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**ADDITIONAL TEXTS AND
LEXICO-GRAMMAR EXERCISES = ТЕКСТЫ ДЛЯ
СТИЛИСТИЧЕСКОГО АНАЛИЗА И ЛЕКСИКО-
ГРАММАТИЧЕСКИЕ ЗАДАНИЯ К НИМ**

Методические указания
к практическим занятиям по дисциплине
«Практический курс английского языка»
для студентов 4 курса
направления 6.020303 «Филология»
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Рецензент: ст. преподаватель кафедры ТПП Деревянко А.А.

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UNIT 1

1. Read and analyze the text.

THE DREAMER

Saki (H. Munro)

It was the season of sales. The august establishment of Walpurgis and Nettlepink had lowered its prices for an entire week as a concession to trade observances, much as an Arch-duchess might protestingly contract an attack of influenza for the unsatisfactory reason that influenza was locally prevalent. Adela Chemping, who considered herself in some measure superior to the allurements of an ordinary bargain sale, made a point of attending the reduction week at Walpurgis and Nettlepink's.

"I'm not a bargain hunter," she said, "but I like to go where bargains are." Which showed that beneath her surface strength of character there flowed a gracious undercurrent of human weakness. With a view to providing herself with a male escort Mrs. Chemping had invited her youngest nephew to accompany her on the first day of the shopping expedition, throwing in the additional allurements of a cinematograph theatre and the prospect of light refreshment. As Cyprian was not yet eighteen she hoped he might not have reached that stage in masculine development when parcel-carrying is looked on as a thing abhorrent.

"Meet me just outside the floral department," she wrote to him, "and don't be a moment later than eleven."

Cyprian was a boy who carried with him through early life the wondering look of a dreamer, the eyes of one who sees things that are not visible to ordinary mortals, and invests the commonplace things of this world with qualities unsuspected by plainer folk--the eyes of a poet or a house agent. He was quietly dressed--that sartorial quietude which frequently accompanies early adolescence, and is usually attributed by novel-writers to the influence of a widowed mother. His hair was brushed back in a smoothness as of ribbon seaweed and seamed with a narrow furrow that scarcely aimed at being a parting. His aunt particularly noted this item of his toilet when they met at the appointed rendezvous, because he was standing waiting for her bareheaded.

"Where is your hat?" she asked.

"I didn't bring one with me," he replied.

Adela Chemping was slightly scandalised.

"You are not going to be what they call a Nut, are you?" she inquired with some anxiety, partly with the idea that a Nut would be an extravagance which her sister's small household would scarcely be justified in incurring, partly, perhaps, with the instinctive apprehension that a Nut, even in its embryo stage, would refuse to carry parcels.

Cyprian looked at her with his wondering, dreamy eyes.

"I didn't bring a hat," he said, "because it is such a nuisance when one is shopping; I mean it is so awkward if one meets anyone one knows and has to take one's hat off when one's hands are full of parcels. If one hasn't got a hat on one can't take it off."

Mrs. Chemping sighed with great relief; her worst fear had been laid at rest.

"It is more orthodox to wear a hat," she observed, and then turned her attention briskly to the business in hand.

"We will go first to the table-linen counter," she said, leading the way in that direction; "I should like to look at some napkins."

The wondering look deepened in Cyprian's eyes as he followed his aunt; he belonged to a generation that is supposed to be over-fond of the role of mere spectator, but looking at napkins that one did not mean to buy was a pleasure beyond his comprehension. Mrs. Chemping held one or two napkins up to the light and stared fixedly at them, as though she half expected to find some revolutionary cypher written on them in scarcely visible ink; then she suddenly broke away in the direction of the glassware department.

"Millicent asked me to get her a couple of decanters if there were any going really cheap," she explained on the way, "and I really do want a salad bowl. I can come back to the napkins later on." She handled and scrutinised a large number of decanters and a long series of salad bowls, and finally bought seven chrysanthemum vases. "No one uses that kind of vase nowadays," she informed Cyprian, "but they will do for presents next Christmas." Two sunshades that were marked down to a price that Mrs. Chemping considered absurdly cheap were added to her purchases.

"One of them will do for Ruth Colson; she is going out to the Malay States, and a sunshade will always be useful there. And I must get her some thin writing paper. It takes up no room in one's baggage." Mrs. Chemping bought stacks of writing paper; it was so cheap, and it went so flat in a trunk or portmanteau. She also bought a few envelopes--envelopes somehow seemed rather an extravagance compared with notepaper. "Do you think Ruth will like blue or grey paper?" she asked Cyprian.

"Grey," said Cyprian, who had never met the lady in question.

"Have you any mauve notepaper of this quality?" Adela asked the assistant.

"We haven't any mauve," said the assistant, "but we've two shades of green and a darker shade of grey." Mrs. Chemping inspected the greens and

the darker grey, and chose the blue. "Now we can have some lunch," she said.

Cyprian behaved in an exemplary fashion in the refreshment department, and cheerfully accepted a fish cake and a mince pie and a small cup of coffee as adequate restoratives after two hours of concentrated shopping.

He was adamant, however, in resisting his aunt's suggestion that a hat should be bought for him at the counter where men's headwear was being disposed of at temptingly reduced prices.

"I've got as many hats as I want at home," he said, "and besides, it rumples one's hair so, trying them on."

Perhaps he was going to develop into a Nut after all. It was a disquieting symptom that he left all the parcels in charge of the cloak-room attendant.

"We shall be getting more parcels presently," he said, "so we need not collect these till we have finished our shopping."

His aunt was doubtfully appeased; some of the pleasure and excitement of a shopping expedition seemed to evaporate when one was deprived of immediate personal contact with one's purchases.

"I'm going to look at those napkins again," she said, as they descended the stairs to the ground floor.

"You need not come," she added, as the dreaming look in the boy's eyes changed for a moment into one of mute protest, "you can meet me afterwards in the cutlery department; I've just remembered that I haven't a corkscrew in the house that can be depended on."

Cyprian was not to be found in the cutlery department when his aunt in due course arrived there, but in the crush and bustle of anxious shoppers and busy attendants it was an easy matter to miss anyone. It was in the leather goods department some quarter of an hour later that Adela Chemping caught sight of her nephew, separated from her by a rampart of suit-cases and portmanteaux and hemmed in by the jostling crush of human beings that now invaded every corner of the great shopping emporium. She was just in time to witness a pardonable but rather embarrassing mistake on the part of a lady who had wriggled her way with unstayable determination towards the bareheaded Cyprian, and was now breathlessly demanding the sale price of a handbag which had taken her fancy.

"There now," exclaimed Adela to herself, "she takes him for one of the shop assistants because he hasn't got a hat on. I wonder it hasn't happened before."

Perhaps it had. Cyprian, at any rate, seemed neither startled nor embarrassed by the error into which the good lady had fallen. Examining the ticket on the bag, he announced in a clear, dispassionate voice: "Black seal, thirty-four shillings, marked down to twenty-eight. As a matter of fact, we are clearing them out at a special reduction price of twenty-six shillings. They are going off rather fast."

"I'll take it," said the lady, eagerly digging some coins out of her purse.

"Will you take it as it is?" asked Cyprian; "it will be a matter of a few minutes to get it wrapped up, there is such a crush."

"Never mind, I'll take it as it is," said the purchaser, clutching her treasure and counting the money into Cyprian's palm.

Several kind strangers helped Adela into the open air.

"It's the crush and the heat," said one sympathiser to another; "it's enough to turn anyone giddy."

When she next came across Cyprian he was standing in the crowd that pushed and jostled around the counters of the book department. The dream look was deeper than ever in his eyes. He had just sold two books of devotion to an elderly Canon.

2. Read the article and express your opinion

Moving After Divorce - How It Affects Children

If you're thinking about moving after divorce, especially if it's a long distance, you need to consider the effect that it may have on your children. Many divorced women think that life will be so much easier if they don't have to deal with their ex on a continuing basis. But stop for a minute and think about what such a move will mean to your children. When following a parental separation, a parental move with child far away from the other parent compounds one loss with another. First the child is subject to the loss of family as it was experienced and then there is the loss of the other parent. This is already much to grieve over.

A move far away, cleaves a child's relationship with friends, loved ones, school and general community. Also gone are their activities and associations. A move simply disrupts and changes all of life, as previously known.

Confounding matters is the circumstances of the move when following a parental separation: The move may be occasioned as the result of domestic violence to escape harm; the move may be motivated by a malicious desire to undermine or end the child's relationship with the other parent; the move may be necessitated by economic reasons or other instrumental reasons such as housing, or social support; the move can be occasioned by

any number of these and yet other factors. As such, the child may be exposed to numerous other forces, impacting on their care and psycho-emotional well-being.

For the child, a move far away is akin to a social amputation. This necessitates all kinds of emotional, psychological, social, academic, recreational and practical adjustments to be made over the course of time in order to recover.

It is reasonable to expect the child in this situation to be anxious and or depressed. Depending on the age of the child, these kinds of emotional reactions can present themselves as feeding and toileting difficulties, sleeping problems, withdrawn or alternately, defiant behavior. School age children may find themselves having difficulty concentrating or focusing on academics. Their minds may wander and they may become disruptive in class. Overt behavior may bring them to the attention of teachers and other school officials. The child's behavior may appear aggressive or alternately, the child may become the victim of taunting and teasing. Whether or not the parent anticipates the move far in advance and even if the move is a very good idea, this doesn't mean that child will take to it well. From the child's perspective, it can spell a very disruptive event with lifelong consequences. They may forever interpret the world as a hostile place with no internalized sense of control. Hence parents are well advised to strongly consider the disposition of their child and the necessity of the move.

Typically these children are coming to terms with the parental separation and changes in parental availability, usually determined by the parenting plan. The child is grieving the loss of the family and subsequent changes to the family and how they present their changed family to those in their world. This adjustment alone can take many, many months to years, depending on the complexity of the situation and conflict between the parents. The changes added to that by a disruptive move could undermine any success for reasonable adjustment.

If a parent is uncertain as to how moving after divorce may affect their child, they are advised to consider an assessment with a qualified professional experienced in separation issues affecting children. Planning for change may pre-empt a host of problems.

3. Render the following sentences into English

- 1) Позже он вспоминал, что если бы не пожарная тревога, которая вернула его на землю, он никогда бы не узнал, кто устроил этот поджог. Хотя он давно знал этого человека, в его взгляда всегда

было что-то странное, он никогда не мог предположить, что этот человек способен на преступление.

- 2) Я собрался с мыслями и решил, что никогда в жизни больше не поведу ребёнка к детскому психологу. Кажется, они все считают, что даже добродушный, уравновешенный и общительный ребёнок, всё равно трудный. Ни один заботливый и справедливый родитель не согласится с этим мнением. Лучше бы таким психологам не выдавали лицензий!
- 3) Я учился играть на разных музыкальных инструментах. Сначала была арфа. Мне хотелось, чтобы она звучала громче, и я порвал все струны. Как жаль, что в этот момент за мной следил глазами дирижёр. У меня не получилось оправдать свои действия. Потом я с нетерпением ждал, когда меня научат играть на ударных. Но нервы моего преподавателя не выдержали, и он сказал — Необходимо иметь слух, одного желания не достаточно. И я понял, что Пора бы мне вернуться к боксу.
- 4) Почему вы считаете, что вполне естественно, что пациент не боится операции? И ещё очень странно, что он отказывается поговорить со своими родными. Зря он так с ними. - В любом случае, это его решение и мы не имеем права вмешиваться.
- 5) Не люблю такие мероприятия. Все суетятся, бегают, и нет никого, кто бы знал, что происходит. А потом приходят жюри, которые не очень-то разбираются в предмете и заставляют все переделывать и менять концепцию.
- 6) Честно говоря, меня возмущает поведение этого некомпетентного человека. Он ведёт себя так, словно он знает всё и вся. Он из кожи вон лезет, чтобы доказать что только он знает, что будет дальше. Стоит привести его в чувства.
- 7) Жаль, что у адвоката защиты не получилось убедить присяжных в невиновности своего подзащитного. Бели бы последний свидетель успел прийти на слушание, возможно исход этого дела был бы другой и прокурор бы не покинул зал заседаний с таким надменным видом. Судья вынес приговор, но казалось, он сомневается в виновности подсудимого.
- 8) Казалось, что он стать известным музыкантом. К 15 годам он играл на альте, валторне, фаготе и трубе, и его преподаватели уже представляли, чего он добьётся к 20. Но ему было суждено покинуть музыку, когда он попал в аварию, и найти себя в преподавании.
- 9) Если бы не упорство опытного тактика, он бы проиграл эту партию. А ведь всё зависело от одного хода. Походи он не той

фигурой, точно бы проиграл. Но он не так просто сдаёт свои позиции.

- 10) В приподнятом настроении она шли мимо сада с крыжовником. Ничто не привлекало её внимания. Поглощенная своими мыслями, она даже не заметила, как из её рук выпало письмо-подтверждение. Как жаль, что она не держала его крепче.

UNIT 2

1. Read and analyze the text

HER FIRST BALL

K. Mansfield

Exactly when the ball began Leila would have found it hard to say. Perhaps her first real partner was the cab. It did not matter that she shared the cab with the Sheridan girls and their brother. She sat back in her own little corner of it, and the bolster on which her hand rested felt like the sleeve of an unknown young man's dress suit; and away they bowled, past waltzing lamp-posts and houses and fences and trees.

"Have you really never been to a ball before, Leila? But, my child, how too weird" cried the Sheridan girls.

"Our nearest neighbour was fifteen miles," said Leila softly, gently opening and shutting her fan. Oh dear, how hard it was to be indifferent like the others! She tried not to smile too much; she tried not to care. But every single thing was so new and exciting ... Meg's tuberose, Jose's long loop of amber, Laura's little dark head, pushing above her white fur like a flower through snow.

She would remember for ever. It even gave her a pang to see her cousin Laurie throw away the wisps of tissue paper he pulled from the fastenings of his new gloves. She would like to have kept those wisps as a keepsake, as a remembrance. Laurie leaned forward and put his hand on Laura's knee.

"Look here, darling," he said. "The third and the ninth as usual. Twig?"

Oh, how marvellous to have a brother! In her excitement Leila felt that if there had been time, if it hadn't been impossible, she couldn't have helped crying because she was an only child, and no brother had ever said "Twig?" to her; no sister would ever say, as Meg said to Jose that moment, "I've never known your hair go up more successfully than it has to-night!" But, of course, there was no time. They were at the drill hall already; there were cabs in front of them and cabs behind. The road was bright on either side with moving fan-like lights, and on the pavement gay couples

seemed to float through the air; little satin shoes chased each other like birds.

"Hold on to me, Leila; you'll get lost," said Laura.

"Come on, girls, let's make a dash for it," said Laurie.

Leila put two fingers on Laura's pink velvet cloak, and they were somehow lifted past the big golden lantern, carried along the passage, and pushed into the little room marked "Ladies." Here the crowd was so great there was hardly space to take off their things; the noise was deafening. Two benches on either side were stacked high with wraps. Two old women in white aprons ran up and down tossing fresh armfuls. And everybody was pressing forward trying to get at the little dressing-table and mirror at the far end.

A great quivering jet of gas lighted the ladies' room. It couldn't wait; it was dancing already. When the door opened again and there came a burst of tuning from the drill hall, it leaped almost to the ceiling. Dark girls, fair girls were patting their hair, tying ribbons again, tucking handkerchiefs down the fronts of their bodices, smoothing marble-white gloves. And because they were all laughing it seemed to Leila that they were all lovely.

"Aren't there any invisible hair-pins?" cried a voice. "How most extraordinary! I can't see a single invisible hair-pin."

"Powder my back, there's a darling," cried some one else.

"But I must have a needle and cotton. I've torn simply miles and miles of the frill," wailed a third.

Then, "Pass them along, pass them along!" The straw basket of programmes was tossed from arm to arm. Darling little pink-and-silver programmes, with pink pencils and fluffy tassels. Leila's fingers shook as she took one out of the basket. She wanted to ask some one, "Am I meant to have one too?" but she had just time to read: "Waltz 3. 'Two, Two in a Canoe.' Polka 4. 'Making the Feathers Fly,'" when Meg cried, "Ready, Leila?" and they pressed their way through the crush in the passage towards the big double doors of the drill hall.

Dancing had not begun yet, but the band had stopped tuning, and the noise was so great it seemed that when it did begin to play it would never be heard. Leila, pressing close to Meg, looking over Meg's shoulder, felt that even the little quivering coloured flags strung across the ceiling were talking. She quite forgot to be shy; she forgot how in the middle of dressing she had sat down on the bed with one shoe off and one shoe on and begged her mother to ring up her cousins and say she couldn't go after all.

And the rush of longing she had had to be sitting on the veranda of their forsaken up-country home, listening to the baby owls crying "More pork" in the moonlight, was changed to a rush of joy so sweet that it was hard to bear alone. She clutched her fan, and, gazing at the gleaming, golden floor, the azaleas, the lanterns, the stage at one end with its red carpet and gilt chairs and the band in a corner, she thought breathlessly, "How heavenly; how simply heavenly!"

All the girls stood grouped together at one side of the doors, the men at the other, and the chaperones in dark dresses, smiling rather foolishly, walked with little careful steps over the polished floor towards the stage.

"This is my little country cousin Leila. Be nice to her. Find her partners; she's under my wing," said Meg, going up to one girl after another.

Strange faces smiled at Leila--sweetly, vaguely. Strange voices answered, "Of course, my dear." But Leila felt the girls didn't really see her. They were looking towards the men. Why didn't the men begin?

What were they waiting for? There they stood, smoothing their gloves, patting their glossy hair and smiling among themselves. Then, quite suddenly, as if they had only just made up their minds that that was what they had to do, the men came gliding over the parquet. There was a joyful flutter among the girls. A tall, fair man flew up to Meg, seized her programme, scribbled something; Meg passed him on to Leila. "May I have the pleasure?" He ducked and smiled. There came a dark man wearing an eyeglass, then cousin Laurie with a friend, and Laura with a little freckled fellow whose tie was crooked. Then quite an old man--fat, with a big bald patch on his head-- took her programme and murmured, "Let me see, let me see!" And he was a long time comparing his programme, which looked black with names, with hers. It seemed to give him so much trouble that Leila was ashamed. "Oh, please don't bother," she said eagerly. But instead of replying the fat man wrote something, glanced at her again. "Do I remember this bright little face?" he said softly. "Is it known to me of yore?" At that moment the band began playing; the fat man disappeared. He was tossed away on a great wave of music that came flying over the gleaming floor, breaking the groups up into couples, scattering them, sending them spinning...

Leila had learned to dance at boarding school. Every Saturday afternoon the boarders were hurried off to a little corrugated iron mission hall where Miss Eccles (of London) held her "select" classes. But the difference between that dusty-smelling hall--with calico texts on the walls, the poor terrified little woman in a brown velvet toque with

rabbit's ears thumping the cold piano, Miss Eccles poking the girls' feet with her long white wand--and this was so tremendous that Leila was sure if her partner didn't come and she had to listen to that marvellous music and to watch the others sliding, gliding over the golden floor, she would die at least, or faint, or lift her arms and fly out of one of those dark windows that showed the stars.

"Ours, I think--" Some one bowed, smiled, and offered her his arm; she hadn't to die after all. Some one's hand pressed her waist, and she floated away like a flower that is tossed into a pool.

"Quite a good floor, isn't it?" drawled a faint voice close to her ear.

"I think it's most beautifully slippery," said Leila.

"Pardon!" The faint voice sounded surprised. Leila said it again.

And there was a tiny pause before the voice echoed, "Oh, quite!" and she was swung round again.

He steered so beautifully. That was the great difference between dancing with girls and men, Leila decided. Girls banged into each other, and stamped on each other's feet; the girl who was gentleman always clutched you so.

The azaleas were separate flowers no longer; they were pink and white flags streaming by.

"Were you at the Bells' last week?" the voice came again. It sounded tired. Leila wondered whether she ought to ask him if he would like to stop.

"No, this is my first dance," said she.

Her partner gave a little gasping laugh. "Oh, I say," he protested. "Yes, it is really the first dance I've ever been to." Leila was most fervent. It was such a relief to be able to tell somebody. "You see, I've lived in the country all my life up till now..."

At that moment the music stopped, and they went to sit on two chairs against the wall. Leila tucked her pink satin feet under and fanned herself, while she blissfully watched the other couples passing and disappearing through the swing doors.

"Enjoying yourself, Leila?" asked Jose, nodding her golden head.

Laura passed and gave her the faintest little wink; it made Leila wonder for a moment whether she was quite grown up after all. Certainly her partner did not say very much. He coughed, tucked his handkerchief away, pulled down his waistcoat, took a minute thread off his sleeve. But it didn't matter. Almost immediately the band started and her second partner seemed to spring from the ceiling.

"Floor's not bad," said the new voice. Did one always begin with the floor? And then, "Were you at the Neaves' on Tuesday?" And again Leila

explained. Perhaps it was a little strange that her partners were not more interested. For it was thrilling. Her first ball! She was only at the beginning of everything. It seemed to her that she had never known what the night was like before. Up till now it had been dark, silent, beautiful very often--oh yes--but mournful somehow. Solemn. And now it would never be like that again--it had opened dazzling bright.

"Care for an ice?" said her partner. And they went through the swing doors, down the passage, to the supper room. Her cheeks burned, she was fearfully thirsty. How sweet the ices looked on little glass plates and how cold the frosted spoon was, iced too! And when they came back to the hall there was the fat man waiting for her by the door. It gave her quite a shock again to see how old he was; he ought to have been on the stage with the fathers and mothers. And when Leila compared him with her other partners he looked shabby. His waistcoat was creased, there was a button off his glove, his coat looked as if it was dusty with French chalk.

"Come along, little lady," said the fat man. He scarcely troubled to clasp her, and they moved away so gently, it was more like walking than dancing.

But he said not a word about the floor. "Your first dance, isn't it?" he murmured.

"How did you know?"

"Ah," said the fat man, "that's what it is to be old!" He wheezed faintly as he steered her past an awkward couple. "You see, I've been doing this kind of thing for the last thirty years."

"Thirty years?" cried Leila. Twelve years before she was born!

"It hardly bears thinking about, does it?" said the fat man gloomily. Leila looked at his bald head, and she felt quite sorry for him. "I think it's marvellous to be still going on," she said kindly. "Kind little lady," said the fat man, and he pressed her a little closer, and hummed a bar of the waltz. "Of course," he said, "you can't hope to last anything like as long as that. No-o," said the fat man, "long before that you'll be sitting up there on the stage, looking on, in your nice black velvet. And these pretty arms will have turned into little short fat ones, and you'll beat time with such a different kind of fan--a black bony one." The fat man seemed to shudder. "And you'll smile away like the poor old dears up there, and point to your daughter, and tell the elderly lady next to you how some dreadful man tried to kiss her at the club ball. And your heart will ache, ache"--the fat man squeezed her closer still, as if he really was sorry for that poor heart--"because no one wants to kiss you now. And you'll say how unpleasant these polished

floors are to walk on, how dangerous they are. Eh, Mademoiselle Twinkletoes?" said the fat man softly.

Leila gave a light little laugh, but she did not feel like laughing. Was it--could it all be true? It sounded terribly true. Was this first ball only the beginning of her last ball, after all? At that the music seemed to change; it sounded sad, sad; it rose upon a great sigh. Oh, how quickly things changed! Why didn't happiness last for ever? For ever wasn't a bit too long.

"I want to stop," she said in a breathless voice. The fat man led her to the door.

"No," she said, "I won't go outside. I won't sit down. I'll just stand here, thank you." She leaned against the wall, tapping with her foot, pulling up her gloves and trying to smile. But deep inside her a little girl threw her pinafore over her head and sobbed. Why had he spoiled it all?

"I say, you know," said the fat man, "you mustn't take me seriously, little lady."

"As if I should!" said Leila, tossing her small dark head and sucking her underlip...

Again the couples paraded. The swing doors opened and shut. Now new music was given out by the bandmaster. But Leila didn't want to dance any more. She wanted to be home, or sitting on the veranda listening to those baby owls. When she looked through the dark windows at the stars, they had long beams like wings...

But presently a soft, melting, ravishing tune began, and a young man with curly hair bowed before her. She would have to dance, out of politeness, until she could find Meg. Very stiffly she walked into the middle; very haughtily she put her hand on his sleeve. But in one minute, in one turn, her feet glided, glided. The lights, the azaleas, the dresses, the pink faces, the velvet chairs, all became one beautiful flying wheel. And when her next partner bumped her into the fat man and he said, "Pardon," she smiled at him more radiantly than ever. She didn't even recognise him again.

2. Read the article and express your opinion

Smoking

Smoking is a big social issue in many countries nowadays widely discussed in newspapers, radio and TV-shows. The practice of smoking tobacco originated among Native Americans in eastern North America,

where tobacco is native. It was adopted by many Europeans following the colonization of the Americas.

According to the World Health Organization, it is most common in east Asia, where as many as two-thirds of all adult males smoke tobacco. Because of concern over the health effects of tobacco smoking, the practice has rapidly declined in recent years in the United States, Canada and western Europe. However, statistics show that at least a quarter of people even in these regions continue to smoke, and there is no indication smoking will go away completely.

Tobacco may be smoked in several forms, the most common being the cigarette, the cigar, and the pipe. Cigarette smoking is the most common. Pipes and cigars are less common, and some stereotype these as exclusively for men. The hookah or water pipe is used in the Middle East.

In the case of cigarette smoking, smoke is inhaled into the lungs. Tobacco smoke contains the nicotine, which forms a strong physical and psychological addiction. The Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, claim that nicotine is a “very addictive drug” that can be “as addictive as heroin or cocaine”.

Medical research has found that smoking is a major contributing factor towards many human health problems, especially lung cancer, heart attack, and other disorders. Research also showed that smoking is an important cause of premature death worldwide.

Passive smoking (also known as environmental tobacco smoke, involuntary smoking or secondhand smoke) occurs when the exhaled smoke from one person's cigarette is inhaled by other people. Involuntary smoking involves inhaling toxic components. Numerous studies have suggested that passive smoking can be harmful to human health. Passive smoking is one of the key issues in leading to smoking bans, particularly in workplaces. Smoking is not supported by many people in the world, for the most part by the non-smokers.

Most arguments against smoking are grounded on public health concerns. In many countries, including the United States, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa and Australia, it is illegal to sell tobacco products to minors.

Several Western countries have also put restrictions on cigarette advertising. In the United States, all television advertising of tobacco products has been prohibited since 1971. In Australia, the Tobacco Advertising Prohibition Act 1992 prohibits tobacco advertising in any form, with a very small number of exceptions.

In addition, in many countries some jurisdictions impose restrictions on where smoking is allowed. Several European countries such as the Republic

of Ireland, Norway, Sweden, Italy, Spain and Scotland have legislated against smoking in public places, often including bars and restaurants. Similar bans will also take effect in the rest of the UK at various intervals.

In the United States, many states prohibit smoking in restaurants, and some also prohibit smoking in bars.

Still, many people continue smoking. People start smoking for different reasons. Some say they smoke in order to relax, rest and distract from their daily stress. I think that most of the minors smoke in order to be like everybody else, to be cool and become a grown up. However, successful ex-smokers are often quite happy and relieved, as well as proud of their success.

3. Render the following sentences into English

- 1) Как бы я хотела, чтобы он проехал мимо, помахал своей рукой в перчатке, затем затормозил, перегородив мне путь, и кинул бы к моим ногам букет желтых хризантем, - я была бы просто в восторге!
- 2) Пора тебе вставать, привередливый мальчишка, будильник уже прозвенел, ты же, наверное, не хочешь злоупотреблять моим терпением и быть потом наказанным, ведь я могу потерять самообладание и применить строгие и бездушные методы воспитания.
- 3) Это ведь именно он бросил эту недалёкую женщину, несмотря на то, что она была вежливой и учливой, играла на гобое и плясала под его дудку всю жизнь. Наверное, он вынашивал этот план долгое время и, наконец, привел его в исполнение.
- 4) Если бы этот надменный дирижер спустился с неба на землю, то может быть заметил бы суету в тускло освещенном зале, куда неожиданно зашла вразвалку старуха с корзиной, в которой была петрушка, артишоки и крыжовник.
- 5) Только потом мы убедились, что он настоящий кладёзь знаний, который пытается избежать суеты вокруг себя и не замечает девушек, пытающихся привлечь его внимание.
- 6) Если бы не этот паникер, стоящий в шаге от меня, я бы никогда не обратил внимания на то, что один мужчина пытается убежать из музея со старинной скрипкой, флейтой и валторной.
- 7) Ни при каких обстоятельствах она не привяжется к этому закоренелому холостяку со странными усами и красными подтяжками.

- 8) Должно быть, он был полностью поглощен своей книгой, потому что если бы он не был так сосредоточен на ней, то заметил бы утонченную солистку известного оперного театра, которая сидела за соседним столиком.
- 9) У этих детей очень потакающие и балующие их во всем родители, должно быть, поэтому мальчики такие наглые, высокомерные и эгоцентричные.
- 10) И он еще посмел умолять меня остаться, как будто бы я не описала ему в мельчайших деталях причину моего решения! Он следовал за мной по пятам, но я хранила ледяное молчание!

UNIT 3

1. Read and analyze the text

WHISTLEN DICK

O. Henry

There was some quiet, but rapid, manoeuvring at Bellemeade during the ensuing half hour, which ended in five disgusted and sullen tramps being captured, and locked securely in an outhouse pending the coming of the morning and retribution. For another result, the visiting young gentlemen had secured the unqualified worship of the visiting young ladies by their distinguished and heroic conduct. For still another, behold Whistling Dick, the hero, seated at the planter's table, feasting upon viands his experience had never before included, and waited upon by admiring femininity in shapes of such beauty and "swellness" that even his ever-full mouth could scarcely prevent him from whistling. He was made to disclose in detail his adventure with the evil gang of Boston Harry, and how he cunningly wrote the note and wrapped it around the stone and placed it at the toe of the stocking, and, watching his chance, sent it silently, with a wonderful centrifugal momentum, like a comet, at one of the big lighted windows of the dining-room.

The planter vowed that the wanderer should wander no more; that his was a goodness and an honesty that should be rewarded, and that a debt of gratitude had been made that must be paid; for had he not saved them from a doubtless imminent loss, and maybe a greater calamity? He assured Whistling Dick that he might consider himself a charge upon the honour of Bellemeade; that a position suited to his powers would be found for him at once, and hinted that the way would be heartily smoothed for him to rise to as high places of emolument and trust as the plantation afforded.

But now, they said, he must be weary, and the immediate thing to consider was rest and sleep. So the mistress spoke to a servant, and Whistling Dick was conducted to a room in the wing of the house occupied

by the servants. To this room, in a few minutes, was brought a portable tin bathtub filled with water, which was placed on a piece of oiled cloth upon the floor. There the vagrant was left to pass the night.

By the light of a candle he examined the room. A bed, with the covers neatly turned back, revealed snowy pillows and sheets. A worn, but clean, red carpet covered the floor. There was a dresser with a beveled mirror, a washstand with a flowered bowl and pitcher; the two or three chairs were softly upholstered. A little table held books, papers, and a day-old cluster of roses in a jar. There were towels on a rack and soap in a white dish.

Whistling Dick set his candle on a chair and placed his hat carefully under the table. After satisfying what we must suppose to have been his curiosity by a sober scrutiny, he removed his coat, folded it, and laid it upon the floor, near the wall, as far as possible from the unused bathtub. Taking his coat for a pillow, he stretched himself luxuriously upon the carpet.

When, on Christmas morning, the first streaks of dawn broke above the marshes, Whistling Dick awoke, and reached instinctively for his hat. Then he remembered that the skirts of Fortune had swept him into their folds on the night previous, and he went to the window and raised it, to let the fresh breath of the morning cool his brow and fix the yet dream-like memory of his good luck within his brain. As he stood there, certain dread and ominous sounds pierced the fearful hollow of his ear. The force of plantation workers, eager to complete the shortened task allotted to them, were all astir. The mighty din of the ogre Labour shook the earth, and the poor tattered and forever disguised Prince in search of his fortune held tight to the window-sill even in the enchanted castle, and trembled.

Already from the bosom of the mill came the thunder of rolling barrels of sugar, and (prison-like sounds) there was a great rattling of chains as the mules were harried with stimulant imprecations to their places by the waggon-tongues. A little vicious "dummy" engine, with a train of flat cars in tow, stewed and fumed on the plantation tap of the narrow-gauge railroad, and a toiling, hurrying, hallooing stream of workers were dimly seen in the half darkness loading the train with the weekly output of sugar. Here was a poem; an epic--nay, a tragedy--with work, the curse of the world, for its theme.

The December air was frosty, but the sweat broke out upon Whistling Dick's face. He thrust his head out of the window, and looked down. Fifteen feet below him, against the wall of the house, he could make out that a border of flowers grew, and by that token he overhung a bed of soft earth.

Softly as a burglar goes, he clambered out upon the sill, lowered himself until he hung by his hands alone, and then dropped safely. No one seemed to be about upon this side of the house. He dodged low, and skimmed swiftly across the yard to the low fence. It was an easy matter to vault this, for a terror urged him such as lifts the gazelle over the thorn bush when the lion pursues. A crash through the dew-drenched weeds on the roadside, a clutching, slippery rush up the grassy side of the levee to the footpath at the summit, and--he was free!

The east was blushing and brightening. The wind, himself a vagrant rover, saluted his brother upon the cheek. Some wild geese, high above, gave cry. A rabbit skipped along the path before him, free to turn to the right or to the left as his mood should send him. The river slid past, and certainly no one could tell the ultimate abiding place of its waters. A small, ruffled, brown-breasted bird, sitting upon a dog-wood sapling, began a soft, throaty, tender little piping in praise of the dew which entices foolish worms from their holes; but suddenly he stopped, and sat with his head turned sidewise, listening. From the path along the levee there burst forth a jubilant, stirring, buoyant, thrilling whistle, loud and keen and clear as the cleanest notes of the piccolo. The soaring sound rippled and trilled and arpeggiated as the songs of wild birds do not; but it had a wild free grace that, in a way, reminded the small, brown bird of something familiar, but exactly what he could not tell. There was in it the bird call, or reveille, that all birds know; but a great waste of lavish, unmeaning things that art had added and arranged, besides, and that were quite puzzling and strange; and the little brown bird sat with his head on one side until the sound died away in the distance.

The little bird did not know that the part of that strange warbling that he understood was just what kept the warbler without his breakfast; but he knew very well that the part he did not understand did not concern him, so he gave a little flutter of his wings and swooped down like a brown bullet upon a big fat worm that was wriggling along the levee path.

2. Read the article and express your opinion

What Is Mass Media?

The Changing Role of Mass Communications and the Media Industries Media studies definitions are changing quickly as digital technology evolves, taking mass media and advertising and marketing communications in new directions.

By definition, mass communication is a message created by a person or a group of people sent through a transmitting device (a medium) to a large audience or market.

So What Exactly is Mass Media?

Mass media is any medium used to transmit mass communication. Until recently mass media was clearly defined and was comprised of the eight mass media industries; Books, Newspapers, Magazines, and Recordings, Radio, Movies, Television and The Internet.

Defining mass media is no longer clear cut or simple. The continuing explosion of digital communication technology is producing more than a little confusion on the subject.

Developing new technology breeds new questions. Should cell phones be included in a definition of Mass Media? What about video and computer games? Is "World of Warcraft" a mass medium strictly speaking?

Considerable debate surrounds this topic at the moment and the answer is still not entirely clear. A cell phone or any phone for that matter is not typically considered to be a mass medium. A telephone is a simple two way communication device, capable of serving only few people at time. Looking at the definition of mass media, it is clear that a mass medium must communicate a message to a large group, often simultaneously. However, modern cell phones are no longer a single use device. Most cell phones are equipped with internet access and capable of connecting to the web which is in fact a mass medium. Does this make cell phones a mass medium or simply a device to access the web?

Currently, there is a plan in motion that will allow marketers and advertisers to tap into satellites and broadcast commercials and advertisements directly to millions of cell phones, unsolicited by the phone's user. Transmitting mass advertising to millions of people is indeed mass communication. Someday, in the near future, you may check your cell phone and find it flashing a message that you have two missed calls AND that four out of five dentists chose Trident.

Video games may also be evolving into a mass medium. Consider the fact that video games certainly contain messages and ideologies conveyed to users. Users sometimes share the experience by playing online but players of video games are also sharing a common experience when they have played the game separately. It is possible to discuss in great detail the events of a video game with a friend you have never played with because the experience was identical to you both. Are you receiving the same message along with millions of others? Is this mass communication? Experts disagree but once again, the question may soon become moot as advertisers

are looking into placing advertisements as well as incorporating product placement into the games themselves.

As digital communication technology continues to expand, exactly what devices constitute a mass medium will undoubtedly continue to evolve and expand the current definition beyond the eight mass media industries.

3. Render the following sentences into English

- 1) Случись мне привести крыжовниковый сад в порядок, я бы позвала того старого садовника, который славится неограниченным полетом фантазии.
- 2) Она жалела, что упустила из виду и не избавилась от этого странного гобелена, на котором был изображен олень, пронзенный стрелой. И сейчас было самое время выкинуть его.
- 3) Если бы в детстве родители отдали его в музыкальную школу, он бы научился играть на альте.
- 4) Если бы меня оставили одну и позволили собраться с мыслями, я бы описала преступника в деталях.
- 5) Николас посмотрел на букет желтых хризантем так, будто они стоили целое состояние. Как бы ему хотелось оставить эти глупые церемонии.
- 6) На её месте я бы подстриглась, но у неё нет ни желания, ни вкуса.
- 7) Случись ему уклониться от ответственности, его партнеры подмяли бы тревогу. Должно быть, они поняли, что он был недалеким человеком, и отказались ратифицировать договор.
- 8) Ей не следовало суетиться, ведь подобный финал был очевиден. – Да, и она бы не была так подавлена, если бы не возлагала больших надежд на этого человека.
- 9) Едва Лили покинула дом, как ощутила прилив радости. Раньше ей всегда приходилось плясать под чужую дудку, теперь же ей предоставили полную свободу действий. Даже не ведая, что уготовила ей судьба, в этот дом она не вернется ни при каких условиях.
- 10) Он посмотрел, так хитро, как будто некий план уже созрел у него в голове. Я опасалась, как бы он не начал приводить его в действие. И только лишь когда он пожелал всем спокойной ночи и удалился в свою комнату, я вздохнула с облегчением.

UNIT 4

1. Read and analyze the text

AWFUL WHEN YOU THINK OF IT

G. Green

When the baby looked up at me from its wicker basket and winked - on the opposite seat somewhere between Reading and Slough - I became uneasy. It was as if he had discovered my secret interest.

It is awful how little we change. So often an old acquaintance, whom one has not seen for forty years when he occupied the neighbouring chopped and inky desk, detains one in the street with his unwelcome memory. Even as a baby we carry the future with us. Clothes cannot change us, the clothes are the uniform of our character, and our character changes as little as the shape of the nose and the expression of the eyes.

It has always been my hobby in railway trains to visualize in a baby's face the man he is to become - the barlounge, the gadabout, the frequenter of fashionable weddings; you need only supply the cloth cap, the grey topper, the uniform of the sad, smug or hilarious future. But I have always felt a certain contempt for the babies I have studied with such superior wisdom (they little know), and it was a shock last week when one of the brood not only detected me in the act of observation but returned that knowing signal, as if he shared my knowledge of what the years would make of him.

He had been momentarily left alone by his young mother on the seat opposite. She had smiled towards me with a tacit understanding that I would look after her baby for a few moments. What anger after all could happen to it? (Perhaps she was less certain of his sex than I was. She knew the shape under his nappies, of course, but shapes can deceive: parts alter, operations are performed.) She could not see what I had seen - the tilted bowler and the umbrella over the arm. (No arm was apparent under the coverlet printed with pink rabbits.)

When she was safely out of the carriage I bent towards the basket and asked him a question. I had never before carried my researches quite so far.

'What's yours?' I said.

He blew a thick white bubble, brown at the edges. There could be no doubt at all that he was saying, 'A pint of the best bitter.' 'Haven't seen you lately - you know - in the old place,' I said. He gave a quick smile, passing it off, then he winked again. You couldn't doubt that he was saying, 'The other half?' I blew a bubble in my turn - we spoke the same language. Very slightly he turned his head to one side. He didn't want anybody to hear what he was going to say now.

'You've got a tip?' I asked.

Don't mistake my meaning. It was not racing information I wanted. Of course I could not see his waist under all those pink-rabbit wrappings, but I knew perfectly well that he wore a double-breasted waistcoat and had nothing to do with the tracks. I said very rapidly because his mother might return at any moment, 'My brokers are Druce, Davis and Burrows.' He looked up at me with bloodshot eyes and a little line of spittle began to form at the corner of his mouth. I said, 'Oh, I know they're not all that good. But at the moment they are recommending Stores.' He gave a high wail of pain - you could have mistaken the cause for wind, but I knew better. In his club they didn't have to serve dill water. I said, 'I don't agree, mind you,' and he stopped crying and blew a bubble - a little tough white one which lingered on his lip. I caught his meaning at once. 'My round,' I said. 'Time for a short?' He nodded. 'Scotch?' I know few people will believe me, but he raised his head an inch or two and gazed unmistakably at my watch. 'A bit early?' I said. 'Pink gin?' I didn't have to wait for his reply. Make them large ones,' I said to the imaginary barman. He spat at me, so I added, 'Throw away the pink.' 'Well,' I said, 'here's to you. Happy future,' and we smiled at each other, well content.

'I don't know what you would advise,' I said, 'but surely Tobaccos are about as low as they will go. When you think Imps were a cool 80/- in the early Thirties and now you can pick them up for under 60/-.... This cancer scare can't go on. People have got to have their fun.' At the word fun he winked again, looked secretively around, and I realized that perhaps I had been on the wrong track. It was not after all the state of the markets he had been so ready to talk about. 'I heard a damn good one yesterday,' I said. 'A man got into a tube train, and there was a pretty girl with one stocking coming down ...'

He yawned and closed his eyes. 'Sorry,' I said, 'I thought it was new. You tell me one.' And do you know that damned baby was quite ready to oblige? But he belonged to the school who find their own jokes funny and when he tried to speak, he could only laugh. He couldn't get his story out for laughter. He laughed and winked and laughed again. - what a good story it must have been. I could have dined out for weeks on the strength of it. His limbs twitched in the basket; he even tried to get his hands free from the pink rabbits, and then the laughter died. I could almost hear him saying, 'Tell you later, old man.'

His mother opened the door of the compartment. She said, 'You've been amusing baby. How kind of you. Are you fond of babies?' And she gave me

such a look - the love-wrinkles forming round the mouth and eyes - that I was tempted to reply with the warmth and hypocrisy required, but then I met the baby's hard relentless gaze.

'Well, as a matter of fact,' I said, 'I'm not. Not really,' I drooled on, losing all my chances before that blue and pebbly stare. 'You know how it is ... never had one of my own ... I'm fond of fishes though ...' I suppose in a way I got my reward. The baby blew a whole succession of bubbles. He was satisfied; after all a chap shouldn't make passes at another chap's mother, especially if he belongs to the same club - for suddenly I knew inevitably to what club he would belong in twenty-five years' time. 'On me,' he was obviously saying now. 'Doubles all round.' I could only hope that I would not live so long.

2. Read the article and express your opinion

Children Who Steal

When a child or teenager steals, parents are naturally concerned. They worry about what caused their child to steal, and they wonder whether their son or daughter is a "juvenile delinquent." It is normal for a very young child to take something which excites his or her interest. This should not be regarded as stealing until the youngster is old enough, usually three to five years old, to understand that taking something which belongs to another person is wrong. Parents should actively teach their children about property rights and the consideration of others. Parents are also role models. If you come home with stationary or pens from the office or brag about a mistake at the supermarket checkout counter, your lessons about honesty will be a lot harder for your child to understand.

Although they have learned that theft is wrong, older children or teenagers steal for various reasons. A youngster may steal to make things equal if a brother or sister seems to be favored with affection or gifts. Sometimes, a child may steal as a show of bravery to friends, or to give presents to family or friends or to be more accepted by peers. Children may also steal out of a fear of dependency; they don't want to depend on anyone, so they take what they need.

Parents should consider whether the child has stolen out of a need for more attention. In these cases, the child may be expressing anger or trying to "get even" with his or her parents; the stolen object may become a substitute for love or affection. The parents should make an effort to give more recognition to the child as an important family member. If parents take the proper measures, in most cases the stealing stops as

the child grows older. Child and adolescent psychiatrists recommend that when parents find out their child has stolen, they:

- tell the child that stealing is wrong
- help the youngster to pay for or return the stolen object
- make sure that the child does not benefit from the theft in any way
- avoid lecturing, predicting future bad behavior, or saying that they now consider the child to be a thief or a bad person
- make clear that this behavior is totally unacceptable within the family tradition and the community

When the child has paid for or returned the stolen merchandise, the matter should not be brought up again by the parents, so that the child can begin again with a "clean slate."

If stealing is persistent or accompanied by other problem behaviors or symptoms, the stealing may be a sign of more serious problems in the child's emotional development or problems in the family. Children who repeatedly steal may also have difficulty trusting others and forming close relationships. Rather than feeling guilty, they may blame the behavior on others, arguing that, "Since they refuse to give me what I need, I will take it." These children would benefit from an evaluation by a child and adolescent psychiatrist. In treating a child who steals persistently, a child and adolescent psychiatrist will evaluate the underlying reasons for the child's need to steal, and develop a plan of treatment. Important aspects of treatment are helping the child learn to establish trusting relationships and helping the family to support the child in changing to a more healthy path of development.

3. Render the following sentences into English

- 1) Если бы не ее непреклонность, Майкл купил бы этот букет желтых хризантем и не сожалел бы, что это влетело ему в копеечку. Кажется, он совсем не разбирается в цветах и не умеет определять их цену.
- 2) Жаль, что он с нами не заодно, ведь именно мы возлагали на него большие надежды, мы старались изо всех сил найти к нему подход, но он оказался несклонным к подчинению. Хотя мы были возмущены, нам пришлось «опуститься на землю» и дать ему свободу.
- 3) Пора бы взять себя в руки и перестать перекладывать вину на других. На самом деле, ты глубоко ошибаешься и тебе не избежать наказания, если ты не изменишь свою точку зрения.
- 4) Вероятно, на экзамене по музыке она была в затруднительном положении. Ведь она не может отличить альт от флейты, а фаягот

от валторны. Наверняка, на нее возлагали большие надежды, но она не оправдала ожидания. У нее был бегавший взгляд, и она давала уклончивые ответы.

- 5) Неужели он проглядел их? Они прошли в двух шагах от него. Должно быть, он был сосредоточен на увлекательной книге, или представлял себе, что он известный дирижер.
- 6) Хотя опасность миновала, он был все еще напуган. Кажется, он настоящий паникер и часто суетится попусту. Видимо, родители часто баловали его, поэтому он не в курсе как постоять за себя.
- 7) Если бы ты не плясал под чужую дудку, ты бы не утверждал это с настойчивостью опытного тактика. Думаю, именно я смогу тебя переубедить.
- 8) Жаль, что ты потерял голову и пристрастился к наркотикам. Ты уже продал все ценные вещи, но все равно весь в долгах. Пора бы тебе бросить эту пагубную привычку.
- 9) Неужели он дал волю эмоциям и вышел из себя? Раньше он ни при каких обстоятельствах не использовал строгие и суровые методы воспитания. Он никогда не запугивал и не читал морали, но сейчас он вынужден был наказать солдата за ложную тревогу.
- 10) Она суетилась вокруг уважаемых гостей, чтобы они были в приподнятом настроении. Случись ей не позаботиться о ком-либо, привередливые гости с утонченным вкусом встанут и уйдут.

UNIT 5

1. Read and analyze the text

CAT IN THE RAIN

Ernest Hemingway

There were only two Americans stopping at the hotel. They did not know any of the people they passed on the stairs on their way to and from their room. Their room was on the second floor facing the sea. It also faced the public garden and war monument. There were big palms and green benches in the public garden. In the good weather there was always an artist with his easel. Artists liked the way the palms grew and the bright colors of the hotels facing the sea. Italians came from a long way off to look up at the war monument. It was made of bronze and glistened in the rain. It was raining. The rain dripped from the palm trees. Water stood in pools on the gravel paths. The sea broke in a long line in the rain. The motor cars were gone from the square by the war monument. Across the square in the doorway of the cafe a waiter stood looking out at the empty square.

The American wife stood at the window looking out. Outside right under their window a cat was crouched under one of the

dripping green tables. The cat was trying to make herself so compact that she would not be dripped on.

"I'm going down and get that kitty," the American wife said. "I'll do it," her husband offered from the bed. "No, I'll get it. The poor kitty is out trying to keep dry under the table."

The husband went on reading, lying propped up with the two pillows at the foot of the bed. "Don't get wet," he said.

The wife went downstairs and the hotel owner stood up and bowed to her as she passed the office. His desk was at the far end of the office. He was an old man and very tall. "Il piove," the wife said. She liked the hotelkeeper.

"Si, si, Signora, brutto tempo. It is very bad weather."

He stood behind his desk in the far end of the dim room. The wife liked him. She liked the way he wanted to serve her. She liked the way he felt about being a hotel-keeper. She liked his old, heavy face and big hands.

Liking him she opened the door and looked out. It was raining harder. A man in a rubber cape was crossing the empty square to the cafe. The cat would be around to the right. Perhaps she could go along to the eaves. As she stood in the doorway an umbrella opened behind her. It was the maid who looked after their room. "You must not get wet," she smiled, speaking Italian. Of course, the hotel-keeper had sent her.

With the maid holding the umbrella over her, she walked along the gravel path until she was under their window. The table was there, washed bright green in the rain, but the cat was gone. She was suddenly disappointed. The maid looked up at her.

"Ha perduto qualche cosa, Signora?"

"There was a cat," said the American girl.

"A cat?"

"Si, il gatto."

"A cat?" the maid laughed. "A cat in the rain?"

"Yes," she said, "under the table." Then, "Oh, I wanted it so much. I wanted a kitty."

When she talked English the maid's face tightened.

"Come, Signora," she said. "We must get back inside. You will be wet."

"I suppose so," said the American girl.

They went back along the gravel path and passed in the door. The maid stayed outside to close the umbrella. As the American girl passed the office, the padrone bowed from his desk. Something felt very small and tight inside the girl. The padrone made her feel

very small and at the same time really important. She had a momentary feeling of being of supreme importance. She went on up the stairs. She opened the door of the room. George was on the bed reading.

"Did you get the cat?" he asked, putting the book down. "It was gone."

"Wonder where it went to," he said, resting his eyes from reading. She sat down on the bed.

"I wanted it so much," she said. "I don't know why I wanted it so much. I wanted that poor kitty. It isn't any fun to be a poor kitty out in the rain."

George was reading again. She went over and sat in front of the mirror of the dressing table looking at herself with the hand glass. She studied her profile, first one side and then the other. Then she studied the back of her head and her neck.

"Don't you think it would be a good idea if I let my hair grow out?" she asked, looking at her profile again.

George looked up and saw the back of her neck, clipped close like a boy's.

"I like it the way it is."

"I get so tired of it," she said. "I get so tired of looking like a boy."

George shifted his position in the bed. He hadn't looked away from her since she started to speak.

"You look pretty darn nice," he said.

She laid the mirror down on the dresser and went over to the window and looked out. It was getting dark.

"I want to pull my hair back tight and smooth and make a big knot at the back that I can feel," she said. "I want to have a kitty to sit on my lap and purr when I stroke her."

"Yeah?" George said from the bed.

"And I want to eat at a table with my own silver and I want candles. And I want it to be spring and I want to brush my hair out in front of a mirror and I want a kitty and I want some new clothes."

"Oh, shut up and get something to read," George said. He was reading again.

His wife was looking out of the window. It was quite dark now and still raining in the palm trees.

"Anyway, I want a cat," she said, "I want a cat. I want a cat now. If I can't have long hair or any fun, I can have a cat."

George was not listening. He was reading his book. His wife looked out of the window where the light had come on in the square.

Someone knocked at the door.

"Avanti," George said. He looked up from his book. In the doorway stood the maid. She held a big tortoise-shell cat pressed tight against her and swung down against her body.

"Excuse me," she said, "the padrone asked me to bring this for the Signora."

2. Read the article and express your opinion

Contemporary dimensions of a quality education

What criteria should be used in determining the quality of education? What are the requirements of our times and how do they influence the tasks of education? These and other questions are raised in the following interview with Academician Vasyl H. KREMEN, president of the Academy of Pedagogical Sciences and member of the National Academy of Sciences of Ukraine. Dr. Kremen, what are the modern requirements of a quality education?

Today Ukrainian society and the whole of modern civilization are imposing a number of relatively new demands on people. Education, as a sphere that primarily secures human progress and the development of the individual, should form individuals who will be adequate to these demands, so that they can be successful and competitive in life. I will mention several such things. First, considering that mankind is more actively entering the innovative phase of progress, modern education and society undoubtedly should prepare pioneering individuals — in other words, people with innovative ways of thinking, innovative types of culture, and an ability to conduct creative activities. Why is this necessary? Because today, like never before, knowledge, ideas, and technologies are changing faster than the generations. For the individual to be capable of acting in an innovative manner s/he must learn to study new things.

HOW CAN LEARNING TO STUDY BE TAUGHT?
VASYL KREMEN What should be changed in our schools and how? We must keep consistently preparing for the introduction of specialized senior schools. Here there are a lot of problems, ranging from the preparation of special textbooks to practical aspects of such specialized training. Special difficulties will emerge in rural areas. It is important to upgrade the organization of secondary educational establishments. So far our secondary schools are inadequately differentiated as junior, basic, and senior. We know that instruction and upbringing in each of them must be essentially different, depending on the pupil's age. When a child spends 11 years in the same classroom and with the same classmates, s/he

gets used to the unchangeable conditions. In adulthood one's milieu constantly changes, requiring people to assert themselves in the collective each time.

I'm certain that the word "school" should not apply to senior school. These have to be lycees, special educational establishments with strong teaching staffs oriented toward certain guidelines and a certain category of children.

Today there are big problems in realizing the classical function of education: acquiring knowledge. Regrettably, our programs are overburdened with ancillary material, and schoolchildren are often instructed to memorize this supplementary material. These programs should be eased, and I think (this is my suggestion) the time has come to form national subject commissions on every school subject, which would be composed of representatives of the National Academy of Sciences, Academy of Pedagogical Sciences, Ministry of Education and Science, and associates in the sphere of education and culture to develop an optimum version of every subject, with an eye to the latest developments in a given sphere. This program should be adapted for schoolchildren of a certain age group, provide knowledge, and at the same time teach them to master knowledge in the future.

The world is moving toward a "knowledge" society. This most often implies the existence of increasingly powerful information flows. This, of course, is part of a knowledge society, but in my opinion it will be created only after people are duly prepared and capable of living and working on the basis of acquired knowledge. In other words, knowledge does not stand next to a person, knowledge is not for passing exams or tests; knowledge is the basis, methods of behavior, and professional and daily activities. Unfortunately, this aspect of our education is being realized in a markedly inadequate manner. Without introducing this type of instruction we will not be able to prepare competitive individuals.

3. Render the following sentences into English

- 1) Пора бы тебе поменять свою точку зрения, касательно того, что ждет тебя в будущем. Как бы я хотела, чтобы ты поскорее нашел работу, а то ты так рассуждаешь, будто где-то там за океаном у тебя живет тетушка, в любой момент готовая помочь.
- 2) Он, должно быть, такой задира, если все его друзья стараются его избегать. Если бы не его непоколебимость, никто бы и не подумал плясать под его дудочку.
- 3) Случись так, что начальник опять назначит тебе работу в ночную смену, намекни на его суровое и черствое отношение к

подчиненным. Если это не сработает, приводи в исполнение свой план.

- 4) Так или иначе, она настаивает на том, чтобы исландская компания ратифицировала договор.
- 5) Если бы он тогда не проглядел столь немаловажный факт, судья смог бы его оправдать.
- 6) Несколько недель подряд полиция преследовала похитителя антикварных музыкальных инструментов. Грабитель украл старинную арфу, гобой и проигрыватель у одного известного итальянского коллекционера. Только потом оказалось, что ограбление было подстроено.
- 7) – Что это ты прямо-таки светишься от счастья? – Я вчера побывала на сольном выступлении моего любимого исполнителя. – Спустить с небес на землю. Пора приниматься за работу.
- 8) Он ехидно усмехнулся, увидев меня: «Я же говорил, у вас ничего не выйдет». Я почувствовал себя униженным и протараторил: «Мы должны были улететь еще вчера, но не улетели, т.к. рейс отменили из-за тумана».
- 9) Мистер Смит никогда не находил общий язык со своими студентами, хоть они из кожи вон лезли. Все для него были равны, и он не считал кого-то одного очень важным.
- 10) Также очень важно добавить в этот салат петрушку, укроп и артишоки. Сухарики же добавьте перед подачей блюда на стол, иначе они впитают оливковое масло и потеряют свой вкус.

UNIT 6

1. Read and analyze the text

The Filipino and the Drunkard

William Saroyan

This loud-mouthed guy in the brown camel-hair coat was not really mean, he was drunk. He took a sudden dislike to the small well-dressed Filipino and began to order him around the waiting room, telling him to get back, not to crowd up among the white people. They were waiting to get on the boat and cross the bay to Oakland. If he hadn't been drunk no one would have bothered to notice him at all, but as it was, he was making a commotion in the waiting room, and while everyone seemed to be in sympathy with the Filipino, no one seemed to want to bother about coming to the boy's rescue, and the poor Filipino was becoming very frightened.

He stood among the people, and this drunkard kept pushing up against him and saying, I told you to get back. Now get back. Go way back. I fought

twenty-four months in France. I'm a real American. I don't want you standing up here among white people.

The boy kept squeezing nimbly and politely out of the drunkard's way, hurrying through the crowd, not saying anything and trying his best to be as decent as possible. He kept dodging in and out, with the drunkard stumbling after him, and as time went on the drunkard's dislike grew and he began to swear at the boy. He kept saying, You fellows are the best-dressed men in San Francisco, and you make your money washing dishes. You've got no right to wear such fine clothes.

He swore a lot, and it got so bad that a lot of ladies had to imagine they were deaf and weren't hearing any of the things he was saying.

When the big door opened, the young Filipino moved swiftly among the people, fleeing from the drunkard, reaching the boat before anyone else. He ran to a corner, sat down for a moment, then got up and began looking for a more hidden place. At the other end of the boat was the drunkard. He could hear the man swearing. He looked about for a place to hide, and rushed into the lavatory. He went into one of the open compartments and bolted the door.

The drunkard entered the lavatory and began asking others in the room if they had seen the boy. He was a real American, he said. He had been wounded twice in the War.

In the lavatory he swore more freely, using words he could never use where women were present. He began to stoop and look beyond the shut doors of the various compartments. I beg your pardon, he said to those he was not seeking, and when he came to the compartment where the boy was standing, he began swearing and demanding that the boy come out.

You can't get away from me, he said. You got no right to use a place white men use. Come out or I'll break the door.

Go away, the boy said.

The drunkard began to pound on the door.

You got to come out sometime, he said. I'll wait here till you do.

Go away, said the boy. I've done nothing to you. He wondered why none of the men in the lavatory had the decency to calm the drunkard and take him away, and then he realized there were no other men in the lavatory.

Go away, he said.

The drunkard answered with curses, pounding the door.

Behind the door, the boy's bitterness grew to rage. He began to tremble, not fearing the man but fearing the rage growing in himself. He brought the knife from his pocket and drew open the sharp blade, holding the

knife in his fist so tightly that the nails of his fingers cut into the flesh of his palm.

Go away, he said. I have a knife. I do not want any trouble.

The drunkard said he was an American. Twenty-four months in France. Wounded twice. Once in the leg, and once in the thigh. He would not go away. He was afraid of no dirty little yellow-belly Filipino with a knife. Let the Filipino come out, he was an American.

I will kill you, said the boy. I do not want to kill any man. You are drunk. Go away. Please do not make any trouble, he said earnestly.

He could hear the motor of the boat pounding. It was like his rage pounding. It was a feeling of having been humiliated, chased about and made to hide, and now it was a wish to be free, even if he had to kill. He threw the door open and tried to rush beyond the man, the knife tight in his fist, but the drunkard caught him by the sleeve and drew him back. The sleeve of the boy's coat ripped, and the boy turned and thrust the knife into the side of the drunkard, feeling it scrape against rib-bone. The drunkard shouted and screamed at once, then caught the boy at the throat, and the boy began to thrust the knife into the side of the man many times, as a boxer jabs in the clinches.

When the drunkard could no longer hold him and had fallen to the floor, the boy rushed from the room, the knife still in his hand, blood dripping from the blade, his hat gone, his hair mussed, and the sleeve of his coat badly torn.

Everyone knew what he had done, yet no one moved. The boy ran to the front of the boat, seeking some place to go, then ran back to a corner, no one daring to speak to him, and everyone aware of his crime.

There was no place to go, and before the officers of the boat arrived he stopped suddenly and began to shout at the people.

I did not want to hurt him, he said. Why didn't you stop him? Is it right to chase a man like a rat? You knew he was drunk. I did not want to hurt him, but he would not let me go. He tore my coat and tried to choke me. I told him I would kill him if he would not go away. It is not my fault. I must go to Oakland to see my brother. He is sick. Do you think I am looking for trouble when my brother is sick? Why didn't you stop him?

2. Read the article and express your opinion

What are Genetically Modified (GM) Foods? Although "biotechnology" and "genetic modification" commonly are used interchangeably, GM is a special set of technologies that alter the genetic makeup of organisms such as animals, plants, or bacteria.

Biotechnology, a more general term, refers to using organisms or their components, such as enzymes, to make products that include wine, cheese, beer, and yogurt.

Combining genes from different organisms is known as recombinant DNA technology, and the resulting organism is said to be "genetically modified," "genetically engineered," or "transgenic." GM products (current or those in development) include medicines and vaccines, foods and food ingredients, feeds, and fibers. Locating genes for important traits – such as those conferring insect resistance or desired nutrients – is one of the most limiting steps in the process.

However, genome sequencing and discovery programs for hundreds of organisms are generating detailed maps along with data-analyzing technologies to understand and use them.

In 2006, 252 million acres of transgenic crops were planted in 22 countries by 10.3 million farmers. The majority of these crops were herbicide- and insect-resistant soybeans, corn, cotton, canola, and alfalfa. Other crops grown commercially or field-tested are a sweet potato resistant to a virus that could decimate most of the African harvest, rice with increased iron and vitamins that may alleviate chronic malnutrition in Asian countries, and a variety of plants able to survive weather extremes.

On the horizon are bananas that produce human vaccines against infectious diseases such as hepatitis B; fish that mature more quickly; cows that are resistant to bovine spongiform encephalopathy (mad cow disease); fruit and nut trees that yield years earlier, and plants that produce new plastics with unique properties.

In 2006, countries that grew 97% of the global transgenic crops were the United States (53%), Argentina (17%), Brazil (11%), Canada (6%), India (4%), China (3%), Paraguay (2%) and South Africa (1%). Although growth is expected to plateau in industrialized nations, it is increasing in developing countries. The next decade will see exponential progress in GM product development as researchers gain increasing and unprecedented access to genomic resources that are applicable to organisms beyond the scope of individual projects.

Technologies for genetically modifying foods offer dramatic promise for meeting some of the 21st Century's greatest challenges. Like all new technologies, they also pose some risks, both known and unknown. Controversies surrounding GM foods and crops commonly focus on human and environmental safety, labeling and consumer choice, intellectual property rights, ethics, food security, poverty reduction, and environmental conservation



The use of GMOs has sparked significant controversy in many areas. Some groups or individuals see the generation and use of GMO as intolerable meddling with biological states or processes that have naturally evolved over long periods of time, while others are concerned about the limitations of modern science to fully comprehend all of the potential negative ramifications of genetic manipulation. The safety of GMOs in the foodchain has been questioned, with concerns such as the possibilities that GMOs could introduce new allergens into foods, or contribute to the spread of antibiotic resistance. Although scientists have assured consumers of the safety of these types of crops, consumption has been discouraged in many countries by food and environmental activist groups who protest GM crops, claiming they are unnatural and therefore unsafe. This has led to the adoption of laws and regulations that require safety testing of any new organism produced for human consumption.

3. Render the following sentences into English

- 1) Зря он называет Миссис Смит недалекой женщиной. Ведь, несмотря на свой неукротимый нрав, именно она уже много лет с успехом руководит оркестром, исполняющим камерную музыку.
- 2) Было самое время послать ей букет желтых хризантем. Она была настолько обижена, что он бросил ее в такой трудной ситуации, что случись ему попасться ей на глаза, она была бы непримирима.
- 3) Ни Марти, ни я не хотели сдавать позиций. Марти, со своим безграничным полетом фантазии, говорил, что ему суждено стать знаменитым, я же напротив, старался спустить его небес на землю.
- 4) Если бы они не подняли тогда шумиху из-за вынесения неверного приговора, его бы посадили в тюрьму на 2 года. Должно быть, судья злоупотреблял своими полномочиями.
- 5) Никогда он не совершил бы этого несанкционированного вмешательства, если бы не его безумная любовь к старинным гобеленам. Но, к сожалению, этот гобелен не оправдал его ожиданий: никогда не знаешь, что нас ждет.
- 6) Очень жаль, что Марта так переборчива в выборе жениха, Я очень хочу, чтобы она перестала игнорировать меня, но, к сожалению, она всегда делает по-своему.
- 7) Он не хотел плясать под ее дудку и боялся, как бы она не обвела его вокруг пальца. Он уже склонялся к тому, чтобы уйти от этой коварной женщины, но она перекрыла все пути.
- 8) Он был настоящим виртуозом, и ему просто необходимо было учиться дальше. Ах, если бы он играл кроме гобоя и флейты еще и

на валторне! Его бы точно номинировали название непревзойденного мастера.

- 9) Обидно, что я заплатил кучу денег за эту мансарду. Она должна была привлечь внимание гостей, но они даже не взглянули на нее.
- 10) Этот звук был таким тревожным, что мы решили пойти туда, откуда он доносился. Но едва мы тронулись, наступило леденящее молчание.

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