long fed only twice a day, of an eyeglass well rimmed out from a soft brown eye, of a velour hat salvaged from the production of "Educating Simon" in 1913; and in front of the window he removed that hat, for under it was his new phenomenon, not yet quite evaluated, his meche blanche. Was it an asset, or the beginning of the end? It reclined backwards on the right side, conspicuous in his dark hair, above that shadowy face always interesting to Gilbert Caister. They said it came from atrophy of the—something nerve, an effect of the war, or of undernourished tissue. Rather distinguished, perhaps, but - !

He walked on, and became conscious that he had passed a face he knew. Turning, he saw it also turned on a short and dapper figure—a face rosy, bright, round, with an air of cherubic knowledge, as of a getter-up of amateur theatricals.

Bryce-Green, by George!

"Caister ? It is! Haven't seen you since you left the old; camp. Remember what sport we had over ' Gotta-Grampus' ? By Jove! I am glad to see you. Doing anything with yourself ? Come and have lunch with me."

Bryce-Green, the wealthy patron, the moving spirit of entertainment in that south-coast convalescent camp. And, drawling slightly, Caister answered:

"I shall be delighted." But within him something did not drawl: ' By God, you're going to have a feed, my boy!'

And - elegantly threadbare, roundabout and dapper - the two walked side by side.

"Know this place? Let's go in here! Phyllis, cocktails for my friend Mr. Caister and myself, and caviare on biscuits. Mr Caister is playing here; you must go and see him."

The girl who served the cocktails and the caviare looked up at Caister with interested blue eyes. Precious! - he had been "out" for six months!

"Nothing of a part," he drawled; "took it to fill a gap. "And below his waistcoat the gap echoed: 'Yes, and it'll take some filling.'

"Bring your cocktail along, Caister; we'll go into the little further room, there'll be nobody there. What shall we have - a lobstah ? "

And Caister murmured: "I love lobstahs."

"Very fine and large here. And how are you, Caister? So awfully glad to see you - only real actor we had."

"Thanks," said Caister, "I'm all right." And he thought: ' He's a damned amateur, but a nice little man.'

"Sit here. Waiter, bring us a good big lobstah and a salad; and then - er - a small fillet of beef with potatoes fried crisp, end a bottle of my special hock. Ah! and a rum omelette - plenty of rum and sugah. Twig ? "

And Caister thought: 'Thank God, I do.'

They had sat down opposite each other at one of two small tables in the little recessed room.

"Luck!" said Bryce-Green.

"Luck!" replied Caister; and the cocktail trickling down him echoed: 'Luck!'

"And what do you think of the state of the drama? "

Oh! ho! A question after his own heart. Balancing his monocle by a sweetish smile on the opposite side of his mouth, Caister drawled his answer: "Quite too bally awful!"

"H'm! Yes," said Bryce-Green; "nobody with any genius, is there? "

And Caister thought: 'Nobody with any money.'

"Have you been playing anything great? You were so awfully good in 'Gotta-Grampus!'"

"Nothing particular. I've been - er - rather slack." And with their feel around his waist his trousers seemed to echo: 'Slack!'

"Ah!" said Bryce-Green. "Here we are! Do you like claws?"

"Tha-a-nks. Anything! "To eat - until warned by the pressure of his waist against his trousers! What a feast! And what a flow of his own tongue suddenly released - on drama, music, art; mellow and critical, stimulated by the round eyes and interjections of his little provincial host.

"By Jove, Caister! You've got a meche hlanche. Never noticed. I'm awfully interested in meches blanches. Don't think me too frightfully rude - but did it come suddenly?"

"No, gradually."

"And how do you account for it? "

'Try starvation,' trembled on Caister's lips.

"I don't," he said.

"I think it's ripping. Have some more omelette? I often wish I'd gone on the regular stage myself. Must be a topping life, if one has talent, like you."

Topping?

"Have a cigar. Waiter! Coffee, and cigars. I shall come and see you to-night. Suppose you'll be here a week? "

Topping! The laughter and applause - "Mr. Caister's rendering left nothing to be desired; its - and its - are in the true spirit of -!"

Silence recalled him from his rings of smoke. Bryce-Green was sitting, with cigar held out and mouth a little open, and bright eyes round as pebbles, fixed - fixed on some object near the floor, past the corner of the tablecloth. Had he burnt his mouth? The eyelids fluttered; he looked at Caister, licked his lips like a dog, nervously, and said:

"I say, old chap, don't think me a beast, but are you at all er - er - rocky? I mean - if I can be of any service, don't hesitate! Old acquaintance, don't you know, and all that - "

His eyes rolled out again towards the object, and Caister followed them. Out there above the carpet he saw it - his own boot. It dangled slightly, six inches off the ground - split - right across, twice, between lace and toecap. Quite! He knew it. A boot left him from the role of Bertie Carstairs, in "The Dupe," just before the war.

Good boots. His only pair, except the boots of Dr. Dominick, which he was nursing. And from the boot he looked back at Bryce-Green, sleek and concerned. A drop, black when it left his heart, suffused his eye behind the monocle; his smile curled bitterly; he said:

"Not at all, thanks! Why? "

"Oh! n-n-nothing. It just occurred to me." His eyes - but Caister had withdrawn the boot. Bryce-Green paid the bill and rose.

"Old chap, if you'll excuse me; engagement at half-past two. So awfully glad to have seen you. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" said Caister. "Thanks." He was alone. And, chin on hand, he stared through his monocle into an empty coffee cup. Alone with his heart, his boot, his life to come. ... 'And what have you been in lately, Mr. Caister?' 'Nothing very much lately. Of course I've played almost everything.' 'Quite so. Perhaps you'll leave your address; can't say anything definite, I'm afraid.' 'I - I should - er - be willing to rehearse on approval; or - if I could read the part ? ' 'Thank you, afraid we haven't got as far as that.' 'E'o ? Quite! Well, I shall hear from you, perhaps.' And Caister could see his own eyes looking at the manager. God! What a look! ...

A topping life! A dog's life! Cadging - cadging - cadging for work! A life of draughty waiting, of concealed beggary, of terrible depressions, of want of food!

The waiter came skating round as if he desired to clear. Must go! Two young women had come in and were sitting at the other table between him and the door. He saw them look at him, and his sharpened senses caught the whisper:

"Sure - in the last act. Don't you see his meche hlanche?"

"Oh! Yes - of course! Isn't i - wasn't he - !"

Caister straightened his back; his smile crept out, he fixed his monocle. They had spotted his Dr. Dominick!

"If you've quite finished, sir, may I clear?"

"Certainly. I'm going." He gathered himself and rose. The young women were gazing up. Elegant, with faint smile, he passed them close, so that they could not see, managing - his broken boot.

(1922)

PART III RENDERING THE ARTICLE

I. Study the following sample of the article rendering. Discuss it from the point of view of the requirements provided in APPENDIX II:

The Right For Personal Space

The article under consideration is headlined *The Right For Personal Space*. In the current article the author speaks at length about a burning issue of all times which is a problem of discrimination. It is the descrimination against men, to be precise, that is touched upon by the author who lays stress on the oppression of inviolability as well as indispensability of a person's private space.

The article opens in a brief description of the way of living in a society of former USSR when people even though were used to being deprived of their rights were still longing to get apartments of their own, so that they could feel safe in a so-called "personal space" of theirs. Afterwards the author moves on to defining the term "personal space" in order to provide the readers with the information necessary to get involved in further reading. He defines the term-in-question as a part of a territory that "belongs" to one definite owner and essentially enables one to stay there on one's own with no fear of a sudden intrusion of "aliens". According to the author's point of view, it is not only the chattels to be termed as a private or personal space, but clothes even. To put it in shorter words, one must not trespass on anyone's private zone without asking in advance.



Further on the author reminds his readers of some historic examples of the oppression of people's rights for their intimate areas. He starts with describing different attitude towards some areas of men-women's employment, goes on giving examples of high fences around people's houses, and ends up with the issue of public baths. The author claims that these aspects led to a resolution to create segregated lavatory rooms, single-sex saunas and changing-rooms, which depicted the progress towards equal rights in the USSR.

However, in the next passage the author points out the idea that all those restrictions placed were actually to guard women, rather than men. Holding on to the matter of man's rights, the author cites an example of "lovely" female janitors and

maids occurring in men's toilets or baths with men inside! Similar situation can hardly take place in a ladies' WC. To continue the author tells a story of an American woman winning a right to use a gents' WC, whilst there's hardly any man to gain such a right. Being put under arrest is what he is more likely to achieve even if seen near the ladies' refreshroom, since it's against the law in the US. The author gives more examples, such as female teachers entering boys toilets in search of smokers, female doctors examining 18-year-old future soldiers and so on. These examples lay stress on the ideas of the article.

The author draws conclusion by saying that the only way to advance the case of equal rights for a safe personal space is to teach boys just as well as girls to value their intimacy. So, to sum up the ideas mentioned I personally agree that the issue of men's deprivation of private place without a shadow of doubt is a subject for discussion. Yet, I still see no sense in putting this idea into such an exaggerated manner as the author did. What we all need to remember is that every one and all deserve a right for safety, comfort and ease of existence, no matter if one's a male or a female. My space is my space.

(Source: <http://engloholics.blogspot.ru/2012/03/article-rendering-sample-right-for.html>)

II. Read, discuss and render the following articles from British and American newspapers and magazines. For the structure and basic vocabulary to use in the rendering refer to APPENDIX II:

1. TRAVELLING. LEASURE.

How Walking in Nature Changes the Brain

Gretchen Reynolds

THE NEW YORK TIMES, July 22, 2015

A walk in the park may soothe the mind and, in the process, change the workings of our brains in ways that improve our mental health, according to an interesting new study of the physical effects on the brain of visiting nature.

Most of us today live in cities and spend far less time outside in green, natural spaces than people did several generations ago.

City dwellers also have a higher risk for anxiety, depression and other mental illnesses than people living outside urban centers, studies show.

These developments seem to be linked to some extent, according to a growing body of research. Various studies have found that urban dwellers with little access to green spaces have a higher incidence of psychological problems than people living near parks and that city dwellers who visit natural environments have lower levels of stress hormones immediately afterward than people who have not recently been outside.

But just how a visit to a park or other green space might alter mood has been unclear. Does experiencing nature actually change our brains in some way that affects our emotional health?

That possibility intrigued Gregory Bratman, a graduate student at the Emmett Interdisciplinary Program in Environment and Resources at Stanford University, who has been studying the psychological effects of urban living. In an earlier study published last month, he and his colleagues found that volunteers who walked briefly through a lush, green portion of the Stanford campus were more attentive and happier afterward than volunteers who strolled for the same amount of time near heavy traffic.

But that study did not examine the neurological mechanisms that might underlie the effects of being outside in nature.

So for the new study, which was published last week in Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences, Mr. Bratman and his collaborators decided to closely scrutinize what effect a walk might have on a person's tendency to brood.

Brooding, which is known among cognitive scientists as morbid rumination, is a mental state familiar to most of us, in which we can't seem to stop chewing over the ways in which things are wrong with ourselves and our lives. This broken-record fretting is not healthy or helpful. It can be a precursor to depression and is disproportionately common among city dwellers compared with people living outside urban areas, studies show.

Perhaps most interesting for the purposes of Mr. Bratman and his colleagues, however, such rumination also is strongly associated with increased activity in a portion of the brain known as the subgenual prefrontal cortex.

If the researchers could track activity in that part of the brain before and after people visited nature, Mr. Bratman realized, they would have a better idea about whether and to what extent nature changes people's minds.

Mr. Bratman and his colleagues first gathered 38 healthy, adult city dwellers and asked them to complete a questionnaire to determine their normal level of morbid rumination.

The researchers also checked for brain activity in each volunteer's subgenual prefrontal cortex, using scans that track blood flow through the brain. Greater blood flow to parts of the brain usually signals more activity in those areas.

Then the scientists randomly assigned half of the volunteers to walk for 90 minutes through a leafy, quiet, parklike portion of the Stanford campus or next to a loud, hectic, multi-lane highway in Palo Alto. The volunteers were not allowed to have companions or listen to music. They were allowed to walk at their own pace.

Immediately after completing their walks, the volunteers returned to the lab and repeated both the questionnaire and the brain scan.

As might have been expected, walking along the highway had not soothed people's minds. Blood flow to their subgenual prefrontal cortex was still high and their broodiness scores were unchanged.

But the volunteers who had strolled along the quiet, tree-lined paths showed slight but meaningful improvements in their mental health, according to their scores on the questionnaire. They were not dwelling on the negative aspects of their lives as much as they had been before the walk.

They also had less blood flow to the subgenual prefrontal cortex. That portion of their brains were quieter.

These results “strongly suggest that getting out into natural environments” could be an easy and almost immediate way to improve moods for city dwellers, Mr. Bratman said.

But of course many questions remain, he said, including how much time in nature is sufficient or ideal for our mental health, as well as what aspects of the natural world are most soothing. Is it the greenery, quiet, sunniness, loamy smells, all of those, or something else that lifts our moods? Do we need to be walking or otherwise physically active outside to gain the fullest psychological benefits? Should we be alone or could companionship amplify mood enhancements?

“There’s a tremendous amount of study that still needs to be done,” Mr. Bratman said.

But in the meantime, he pointed out, there is little downside to strolling through the nearest park, and some chance that you might beneficially muffle, at least for awhile, your subgenual prefrontal cortex.

(Source: <http://well.blogs.nytimes.com/2015/07/22/how-nature-changes-the-brain>)

2. MOVIES

A. Review: ‘Tom at the Farm’ is a Claustrophobic yet Unengaging Thriller

Alan Zilberman

THE WASHINGTON POST, August 13, 2015

Canadian filmmaker Xavier Dolan, at 26, is known for his combination of youth and prolificacy, with a body of five intriguing films under his belt that boast both intense performance and formal daring. His most recent film, “Mommy,” is an unhinged melodrama shot in a 1:1 screen ratio (square, like an Instagram photo).

Dolan’s trademark verve is also on display in “Tom at the Farm,” which he made before “Mommy,” but is only now making its American debut. It’s a claustrophobic drama that unfolds like a thriller, although its characters are so bizarre that sympathizing with them is difficult.

Dolan stars as Tom, an ad executive who leaves Montreal to visit the childhood home of his boyfriend, Guillaume, who has died suddenly. There, Tom meets Agathe (Lise Roy), Guillaume’s grieving mother, and they develop a delicate rapport. She does not know Guillaume was gay, however, and Guillaume’s deranged brother Francis (Pierre-Yves Cardinal) — who does know, yet has lied to her about it — forces Tom to maintain the ruse that he and Guillaume were mere friends. This subterfuge could be material for a sitcom, but instead Tom loses his sense of self, developing a form of Stockholm syndrome defined by the tension between him and Francis.

Despite the setting’s banality, the farm is a foreboding place, and Tom cannot find any respite from Francis’s psychological abuse. Adapting the film from a play by Michel Marc Bouchard, who shares a screenwriting credit, Dolan strips his characters of self-awareness, leaving only raw, sexually charged histrionics in its place. Dolan also returns to the unorthodox framing of “Mommy” at one point. When Tom is

beaten by Francis, the frame narrows so that it only takes up a narrow sliver of screen.

“Tom at the Farm” offers little relief from the gnawing suspense among its few characters, and does not explain their motivations, either. It is unclear whether fear or boredom leads to Tom’s eventual escape, and Dolan’s ambivalence over his main character’s mental state means we care little about him, too.

(Source: http://www.washingtonpost.com/goingoutguide/movies/review-tom-at-the-farm-is-a-claustrophobic-yet-unengaging-thriller/2015/08/12/9559ee4e-3d3c-11e5-9c2d-ed991d848c48_story.html)

B. Marvel unveils Captain America: Civil War trailer and Doctor Strange art

Associated Press in Anaheim, California

THE GUARDIAN, Sunday, August 16, 2015

Marvel company will be getting a little strange in 2016, but first it will have to survive a Civil War. After skipping Comic-Con, Marvel Studios president Kevin Feige used Disney’s D23 Expo on Saturday to show new footage and a trailer from Captain America: Civil War and introduce concept art from Doctor Strange.

Other news unveiled at the Expo included the announcement that Jurassic World director Colin Trevorrow will helm Star Wars: Episode IX.

Captain America himself, Chris Evans, flew in to appear at the convention with co-star Anthony Mackie, who plays Falcon. Both traveled from Germany, where the film is in its last week of shooting.

The clip showed a hands-on battle in a crowded square with Evans, Mackie and Scarlett Johansson as Black Widow taking on Crossbones – a formidable foe with a powerful punch.

The trailer hinted at the growing ideological rift between Robert Downey Jr’s Iron Man and Evans’ Captain America that finds the Avengers fighting one another.

“It’s culmination of everything that has come before in the cinematic universe,” said Feige of the film which is scheduled to come out on 6 May 2016, kicking off Marvel’s “phase three”.

Feige also presented concept art from Doctor Strange, which is set to shoot in November with director Scott Derrickson, and introduced a video greeting from star Benedict Cumberbatch, who was unable to attend the convention.

In the film, Cumberbatch’s Doctor Stephen Vincent Strange has his hands badly injured. He then goes on a quest to find a healer and in the process gains some otherworldly powers.

Cumberbatch, who is currently starring as Hamlet in London, said the film will have “girls, cars, explosions and a bit of astro-projecting into multiple dimensions ... the usual fare”.

Doctor Strange is set to hit theaters on 4 November 2016.

“It’s as weird as any movie that’s ever been made,” said Feige.

(Source: <http://www.theguardian.com/culture/2015/aug/15/marvel-captain-america-civil-war-doctor-strange>)

3. ENGLISH SCHOOLING

More Students Choosing Traditional Subjects For GCSEs And A-Levels

Sally Weale, Education correspondent

THE GUARDIAN, Wednesday, August 5, 2015

Maths, English and sciences are growing in popularity following government's efforts to encourage study of core academic disciplines. Students are looking to gain qualifications in subjects that will increase their chances of attending the university of their choice.

Traditional academic subjects are becoming increasingly popular in schools, with more students sitting GCSEs and A-levels in Maths, English and the sciences this summer, according to the exams regulator Ofqual.

The trend follows sustained government efforts to encourage pupils to study the more traditional, core academic courses, often termed “facilitating subjects”, which are favoured by elite Russell Group universities.

Other subjects – sometimes described as “soft subjects” – have in turn seen a sharp fall in exam entries, with an “exceptional” 50% drop in the number of pupils taking GCSE citizenship studies since last year, according to provisional Ofqual data.

Is general studies a waste of time?

A student blogger speaks to sixth formers to find out if any of them can see the point of general studies

A-level general studies is plummeting in popularity, with a 25% fall in exam entries, and numbers down a third at AS-level. The number of students taking modern foreign languages has also dropped again, though the once sharp decline in the study of French, Spanish and German appears to be tailing off.

Next week, hundreds of thousands of students will find out how they did in their AS and A-levels when national results for England, Wales and Northern Ireland are published. The following week, on August 20, GCSE results will be issued, bringing to an end weeks of anxious waiting by teenagers.

Sign up to get access to our weekly email, exclusive student advice and a discount on subscription to the Guardian.

According to Ofqual's chief regulator, Glenys Stacey, it should be a relatively stable year for qualifications this summer compared with last year, when structural changes affected results, but she said there were interesting changes to exam entry patterns.

“The subjects that are proving to be more popular are the more traditional subjects, so we have seen modest increases in the sciences – what the Russell Group of universities would call facilitating subjects.

“I assume that's in response to some of the performance measures you see now with the Ebacc (English baccalaureate), and no doubt there will be a good number of students who are thinking about their futures and where they wish to go to university.”

Earlier this summer, education secretary Nicky Morgan made clear her commitment to the Ebacc subjects when she announced that from this September pupils starting at secondary school would be expected to take GCSEs in English,

maths, science, a language, and history or geography – which make up the government’s Ebacc suite of core subjects.

Our government seems determined to move towards the Chinese style of hothousing pupils, just as China is waking up to the folly of such methods.

Morgan said parents would be encouraged to choose schools based on published Ebacc performance, with Ebacc entries given greater prominence in league tables. However, critics fear the move will marginalise creative subjects such as design, drama or music.

According to Ofqual’s provisional statistics, all of the sciences have seen a rise in the number of candidates sitting at both A-level and GCSE this year, with both maths and further maths noticeably more popular at A-level. More youngsters are also sitting computing at both GCSE and A-level.

Stacey said the more traditional subjects were seen as “very good currency” for some universities. “If your aspirations are to study some subjects at universities where there is a great deal of competition for places, we know that maths is sometimes an absolute requirement for some places, and also is extremely well regarded.

“It’s not surprising that some students with those sort of ambitions will focus on that.”

Malcolm Trobe, deputy general secretary of the Association of School and College Leaders, welcomed the increased uptake of traditional subjects in schools, but expressed concern about the continuing decline in the study of modern foreign languages.

“It is unsurprising that young people are turning to traditional subjects given the importance of these qualifications in gaining university places and the emphasis the government is placing on them as English baccalaureate subjects.

“It is very encouraging if there has been an increase in the take-up of A-level maths and science courses. This is key to securing a good supply of science and technology graduates in the future, which employers say they desperately need. Having a strong science and technology sector is essential for the economic health and wellbeing of the country.

“It is disappointing to hear, however, that there has been a decrease in the take-up of modern foreign languages at GCSE.”

Dr Wendy Piatt, director general of the Russell Group, welcomed the increase in the number of A-level students taking traditional – or so-called facilitating – subjects.

“The Russell Group has made concerted efforts over the last few years to spread the message about the importance of facilitating subjects.

“But there is still some way to go in improving other areas of advice and information for students. For example, too few bright students from disadvantaged backgrounds are being encouraged to apply to a leading university.”

She added that there was also concern about the continuing decline in the number of students studying foreign languages at GCSE. “Languages are vitally important to the UK if it is to be fully engaged with the world,” she said.

A DfE spokesperson said: “This government is determined that every child is given an education that allows them realise their potential. It is pleasing to see that our reforms are working and more young people are sitting the facilitating subjects at A-level that are valued by employers and top universities. Thanks to the focus on rigorous EBacc subjects at GCSE more young people are leaving school with the skills that prepare them for life in modern Britain.”

(Source: <http://www.theguardian.com/education/2015/aug/05/more-students-choosing-traditional-subjects-for-gcses-and-a-levels>)

4. BRINGING UP CHILDREN

Why Do Marketers Get To Decide What Toys Are Right For Our Children?

Erika Nicole Kendall, columnist

THE GUARDIAN, Saturday, August 15, 2015

One Thursday morning, my husband, daughter and I did what any family expecting a new little bundle of joy would do: dashed off to Target to find the remaining things left on our list of “things to pack our house with so that we’re not running short on anything once the Special Little Guy arrives.” We wandered through the aisles, looking at portable cribs, towels and blankets galore, giddy with excitement at the thought of envisioning a beautiful little face with deep brown eyes wrapped in our arms with these bright fabrics.

While there, my eight-year-old daughter reached out, pulled out a pink pack of blankets and asked if we could get them for her new baby brother. I looked at my husband, whose face had the same expression mine did: a slowly growing smile. We both figured she’d just picked out something she liked for herself – kids that age are self-centered enough to do that – and figured buying it would be more for her than the new arrival.

She, however, didn’t take our smiles lightly.

“What, he can’t have it because it’s pink?”

The sound that came out of me was less than a scoff, closer to choking on my own air from being checked by a child.

“I’m sorry, what?”

She went on. “Why is it that all the boys get the blue stuff? I like blue stuff! And look – dinosaurs! Why don’t the pink things have dinosaurs? Why do the boys only get dinosaurs?”

By this point, my eyebrows had hit the ceiling. I was impressed by her awareness of the world around her, but this was still a child with a question who was expecting an answer.

I don’t think raising girls is harder than raising boys – it’s just different. We message to children, at very young ages, the values we want them to hold as they grow. Seeing a “boys” aisle full of action figurines, cars and engineering kits juxtaposed against a “girls” aisle of dolls, kitchen sets, food and baby strollers sends a clear message: “this is for me, and that is for you.” Unfortunately, we exist in a world where people rarely unlearn this.

My daughter falls outside these boxes. She hates schoolwork ... unless it involves engineering. She doesn't want your worksheets about pointing out the parts of bridges – she wants to build suspension bridges out of popsicle sticks and yarn, so that she has a live demo to use to tell you what each part is and what it does. She doesn't want to listen to someone talk about the trains that power our city – she wants to build a live version of a train station using Legos, complete with stairs and makeshift signal lights.

Speaking of Legos, she once felt very conflicted by her love of them – she felt no attraction to the pre-made kits for Barbie and her car, street and shopping center, instead opting for the very flat, generic kit structured in primary colors. She relished the ability to build fire-breathing T-rexes with helicopter rotors on their head, or massive iterations of Tails, Sonic the Hedgehog's nerdily helpful co-star.

This often leaves her grappling with a dichotomy she doesn't understand. She sometimes walks down the aisles of toy stores and feels like she doesn't belong in the Barbie section, because “that stuff's for girls, and I like boy things.” Other kids at school told her that she was “like a boy” because she played with those “boy things”. When asked how she felt about hearing that, she said that she “just [tries] not to think about it.”

Children are small people learning and growing into their own, with complex and unique understandings of what makes them happy. My daughter – despite owning many dolls and books about ballerinas, many shiny and sparkly garments and other glittery, stereotypically girlish fare – would much rather build a skyscraper out of Legos or read about how to expand her game play on the coding app Hopscotch. And I, for one, couldn't be happier about it.

The interests and careers that are heavily dominated by women are among the most devalued in modern society. The teaching for young girls starts young. They're often discouraged from the toys that actually encourage an interest in science, technology, engineering and math, instead opting for things that encourage an early interest in beauty or fashion, two spaces fraught with damaging imagery and limited learning opportunities for young girls. Add to it the dearth of toys depicting non-white children, or children who are differently-abled, and the issues multiply.

Our experience in Target, unbeknownst to us, just happened to go down within days of Target's public announcement that they were removing the gender-based labeling within their toy, home and entertainment sections. When I asked my husband how he felt about the change and some of the negative responses to it, he shrugged.

“Do they think that it's best that marketing machines tell them what's best for their children?”

And, with that conversation, it became clearer to me. I don't want anyone telling me what's best for my children, or what they should have based on some outward characteristic. I want my children's unique learning styles to guide their interests and desires, especially since everything we've learned in parenting our first child tells us that kids will find their own way regardless of what is forced upon them.

Furthermore, if my children – both as children and as adults – encounter someone whose interests differ from their own, even as their genders might be similar, I wouldn't want them to feel comfortable criticizing others for being different

– harassing and devaluing them in the workplace, all because they’re not used to expecting “that kind” of competence from “that kind” of person.

The argument shouldn’t be about upholding gender standards in marketing – it should be about wondering why we were lazy enough to believe this was a store’s responsibility in the first place. The stores don’t raise our children. We do.

When my daughter asked about the pink dinosaurs, I nodded and said, “You’re absolutely right – they really should make dinosaurs in all colors.” As for the blankets she suggested, we passed, but only because we already had plenty.

But as we arrived at home, she darted off to her room, only to emerge 20 minutes later with her own baby blanket, pink and covered in blue and green and orange dots, gifted to her by my mother.

“Can my baby brother have this?”

Absolutely.

(Source: <http://www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/2015/aug/15/marketers-toys-gender-sexism>)

5. ART

The Phillips Collection

Carol Brown Goldberg

THE WASHINGTON POST. August 14, 2015

The Phillips Collection has played a crucial role in the development of local artists, but as the museum expanded, it came to emphasize better-known names. The Phillips’s “One-on-One” series invites contemporary Washington artists into the institution, but not on their own; it pairs them with a Phillips-owned work of their choice. Carol Brown Goldberg selected Henri Matisse’s 1948 “Interior With Egyptian Curtain,” a still life that features lemons, a palm tree outside a window and that vibrantly patterned curtain.

To anyone who saw Goldberg’s outstanding 2013 show at Addison/Ripley Fine Art, Matisse might seem an odd choice. The work in that exhibition was abstract and it shrewdly balanced rigidity and freedom, pattern and gesture. But Goldberg is a versatile artist who works in a variety of media. Her response to Matisse consists of two black-and-white ink drawings and one painting, not one of which is as representational as “Interior With Egyptian Curtain,” yet all depict a extravagant Eden.

The painting, “Maggie on My Mind,” is a jumble of blossoms, fronds and tendrils, tightly grouped and in profusion. As in Matisse’s canvas, the forms are outlined, and those strong lines are perhaps as important as the hues they contain. Forgoing realist painting’s modeling and gradations of color, both Goldberg and her famed precursor adopt a flatter look and a child-like vigor. And both pictures have areas of robust black, although they’re used in different ways.

Yet “Maggie on My Mind” is wilder and more immersive. Matisse not only tidily arranged objects within a frame, but also provided a subsidiary rectangle within that frame: the window. Goldberg looks past boundaries, and right angles in general, to beckon the viewer into the fecund scene. “Interior With Egyptian Curtain” portrays

nature from a distance, with equal emphasis on inside and out. In Goldberg’s vision, there is only in. Welcome to the jungle.

(Source: http://www.washingtonpost.com/entertainment/museums/in-the-galleries-out-of-nothingness--art/2015/08/13/ad3a3e5e-3c85-11e5-9c2d-ed991d848c48_story.html)

6. FEELINGS AND EMOTIONS

What ‘Inside Out,’ A Film About Feelings, Gets Right About The Brain

Amy Ellis Nutt

THE WASHINGTON POST, June 24, 2015

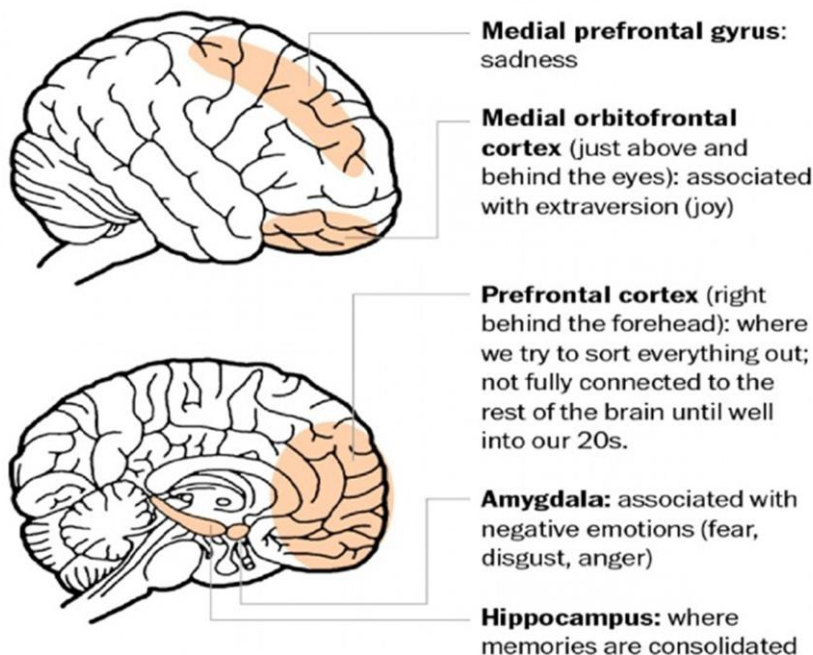
Enthralling, puzzling, frightening and unpredictable: That’s the world moviegoers confront in Pixar’s new animated film “Inside Out,” set inside the somewhat fractious mind of an 11-year-old girl named Riley.

Riffing on the concept of the homunculus, the miniature man that 16th and 17th century scientists believed controlled human consciousness, “Inside Out” embraces miniature beings representing five emotions: joy, sadness, anger, fear and disgust.

Ninety percent of the movie takes place inside Riley’s noggin and while the filmmakers clearly took liberties with the characters – Joy, for instance, is a bug-eyed, blue-haired sprite with the voice of comedian Amy Poehler; and a plump, bespectacled Sadness is the sotto voce of “Office” alum Phyllis Smith – they also nailed some key concepts in neuroscience.

Inside the “Inside Out” brain

Brain areas associated with some of the concepts in the movie:



SOURCES: Psychological Science, Psychcentral.com, Amy Ellis Nutt
THE WASHINGTON POST

Writer-director Pete Docter freely admits the inspiration for the film was his now-16-year-old daughter who, five years ago, confounded Docter with her

inexplicable mood changes. To write a screenplay in which he was visualizing states of mind, Docter consulted psychologists and boned up on the latest brain science.

"This whole world is made up so we wanted to base it in as much truth as possible," he told reporters in April.

Early in the movie, the formerly sunny-dispositioned Riley is suddenly confounded by her family's relocation from Minnesota to San Francisco. In response, her emotions quarrel with each other inside "headquarters" for the right to "drive" Riley's brain.

For a pre-teen in turmoil, the emotions really are in control, say pediatric neurologists, primarily because their brains are not yet fully connected. The white matter that links regions of activity in the human brain isn't completely laid down until a person's late 20s, and the last region to be fully wired is the most important, the prefrontal cortex. This is the seat of executive functioning where we deliberate, plan, reflect and understand, and it's not even close to being fully wired in an 11 year old.

Memories are all-important in the life of Riley as she navigates a new school, new classmates, even a new climate -- she's an avid ice hockey player. What the movie calls "core" memories are fundamental to her well being, memories of past friends and experiences. Neuroscientists, philosophers and psychologists all say that memories are indeed an integral constituent to a person's sense of self, which is why Joy and Sadness are at odds as to who gets to "color" Riley's new life. And while in reality there is nothing called a "core" memory, neuroscientist Antonio Damasio, director of the Brain and Creativity Institute at the University of Southern California, describes something related. His "core consciousness" is the awareness of one's thoughts or feelings, which is necessary to place those memories of the past in context.

"Personality islands" also occupy territory inside Riley's brain. They include friendship, family, honesty, even goofiness. While there are no such discrete regions in the human brain, what the movie gets right is that aspects of our personality do not reside in any one place, but rather are distributed throughout the cortex and contribute to the architecture of our consciousness.

At night, when Riley goes to bed, her "headquarters" shuts down, and her memories from the day are loaded into a vacuum tube and shuttled out for "long-term" storage. Human memories are packaged for shipping in the hippocampus, which is shaped like a seahorse, not a vacuum. Long-term memories, specifically autobiographical memories are consolidated during the REM stage of sleep, something all the emotions in "Inside Out" are aware of, and then distributed for long-term storage in other parts of the brain. And while there are no "core" memories, as there are in the movie, in reality, those that are most entrenched are often the ones most colored by emotion.

As they voyage through Riley's brain, Joy and Sadness meet the "mind workers" who perform maintenance by clearing out old events into a "memory dump." "If Riley doesn't care about a memory it fades," we're told, and for a child about to enter puberty this is especially true. The brain during the teenage years is particularly

fertile and primed to learn, which is why it is easier at this time of life to take up a foreign language or a musical instrument or a sport.

But the adage "use it or lose it" also holds. Unless Riley repeats what she's learned, re-visits her memories, they will fade -- the unfortunate fate of Riley's childhood imaginary friend, Bing Bong. Part elephant, part cat, he's made out of cotton-candy and speaks "fluent dolphin," but Riley is growing up and no longer needs Bing Bong for emotional or imaginative sustenance. The intrinsic connection between sadness and joy is one of the more poignant lessons of the film, one that Docter's daughter, Elie, likely learned for herself. She's still growing up, and when she viewed the film for the first time, according to the director, she "teared up."

Likely Joy and Sadness were both at the controls.

(Source: <http://www.washingtonpost.com/news/to-your-health/wp/2015/06/24/what-an-animated-movie-about-feelings-gets-right-about-the-brain>)

7. TALKING ABOUT PEOPLE

John Green: 'To teenagers, we look like idiots'

(The video blogger and author of *The Fault in our Stars* and *Paper Towns* on love, fatherhood, human complexity and Cara Delevingne)

Kate Kellaway

THE GUARDIAN, Sunday, August 16, 2015

You first became famous on YouTube – how and why?

In 2007 my brother and I started a video blog, making videos for each other, every weekday for a year. For the first 100 videos we only had about 500 viewers, but it was interesting – a collaboration. We started to do projects, many focused around philanthropy. Then, thanks to a grant from Google, we created Crash Course and SciShow, making free educational videos.

How has this part of your life fed your novel writing?

In terms of audiences, it has been a huge boost, although when *The Fault in our Stars* came out as a film, it took on a life of its own. Now, a lot more people don't know that I am the person who does both things.

Two books have been made into movies – *The Fault in our Stars* and *Paper Towns*. How true are the films to your books?

It was easier this time because the screenwriters who wrote *The Fault in our Stars* wrote the *Paper Towns* script. They have a gift for structure – I knew they would preserve the novel's themes, characters and ideas, which is all that matters to me.

***Paper Towns* is about someone beautiful yet elusive: Margo. Has there ever been a Margo in your life?**

Most of us will have a person like this in our lives – I had someone I romanticised and projected my expectations on to but, at that time, I didn't understand that imagining someone as more than a person was a way of dehumanising them, of not treating them as a person. Quentin, in *Paper Towns*, comes to realise this. Until we can imagine each other's complexity and treat each other as people, we can never

really connect. And we have to be careful about the way we imagine others because it shapes our reality.

Cara Delevingne plays Margo – is she like the character she plays?

She did not get cast because she was a supermodel. In the movie, she looks like a kid. Cara's public persona has a lot in common with Margo. Cara is complicated, multifaceted, smart, talented and she is also very sensitive, which maybe we don't see as much in public. She is able to go to deep, difficult places when she is acting, and I was very impressed by that. There is a moment when Quentin says: "I love you Margo," and Margo says: "Love me? You don't even know me." In her audition, Cara said that with such depth of feeling, it seemed to me that maybe she was a person who knew what it was like to have people love you and not know you.

Isn't fantasy sometimes sustaining?

Fantasy is a good and, at times, necessary shield. The problem is when fantasy becomes a sword. I believe stories should be as truthful as they can be and that truth is always hopeful and nihilism always a lie.

The film opens with the line "Everyone gets a miracle ..." What was yours?

I have had moments of ridiculous good fortune in my life. But the event that changed my life most was meeting Sarah, my wife.

I've read that you once wanted to be a preacher? Where were you born and what did your parents do?

I did – although my parents were not very religious. I grew up in Orlando. Dad worked for Nature Conservancy, an organisation that preserves land. My mother was a community activist, working with victims of domestic violence and marginalised young women. My brother and I feel a need to do values-driven work – that is the only way to make our parents proud, they are not at all impressed by me hanging out with famous people. I want to make my parents proud, I have the highest regard for them.

What were you like as a teenager?

I was a poor student but a very engaged reader. I went to boarding school, was quite nerdy and surrounded by other pretty nerdy people. I was troubled in the sense that I smoked cigarettes and drank. In my head, I felt different, on the outside of everything, disconnected from people. I felt like an observer, a tail to a comet rather than a comet. I always felt I wasn't the protagonist of the story.

Are there any teenagers in your life now?

I don't know any teenagers and I don't know much about them. Even as a teenager, I didn't know much about them. But I have always loved coming-of-age stories. I am fascinated by that period in life, by the tension between innocence and experience, by things happening for the first time and last time – there is a lot of loss involved in adolescence.

Paper Towns has another moral attached: "The trick is to notice before it's too late." What is it we should notice?

The meaning of human life is to pay attention. We are, as far as we know, the only creatures that are of the universe and can also observe it, and we should try to take advantage of that.

Parents in your fiction tend to be slightly floundering and less sophisticated than their teenagers...

To teenagers, we look like idiots sometimes. And sometimes we are idiots – we spend a tremendous amount of time talking about mortgages and going to the dentist. To teenagers, that seems like wasted energy.

How has fatherhood changed you?

Fatherhood has changed me tremendously. I have a son, Henry, who is five. And a daughter, Alice, who is two. Recently I was on a walk with Henry by the White River in Indianapolis, and a red-tailed hawk was flying in line with the water. It was so beautiful, and I said: “Henry!” and he said: “Daddy, Daddy, Daddy! Look at this little piece of moss!” It was a reminder that, with the right level of attention, everything is interesting. That has been one of the gifts they have given me.

They’ve also helped me understand love better. “Love is stronger than death” is a line from the Bible that gets bandied around. I thought it was a hopeful idea, but never believed it. When Henry was born I realised that as long as either of us was alive, I would be his father and he would be my son and, in that sense, love is stronger than death because love, in a relationship, will survive and so there is some kind of love within the human species that goes all the way back and all the way forward for as long as we are going to be around.

(Source: <http://www.theguardian.com/books/2015/aug/16/john-green-paper-towns-interview>)

8. ENVIRONMENTAL PROTECTION

We’re Exposed To Hormone-Disrupting BPA Just By Breathing

Amy Westervelt

THE OBSERVER, Tuesday, July 21, 2015

Manufacturing and wastewater treatment sites are releasing bisphenol A into the air, exposing people to high levels of the chemical, according to a study

Researchers have long known people can be exposed to bisphenol A (BPA), a chemical commonly found in plastic packaging from receipts to the lining of food cans and believed to disrupt human hormones. But a new study has found people also can be exposed to the chemical just by breathing.

Published in May 2015 by researchers at the University of Missouri, the study found high concentrations of BPA in both air and water near industrial sites, indicating that people may be exposed to much larger quantities of the chemical than previously thought.

For the youngest and oldest, air pollution may have serious health consequences

The effect of air pollution on climate change is well-documented, but two new studies show that it may also pose surprising dangers to public health

The finding undermines the arguments behind US Food and Drug Administration’s long held stance on BPA. For years, the administration has maintained that BPA primarily enters the body via food or beverages, making it a

negligible health risk because orally ingested BPA breaks down and is eliminated from the body fairly quickly. The FDA doesn't regulate the chemical, which it says is safe at the levels used in food and consumer products.

"The stance the FDA's had for a number of years is probably narrow sighted," says Christopher Kassotis, lead researcher on the University of Missouri study. "A number of studies looking at the BPA on receipt paper have revealed that large amounts of the chemical enter the bloodstream from just holding a receipt, and now our studies and a few others have found that there's significant aerial exposure as well."

Both exposure from touch and from air can have more of a biological effect than oral ingestion, he claims. "Knowing what we do now, I think the FDA needs to rethink its approach," he says. "We cannot say a level of exposure is safe or not until we've adequately explored all of the exposure routes."

In May, Health Canada – the Canadian government's public health department – published updated research that questions the long held but previously untested assumption that BPA is harmlessly metabolized by the liver. The Canadian researchers found that the liver converts BPA into a compound called BPA-glucuronide, which has been linked to obesity in human and animal studies.

While it's still unclear whether or how airborne BPA affects human health, the University of Missouri study's findings are concerning. These exposures, which can't be avoided, greatly add to the overall levels of the chemical people are being exposed to on a regular basis. The levels of BPA detected around plastic manufacturing sites in particular were far higher than recommended safe levels for human exposure.

"Even at the sites that were essentially our background baseline sites, we measured 30 nanograms per liter – that's higher than levels known to cause sexual differentiation issues in snails and some amphibians," Kassotis says. "And at the aerial release sites, there was 10 times that amount."

Will the US ever pass a new chemical safety law?

Senators have introduced dueling bills to revamp a 39-year-old law regulating chemicals in the US, pitting environmentalists against businesses

Kassotis and five other University of Missouri researchers collected samples of surface water from six sites throughout the state, including four sites where wastewater was the source of contamination and two where aerial release of endocrine-disrupting chemicals was the source. The team analyzed the samples for estrogenic and androgenic activity, and looked closely at the levels of two endocrine-disrupting chemicals: BPA and ethinylestradiol, a common chemical component of oral contraceptives that's often found in municipal wastewater.

The researchers found far less ethinylestradiol than expected, which the authors suggest might be due to the need for more sensitive measuring tools, but far more BPA than expected, particularly in the sites near plastic manufacturing plants.

Those levels will certainly affect wildlife, Kassotis says, but their impact on human health remains unknown. Ultimately, the study of airborne BPA is in its infancy. Only a handful of studies have looked at the health impacts of inhaling endocrine disrupting chemicals in general, and fewer still have looked specifically at BPA. A global air sampling study in 2010 found that the chemical was present in the

air all over the world, including in the Antarctic, but said that health implications remained unknown.

The team also found estrogenic activity in their surface water samples that could not be pinned on BPA or ethinylestradiol, particularly in sites impacted by wastewater.

Aside from further study, next steps will be to look at how much BPA is being discharged from factories and calculate the distance the chemical traveled to make it into the surface water sample; the amount of BPA that then shows up in the water; and the overall percentage of BPA emissions that ultimately reach nearby water resources.

More research on the impacts of BPA in the air and in surface water is necessary to understand any potential human health impacts, Kassotis says. Chemicals that are inhaled are likely to have a greater bioactive concentration, meaning they are more likely to have a biological effect. People may also be taking in surface water from their skin and mouths.

“People are potentially swimming in, playing in, fishing in these rivers,” Kassotis says. “Maybe they clean their clothes in the water. More than half the drinking water in this country comes from surface water, too, and we know that our treatment processes are not designed to remove the majority of endocrine-disrupting chemicals from water, so there’s certainly potential for them to end up in drinking water. So we’re potentially talking about the full spectrum of exposure here, and right now, the health effects? That’s anyone’s guess.”

(Source: <http://www.theguardian.com/lifeandstyle/2015/jul/21/bpa-exposure-hormone-disrupting-fda-missouri-study-bisphenol-endocrine>)

APPENDIX I

INTERPRETATION OF THE TEXT (*sample outline*)

1. **The text under interpretation** is taken from the book (story)... by....

2. A few words about **the author** are important.

(5-6 предложений. Выделить те факты биографии, которые повлияли на его/ее литературный стиль, отметить особенности литературного стиля данного автора, чтобы потом выяснить, (не) является ли данный текст типичным для данного автора и как это проявляется)

3. **The theme** of the (text) story is

4. **The plot** in brief is as follows....

Thus, the plot of the text is fast/slow moving (there's hardly any plot if the text at all).

5. **The problem** of ... is pushed to the forth.

The problem of suggests itself.

The problem of ... is touched upon in the story.

6. **The message** to the first (second, third) problem ...

7. The main /secondary (foil) **character** is .. (имя, возраст, род занятий, краткая характеристика).

8. The story is written in a matter-of-fact (tragic, ironic, humorous, epic, satirical, elevated, etc.) **tone (style, key)**. The story is written with a touch of irony/ The story is tinged with irony (tragedy, sadness, humour, epos, satire, etc.).

9. **The language** of the text is literary (elevated, poetic, neutral, formal) low-keyed, spoken, slang etc.

10. From **the narrative point of view** the text presents:

a first (third)- person narration with the elements of dialogue /monologue/ lyrical (philosophical) digression /description / portrayal / inner-/outer represented speech.

11. The **composition** of the text is the following:

- The introduction
- The knotting
- The development of the action (is the plot)
- The climax
- The unknotting (The dénouement)

Mind, that absence of one of the elements of the composition is a device used to draw the attention of the reader.

APPENDIX II

RENDERING THE ARTICLE (sample outline)

1. The **headline** of the article is ...
(The article is headlined ..., The headline of the article I've read is...)
2. The **author** of the article is...
3. The **article is taken from** the newspaper...
4. The **central idea** of the article is about... (The main idea of the article is... the article is devoted to... the article deals with... the article touches upon... the purpose of the article is to give the reader some information on... the aim of the article is to provide a reader with some material on...)
5. Give a **summary of the article** (no more than 10-20 sentences).
6. State the **main problem** discussed in the article and mark off the passages of the article that seem important to you.
7. Look for **minor peculiarities** of the article.
8. Point out the **facts** that turned out to be **new for you**.
9. Look through the text for **figures**, which are **important** for general understanding.
10. State what places of the article **contradict** your former views.
11. State the **questions, which remained unanswered** in the article and if it is possible add your tail to them.
12. Speak on the **conclusion the author** comes to.
13. Express **your own point of view** on the problem discussed.

USEFUL VOCABULARY

1. Headline / Title of the article	<p>The article is headlined...</p> <p>The headline of the article is...</p> <p>The article goes under the headline...</p> <p>The article under the headline... has the subhead...</p> <p>The title of the article is...</p> <p>The article is entitled...</p>
2. Place of origin	<p>The article is (was) printed / published in...</p> <p>The article is from a newspaper under the nameplate...</p>
3. Time of origin	<p>The publication date of the article is...</p> <p>The article is dated the first of October 2008.</p> <p>The article is printed on the second of October, 2008.</p>
4. Author	<p>The article is written by...</p> <p>The author of the article is...</p> <p>The article is written by a group of authors. They are...</p>
5. Theme / Topic	<p>The article is about...</p> <p>The article is devoted to...</p> <p>The article deals with the topic...</p> <p>The basic subject matter of the script is...</p>

	<p>The article touches upon the topic of...</p> <p>The article addresses the problem of...</p> <p>The article raises/brings up the problem...</p> <p>The article describes the situation...</p> <p>The article assesses the situation...</p> <p>The article informs us about... / comments on...</p> <p>The headline of the article corresponds to the topic.</p>
<p>6. Main idea / Aim of the article</p>	<p>The main idea of the article is...</p> <p>The purpose of the article / the author is to give the reader some information on...</p> <p>The aim of the article / the author is</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - to provide the reader with some information about...; - to provide the reader with some material / data on...; - to inform about...; - to compare / determine...;
<p>7. Contents of the article (a short summary of 3 or 4 sentences) + important FACTS, NAMES, FIGURES.</p>	<p>The article can be divided into some parts.</p> <p>The first part deals with...</p> <p>The second covers the events...</p> <p>The third touches upon the problem of...</p> <p>The fourth part includes some interviews, dialogues, pictures, reviews, references, quotations, figures.</p> <p>The article is written in the form of the monologue, from the first / third person narration.</p> <p>The author starts by telling the reader that... (writes, states, stresses, depicts, says, informs, underlines, confirms, emphasizes, puts an accent on, accepts / denies the fact, reports, resorts to, hints on, inclines to, points out... and so on)</p> <p>Later the article / the author describes...</p> <p>The article / the author goes on to say that...</p> <p>According to the text...</p> <p>In conclusion...</p> <p>The author comes to the conclusion / concludes that...</p> <p>The key sentence / words of the article (is / are) the following...</p>
<p>8. Vocabulary of the article - the topical vocabulary - the author's vocabulary</p>	<p>While reading I've come across some topical words and expressions like.../ A great number of words belong to the topic...</p> <p>The author's vocabulary is rather vivid, poor, rich...</p> <p>The author resorts to colourful general phrases/ clichés / stable statements / understatements / exaggerations / words with negative / positive connotation / fine words / descriptive adjectives / comparisons (to create a vivid picture, a humorous effect / to enforce the influence on the reader).</p>

	<p>We see the author's mastery in conveying the main idea to the reader with the help of the phrases / parenthesis / sayings / proverbs</p>
<p>9. Personal opinion / impression of the article</p>	<p>I found the article interesting / important / useful / dull / of no value / (too) hard to understand and assess (Why?) I appreciate the author's word-painting as / superb / ordinary / exaggerated. I think / believe/ponder/reckon that... As far as I am concerned... In my opinion...</p>
<p>10. Personal view on the topic / idea / problem</p>	<p>The message of the writer is clear to understand... I share the author's view... I see the problem in a different way... I don't quite agree with the fact (that)...</p>

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