

ЛЬВІВСЬКИЙ ДЕРЖАВНИЙ УНІВЕРСИТЕТ
БЕЗПЕКИ ЖИТТЄДІЯЛЬНОСТІ
НАВЧАЛЬНО-НАУКОВИЙ ІНСТИТУТ ПСИХОЛОГІЇ ТА СОЦІАЛЬНОГО ЗАХИСТУ

Кафедра українознавства та міжкультурної комунікації

GENERAL ENGLISH COURSE



МЕТОДИЧНІ РЕКОМЕНДАЦІЇ

з курсу загальна іноземна мова (англійська) для студентів/курсантів немовних спеціальностей

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ВСТУП

Володіння іноземною мовою – один із визначальних факторів сьогодення бути не нижчим, ніж такий, що дозволяє використовувати мову практично, а метою у формуванні висококваліфікованого фахівця. За сучасних вимог до знання іноземної мови процес її вивчення в немовних вищих навчальних закладах спеціалісти розглядають як процес набуття комунікативної компетенції, рівень якої повинен навчання є засвоєння іноземної мови та володіння нею як засобом вираження власних думок.

Іншомовна підготовка здобувача вищої освіти, як і будь яка інша навчальна діяльність у вищій школі, відбувається за певною схемою, яку регламентують ПРОГРАМА курсу, силабус, вимоги до освітньо-кваліфікаційної підготовки майбутнього фахівця та інші нормативні документи. Згідно з програмними документами у процесі вивчення іноземної мови майбутній випускник має володіти комплексом іншомовних комунікативних умінь і навичок, які стосуються всіх аспектів мовної діяльності:

- усним монологічним і діалогічним мовленням для обміну інформацією в процесі повсякденних та/чи ділових контактів;
- навичками ефективного сприймання на слух, розуміння та правильної інтерпретації інформації;
- умінням здійснювати ознайомче, пошукове та вивчальне читання й осмислення іншомовної літератури з метою використання її в соціальній чи професійній сферах;
- умінням розширювати свій лексичний та граматичний мінімум, використовуючи інформаційні технології (інформаційні бази даних, гіпертексти, електронні словники тощо) та іншомовну інформацію (текст, аудіо, відео) чи будь-які інші інтернет-ресурси.

Беручи до уваги перелічені вимоги, при розробці методичних рекомендацій з англійської мови для здобувачів вищої освіти I-IV років навчання (з немовних спеціальностей першого року вивчення) автори керувалися такими критеріями:

- структурованість змісту навчального курсу;
- інформативна насиченість навчального матеріалу;
- інтерактивний характер навчальних завдань;
- новизна та актуальність навчального матеріалу.

Методичне видання складається з восьми розділів, у кожному з яких є текст з глосарієм до нього, система вправ і творчих завдань, спрямованих на засвоєння лексичного матеріалу та вироблення навичок письмового та усного перекладу, усного

переказу тексту, монологічного та діалогічного мовлення згідно з тематикою розділу. Запропоновані завдання передбачають: розкрити дужки, вибрати правильну відповідь, відповісти на запитання, заповнити прогалини, підібрати відповідний еквівалент, перефразувати твердження і т.д.

З метою використання інтерактивності та наочності щодо запропонованого навчального матеріалу автори рекомендують перегляд та обговорення тематично пов'язаних відеороликів з мережі YouTube, використання презентацій, додаткових електронних матеріалів та інших засобів мультимедійної подачі інформації (діапроектор, інтерактивна дошка, електронні книжки та мобільні пристрої).

Методичні рекомендації стануть в пригоді студентам / курсантам передусім немовних спеціальностей, що вивчають іноземну (англійську) мову, а також викладачам на заняттях іноземної мови для здобувачів немовних спеціальностей.

UNIT 1

OSCAR WILDE (1854-1900)

Though Oscar Wilde is known today mostly as the author of his only novel “The Picture of Dorian Gray”, he also wrote poetry, fairy tales, essays and criticism which express his aesthetic approach to life and art. He was the founder of aesthetic movement in English literature. He insisted that art should be primarily concerned with “art for art’s sake”, not with politics, religion, science, bourgeois morality.

Oscar Wilde (Fingal O’ Flatertie Wills) was born in Dublin in 1854. His parents were prominent in Ireland’s social life. Wilde received an education appropriate to his station of life. He entered Trinity College in Dublin, where he distinguished himself by winning various prizes and medals particularly for his learning the classics. He had two children and his happy family life inspired him to write his stories for children such as “The Happy Prince”, The Selfish Giant”, The Nightingale and the Rose” and many others. We cannot help admiring the style and contents of his fairy tales.

Oscar Wilde died at the age of forty-six. His tomb is in Paris.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE

'She said that she would dance with me if I brought her red roses,' cried the young Student; 'but in all my garden there is no red rose.'

From her nest in the holm-oak tree the Nightingale heard him, and she looked out through the leaves, and wondered.

'Not a single red rose in all my garden!' he cried, and his beautiful eyes filled with tears. 'Ah, on what little things does happiness depend! I have read all that the wise men have written, and all the secrets of philosophy are mine, yet for want of a red rose is my life made wretched.'

'Here at last is a true lover,' said the Nightingale. 'Night after night have I sung of him, though I knew him not: night after night have I told his story to the stars, and now I see him. His hair is dark as the hyacinth-blossom, and his lips are red as the rose of his desire; but passion has made his lace like pale Ivory, and sorrow has set her seal upon his brow.'

'The Prince gives a ball to-morrow night,' murmured the young Student, 'and my love will be of the company. If I bring her a red rose she will dance with me till dawn. If I bring her a red rose, I shall hold her in my arms, and she will lean her head upon my shoulder, and her hand will be clasped in mine. But there is no red rose in my garden, so I shall sit lonely, and she will pass me by. She will take no notice of me, and my heart will break.'

'Here indeed is the true lover,' said the Nightingale. 'What I sing of he suffers: what is joy to me, to him is pain. Surely Love is a wonderful thing. It is more precious than emeralds, and dearer than fine opals. Pearls and pomegranates cannot buy it, nor is it set forth in the market-place. it may not be purchased of the merchants, 'or can it be weighed out in the balance for gold.'

'The musicians will sit in their gallery,' said the young Student, 'and play upon their stringed instruments, and my love will dance to the sound of the harp and the violin. She will dance so lightly that her feet will not touch the floor, and the courtiers in their gay dresses will throng round her. But with me she will not dance, for I have no red rose to give her;' and he flung himself down on the grass, and buried his face in his hands, and wept.

'Why is he weeping?' asked a little Green Lizard, as he ran past him with his tail in the air.

'Why, indeed?' said a Butterfly, who was fluttering about after a sunbeam.

'Why, indeed?' whispered a Daisy to his neighbour, in a soft, low voice.

'He is weeping for a red rose,' said the Nightingale.

'For a red rose!' they cried; 'how very ridiculous!' and the little Lizard, who was something of a cynic, laughed outright.

But the Nightingale understood the secret of the Student's sorrow, and she sat silent in the oak-tree, and thought about the mystery of Love.

Suddenly she spread her brown wings for flight, and soared into the air. She passed through the grove like a shadow, and like a shadow she sailed across the garden.

In the centre of the grass-plot was standing a beautiful Rose-tree, and when she saw it, she flew over to it, and lit upon a spray.

'Give me a red rose,' she cried, 'and I will sing you my sweetest song.'

But the Tree shook its head.

'My roses are white,' it answered; 'as white as the foam of the sea, and whiter than the snow upon the mountain. But go to my brother who grows round the old sun-dial, and perhaps he will give you what you want.'

So the Nightingale flew over to the Rose-tree that was growing round the sundial.

'Give me a red rose,' she cried, 'and I will sing you my sweetest song.'

But the Tree shook its head.

'My roses are yellow,' it answered; 'as yellow as the hair of the mermaid who sits upon an amber throne, and yellower than the daffodil that blooms in the meadow before the mower comes with his scythe. But go to my brother who grows beneath the Student's window, and perhaps he will give you what you want.'

So the Nightingale flew over to the Rose-tree that was growing beneath the Student's window.

'Give me a red rose,' she cried, 'and I will sing you my sweetest song.'

But the Tree shook its head.

'My roses are red,' it answered, 'as red as the feet of the dove, and redder than the great fans of coral that wave and wave in the ocean-cavern. But the winter has chilled my veins, and the frost has nipped my buds, and the storm has broken my branches, and I shall have no roses at all this year.'

'One red rose is all I want,' cried the Nightingale, 'only one red rose! Is there no way by which I can get it?'

'There is a way,' answered the Tree; 'but it is so terrible that I dare not tell it to you.'

'Tell it to me,' said the Nightingale, 'I am not afraid.'

'If you want a red rose,' said the Tree, 'you must build it out of music by moonlight, and stain it with your own heart's-blood. You must sing to me with your breast against a thorn. All night long you must sing to me, and the thorn must pierce your heart, and your life-blood must flow into my veins, and become mine.'

'Death is a great price to pay for a red rose,' cried the Nightingale, 'and Life is very dear to all. It is pleasant to sit in the green wood, and to watch the Sun in his chariot of gold, and the Moon in her chariot of pearl. Sweet is the scent of the hawthorn, and sweet are the bluebells that hide in the valley, and the heather that blows on the hill. Yet Love is better than Life, and what is the heart of a bird compared to the heart of a man?'

So she spread her brown wings for flight, and soared into the air. She swept over the garden like a shadow, and like a shadow she sailed through the grove.

The young Student was still lying on the grass, where she had left him, and the tears were not yet dry in his beautiful eyes.

'Be happy,' cried the Nightingale, 'be happy; you shall have your red rose. I will build it out of music by moonlight, and stain it with my own heart's-blood. All that I ask of you in return is that you will be a true lover, for Love is wiser than Philosophy, though she is wise, and mightier than Power, though he is mighty. Flame-coloured are his wings, and coloured like flame is his body. His lips are sweet as honey, and his breath is like frankincense.'

The Student looked up from the grass, and listened, but he could not understand what the Nightingale was saying to him, for he only knew the things that are written down in books.

But the Oak-tree understood, and felt sad, for he was very fond of the little Nightingale who had built her nest in his branches.

'Sing me one last song,' he whispered; 'I shall feel very lonely when you are gone.'

So the Nightingale sang to the Oak-tree, and her voice was like water bubbling from a silver jar.

When she had finished her song the Student got lip, and pulled a note-book and a lead-pencil out of his pocket.

'She has form,' he said to himself, as he walked away through the grove - 'that cannot be denied to her; but has she got feeling? I am afraid not. In fact, she is like most artists; she is all style, without any sincerity. She would not sacrifice herself for others. She thinks merely of music, and everybody knows that the arts are selfish. Still, it must be admitted that she has some beautiful notes in her voice. What a pity it is that they do not mean anything, or do any practical good.' And he went into his room, and lay down on his little pallet-bed, and began to think of his love; and, after a time, he fell asleep.

And when the Moon shone in the heavens the Nightingale flew to the Rose-tree, and set her breast against the thorn. All night long she sang with her breast against the thorn, and the cold crystal Moon leaned down and listened. All night long she sang, and the thorn went deeper and deeper into her breast, and her life-blood ebbed away from her.

She sang first of the birth of love in the heart of a boy and a girl. And on the topmost spray of the Rose-tree there blossomed a marvellous rose, petal following petal, as song followed song. Yale was it, at first, as the mist that hangs over the river - pale as the feet of the morning, and silver as the wings of the dawn. As the shadow of a rose in a mirror of silver, as the shadow of a rose in a water-pool, so was the rose that blossomed on the topmost spray of the Tree.

But the Tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer against the thorn. 'Press closer, little Nightingale,' cried the Tree, 'or the Day will come before the rose is finished.'

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and louder and louder grew her song, for she sang of the birth of passion in the soul of a man and a maid.

And a delicate flush of pink came into the leaves of the rose, like the flush in the face of the bridegroom when he kisses the lips of the bride. But the thorn had not yet reached her heart, so the rose's heart remained white, for only a Nightingale's heart's-blood can crimson the heart of a rose.

And the Tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer against the thorn. 'Press closer, little Nightingale,' cried the Tree, 'or the Day will come before the rose is finished.'

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and the thorn touched her heart, and a fierce pang of pain shot through her. Bitter, bitter was the pain, and wilder and wilder grew her song, for she sang of the Love that is perfected by Death, of the Love that dies not in the tomb.

And the marvellous rose became crimson, like the rose of the eastern sky. Crimson was the girdle of petals, and crimson as a ruby was the heart.

But the Nightingale's voice grew fainter, and her little wings began to beat, and a film came over her eyes. Fainter and fainter grew her song, and she felt something choking her in her throat.

Then she gave one last burst of music. The white Moon heard it, and she forgot the dawn, and lingered on in the sky. The red rose heard it, and it trembled all over with ecstasy, and opened its petals to the cold morning air. Echo bore it to her purple cavern in the hills, and

woke the sleeping shepherds from their dreams. It floated through the reeds of the river, and they carried its message to the sea.

'Look, look!' cried the Tree, 'the rose is finished now;' but the Nightingale made no answer, for she was lying dead in the long grass, with the thorn in her heart.

And at noon the Student opened his window and looked out.

'Why, what a wonderful piece of luck! he cried; 'here is a red rose! I have never seen any rose like it in all my life. It is so beautiful that I am sure it has a long Latin name;' and he leaned down and plucked it.

Then he put on his hat, and ran up to the Professor's house with the rose in his hand.

The daughter of the Professor was sitting in the doorway winding blue silk on a reel, and her little dog was lying at her feet.

'You said that you would dance with me if I brought you a red rose,' cried the Student. Here is the reddest rose in all the world. You will wear it to-night next your heart, and as we dance together it will tell you how I love you.'

But the girl frowned.

'I am afraid it will not go with my dress,' she answered; 'and, besides, the Chamberlain's nephew has sent me some real jewels, and everybody knows that jewels cost far more than flowers.'

'Well, upon my word, you are very ungrateful,' said the Student angrily; and he threw the rose into the street, where it fell into the gutter, and a cart-wheel went over it.

'Ungrateful!' said the girl. 'I tell you what, you are very rude; and, after all, who are you? Only a Student. Why, I don't believe you have even got silver buckles to your shoes as the Chamberlain's nephew has;' and she got up from her chair and went into the house.

'What a silly thing Love is,' said the Student as he walked away. 'It is not half as useful as Logic, for it does not prove anything, and it is always telling one of things that are not going to happen, and making one believe things that are not true. In fact, it is quite unpractical, and, as in this age to be practical is everything, I shall go back to Philosophy and study Metaphysics.'

So he returned to his room and pulled out a great dusty book, and began to read.

Vocabulary and Commentary

To take no notice – не помічати

What I sing of he suffers – те, про що я співаю, він переживає

Sundial – сонячний годинник

Daffodil – нарцис

Bud – брунька

Chariot – колісниця

Hawthorn – глід (бот.)

Bluebells – дзвіночки (проліски)

Heather – верес (бот.)

Frankincense – пахощі

Petal – пелюстка

Ungrateful – невдячний

To be fond of – любити

It must be admitted – треба визнати

It will not go with my dress – вона не підійде до мого плаття

Exercises

Ex.1 Answer the following questions.

1. What can you tell about the author of this fairy-tale?
2. Have you read anything by Oscar Wilde?
3. What did he think of art?
4. What did the Nightingale hear from the nest in the Oak-tree?
5. Where did the bird fly to look for the red rose?
6. What did the Rose-tree ask the Nightingale for the red rose?
7. What did the Nightingale sacrifice to help the student?
8. How did the girl meet the student?
9. What was the student's reaction at girl's words?
10. What did you think of love?

Ex. 2 Read the tale again and complete the following sentences.

1. What little thing my happiness....
2. Here is a true lover...
3. His hair is as dark... and his hips are as red as....
4. I feel happy because...
5. The winter has chilled my..., the storm has broken... and the frost....
6. When the Moob shone in the sky the Nightingale flew to the Rose-tree and...
7. And a delicate flush of pink came into the leaves like...
8. I'm afraid, it... and besides the Chamberlain's nephew...
9. The student threw the rose into the gutter, because....
10. Love is not as useful as Logic, for...

Ex. 3 Match adjectives with nouns.

1. red	a. instruments	8. amber	h. dawn
2. crimson	b. stone	9. faint	i. throne
3. beautiful	c. rose	10. marvelous	j. moon
4. precious	d. lips	11. crystal	k. flush
5. stringed	e. eyes	12. delicate	l. pain
6. sweet	f. book	13. bitter	m. buckles
7. dusty	g. song	14. silver	n. music

Ex. 4 Circle the odd word.

1. Oak-tree, lilac, chestnut, poppy, birch
2. Root, branch, violet, trunk, leaf.
3. Rose, daisy, acorn, blue-bell, forget-me-not.
4. Nightingale, sparrow, owl, butterfly, eagle.
5. Amber, ruby, emerald, gold, opal.
6. Harp, violin, piano, guitar, drum.

Ex. 5. Match the similar meanings.

- | | |
|--------------|--------------|
| 1. Leap | a. wonderful |
| 2. Mutter | b. clever |
| 3. Wise | c. whisper |
| 4. Marvelous | d. jump |

- | | |
|-----------|--------------|
| 5. Cry | e. burst out |
| 6. Begin | f. weep |
| 7. Think | g. burst |
| 8. Animal | h. guess |
| 9. End | i. begin |
| 10. Start | j. finish |
| | k. beast |

Ex.6 Match the opposites.

1. weak	a. beneath	8. beneath	h. plead
2. fair	b. strong	9. ask	i. above
3. naked	c. sad	10. terrible	j. whisper
4. merry	d. dishonest	11. cry	k. marvelous
5. honest	e. unfair	12. deny	l. nod
6. beautiful	f. sorrow	13. shake	m. agree
7. joy	g. ugly	14. love	n. swallow
		15. deep	o. hatred

Ex. 7. Find in the text the English equivalents of the following phrases.

Давати бал; струнний музичний інструмент; блідий як слонова кістка; приемний тихий голос; тайна любові; розправити крила для польоту; кров у моїх жилах застигла від зимового холоду; яскраво-червоного кольору; сидіти біля порога; дорога ціна за червону троянду; мороз побив мої бруньки; кожен знає, що ювелірні прикраси коштують дорожче, ніж квіти; витягнути велику запилену книжку; слово честі.

Ex. 8. Translate the following comparative phrases into Ukrainian. Find out the sentences in which they are used. Make up your own sentences.

As red as the rose of desire; more precious; dark as the hyacinth; dearer than fine opals; as white as the foam of the sea; as yellow as the hair of the mermaid; as red as the feet of doves; as sweet as honey; as pale as the shadow of the rose; like the rose of the eastern sky; crimson as a ruby; Love is wiser than Philosophy; Love is mightier than Power; Love is better than Life.

Ex. 9. Study the following prepositional phrases. Translate them. Reproduce the situations they are used in the text. Use them in the sentences of your own.

To be filled with; to look out; to pass through; to pass buy; to look for; to stain with; to get up; to pull out of; to ebb away; to put on; to go with

Ex. 10. Fill in the blanks with correct prepositions.

1. She will take no notice ... me.
2. She looked the leaves.
3. His beautiful eyes were filled... tears.
4. She gave last burst..... music.

5. It floated ...the reeds... the river and carried its message... the sea.
6. Echo woke the sleeping shepherds... their thorn.
7. The Nightingale pressed closer.... the thorn.
8. A sudden feeling of pain shot...her.
9. All that I ask you... return is to be a true lover.
10. He throw the rose.... The street, where it fell ... the gutter, and a cartwheel went....it.

Ex. 11. Translate the following sentences into English.

Ex. 12. Retell the text. Use as many new words and phrases as possible. (use Ex.7)

Ex. 13. Give a summary of the text. Use not more than 8-10 sentences. Use the schemes given at end of the book.

Ex. 14. Give your opinion of the story. Do you like the end of the story? How would you have finished it if you had been an author? What problems are raised there?

Ex. 15. Comment on the following idioms, proverbs. Give their Ukrainian equivalents.

1. Under the rose.
2. A crumbled rose leaf.
3. A blue rose.
4. Oaks may fall when reeds stand the storm.
5. To come up smelling of roses.
6. A little bird told me.
7. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.
8. Birds of a feather.
9. To gather roses.
10. It's not all roses.

Ex. 16 Discuss the following quotations.

1. *"But man is not made of defeat. A man can be destroyed but not defeated."* Ernest Hemingway
2. *"The cynic knows the price of everything and value of nothing."* Oscar Wilde
3. *"Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind; and therefore, is winged Cupid painted blind."* William Shakespeare.
4. *"Love is a thing that's never out of season"* Barry Cornwall
5. *"If you want a speech to be made, ask a man. If you want something done, ask a woman."* Margaret Thatcher.

UNIT 2

JACOB AND WILHELM GRIMM

Brothers Grimm – Jacob (1785-1863) and Wilhelm (1786-1859) are famous German fairy-tale writers. Their tales are known and loved by all children and adults in the world. They are not only very interesting as to their plot but they are very kind and educative. Many children are brought up at these nice fairy-tales.

HANSEL AND GRATEL

Next to a great forest there lived a poor woodcutter with his wife and his two children. The boy's name was Hansel and the girl's name was Gretel. He had but little to eat, and once, when a great famine came to the land, he could no longer provide even their daily bread.

One evening as he was lying in bed worrying about his problems, he sighed and said to his wife, "What is to become of us? How can we feed our children when we have nothing for ourselves?"

"Man, do you know what?" answered the woman. "Early tomorrow morning we will take the two children out into the thickest part of the woods, make a fire for them, and give each of them a little piece of bread, then leave them by themselves and go off to our work. They will not find their way back home, and we will be rid of them."

"No, woman," said the man. "I will not do that. How could I bring myself to abandon my own children alone in the woods? Wild animals would soon come and tear them to pieces."

"Oh, you fool," she said, "then all four of us will starve. All you can do is to plane the boards for our coffins." And she gave him no peace until he agreed.

"But I do feel sorry for the poor children," said the man.

The two children had not been able to fall asleep because of their hunger, and they heard what the stepmother had said to the father.

Gretel cried bitter tears and said to Hansel, "It is over with us!"

"Be quiet, Gretel," said Hansel, "and don't worry. I know what to do."

And as soon as the adults had fallen asleep, he got up, pulled on his jacket, opened the lower door, and crept outside. The moon was shining brightly, and the white pebbles in front of the house were glistening like silver coins. Hansel bent over and filled his jacket pockets with them, as many as would fit.

Then he went back into the house and said, "Don't worry, Gretel. Sleep well. God will not forsake us." Then he went back to bed.

At daybreak, even before sunrise, the woman came and woke the two children. "Get up, you lazybones. We are going into the woods to fetch wood." Then she gave each one a little piece of bread, saying, "Here is something for midday. Don't eat it any sooner, for you'll not get any more."

Gretel put the bread under her apron, because Hansel's pockets were full of stones. Then all together they set forth into the woods. After they had walked a little way, Hansel began stopping again and again and looking back toward the house.

The father said, "Hansel, why are you stopping and looking back? Pay attention now, and don't forget your legs."

"Oh, father," said Hansel, "I am looking at my white cat that is sitting on the roof and wants to say good-bye to me."

The woman said, "You fool, that isn't your cat. That's the morning sun shining on the chimney."

However, Hansel had not been looking at his cat but instead had been dropping the shiny pebbles from his pocket onto the path.

When they arrived in the middle of the woods, the father said, "You children gather some wood, and I will make a fire so you won't freeze."

Hansel and Gretel gathered together some twigs, a pile as high as a small mountain

The twigs were set afire, and when the flames were burning well, the woman said, "Lie down by the fire and rest. We will go into the woods to cut wood. When we are finished, we will come back and get you."

Hansel and Gretel sat by the fire. When midday came each one ate his little piece of bread. Because they could hear the blows of an ax, they thought that the father was nearby. However, it was not an ax. It was a branch that he had tied to a dead tree and that the wind was beating back and forth. After they had sat there a long time, their eyes grew weary and closed, and they fell sound sleep.

When they finally awoke, it was dark at night. Gretel began to cry and said, "How will we get out of woods?"

Hansel comforted her, "Wait a little until the moon comes up, and then we'll find the way."

After the full moon had come up, Hansel took his little sister by the hand. They followed the pebbles that glistened there like newly minted coins, showing them the way. They walked throughout the entire night, and as morning was breaking, they arrived at the father's house.

They knocked on the door, and when the woman opened it and saw that it was Hansel and Gretel, she said, "You wicked children, why did you sleep so long in the woods? We thought that you did not want to come back."

But the father was overjoyed when he saw his children once more, for he had not wanted to leave them alone.

Not long afterward there was once again great need everywhere, and one evening the children heard the mother say to the father, "We have again eaten up everything. We have only a half loaf of bread, and then the song will be over. We must get rid of the children. We will take them deeper into the woods, so they will not find their way out. Otherwise there will be no help for us."

The man was very disheartened, and he thought, "It would be better to share the last bit with the children."

But the woman would not listen to him, scolded him, and criticized him. He who says A must also say B, and because he had given in the first time, he had to do so the second time as well.

The children were still awake and had overheard the conversation. When the adults were asleep, Hansel got up again and wanted to gather pebbles as he had done before, but the woman had locked the door, and Hansel could not get out. But he comforted his little sister and said, "Don't cry, Gretel. Sleep well. God will help us."

Early the next morning the woman came and got the children from their beds. They received their little pieces of bread, even less than the last time. On the way to the woods, Hansel crumbled his piece in his pocket, then often stood still, and threw crumbs onto the ground.

"Hansel, why are you always stopping and looking around?" said his father. "Keep walking straight ahead."

"I can see my pigeon sitting on the roof. It wants to say good-bye to me."

"Fool," said the woman, "that isn't your pigeon. That's the morning sun shining on the chimney."

But little by little Hansel dropped all the crumbs onto the path. The woman took them deeper into the woods than they had ever been in their whole lifetime.

Once again a large fire was made, and the mother said, "Sit here, children. If you get tired you can sleep a little. We are going into the woods to cut wood. We will come and get you in the evening when we are finished."

When it was midday Gretel shared her bread with Hansel, who had scattered his piece along the path. Then they fell asleep, and evening passed, but no one came to get the poor children.

It was dark at night when they awoke, and Hansel comforted Gretel and said, "Wait, when the moon comes up I will be able to see the crumbs of bread that I scattered, and they will show us the way back home."

When the moon appeared they got up, but they could not find any crumbs, for the many thousands of birds that fly about in the woods and in the fields had pecked them up.

Hansel said to Gretel, "We will find our way," but they did not find it.

They walked through the entire night and the next day from morning until evening, but they did not find their way out of the woods. They were terribly hungry, for they had eaten only a few small berries that were growing on the ground. And because they were so tired that their legs would no longer carry them, they lay down under a tree and fell asleep. It was already the third morning since they had left the father's house. They started walking again, but managed only to go deeper and deeper into the woods. If help did not come soon, they would perish. At midday they saw a little snow-white bird sitting on a branch. It sang so beautifully that they stopped to listen. When it was finished it stretched its wings and flew in front of them. They followed it until they came to a little house. The bird sat on the roof, and when they came closer, they saw that the little house was built entirely from bread with a roof made of cake, and the windows were made of clear sugar.

"Let's help ourselves to a good meal," said Hansel. "I'll eat a piece of the roof, and Gretel, you eat from the window. That will be sweet."

Hansel reached up and broke off a little of the roof to see how it tasted, while Gretel stood next to the windowpanes and was nibbling at them. Then a gentle voice called out from inside:

Nibble, nibble, little mouse,
Who is nibbling at my house?

The children answered:

The wind, the wind,
The heavenly child.

They continued to eat, without being distracted. Hansel, who very much like the taste of the roof, tore down another large piece, and Gretel poked out an entire round windowpane. Suddenly the door opened, and a woman, as old as the hills and leaning on a crutch, came creeping out. Hansel and Gretel were so frightened that they dropped what they were holding in their hands.

But the old woman shook her head and said, "Oh, you dear children, who brought you here? Just come in and stay with me. No harm will come to you."

She took them by the hand and led them into her house. Then she served them a good meal: milk and pancakes with sugar, apples, and nuts. Afterward she made two nice beds for them, decked in white. Hansel and Gretel went to bed, thinking they were in heaven. But the old woman had only pretended to be friendly. She was a wicked witch who was lying in wait there for children. She had built her house of bread only in order to lure them to her, and if she captured one, she would kill him, cook him, and eat him; and for her that was a day to celebrate.

Witches have red eyes and cannot see very far, but they have a sense of smell like animals, and know when humans are approaching.

When Hansel and Gretel came near to her, she laughed wickedly and spoke scornfully, "Now I have them. They will not get away from me again."

Early the next morning, before they awoke, she got up, went to their beds, and looked at the two of them lying there so peacefully, with their full red cheeks. "They will be a good mouthful," she mumbled to herself. Then she grabbed Hansel with her withered hand and carried him to a little stall, where she locked him behind a cage door. Cry as he might, there was no help for him.

Then she shook Gretel and cried, "Get up, lazybones! Fetch water and cook something good for your brother. He is locked outside in the stall and is to be fattened up. When he is fat I am going to eat him."

Gretel began to cry, but it was all for nothing. She had to do what the witch demanded. Now Hansel was given the best things to eat every day, but Gretel received nothing but crayfish shells.

Every morning the old woman crept out to the stall and shouted, "Hansel, stick out your finger, so I can feel if you are fat yet."

But Hansel stuck out a little bone, and the old woman, who had bad eyes and could not see the bone, thought it was Hansel's finger, and she wondered why he didn't get fat.

When four weeks had passed and Hansel was still thin, impatience overcame her, and she would wait no longer. "Hey, Gretel!" she shouted to the girl, "Hurry up and fetch some water. Whether Hansel is fat or thin, tomorrow I am going to slaughter him and boil him."

Oh, how the poor little sister sobbed as she was forced to carry the water, and how the tears streamed down her cheeks! "Dear God, please help us," she cried. "If only the wild animals had devoured us in the woods, then we would have died together."

"Save your slobbering," said the old woman. "It doesn't help you at all."

The next morning Gretel had to get up early, hang up the kettle with water, and make a fire.

"First we are going to bake," said the old woman. "I have already made a fire in the oven and kneaded the dough."

She pushed poor Gretel outside to the oven, from which fiery flames were leaping. "Climb in," said the witch, "and see if it is hot enough to put the bread in yet." And when Gretel was inside, she intended to close the oven, and bake her, and eat her as well.

But Gretel saw what she had in mind, so she said, "I don't know how to do that. How can I get inside?"

"Stupid goose," said the old woman. The opening is big enough. See, I myself could get in." And she crawled up stuck her head into the oven.

Then Gretel gave her a shove, causing her to fall in. Then she closed the iron door and secured it with a bar. The old woman began to howl frightfully. But Gretel ran away, and the godless witch burned up miserably. Gretel ran straight to Hansel, unlocked his stall, and cried, "Hansel, we are saved. The old witch is dead."

Then Hansel jumped out, like a bird from its cage when someone opens its door. How happy they were! They threw their arms around each other's necks, jumped with joy, and kissed one another. Because they now had nothing to fear, they went into the witch's house. In every corner were chests of pearls and precious stones.

"These are better than pebbles," said Hansel, filling his pockets.

Gretel said, "I will take some home with me as well," and she filled her apron full.

"But now we must leave," said Hansel, "and get out of these witch-woods."

After walking a few hours they arrived at a large body of water. "We cannot get across," said Hansel. "I cannot see a walkway or a bridge."

"There are no boats here," answered Gretel, "but there is a white duck swimming. If I ask it, it will help us across."

Then she called out:

Duckling, duckling,
Here stand Gretel and Hansel.
Neither a walkway nor a bridge,
Take us onto your white back.

The duckling came up to them, and Hansel climbed onto it, then asked his little sister to sit down next to him.

"No," answered Gretel. "That would be too heavy for the duckling. It should take us across one at a time."

That is what the good animal did, and when they were safely on the other side, and had walked on a little while, the woods grew more and more familiar to them, and finally they saw the father's house in the distance. They began to run, rushed inside, and threw their arms around the father's neck.

The man had not had even one happy hour since he had left the children in the woods. However, the woman had died. Gretel shook out her apron, scattering pearls and precious stones around the room, and Hansel added to them by throwing one handful after the other from his pockets.

Now all their cares were at an end, and they lived happily together.

My tale is done,
A mouse has run.

And whoever catches it can make for himself from it a large, large fur cap.

Vocabulary and Commentary

To get rid of – позбавлятися, здихатися
Disheartened – розчарований, зневірений
Pay attention – бути уважним, звертати увагу
Don't forget your legs – дивитись під ноги
God will not forsake us – Бог не залишить нас
To share the last bit with – розділити долю з
He who says A must also say B – доводити діло до кінця
To walk through entire night – йти всю ніч
Perish – згинуть, померти
To help oneself - пригоститися
Save your slobbering – перестати нити, скиглити
To make fire – розпалювати вогонь
To knead the dough – замішувати тісто
All their cares were at an end – всі їхні біди закінчились

Exercises

Ex.1. Answer the following questions.

1. What do you know about the authors of the tale?
2. Who is this story about?
3. What can you tell about the life of the family? Was it a good family?
4. How did they find their way home from the wood?
5. Why didn't the crumbs help the children to find their way home?
6. What kind of the house did a little snow-white bird bring them to?
7. Who lived in this house in the wood?
8. Why did the woman keep Hansel in the stall?
9. How did Gretel manage to save her brother and herself?
10. Do you like to read fairy-tales? What is your favorite tale?

Ex. 2. Read the tale again and complete the following sentences.

1. We will take the two children the thickest part of the wood, then leave them.....
2. The two children had not been able to sleep because of, and they heard what.....
3. After they had sat there a long time, their eyes grew..... and and..... they fell.....
4. When it was midday Gretel with Hansel, who his piece along the path.
5. When the moon appeared they got up, but they couldn't ,for the birds that
6. The little house was built entirely.....
7. The woman served them....., made.....
8. She had build her house of bread only in order.....
9. Whether Hansel is thin or fat, tomorrow I am going to.....
10. In every corner were chests of..... andstones.
11. It should take us across.....
12. Now all their cares.....

Ex. 3. Match adjectives with nouns.

1. pool	a. eyes	9. shiny	i. piece
2. thick	b. woodcutter	10. precious	j. man
3. wicked	c. tree	11. little	k. pebbles
4. bitter	d. boy	12. whole	l. stones
5. fat	e. forest	13. disheartened	m. lifetime
6. thin	f. woman	14. good	n. night
7. dead	g. tears	15. wild	o. meal
8. weary	h. book	16. entire	p. animal

Ex. 4. Match the similar meanings.

1. wood	a. book	12. weary	l. sob
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2. adult	b. forest	13. cry	m. tired
3. thick	c. grown up	14. ground	n. forward
4. stone	d. bright	15. straight ahead	o. earth
5. shiny	e. pebble	16. shine	p. end
6. many	f. little	17. finish	q. glisten
7. small	g. a lot	18. entire	r. spread
8. shine	h. celebrate	19. stretch	s. whole
9. slaughter	i. stupid	20. eat	t. nice
10. foolish	j. famine	21. help	u. devour
11. hunger	k. cut	22. good	v. assist

Ex.5. Match the opposites.

1. stupid	a. much	7. midday	g. cry
2. wicked	b. awake	8. full	h. remember
3. little	c. kind	9. forget	i. midnight
4. asleep	d. start	10. finish	j. empty
5. dead	e. clever	11. better	k. alive
6. laugh	f. worse		

Ex. 6. Find in the text the English equivalents of the following phrases.

Великий голод, хліб насущний, позбавити кого-небудь чого-небудь, розірвати на шматки, голодувати, гіркі сльози, засипати на світанку, принести дрова з лісу, звертати увагу, сухе дерево, стомлюватися, вибратись з лісу, заспокоювати когось, буханець хліба, по дорозі в ліс, йти прямо, все своє життя, поділитись з, кльовати, згинути, розпростерти крила, зроблений з , пригоститися, робити вигляд, поправлятись, пожирати, не розпускай нюні, мати на увазі, місити тісто, розвести вогонь у духовці, дорогоцінне каміння, по одному за раз, на відстані, розкидати перли, жменя.

Ex. 7. Match the words on the right side with those on the left.

A bar of	a. toothpaste
A piece of	b. matches
A drop of	c. oil
A loaf of	d. soap
A piece of	e. bread
A box of	f. jam
A lump of	g. cake
A jar of	h. cheese
A packet of	i. sugar
A carton of	j. sardines
A tube of	k. luck
A bottle of	l. milk
A tin of	m. bread
A slice of	n. rice

Ex. 8. Study the following prepositional phrases. Translate them. Reproduce the situations they are used in the text. Use them in the sentences of your own.

To get rid of, to set forth into the woods, to get out of, to take by the hand, throughout the entire night, to find the way out, on the way to, to look around, in front of, to lie in wait for, to be fattened up, to stick out the finger, to have in mind, to get across, in the distance, at an end.

Ex. 9. Give the four forms of the following verbs.

To come, to eat, to wake, to give, to bring, to fall, to bend, to forsake, to say, to sit, to make, to burn, to set, to cut, to grow, to awake, to begin, to get, to find, to break, to take, to sleep, to shine, to fly, to lie, to sing, to see, to build, to feel, to creep, to hand, to take, to speak, to stick, to know, to begin, to swim, to throw.

Ex. 10. Translate the following sentences into English.

1. Заспокойся, Грета, і не переживай. Я знаю, що робити. 2. Після того, як батьки заснули, він відкрив нижні двері і вислизнув на вулицю. 3. Потім він повернувся до будинку і сказав: «Не переживай, Грето, спи. Бог не залишить нас.» 4. Після того, як з'явився повний місяць, Ганс взяв свою маленьку сестру за руку. 5. Було б краще, щоб я розділив долю дітей. 6. Була темна ніч, коли вони прокинулись. 7. Пташка співала так гарно, що вони зупинилися, щоб послухати її. 8. Маленький будинок був повністю збудований з хліба, дах – з кексу, вікна – з цукру. 9. Жінка взяла їх за руки і завела до свого будинку. 10. Стара жінка лише прикидалася їх другом. 11. Коли він стане товстим, я його з'їм. 12. Не скигли, це тобі не допоможе. 13. Каченя може перевезти нас по одному. 14. Мале біле каченя допомогло дітям перебратися через річку.

Ex. 11. Make up a plan of the tale and retell the text using words from Ex.6 and Ex.8.

Ex. 12. Give a summary of the text. Use not more than 8-10 sentences. Use the schemes given at end of the book.

Ex. 13. Retell any fairy-tale you read and liked while a child.

Ex. 14. Comment on the following idioms, proverbs. Give their Ukrainian equivalents.

1. Child's play.
2. Bad luck.
3. Love is blind.
4. Not for love nor money.
5. East or West home is best.
6. To get on like a house on fire.
7. To feel at home.

Ex. 15. Discuss the following quotations with your friends.

1. *"Delays have dangerous ends."* William Shakespeare
2. *"There's nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."* William Shakespeare
3. *"Misfortune shows those who are not really friends".* Aristotle.

UNIT 3

WILLIAM SOMERSET MAUGHAM (1874-1965)

Somerset Maugham was born and spent his childhood in Paris. His father worked at the British Embassy. Having lost his parents at an early age he went to live in England with his uncle. Maugham got his education in Germany and then studied medicine in London. He visited many countries of South-East Asia. This gave him much material for describing life in colonial countries. S. Maugham is the master of short story and of the comedy of manners. His first collection of short stories came out in 1921. In 1931 Maugham published his autobiography *"The Summing..."*. During World War I and II, S. Maugham served in the British intelligence Service. S. Maugham is one of the well-known writers of the present. He was not only a novelist, but also a dramatist and a short-story writer.

THE VERGER

Albert Edward Foreman stood in a respectful but dignified attitude. He had been a servant before he was appointed verger, but only in very good houses. Starting as a page-boy in the house of a rich merchant, he had risen by degrees to the position of butler in the house of a retired ambassador till the vacancy occurred at the church. He was tall, thin, grave and dignified. He looked, if not like a duke, at least like an actor of the old school who specialised in duke's parts. He had tact, firmness and self-assurance. His character was unimpeachable.

Now he stood in the hall where he had been invited by the new vicar, a red-faced energetic man of about forty years old. Albert Edward was surprised to find the two churchwardens there.

The vicar began briskly.

"Foreman, we've got something unpleasant to say to you. You've been here many years and you've fulfilled the duties of your office to the satisfaction of everybody concerned".

The two churchwardens nodded.

"But a most extraordinary circumstance came to my knowledge the other day and I felt it my duty to impart it to the churchwardens. I discovered to my astonishment that you could neither read nor write."

The expression of the verger's face did not change.

"The last vicar knew that, sir," he replied. "He said it made no difference."

"Do you want to say," cried one of the churchwardens, "that you've been verger of this church for sixteen years and never learned to read or write?"

"I became a servant when I was twelve, sir. The cook in the first place tried to teach me once, but I didn't have any talent for it, and later on I never had the time or need to learn it."

"But don't you want to know the news?" said the other churchwarden. "Don't you ever want to write a letter?"

"No, sir. They have many pictures in the papers so I know what's going on very well. If I want to write a letter my wife writes it for me."

"Well, Foreman, I've discussed the matter with these gentlemen and they agree with me that the situation is impossible. At a church like St. Peter's we cannot have a verger who can neither read nor write."

Albert Edward's thin, pale face reddened but he did not reply.

"But couldn't you learn, Foreman?" asked one of the churchwardens.

"No, sir, I'm afraid I couldn't, not now. You see I'm not as young as I was. I've lived many years without knowing how to read and write and I don't want to learn now."

"In that case, Foreman, I'm afraid you must go."

"Yes, sir, I understand."

Later, he put on his coat and walked out of the church. He went across the square, but deep in his sad thoughts he did not walk along the street that led him home, where a nice strong cup of tea awaited him; he turned into the wrong street. He walked slowly. His heart was heavy. He didn't know what to do with himself. He didn't want to become a servant again. He had saved a tidy sum, but not enough to live on without doing something, and life cost more every year. He sighed deeply. Albert Edward was a non-smoker and a total abstainer, but he liked a glass of beer with his dinner and when he was tired he enjoyed a cigarette.

He thought that a cigarette would comfort him now and since he did not carry them he looked for a shop where he could buy a packet of cigarettes.

He did not at once see one and walked on a little.

It was a long street, with all sorts of shops in it, but there was not a single one where you could buy cigarettes.

"That's strange," said Albert Edward.

To make sure he walked along the street again. No, there was no doubt about it. He stopped and thought.

"I can't be the only man that walks along this street and wants to have a smoke," he said. "If some fellow opened a little shop here he might make good money. Tobacco and sweets, you know."

He turned, walked home, and had his tea.

"You're very silent this afternoon, Albert," his wife remarked.

"I'm thinking," he said.

He thought the matter over from every point of view and next day he went along the street and by good luck found a little shop to let. Twenty-four hours later he had taken it and a month later set up a business as a tobacconist and newsagent.

Albert Edwards did very well. He did so well that in a year or so he opened a second shop and employed a manager. He looked for another long street that hadn't got a tobacconist in it and when he found it and a shop to let, he took it. This was a success too. Then he thought that if he could run two shops he could run half a dozen. He began walking about London, and whenever he found a long street that had no tobacconist and a shop to let he took it. Ten years later he was running no less than ten shops and he was making good money without much effort. He went to all of his shops every Monday, collected the week's takings and took them to the bank.

One morning when he was there paying in a bundle of notes and a heavy bag of silver the cashier told him that the manager would like to see him. He was shown into the office and the manager shook hands with him.

"Mr Foreman, I wanted to have a talk with you about the money you've got on deposit in our bank. Do you know exactly how much it is?"

"Not within a pound or two, sir; but I have a rough idea."
 "Apart from what you paid in this morning it's a little over thirty thousand pounds. That's a very large sum to have on deposit and it is better to invest it."
 "I don't want to take any risks, sir. I know it's safe in the bank."
 "You needn't worry. We'll make out for you a list of gilt-edged securities. They will bring you in a better rate of interest than the bank can give you."
 Mr Foreman's aristocratic face looked troubled. "I've never had anything to do with stocks and shares, and I'd like to leave it all in your hands," he said.
 The manager smiled. "We'll do everything. All you'll have to do next time you come in is just to sign the transfers."
 "That I could do," said Albert uncertainly. "But how shall I know what I am signing?"
 "I suppose you can read," said the manager.
 Mr Foreman smiled.
 "Well, sir, the thing is that I can't. I know it sounds funny, but I can't read or write, only my name, and I only learnt to do that when I went into business."
 The manager was so surprised that he jumped up from his chair.
 "Do you want to say that you've built up this important business and made a fortune of thirty thousand pounds without being able to read or write? Good God, man, what would you be now if you had been able to?"
 "I can tell you that, sir," said Mr Foreman, smiling, "I'd be verger of St. Peter's church."

Vocabulary and Commentary

The British Embassy – Британське консульство
 The British Intelligence Service – Британська (державна) розвідувальна служба
 "The Summing up" – підводячи підсумки
 A verger – церковний служитель
 A retired ambassador – посол, який пішов на пенсію
 A vicar – вікарій, намісник, помічник або заступник духовної особи (єпископа)
 To save a tidy sum – заощаджувати чималу (значну) суму грошей
 A churchwarden – церковний староста
 A total abstainer – зовсім непитущий
 To make good money – добре заробляти
 He did very well – його справи процвітали
 To have a rough idea – мати загальне (приблизне) уявлення
 Gilt-edged securities – гарантовані цінні папери
 I've never had anything to do with stocks and shares – Я ніколи не мав справи з цінними паперами та акціями
 To make fortune – нажити багатство

Exercises

Ex.1 Answer the following questions.

1. What was Mr. Foreman's occupation?
2. What professions do you know? Innumerate them.
3. Where did he start to work?
4. How did Mr. Foreman look like?
5. Why was he dismissed?

6. What did he think would comfort him?
7. Where did he go and what was he looking for?
8. What was he thinking about at tea?
9. Was Mr. Foreman a lucky person?
10. Is it easy to choose a profession.
11. What will your occupation be in future after the graduating from the university?
12. What traits of character should a businessman possess?
13. Is a creative mind necessary for a businessman?

Ex.2. Put the following events in the chronological order.

1. In a year or two Foreman opened a second shop and employed a manager.
2. Foreman didn't know what to do with himself.
3. Foreman became a servant when he was twelve.
4. In the vicar's opinion, a church like St. Peter's could not have a verger who could neither read nor write.
5. The cook tried to teach Foreman.
6. He thought that a cigarette would comfort him.
7. He rose to the position of butler in the house of a retired ambassador.
8. The vicar discovered to his astonishment that the verger could neither read nor write.
9. Foreman didn't want to take any risks.
10. He collected the week's takings and took them to the bank.

Ex. 3. Find in the text the English equivalents for the following phrases.

Виконувати обов'язки; на моє здивування; не вміти ні писати, ні читати; не мати ніякого значення; моя дружина пише замість мене; глибоко задумався; повернув не на ту вулицю, що треба; заощадити значну суму грошей; він зовсім не кури́в і не пив; без сумніву; обдумувати справу; розпочати бізнес; він міг керувати двома магазинами і збирати гроші, зароблені за тиждень; мати гроші на рахунок; ризикувати; цінні папери та акції; розбагатіти; справа в тому, що; перерахунок грошей.

Ex.4. Match the words in two columns to make phrases. Translate them and use in your own sentences.

1. to occupy	a. the matter
2. to fulfill	b. money
3. to make	c. takings
4. to save	d. money
5. to discuss	e. fortune
6. to shake	f. the position
7. to collect	g. hands
8. to let	h. business
9. to run	i. the house (shop)
10. to sign	j. business
11. to go into	k. transfers

Ex. 5. Fill in the blanks with correct prepositions.

1. He was invited.... the hall... the new vicar.
2. I foundmy surprise that you could neither read nor write.

3. If I want to write a letter, my wife writes it.....me.
4. He puthis coat and walkedthe church.
5. He wentthe square, but deep his thoughts he didn't walk..... the street he needed, but turned...the wrong street.
6. He thought the matter over.... every point....view.
7. good luck he found a little shop let.
8. He was shown.... the office and the manager shook handshim.
9. The manager was so surprised that he jumped his chair.
10. I don't want to go.....this business.

Ex. 6. Give the four forms of the following verbs.

To stand, to rise, to begin, to say, to do, to have, to write, to know, to go, to learn, to understand, to think, to let, to give, to lead, to become, to buy, to get, to take, to pay, to show.

Ex. 7. Translate the following words. Pay attention to their word-building.

Decide, decision, decisive; pay, pay-day, paying, payment; underpay, overpay; buy, buyer; agree, agreeable, disagree, agreement; change, exchange, changeable, changeability, changeful, changeless, changing; express, expressible, expression, unexpressive, expressly; serve, served, serving, serviceable; employ, employment, employed, employee, employer, employable, unemployed, unemployment; depend, dependent, independent, independence, dependable; to invest, investor, investment, investing; deposit, deposition, depositor, depository.

Ex. 8. Choose the correct phrasal verb to complete each sentence.

1. your teeth by brushing them regularly.
 - a) Look out
 - b) Look into
 - c) Look after
2. What a bad cough. If I were you I'd smoking.
 - a) give away
 - b) give in
 - c) give up
3. You'd better the amount of coffee you drink.
 - a) cut off
 - b) cut out
 - c) cut down
4. To be healthy, people exercise.
 - a) take out
 - b) take in
 - c) take up
5. Mrs. Brown with her operations.
 - a) got on with
 - b) got over
 - c) got away with
6. I feel faint, I think I'm going to
 - a) pass up
 - b) pass away
 - c) pass out

Ex.9. Choose the most appropriate word to complete each sentence.

1. When I went to London I was impressed by its transport service.
 - a) civil
 - b) private
 - c) public
2. Most big cities suffer from problems.
 - a) social
 - b) sociable
 - c) society
3. Passengers always complain when train go up.
 - a) fees
 - b) fares
 - c) cost
4. The workers of that factory demanded to raise their.....
 - a) fees
 - b) wages
 - c) salary
5. It oftenthem hours to get home.
 - a) wants
 - b) gives
 - c) takes
6. This problem is made worse by terrible traffic.... which block the main roads.
 - a) lights
 - b) crowds
 - c) jams
7. It is rather difficult to these two shops.
 - a) run
 - b) jump
 - c) deposit
8. Mr. Albert Edwards a fortune of 30000 pounds without being able to read or write.
 - a) brought
 - b) made
 - c) invested

Ex. 10. Translate the following sentences into English.

1. Довгий час він працював в Українському посольстві. 2. Ви виконуєте свої обов'язки досить добре. 3. Вона не вмiла нi читати, нi писати. 4. Якщо Альберт хотiв написати листа, його дружина робила це за нього. 5. Я не погоджуюсь з вашою думкою. 6. Йому вдалося заощадити кругленьку суму грошей. 7. Всi знали його як чоловiка, що зовсiм не п'є i не курить. 8. Він ще раз перечитав листа, щоб переконатися, що він зрозумiв усе вiрно. 9. Він обдумував цю справу з рiзних точок зору. 10. Його справи процvтали. 11. Хто керує цим бiзнесом? 12. Він має досить велику суму грошей у банку. 13. Я нiколи не думала мати справи з акцiями та цiнними паперами. 14. Кожного понедiлка він обходив свої магазини, збирав виручку за тиждень i клав їх на свiй рахунок у банк.

Ex. 11. Retell the text. Use as many new words and phrases as possible.

Ex. 12. Give a summary of the text. Use not more than 8-10 sentences. Use the schemes given at end of the book.

Ex. 13. Give your opinion of the story. Do you believe it?

Ex. 14. Describe Mr. A. Edwards's appearance. Speak on his traits of character. What qualities should a good businessman possess? Why?

Ex. 15. Comment on the following idioms, proverbs. Give their Ukrainian equivalents.

1. To be pressed of money.
2. To make money fly.
3. To cut somebody off with a shilling.
4. To have money to burn.
5. To get your money's worth.
6. To pay something back with interest.
7. To be in the pay of.
8. I wouldn't bank on it.
9. A penny saved is a penny gained.
10. Money makes a mare go.

Ex. 16. Discuss the following quotations with your friends.

1. *"If one doesn't know which port one is sailing, no wind is favorable".* Seneca
2. *"Money is like a sixth sense without which you cannot make a complete use of the other five."* Somerset Maugham
3. *"You cannot escape the responsibility of tomorrow by evading it today."* Abraham Lincoln
4. *"Experience is a name men give to their mistakes."* Oscar Wilde

UNIT 4

MARK TWAIN (1835-1910)

Mark Twain was born in 1835. His father was an unsuccessful lawyer. The family seldom lived more than a year or two in the same town. That's why he even didn't finished secondary school. He went to work at the age of 12. He worked as a printer, a reporter, a pilot on the Mississippi. In 1876 he wrote "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer". It was such a success that in 1884 he wrote "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn", then "Tom Sawyer Abroad" and "Tom Sawyer the Detective" in 1896. Then he wrote many others books.

Mark Twain's real name was Samuel Clemens. His characters are always well-drawn, his stories are true-to-life and the plots of his stories and novels are skillfully built-up. He died in 1910.

A MYSTERIOUS VISIT

The first notice that was taken of me when I “settled down,” recently, was by a gentleman who said he was an assessor, and connected with the U. S. Internal Revenue Department. I said I had never heard of his branch of business before, but I was very glad to see him, all the same – would he sit down? He sat down, I did not know anything particular to say, and yet I felt that people who have arrived at the dignity of keeping house must be conversational, must be easy and sociable in company. So in default of anything else to say, I asked him if he was opening his shop in our neighborhood.

He said he was. (I did not wish to appear ignorant, but I had hoped he would mention what he had for sale.)

I dared to ask him “How was trade?” and he said “So-so.”

I then said we would visit him, and if we liked his shop as well as any other, we would become his customers.

He said he thought we would like his establishment well enough to confine ourselves to it – said he never saw anybody who would leave and search for another man in his line after trading with him once. That sounded pretty complacent, but barring that natural expression of villainy which we all have, the man looked honest enough.

I do not know how it came about, exactly, but gradually we appeared to melt down and run together, conversationally speaking, and then everything went along as comfortably as clockwork.

We talked, and talked, and talked – at least I did. And we laughed, and laughed, and laughed – at least he did. But all the time I had my presence of mind about me – I had my native shrewdness turned on, “full head,” as the engineers say. I was determined to find out all about his business, in spite of his obscure answers – and I was determined I would have it out of him without his suspecting what I was at. I meant to trap him with a deep, deep ruse. I would tell him all about my own business, and he would naturally so warm to me during this seduction burst of confidence, that he would forget himself and tell me all about his affairs before he suspected what I was about. I thought to myself, My son, you little know what an old fox you are dealing with. I said:

“Now you would never guess what I made lecturing, this winter and last spring?”

“No – don’t believe I could, to save me. Let me see – let me see. About two thousand dollars maybe? But no – no, sir, I know you couldn’t have made that much. Say seventeen hundred maybe?”

“Ha-ha! I knew you couldn’t. My lecturing receipts for last spring and this winter were fourteen thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars – what do you think of that!”

“Why, it is amazing – perfectly amazing. I will make a note of it. And you say even this wasn’t all?”

“All? Why, bless you, there was my income from the Buffalo Express for four months – about – about well, what should you say to about eight thousand dollars, for instance?”

“Say! Why, I should say I should like to see myself rolling in just such another ocean of affluence. Eight thousand! I’ll make a note of it. Why, man! – and on top of all this I am to understand that you had still more income?”

“Ha-ha-ha! Why, you’re only in the suburbs of it, so to speak. There’s my book, ‘The Innocents Abroad’ – price \$3.50 to \$5.00, according to the binding. Listen to me. Look me in the eye. During the last four months and a half, saying nothing of sales before that, – but just simply during the four months and a half ending March 15, 1870, we’ve sold ninety-five thousand copies of that book! Nine-five thousand! Think of it. Average four dollars a copy, say. It’s nearly four hundred thousand dollars, my son, I get half!”

“My God! I’ll put it down. Fourteen-seventy-five-eight-two hundred. Total, say – well, upon my word, the grand total is about two hundred and thirteen or fourteen thousand dollars. Is that possible?”

“Possible! If there’s any mistake it’s the other way. Two hundred and fourteen thousand, cash, is my income for this year if I know arithmetic.”

Then the gentleman got up to go. But no; at the last moment the gentleman handed me a large envelope and said it contained his advertisement; and that I would find out all about his business in it; and that he would be happy to have my custom – would in fact be proud to have the custom of a man of such prodigious income; and that he used to think there were several wealthy men in the city but when they came to trade with him he discovered that they barely had enough to live on; and that in truth it had been such a weary, weary age since he had seen a rich man face to face, and talked with him, and touched him with his hands, that he could hardly refrain from embracing me – in fact, would esteem it a great favor if I would let him embrace me.

This so pleased me that I did not try to resist, but allowed this simplehearted stranger to throw his arms about me and weep a few tranquilizing tears down the back of my neck. Then he went his way.

As soon as he was gone, I opened his advertisement. I studied it attentively for four minutes. I then called up the cook and said:

“Hold me while I faint. Let Maria turn the batter-cakes.” By and by, when I came to, I sent down to the rum mill on the corner and hired an artist by the week to sit up nights and curse that stranger, and give me a life occasionally in the day time when I came to a hard place. Ah, what a miscreant he was! His “advertisement” was nothing in the world but a wicked tax-return – a list of questions about my private affairs occupying the best part of four foolscap pages of fine print – questions. I looked for a loophole, but there did not appear to be any.

Inquiry No. 1 covered my case, as generously and as amply as an umbrella could cover an ant hill: “What were your profits, in 1869, from any trade, business, or vocation, wherever carried on?” And that inquiry was backed up by thirteen others of an equally searching nature, the most modest of which required information as to whether I had committed any burglary, or highway robbery, or had acquired property which was not enumerated in my statement of income as set opposite to inquiry No. 1.

It was plain that that stranger had enabled me to make a goose of myself. It was very, very plain, and I went out and hired another artist. By working on my vanity the stranger had seduced me into declaring an income of \$214,000. By law, \$1,000 of this was free from income tax – the only relief I could see, and it was only a drop in the ocean. At the legal five per cent, I must pay over to the Government the appalling sum of ten thousand six-hundred and fifty dollars, income tax.

(I may remark, in this place, that I did not do it.)

I am acquainted with a very wealthy man, whose house is a palace, whose table is regal, whose outlays are enormous, yet a man who has no income, as I have often noticed, by the revenue returns; and to him I went for advice in my distress. He took my dreadful exhibition of receipts, he put on his glasses, he took his pen, and in the moment! – I was a pauper! It was the neatest thing that ever was. He did it simply by manipulating the bill of “DEDUCTIONS.” He set down my “State, national, and municipal taxes” at so much; my “losses by shipwreck, fire, etc.” He got astonishing “deductions” out of each and every one of these matters – each and every one of them. And when he was done he handed me the paper, and I saw at a glance that during the year 1869 my income, in the way of profit, had been one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars and forty cents.

“Now,” said he, “the thousand dollars is free from income tax. What you want to do is to go and swear this document in and pay tax on the two hundred and fifty dollars.”

(While he was making this speech his little boy Willie lifted a two-dollar greenback out of his vest pocket and vanished with it, and I would bet anything that if my stranger were to call on that little boy tomorrow he would make a false return of his income.)

“Do you,” said I, “do you always work up the ‘deductions’ after this fashion in your own case, sir?”

“Well, I should say so! If it weren't for those eleven saving clauses under the head of 'Deductions,' I should be beggared every year to support this hateful and wicked, this extortionate and tyrannical Government.”

This gentleman stands away up among the very best of the solid men of the city – the men of moral weight, of commercial integrity, of unimpeachable social spotlessness – and so I bowed to his example. I went down to the revenue office, and under the accusing eyes of my old visitor I stood up and swore to lie after lie till my self-respect was gone forever and ever.

But what of it? It is nothing more than thousands of the highest, and richest, and proudest, and most respected, honored and courted men in America do every year. And so I don't care. I am not ashamed. I shall simply, for the present, pay attention not to talk much and wear fire-proof gloves.

Vocabulary and Commentary

True-to-life stories – правдиві історії

The plots of his stories are skillfully built – сюжети його оповідань майстерно побудовані

The U.S. Internal Revenue Department – департамент податків і зборів США

An assessor – податковий інспектор

To sound pretty complacent – звучати досить самовдоволено

Expressions of villainy – щирий вигляд підлості

To have one's native srewdness – мати свою природну проникливість

Miscreant – негідник, лиходій

You're in the suburbs of it – ви ще не знаєте головного

Look me in the eye – слухайте уважно

If there's a mistake it's the other way – якщо є помилка, то в інший бік

To make a goose of oneself – пошитися в дурні

To work on one's vanity – працювати над марнославством

Deductions - відрахування

At the legal five per cent – виходячи зі законних п'яти процентів (податку)

Revenue office – фінансове податкове управління

Exercises

Ex. 1. Answer the following questions.

1. When and where was Mark Twain born?
2. Why didn't the future writer even didn't finish the secondary school?
3. What brought him his fame?
4. What was his real name?
5. What was the main character?
6. What are the duties of the assessor?
7. Who was the assessor taken for?
8. What did the main character tell the assessor about?
9. How did the stranger make the gentleman declare his total income?
10. How did the gentleman find the way out of this difficult situation?
11. What is your opinion of the main character of the story?
12. Do you like the end of the story? How would you have finished it if you had been the author?
13. What conclusions did the main character come to after this incident?

Ex. 2. Which of them do the following thing?

- | | |
|-----------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. teacher | a. drill, fill, extract |
| 2. postman | b. take off, fly, land |
| 3. dentist | c. sweep, dush, polish |
| 4. driver | d. count, control, foresee |
| 5. dressmaker | e. run, jump, throw |
| 6. sportsman | f. count, give, book |
| 7. scientist | g. cut, comb, shampoo |
| 8. artist | h. measure, cut, sew |
| 9. hairdresser | i. accelerate, overtake, reverse |
| 10. economist | j. study, discover, invent |
| 11. book keeper | k. draw, paint, sculp |
| 12. pilot | l. collect, sort, deliver |
| 13. cleaner | m. prepare, train, mark |
| 14. banker | n. lend, borrow, invest |
| 15. customer | o. choose, buy, pay |

Ex. 3. Match each word or phrase on the left with the correct phrase on the right.

- | | |
|-------------------|---|
| 1. cash | a. public announcement |
| 2. wages | b. ready money |
| 3. salary | c. money you get usually hourly or weekly |
| 4. profit | d. excess of returns over outlay |
| 5. tax | e. certificates |
| 6. skills | f. abilities, things you can do (type, drive) |
| 7. qualifications | g. contribution levied on persons, business |
| 8. advertisement | h. comprising the whole |
| 9. total | i. fixed periodical payment (paid monthly) |

Ex. 4. Complete the sentences. Use the words from the text, given below.

1. I didn't wish to appear..... 2. You don't know what an old fox you arewith. 3. I would like to makeof it. 4. You're only in the of it. 5. The grand Is about 2000\$. 6. My ... is about 30000\$ a year. 7. It was lain that the stranger had enabled me ... of myself. 8. By law 1000\$ was free from..... 9. I swore to lie after lie till my self-respect.....

(to make, a goose, income, suburbs, total, was gone for ever, income tax, a note, ignorant, dealing)

Ex. 5. Find in the text the English equivalents for the following phrases.

Оселятися; так само як; покупець; напевне; ви не знаєте головного; слухайте уважно; записати; дійсно; в середньому по 4\$ за примірник; загальна сума; реклама; надзвичайно великий прибуток; тримайте мене, бо я впаду; податкове управління; незаплямлений; моя самоповага зникла навіки; клястися; мені все рівно; загальна сума; витрати; приділяти увагу; збанкрутувати; підтримувати уряд.

Ex. 6. Translate the following words paying attention to their prefixes.

To overplay, to reapply, income, subcommittee, self-employed, antisocial, independent, dishonest, unemployed, co-director, super-efficient, prewar, subdivision, to enlarge, ultraviolet, to decode, non-stop, antiaircraft, co-existence, deform, disappearance, unequal, discovery, ultramodern, postgraduate, illiterate, illegal, submarine, to encircle.

Ex. 7. Join these split sentences so they make sense.

She is a shy person	a) You have already eaten enough
He is incredibly mean	b) So she avoids going to the parties
It isn't fair	c) He doesn't know a single poem
He is so dull	d) He has no respect for the people
Don't be so greedy	e) To tell lies
It's extremely cruel	f) To kick a cat
Anna is really bright	g) She can read and she is only 3
Suspicious people	h) Never believe what you say

Ex. 8. Here are the answers to some questions. Work out the questions.

1. The gentleman as an assessor.
2. He worked at the US Internal Revenue Department.
3. He was opening a shop in our neighborhood.
4. Average four dollar a copy.
5. The grand total is about \$14000.
6. The envelop contained his advertisement with the list of questions about my private affair.
7. The stranger had made me to declare my income.
8. By law \$1000 of this was free from income tax.
9. I must pay to the government the sum of ten thousand, six hundred- and fifty-dollars income tax.
10. I went for advice in my distress to a very wealthy man, whose expenses are enormous, yet a man has no income.

Ex. 9. Translate the following sentences into English.

1. Наша сім'я оселилася в невеличкому містечку біля моря. 2. Покупець завжди правий. 3. Церемонія проходила точно так, як і було заплановано. 4. Я вирішила дізнатися все про його бізнес. 5. Що ви думаєте про це? 6. Стало зрозуміло, що незнайомиць допоміг мені пошитися в дурні. 7. Тримайте мене, бо я впаду. 8. Ви ще не знаєте головного! Слухайте мене дуже уважно – я хочу сповістити вам щось дуже важливе. 9. Його загальний річний дохід складав дуже кругленьку суму. 10. Найкращим способом повідомити покупців про будь-які нові товари – це помістити рекламу в газеті. 11. Скоро вона звикла до своєї школи. 12. Вони зрозуміли, що вони відкрили нову планету. 13. У розпачі я пішов за порадою до свого друга. 14. Мені байдуже, мені не соромно. 15. Відрахування у формі податків з доходу повинен платити кожен громадянин.

Ex. 10. Translate the following notices and warnings and tell where we can see them.

Out of order	No parking	Mind the step
No vacancies	No exit	Mind your head
Sold out	Watch out	Beware of pickpockets
No smoking	Fragile	Do not leave bags unattended
Don't disturb	Don't lean out of the window	Silence, examination in progress

Ex. 11. Give your opinion of the main character of the story.

Ex. 12. Tell the story as the assessor might have told it to one of his friends.

Ex. 13. Do you like the end of the story? How would you have finished it if you had been the author?

Ex. 14. Render the text in 8-10 sentences.

Ex. 15. Comment on the following idioms and proverbs. Give their Ukrainian equivalents.

1. To make a goose of oneself.
2. To tell a lie.
3. A white lie.
4. Truth will out.
5. Economy with the truth.
6. He is poor whose expenses exceed his income.
7. Without labor nothing prospers.
8. Defeat never comes to any man until he admits.
9. No pains, no gains.
10. To live like a fighting cock.

Ex. 16. Discuss the following quotations with your friends.

1. *"The hardest thing to understand in the world is the income tax"*. Albert Einstein
2. *"Tax reform means: Don't tax you, don't tax me. Tax that fellow behind the tree"*. Russell Long
3. *"The human race has one really effective weapon, and that is laughter"* Mark Twain
4. *"Be careless in your dress but keep a tidy soul"*. Mark Twain
5. *"If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as getting"*. Benjamin Franklin

UNIT 5

O'HENRY (1862-1910)

O' Henry was born in North Carolina in 1862. His real name was William Sydney Porter. O' Henry was an outstanding humorist. He worked out and enriched all the types of the story: the anecdote, the adventure story, tales and sketches. He wrote more than 150 stories. His works have considerable influence on American literature. The best of his works were published in books: "Cabbages and Kings", "The Fourth Million", "Heart of West", and others. His love for humanity, for the common people, for justice attracts readers to this day. The plot of his stories is very dynamic and interesting that it keeps the reader in suspense up to the surprising end. O' Henry is one of the most widely published American writers. His works have been translated into nearly every language. He has been called "American Maupassant" and is ranked among the world's outstanding short story writers. He died in 1910.

THE ROMANCE OF A BUSY BROKER

Pitcher, confidential clerk in the office of Harvey Maxwell, broker, allowed a look of mild interest and surprise to visit his usually expressionless countenance when his employer briskly entered at half past nine in company with his young lady stenographer. With a snappy "Good-morning, Pitcher," Maxwell dashed at his desk as though he were intending to leap over it, and then plunged into the great heap of letters and telegrams waiting there for him.

The young lady had been Maxwell's stenographer for a year. She was beautiful in a way that was decidedly unstenographic. She forewent the pomp of the alluring pompadour. She wore no chains, bracelets or locket. She had not the air of being about to accept an invitation to luncheon. Her dress was grey and plain, but it fitted her figure with fidelity and discretion. In her neat black turban hat was the gold-green wing of a macaw. On this morning she was softly and shyly radiant. Her eyes were dreamily bright, her cheeks genuine peachblow, her expression a happy one, tinged with reminiscence.

Pitcher, still mildly curious, noticed a difference in her ways this morning. Instead of going straight into the adjoining room, where her desk was, she lingered, slightly irresolute, in the outer office. Once she moved over by Maxwell's desk, near enough for him to be aware of her presence.

The machine sitting at that desk was no longer a man; it was a busy New York broker, moved by buzzing wheels and uncoiling springs.

"Well--what is it? Anything?" asked Maxwell sharply. His opened mail lay like a bank of stage snow on his crowded desk. His keen grey eye, impersonal and brusque, flashed upon her half impatiently.

"Nothing," answered the stenographer, moving away with a little smile.

"Mr. Pitcher," she said to the confidential clerk, did Mr. Maxwell say anything yesterday about engaging another stenographer?"

"He did," answered Pitcher. "He told me to get another one. I notified the agency yesterday afternoon to send over a few samples this morning. It's 9.45 o'clock, and not a single picture hat or piece of pineapple chewing gum has showed up yet."

"I will do the work as usual, then," said the young lady, "until some one comes to fill the place." And she went to her desk at once and hung the black turban hat with the gold-green macaw wing in its accustomed place.

He who has been denied the spectacle of a busy Manhattan broker during a rush of business is handicapped for the profession of anthropology. The poet sings of the "crowded hour of glorious life." The broker's hour is not only crowded, but the minutes and seconds are hanging to all the straps and packing both front and rear platforms.

And this day was Harvey Maxwell's busy day. The ticker began to reel out jerkily its fitful coils of tape, the desk telephone had a chronic attack of buzzing. Men began to throng into the office and call at him over the railing, jovially, sharply, viciously, excitedly. Messenger boys ran in and out with messages and telegrams. The clerks in the office jumped about like sailors during a storm. Even Pitcher's face relaxed into something resembling animation.

On the Exchange there were hurricanes and landslides and snowstorms and glaciers and volcanoes, and those elemental disturbances were reproduced in miniature in the broker's offices. Maxwell shoved his chair against the wall and transacted business after the manner of a toe dancer. He jumped from ticker to 'phone, from desk to door with the trained agility of a harlequin.

In the midst of this growing and important stress the broker became suddenly aware of a high-rolled fringe of golden hair under a nodding canopy of velvet and ostrich tips, an imitation sealskin sacque and a string of beads as large as hickory nuts, ending near the floor with a silver heart. There was a self-possessed young lady connected with these accessories; and Pitcher was there to construe her.

"Lady from the Stenographer's Agency to see about the position," said Pitcher.

Maxwell turned half around, with his hands full of papers and ticker tape.

"What position?" he asked, with a frown.

"Position of stenographer," said Pitcher. "You told me yesterday to call them up and have one sent over this morning."

"You are losing your mind, Pitcher," said Maxwell. "Why should I have given you any such instructions? Miss Leslie has given perfect satisfaction during the year she has been here. The place is hers as long as she chooses to retain it. There's no place open here, madam. Countermand that order with the agency, Pitcher, and don't bring any more of 'em in here."

The silver heart left the office, swinging and banging itself independently against the office furniture as it indignantly departed. Pitcher seized a moment to remark to the bookkeeper that the "old man" seemed to get more absent-minded and forgetful every day of the world.

The rush and pace of business grew fiercer and faster. On the floor they were pounding half a dozen stocks in which Maxwell's customers were heavy investors. Orders to buy and sell were coming and going as swift as the flight of swallows. Some of his own holdings were imperilled, and the man was working like some high-g geared, delicate, strong machine--strung to full tension, going at full speed, accurate, never hesitating, with the proper word and decision

and act ready and prompt as clockwork. Stocks and bonds, loans and mortgages, margins and securities--here was a world of finance, and there was no room in it for the human world or the world of nature.

When the luncheon hour drew near there came a slight lull in the uproar.

Maxwell stood by his desk with his hands full of telegrams and memoranda, with a fountain pen over his right ear and his hair hanging in disorderly strings over his forehead. His window was open, for the beloved janitress Spring had turned on a little warmth through the waking registers of the earth.

And through the window came a wandering--perhaps a lost--odour--a delicate, sweet odour of lilac that fixed the broker for a moment immovable. For this odour belonged to Miss Leslie; it was her own, and hers only.

The odour brought her vividly, almost tangibly before him. The world of finance dwindled suddenly to a speck. And she was in the next room--twenty steps away.

"By George, I'll do it now," said Maxwell, half aloud. "I'll ask her now. I wonder I didn't do it long ago."

He dashed into the inner office with the haste of a short trying to cover. He charged upon the desk of the stenographer.

She looked up at him with a smile. A soft pink crept over her cheek, and her eyes were kind and frank. Maxwell leaned one elbow on her desk. He still clutched fluttering papers with both hands and the pen was above his ear.

"Miss Leslie," he began hurriedly, "I have but a moment to spare. I want to say something in that moment. Will you be my wife? I haven't had time to make love to you in the ordinary way, but I really do love you. Talk quick, please--those fellows are clubbing the stuffing out of Union Pacific."

"Oh, what are you talking about?" exclaimed the young lady. She rose to her feet and gazed upon him, round-eyed.

"Don't you understand?" said Maxwell, restively. "I want you to marry me. I love you, Miss Leslie. I wanted to tell you, and I snatched a minute when things had slackened up a bit. They're calling me for the 'phone now. Tell 'em to wait a minute, Pitcher. Won't you, Miss Leslie?"

The stenographer acted very queerly. At first she seemed overcome with amazement; then tears flowed from her wondering eyes; and then she smiled sunnily through them, and one of her arms slid tenderly about the broker's neck.

"I know now," she said, softly. "It's this old business that has driven everything else out of your head for the time. I was frightened at first. Don't you remember, Harvey? We were married last evening at 8 o'clock in the Little Church Around the Corner."

Vocabulary and Commentary

Justice – справедливість

Suspense – чекання

It fitted her figure very well – воно дуже добре сиділо на її фігурі

To fill the place – замінити когось (зайняти посаду)
 To see about the position – на рахунок посади
 You're losing your mind – ви втрачаєте розум
 At full speed – повним ходом
 I have but a moment to spare – я маю лише одну вільну хвилину
 I seized the minute of full – я скористався хвилиною відпочинку
 Difference on her ways – різниця в її поведінці
 Broker – біржовий маклер
 Ticker – телеграфний апарат, на якому друкуються останні біржові новини.
 To reel out – розмотувати
 Exchange – біржа

Exercises

Ex. 1. Answer the following questions.

1. When and where was O' Henry born?
2. What was his real name?
3. What is O' Henry famous for?
4. What have you read by this author?
5. Where did the action take place?
6. What was Mr. Maxwell? Where did he work?
7. What can you tell about Mr. Maxwell's stenographer?
8. How did she look like on the morning described?
9. What a difference in her ways did Mr. Pitcher noticed the morning?
10. What was Mr. Maxwell compared with while at work? Why?
11. Describe the work at the Exchange.
12. Why did the lady from the Stenographer's Agency come to the Exchange?
13. How did Mr. Maxwell react at her visit?
14. What has happened during the lunch hour?
15. What can you tell about the end of the story?
16. How would you react if you were in the place of Miss Leslie?

Ex. 2. Read the text again and make the sentences complete using the words given below.

Her dress..... her figure very well. 2. Once she pass by Maxwell's dress, near enough for him to 3. Even Pitcher's face, usually.... became rather..... 4. You are, Pitcher, I have never 5. Lady from Stenographer's Agency came c..... 6. The old man seemed to get and every day. 7. When the lunch hour was near there came in the of business. 8. I have but a moment 9. I haven't had time to you, in theway. 10. And through the window came a delicatea delicate.....odor of lilac that fixed the broker for a moment.

(sweet, immovable, ordinary, absent-minded, forgetful, a slight lull, to see about the position, fitted, notice her, animated, your mind, expressionless, given such instructions, a slight lull, to spare, to make love, rush, odor)

Ex.3. Guess the meaning of the words. Pay attention to their suffixes and prefixes.

Disappear, expressionless disorder, forgetful, counteract, desirable, unforgettable, co-author, illiterate, fatherless, immovable, creative, disagreement, treatment, coexistence, founder, undergraduate, ex-champion, antibody, postwar, coldness, soften, shortage, foggy, accessible, mislead, nonessential, misspell, helpful, helpless, reddish, indifferent, fruitless, doubtful, presence, employee, employer, curiosity, irresolute.

Ex.4. Match the opposites.

- | | |
|---------------|-----------------|
| 1. sharp | a. unhappiness |
| 2. well | b. indifference |
| 3. joy | c. blunt |
| 4. difference | d. safety |
| 5. presence | e. bitter |
| 6. lose | f. slow |
| 7. danger | g. bad |
| 8. sweet | h. below |
| 9. quick | i. win |
| 10. above | j. absence |
| 11. sell | k. inner |
| 12. outer | l. buy |

Ex. 5. Translate into English.

Мчатися, поринати, помічати присутність, розмотувати плівку, брокер, біржа, акція, давати інструкції, вільних місць немає (про роботу), бухгалтер, касир, неуважний, забудькуватий, цінні папери, маленький перепочинок у великому бізнесі, приємний аромат, на рахунок місця (про роботу), повним ходом, залищатися до когось, в мене є лише одна вільна хвилина, на відстані 20 років, витіснила з пам'яті в тебе все інше, вбігати та вибігати, я спочатку злякалась, на розі вулиць.

Ex.6. Put the verbs in brackets into Past Indefinite or the Past Perfect.

My cousin said that she (to be) busy all day. She was writing an important letter to her friend. When she (to write) the first page, she suddenly (to see) that (to forget) to mention a very important thing. So, she (to tear) the letter up and (to begin) writing again. After she (to finish) the letter, she (to read) it and (to notice) that she (to make) two spelling mistakes. She (to correct) the mistakes, (to take) the letter and (to go) outside to look for a letter box. Before putting the letter into the letter-box she (to read) the address which she (to write) on it to see that it was correct, and then (to notice) that she (to forget) to put a stamp on. So, she (to buy) one and (to sent) a letter off.

Ex.7. Put questions to the underlined words.

1. I shall have prepared supper before you come from work. 2. The stenographer acted very strangely. 3. This day was Harvey Maxwell's busy day. 4. I have never given you such instructions. 5. They are calling me for the telephone now. 6. The odor brought her image before him. 7. The ticket began to reel out its tape. 8. By 4 she will have taken her exam in English. 9. They fell the shortage of fresh water in this country very keenly. 10. People ought to speak about such things in public.

Ex.8. Insert articles where necessary and comment on their use.

Here is picture ofschool building. Infront of school there isgarden. Ingarden we can seeapple trees with on them.

..... autumnis coming....leaves are changingcolor. Some of them are still green,others are red or yellow.

There isleaf falling down frombranch on toground.grass is not yellow. It is still green.weather is warm.sun is shining brightly. Insky we can seebirds flying high up inair. Inmiddle ofgarden there isflowerbed. Nearflowerbed we can seebenches. There arelot ofchildren ingarden....two woman andman are walkinggate. They areteachers. One of women isteacher ofEnglish. She is carryinglarge bag full ofpupils' exercise-books. Neargate we can seeboy andgirl looking at black cat sitting intree.

.....two men walking amongtrees are alsoteachers. One of them is holdingbook inhand ,other is holdingnewspaper.

Ex.9. Translate the following sentences into English.

1. Вона дивилася на нього з посмішкою. 2. Міс Леслі не носить ланцюжки і коштовності в офісі. 3. Ця нова працівниця виглядає інакше, ніж коли вона приходила сьогодні вранці. 4. Новий секретар буде найнятий, щоб зайняти її місце. 5. Ніхто не з'являється на співбесіду, перед 9.30 ранку. 6. Максвелл проявляє деякий інтерес до першого претендента на посаду секретаря. 7. Максвелл вважає, що міс Леслі не хороша секретарка. 8. Міс Леслі розлютилася, коли Максвелл попросив її вийти за нього заміж. 9. Міс Леслі — розуміюча і турботлива секретарка. 10. Вона не могла витіснити з пам'яті все те, що нагадувало їй про цю людину.

Ex. 10. Retell the text if you were Miss Leslie.

Ex.11. Give a summary of the text. Use not more than 8-10 sentences.

Ex.12. Speak on the main characters of the story Mr. Maxwell and Miss Leslie.

Ex. 13. Comment on the following idioms and proverbs. Give their Ukrainian equivalents.

St. Nicholas' clerk
To be in somebody's employ, to make a dash (against or for)
At one dash
Marriage of convenience
Mind your own business
Monkey business

Ex.14. Discuss the following quotations with your friends.

1. *"Defeat never comes to any man until he admits it."* Josephus Daniels
2. *"I don't know the key to success but the key to failure is to try to please everyone."* Bill Cosby
3. *"How much better is to weep at joy than to joy at weeping."* William Shakespeare
4. *"There is only one happiness in life, to love and be loved."* George Sand
5. *"The fool wonders, the wise man asks."* Benjamin Disraeli.

UNIT 6

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE (1859-1930)

Arthur Conan Doyle was born in 1859 in Edinburgh, Scotland. He studied medicine at Edinburgh University. Many years ago, a young doctor began to write stories about a man who was a detective. Readers liked his stories because they were very interesting. He was unsuccessful in his profession and the doctor devoted himself to writing.

Conan Doyle wrote his first story about Sherlock Holmes in 1887. In this story the detective meets his friend Dr. Watson. Holmes and Watson lived at 221 B Baker Street in London. Conan Doyle is the author of seventy literary works, among them historical novels, essays, collections, of short stories and poems. But he won his greatest popularity by the series "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes".

THE ADVENTURE OF THE DYING DETECTIVE

The detective Sherlock Holmes was seriously ill. He wanted to meet his assistant Watson. He asks his landlady to get him. Watson was surprised to see the condition of his master. Was Watson able to save his master? Read on to know more about the underlying story behind Holmes' sickness.

One day in the second year of my married life Mrs. Hudson, the landlady of Sherlock Holmes, came to my rooms and told me that he was very ill.

"He is dying, Dr. Watson", she said. "He hasn't eaten and hasn't drunk anything for three days and he wouldn't allow me to get a doctor. This morning when I saw his thin and white face I could stand no more of it. "Mr. Holmes", I said, "I'm going for a doctor, whether you like it or not". "Let it be Watson, then, said he. So I have come to you".

I rushed for my coat and hat. On our way to Baker Street Mrs. Hudson told me that Holmes had been working on a case close by the river and had brought this disease back with him.

When I entered the room Holmes was lying in bed. He was looking very ill. When he saw me he cried:

"Stand back. Stand back."

"But why?", I asked.

"Because it is my wish. Is that not enough?"

"I only wanted to help", I explained.

"Exactly! You will best help by doing what you are told."

"Certainly, Holmes."

"I know what is the matter with me. It's a coolie disease from Sumatra. It is deadly and very contagious. Contagious by touch, Watson. So keep your distance and all is well".

"Good heavens, Holmes. Do you imagine this would prevent me from doing my duty to an old friend?"

Again I tried to come nearer. He got very angry.

"If you stand where you are I'll talk to you. If not, you must leave the room".

"Do you think I'll stand here and see you die without helping you?"

"You mean well, Watson, but you can do nothing. You don't know tropical diseases."

"Probably not. But I know Dr. Ainstree, the greatest specialist in tropical diseases. I'm going to bring him here". I turned to the door. I have never had such a shock.

The dying man jumped from his bed and locked the door. The next moment he was in bed again looking very tired.

"Now, Watson, it's four o'clock. At six you can go. Will you wait? If you want to help me you must bring me the man that I choose. I'll explain everything to you at six o'clock".

I stood for some minutes looking at him. He fell asleep. Then I walked slowly round the room, I saw a small ivory box and wanted to take it when Holmes gave a loud cry.

"Don't touch. I don't like it when people touch my things."

This incident showed me how ill my friend was. I sat in silence looking at the clock. He seemed to be watching the clock too. Before six he began to talk in great excitement. He was shaking with fever. He was raving. He asked me to light the gas and to put some letters and papers on the table near his bed.

"Thank you. Take those sugar-tongs now and kindly raise that small ivory box with them. Put it here among the papers. Be careful. Good. You can go now and bring Mr. Culverton Smith, of 13 Lover Burke Street.

"I have never heard the name", I said.

" Possibly not. He is not a doctor but a planter from Sumatra, now visiting London. Some time ago people fell ill in his plantation and there were no doctors in the neighbourhood. So he began to study this disease himself. I am sure he can help me. He is very methodical person and I did not want you to start before six because I knew you would not find him in his study. He does not like me but if you tell him how ill I am, he will certainly come. But don't come with him. You must return here before he comes. Don't forget".

To tell the truth I did not want to leave Holmes, because his appearance had changed for the worse during the few hours, I had been with him. But he begged me to go.

"He can save me - only he".

Mr. Smith did not want to see me at all. The servant told me he was very busy. However, I thought of Holmes lying ill in bed and I pushed the door and came into the room. When Mr. Smith heard I had come from Holmes, he was no longer angry with me. He was an unpleasant looking little man with a yellow face and cruel grey eyes.

"What about Holmes? How is he?" he asked.

"He is very ill. That is why I have come."

"I'm sorry to hear it. I have great respect for his talents and character. He is an amateur of crime as I am of disease. For him the criminal, for me – microbe. These are my prisons.", he continued pointing to the bottles which stood on the table.

"Mr Holmes has a high opinion of you and thought that you were the only man in London who could help him." The little man started: "Why?" he asked. "Why does he think I can help him?"

"Because you know Eastern diseases." "But why does he think that the disease which he has contracted is Eastern?"

"Because he has been working at a case among Chinese sailors."

Mr. Smith smiled pleasantly. "Oh, that's it. How long has he been ill?"

"About three days".

"Is he raving?"

"Sometimes".

"That sounds serious. I will come with you at once, Dr. Watson".

I told him I could not come with him because I had another appointment.

"Very good. I'll go alone. I've got Mr. Holmes's address."

It was with a sad heart that I entered Holmes's bedroom again. I was afraid he might be worse. But he felt much better.

"Well done! Watson!" he said. "You have done everything that a good friend could do. Now you disappear to the next room. And don't speak, or come here."

I heard the footsteps. I heard a voice say, "Holmes! Holmes! Can you hear me?"

"Is that you Mr. Smith?" Holmes whispered. "You know what is wrong with me. You are the only one in London who can cure me."

"Do you know the symptoms?" asked Smith.

"Only too well, Mr. Smith," and he described the symptoms.

"They are the same, Holmes," Smith said, "Poor Victor was a dead man on the fourth day - a strong and healthy young man. What a coincidence indeed!"

"I know that you did it," said Holmes.

"Well, you can't prove it."

"Give me water, please," Holmes groaned.

"Here." I heard Smith's voice.

"Cure me, please. Well, about Victor Savage's death. You did it. I'll forget everything, but cure me. I'll forget about it."

"You can forget or remember, just as you like. It doesn't matter to me how my nephew died. Watson said you got it from the Chinese sailors. Could there be any other reason?"

"I can't think. My mind is gone, help me," pleaded Holmes.

"Did anything come by post? A box by chance? On Wednesday?"

"Yes I opened it and there was a sharp spring inside it. A joke perhaps. It drew blood," said Holmes.

“No, it was not a joke, you fool, you’ve got it. Who asked you to cross my path? You knew too much about Victor’s death. Your end is near, Holmes. I’ll carry this box in my pocket. The last piece of evidence!”

“Turn up the gas, Smith,” said Holmes in his natural voice.

“Yes I will, so that I can see you better.” There was silence. Then I heard Smith say, “What’s all this?”

“Successful acting,” said Holmes, “for three days I didn’t taste anything – neither food nor drink.”

There were footsteps outside. The door opened and I heard Inspector Morton’s voice. “I arrest you on charge of murder,” he said.

“If so, let me bring Sir Jaspert Meek or Penrose fisher, or Holmes”.

There was a sudden rush and scuffle, followed by the clash of iron and sudden cry of pain. There was a click of handcuffs.

Holmes asked me to come in.

“Sorry, Watson, I was rude to you. I undermined your capability as a doctor. It was just to get Smith here. And I didn’t want you to know that I was not ill.”

“But your appearance--?” I said.

“Three days, fasting and the make- up did the trick.”

“The coins?”

“Oh! That was only to prove that I was delirious,” he laughed. “I need to eat now, Watson. Mr. Smith killed his nephew and he wanted to kill me the same way to avoid imprisonment. I need to eat now, Watson. I think that something nutritious at Simpsons’ would not be out of place.

And thank you, Watson,” he said.

Vocabulary and Commentary

To devote oneself to – присвятити себе чомусь

I could stand no more of it – я більше не міг цього витримувати

Had brought this disease back with him – підхопити хворобу, заразитися

Stand back! – Відійдіть!

It is deadly and contagious – вона смертельна та заразна

He was raving – він марив

Just listen with all your ears – просто слухайте дуже уважно

To have a high opinion of – бути високої думки

To contract a disease – підхопити хворобу

Oh, I’m fainting – о, я втрачаю свідомість

Who asked you to cross my path – хто просив вас переходити мені дорогу

The best way of acting a part successfully is to live it – щоб зіграти роль як найкраще, треба прожити її

I arrest you on the charge of murdering – я заарештовую вас по обвинуваченню в убивстві

Exercises

Ex. 1. Answer the following questions.

1. Why do people like to read the stories of Sherlock Holmes?
2. What other detective story-writers do you know?

3. What was Holmes doing when Dr. Watson entered his room?
4. Why did Holmes say to Watson to stand far from him?
5. Why did Holmes want to see Mr. Smith?'
6. What did the detective speak with Mr. Smith about?
7. Why did Mr. Smith want to kill Holmes?
8. Who appeared in the opened door in the detective's room?
9. Mr. Holmes was a good doctor, wasn't he?
10. What other works of Conan Doyle have you read?

Ex. 2. Study the following phrases. Reproduce situations they are used in the text. Then use them in your own sentences.

I can stand no more of it, to work on a case, to bring the disease back, stand back, to prevent from doing, to give a loud cry, to shake with fever, to change for the worse, to disappear from the scene, to listen with all ears, to have a high opinion of, to contract a disease, to make a special study, to have a word with sb., to come by post, to cross smb. the path, to turn up the gas, to arrest on the charge of murdering, not to be good at pretending, to succeed with a plan.

Ex. 3. Underline the odd word.

1. Disease, success, illness, sickness
2. Forehead, cheek, mouth, headache
3. Drugs, drops, injections, temperature
4. Surgeon, advice, dentist, oculist
5. Cough, influenza, measles, thumb
6. Doctor, treatment, medicine, accident

Ex. 4. Choose the correct answer.

1. Severalof malaria have been reported.
a) doses, b) cases, c) types, d) incidents
2. There was anin our street – a lorry ran into a car.
a) case, b) incident, c) accident, d) event
3. Malaria isby the female mosquito.
a) broadcast, b) sent, c) transmitted, d) event
4. The doctor had threeof measles today.
a) ways, b) cases, c) examples, d) illnesses
5. Hethis disease when he was working in the hospital.
a) caught, b) infected c) suffered, d) took
6. He had a very bad cold he could help.....
a) sneezing, b) snoring, c) spitting, d) yawning
7. The local medical officer reported a seriousof food poisoning.
a) event, b) incident, c) accident, d) outbreak
8. The flue is adisease. You are not to keep in touch with him at present.
a) effective, b) contagious, c) necessary, d) efficient
9. The medicine he takes can onlythe pain.
a) heal, b) remedy, c) relieve, d) solve
10. He got afraid that he had takenchemical.
a) deadly, b) dying, c) mortal, d) calm.

Ex. 5. Match the sentences-problems and pieces of advice.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---|
| 1. I think I have broken my leg | a. You had better cut down |
| 2. I keep getting headaches | b. You need more exercise |
| 3. I'm going to China on business | c. Go and see a doctor |
| 4. I've got a bad stomach | d. You'll have to have a few injections |
| 5. I've got a flu | e. Take a day or few off work |
| 6. I'm going deaf | f. You might need a hearing aid |
| 7. I'm getting fat | g. You should go on a diet |
| 8. I've got a terrible cough | h. You should have some allergy test |
| 9. I can't sleep at night | i. You'd probably need an X-ray |
| 10. I'm smoking too much | j. You shouldn't eat so much fried food |

Ex. 6. Fill in the blanks with proper prepositions.

1. We saw the doctor.... his surgery.
2. The doctor gave us prescriptions to take the chemist.
3. They treated me a heart problem.
4. He was sent the hospitaltreatment.
5. We must have a regular check-upthe doctor.
6. Something is wrong my back.
7. If you feel bad take a day or two work.
8. He was shaking fever.
9. He didn't want to leave his friend alone, because his appearance had changed..... the worse.
10. He had brought this disease him.
11. Don't move, just listen all your ears.
12. You may ask me help any moment you are trouble.

Ex. 7. Convert into indirect speech.

1. Mr. Sh. Holmes said: "If you stand where you are I'll talk to you." 2. Holmes said to Dr. Watson: "You don't know tropical diseases and you won't be able to treat me." If you want to help me you must bring me the man I choose. I'll explain everything to you at 6 o'clock." 3. He wrote to us: "I want to tell you about the concert which we gave in our academy this week." 4. He asked Mary: "What are you planning to have next Sunday?" 5. Rose asked her friend: "How did you enjoy the performance?" 6. He asked us: "What can we do to help you?" 7. Henry said to his sister: "Come and spend a week with us". 8. My mother asked me: "What are you looking for?" 9. She said to me: "I'll take you to the doctor tomorrow". 10. He cried: "Don't touch the bottle, there is some poisonous liquid". 11. The man said: "When will the exhibition be opened again?" 12. I asked: "Did anybody meet you at the station, Ann?" 13. Tom said to Alice: "Have you had a nice time in the country?" 14. Mary said to her husband: "What is on at our cinema tonight?" 15. Holmes said: I was glad to see you here so early".

Ex. 8. Translate the following sentences into English.

1. Одного дня власниця квартири Шерлока Холмса прийшла до мене і повідомила, що м-р Холмс дуже хворий. 2. Ми вважали, що він заразився цією хворобою, коли працював в Азії. 3. Його стан погіршувався з кожною годиною. 4. Мені здавалося, що він марив. 5. Ми були дуже високої думки про цього лікаря. 6. Вам скоро кінець, друже, але я не хотів би, щоб ви померли до того, як я з вами порозмовляю. 7. Хто просив вас переходити мені дорогу. Якби ви не втручалися в моє життя, ви б зараз не були у такому тяжкому стані. 8. Після того, як інспектор і заарештований вийшли з кімнати, Холмс

почав говорити з д-ром Ватсоном. 9. Доктор Ватсон і Місіс Хадсон справді повірили, що м-р Холмс серйозно захворів. 10. Холмс був хорошим актором, а доктор Ватсон не вмів прикидатися. Ось чому Холмс не розповів Ватсону про свій стан.

Ex. 9. Reproduce the story.

- A) In the form of the dialogue
- B) In the form of the monologue

Ex. 10. Give a summary of the text. Use not more than 8-10 sentences.

Ex. 11. Retell any other story of A. Conan Doyle that you have read.

Ex. 12. Comment on the following idioms, proverbs. Give their Ukrainian equivalents.

1. To draw one's last breath
2. To have something on the brain
3. He that is ill to himself will be good to nobody
4. Ill at ease
5. To die by inches
6. To be in good (poor) health
7. Good health is above wealth
8. To your health
9. Death is the grand leveler
10. Fight for dear life

Ex.13. Discuss the following quotations with your friends.

1. *"Health is not valued till sickness comes"*. Thomas Fuller
2. *"Be careful about reading health books. You may die of a misprint"*. Mark Twain
3. *"He who has health, has hope; and he who has hope, has everything"*. Arabian Proverb
4. *"Cowards die many times before their death; the valiant never taste death but once"*. William Shakespeare
5. *"The most dangerous moment comes with victory"*. Napoleon Bonaparte
6. *"If you can dream it, you can do it"*. Walt Disney

UNIT 7

**THEODOR DREISER
(1871-1945)**

Theodore Dreiser is the greatest figure in American literature of the 20th century. He was born in a small town in the State of Indiana, USA, in a poor family. His father was an immigrant from Germany.

Dreiser studied in his native town. But poverty prevented him from attending college. He went to Chicago where he had to support himself by doing various jobs. He worked in a laundry, was a rent collector. At twenty-one he became a newspaper reporter. He wrote about the poverty of the working masses and fantastic wealth of millionaires, about Negroes and well-known American writers, about workers' strikes and big monopolies. His life was a long fight for realistic literature.

Dreiser's first novel was "Sister Carrie" (1900). The publication of the novel paved his way for realism in American literature.

His second novel, "Jennie Gerhard", was published in 1911.

Dreiser's novels and stories give a truthful picture of American bourgeois society and its devastating influence on the life of the people.

SISTER CARRIE

The first edition of "Sister Carrie" was printed in 1900. The American critics accused and the author of distorting life and immorality. For twelve years the book, although printed, was not put on sale. And the edition was left in the storehouse of the firm. In 1907, however, the book was printed abroad. It became impossible to conceal it from the public. And then the novel appeared in an American edition.

The first chapters from the novel describe Carrie Meeber, a poor girl from a small rural town. She arrives in Chicago in search of work. With great difficulty she finds a job at a shoe factory.

Chapter I

When Caroline Meeber boarded the afternoon train for Chicago, her total outfit consisted of a small trunk, a cheap imitation alligator-skin satchel, a small lunch in a paper box, and a yellow leather snap purse, containing her ticket, a scrap of paper with her sister's address in Van Buren Street, and four dollars in money. It was in August, 1889. She was eighteen years of age, bright, timid, and full of the illusions of ignorance and youth. Whatever touch of regret at parting characterized her thoughts, it was certainly not for advantages now being given up. A gush of tears at her mother's farewell kiss, a touch in her throat when the cars clacked by the flour mill where her father worked by the day, a pathetic sigh as the familiar green environs of the village passed in review, and the threads which bound her so lightly to girlhood and home were irretrievably broken. To be sure there was always the next station, where one might descend and return. There was the great city, bound more closely by these very trains which came up daily. Columbia City was not so very far away, even once she was in Chicago. What, pray, is a few hours—a few hundred miles? She looked at the little slip bearing her sister's address and wondered. She gazed at the green landscape, now passing in swift review, until her swifter thoughts replaced its impression with vague conjectures of what Chicago might be.

When a girl leaves her home at eighteen, she does one of two things. Either she falls into saving hands and becomes better, or she rapidly assumes the cosmopolitan standard of virtue and becomes worse. Of an intermediate balance, under the circumstances, there is no possibility. The city has its cunning wiles, no less than the infinitely smaller and more human tempter. There are large forces which allure with all the soulfulness of expression possible in the most cultured human. The gleam of a thousand lights is often as effective as the persuasive light in a wooing and fascinating eye. Half the undoing of the unsophisticated and natural mind

is accomplished by forces wholly superhuman. A blare of sound, a roar of life, a vast array of human hives, appeal to the astonished senses in equivocal terms. Without a counsellor at hand to whisper cautious interpretations, what falsehoods may not these things breathe into the unguarded ear! Unrecognized for what they are, their beauty, like music, too often relaxes, then weakens, then perverts the simpler human perceptions.

Caroline, or Sister Carrie, as she had been half affectionately termed by the family, was possessed of a mind rudimentary in its power of observation and analysis. Self-interest with her was high, but not strong. It was, nevertheless, her guiding characteristic. Warm with the fancies of youth, pretty with the insipid prettiness of the formative period, possessed of a figure promising eventual shapeliness and an eye alight with certain native intelligence, she was a fair example of the middle American class—two generations removed from the emigrant. Books were beyond her interest—knowledge a sealed book. In the intuitive graces she was still crude. She could scarcely toss her head gracefully. Her hands were almost ineffectual. The feet, though small, were set flatly. And yet she was interested in her charms, quick to understand the keener pleasures of life, ambitious to gain in material things. A half-equipped little knight she was, venturing to reconnoiter the mysterious city and dreaming wild dreams of some vague, far-off supremacy, which should make it prey and subject—the proper penitent, groveling at a woman's slipper.

"That," said a voice in her ear, "is one of the prettiest little resorts in Wisconsin."

"Is it?" she answered nervously.

The train was just pulling out of Waukesha. For some time she had been conscious of a man behind. She felt him observing her mass of hair. He had been fidgeting, and with natural intuition she felt a certain interest growing in that quarter. Her maidenly reserve, and a certain sense of what was conventional under the circumstances, called her to forestall and deny this familiarity, but the daring and magnetism of the individual, born of past experiences and triumphs, prevailed. She answered.

He leaned forward to put his elbows upon the back of her seat and proceeded to make himself volubly agreeable.

"Yes, that is a great resort for Chicago people. The hotels are swell. You are not familiar with this part of the country, are you?"

"Oh, yes, I am," answered Carrie. "That is, I live at Columbia City. I have never been through here, though."

"And so this is your first visit to Chicago," he observed.

All the time she was conscious of certain features out of the side of her eye. Flush, colorful cheeks, a light moustache, a grey fedora hat. She now turned and looked upon him in full, the instincts of self-protection and coquetry mingling confusedly in her brain.

"I didn't say that," she said.

"Oh," he answered, in a very pleasing way and with an assumed air of mistake, "I thought you did."

Here was a type of the travelling canvasser for a manufacturing house—a class which at that time was first being dubbed by the slang of the day "drummers." He came within the meaning of a still newer term, which had sprung into general use among Americans in 1880, and which concisely expressed the thought of one whose dress or manners are calculated to elicit the admiration of susceptible young women—a "masher." His suit was of a striped and crossed pattern of brown wool, new at that time, but since become familiar as a business suit. The low crotch of the vest revealed a stiff shirt bosom of white and pink stripes. From his coat sleeves protruded a pair of linen cuffs of the same pattern, fastened with large, gold plate

buttons, set with the common yellow agates known as "cat's-eyes." His fingers bore several rings—one, the ever-enduring heavy seal—and from his vest dangled a neat gold watch chain, from which was suspended the secret insignia of the Order of Elks. The whole suit was rather tight-fitting, and was finished off with heavy-soled tan shoes, highly polished, and the grey fedora hat. He was, for the order of intellect represented, attractive, and whatever he had to recommend him, you may be sure was not lost upon Carrie, in this, her first glance.

Lest this order of individual should permanently pass, let me put down some of the most striking characteristics of his most successful manner and method. Good clothes, of course, were the first essential, the things without which he was nothing. A strong physical nature, actuated by a keen desire for the feminine, was the next. A mind free of any consideration of the problems or forces of the world and actuated not by greed, but an insatiable love of variable pleasure. His method was always simple. Its principal element was daring, backed, of course, by an intense desire and admiration for the sex. Let him meet with a young woman once and he would approach her with an air of kindly familiarity, not unmixed with pleading, which would result in most cases in a tolerant acceptance. If she showed any tendency to coquetry he would be apt to straighten her tie, or if she "took up" with him at all, to call her by her first name. If he visited a department store it was to lounge familiarly over the counter and ask some leading questions. In more exclusive circles, on the train or in waiting stations, he went slower. If some seemingly vulnerable object appeared he was all attention—to pass the compliments of the day, to lead the way to the parlor car, carrying her grip, or, failing that, to take a seat next her with the hope of being able to court her to her destination. Pillows, books, a footstool, the shade lowered; all these figured in the things which he could do. If, when she reached her destination he did not alight and attend her baggage for her, it was because, in his own estimation, he had signally failed.

A woman should some day write the complete philosophy of clothes. No matter how young, it is one of the things she wholly comprehends. There is an indescribably faint line in the matter of man's apparel which somehow divides for her those who are worth glancing at and those who are not. Once an individual has passed this faint line on the way downward he will get no glance from her. There is another line at which the dress of a man will cause her to study her own. This line the individual at her elbow now marked for Carrie. She became conscious of an inequality. Her own plain blue dress, with its black cotton tape trimmings, now seemed to her shabby. She felt the worn state of her shoes.

"Let's see," he went on, "I know quite a number of people in your town. Morgenroth the clothier and Gibson the dry goods man."

"Oh, do you?" she interrupted, aroused by memories of longings their show windows had cost her.

At last he had a clew to her interest, and followed it deftly. In a few minutes he had come about into her seat. He talked of sales of clothing, his travels, Chicago, and the amusements of that city.

"If you are going there, you will enjoy it immensely. Have you relatives?"

"I am going to visit my sister," she explained.

"You want to see Lincoln Park," he said, "and Michigan Boulevard. They are putting up great buildings there. It's a second New York—great. So much to see—theatres, crowds, fine houses—oh, you'll like that."

There was a little ache in her fancy of all he described. Her insignificance in the presence of so much magnificence faintly affected her. She realised that hers was not to be a round of pleasure, and yet there was something promising in all the material prospect he set forth. There was something satisfactory in the attention of this individual with his good clothes.

She could not help smiling as he told her of some popular actress of whom she reminded him. She was not silly, and yet attention of this sort had its weight.

“You will be in Chicago some little time, won’t you?” he observed at one turn of the now easy conversation.

“I don’t know,” said Carrie vaguely—a flash vision of the possibility of her not securing employment rising in her mind.

“Several weeks, anyhow,” he said, looking steadily into her eyes.

There was much more passing now than the mere words indicated. He recognised the indescribable thing that made up for fascination and beauty in her. She realised that she was of interest to him from the one standpoint which a woman both delights in and fears. Her manner was simple, though for the very reason that she had not yet learned the many little affectations with which women conceal their true feelings. Some things she did appeared bold. A clever companion—had she ever had one—would have warned her never to look a man in the eyes so steadily.

“Why do you ask?” she said.

“Well, I’m going to be there several weeks. I’m going to study stock at our place and get new samples. I might show you ’round.”

“I don’t know whether you can or not. I mean I don’t know whether I can. I shall be living with my sister, and——”

“Well, if she minds, we’ll fix that.” He took out his pencil and a little pocket note-book as if it were all settled. “What is your address there?”

She fumbled her purse which contained the address slip.

He reached down in his hip pocket and took out a fat purse. It was filled with slips of paper, some mileage books, a roll of greenbacks. It impressed her deeply. Such a purse had never been carried by any one attentive to her. Indeed, an experienced traveller, a brisk man of the world, had never come within such close range before. The purse, the shiny tan shoes, the smart new suit, and the air with which he did things, built up for her a dim world of fortune, of which he was the centre. It disposed her pleasantly toward all he might do.

He took out a neat business card, on which was engraved Bartlett, Caryoe & Company, and down in the left-hand corner, Chas. H. Drouet.

“That’s me,” he said, putting the card in her hand and touching his name. “It’s pronounced Drew-eh. Our family was French, on my father’s side.”

She looked at it while he put up his purse. Then he got out a letter from a bunch in his coat pocket. “This is the house I travel for,” he went on, pointing to a picture on it, “corner of State and Lake.” There was pride in his voice. He felt that it was something to be connected with such a place, and he made her feel that way.

“What is your address?” he began again, fixing his pencil to write.

She looked at his hand.

“Carrie Meeber,” she said slowly. “Three hundred and fifty-four West Van Buren Street, care S. C. Hanson.”

He wrote it carefully down and got out the purse again. “You’ll be at home if I come around Monday night?” he said.

“I think so,” she answered.

How true it is that words are but the vague shadows of the volumes we mean. Little audible links, they are, chaining together great inaudible feelings and purposes. Here were these two, bandying little phrases, drawing purses, looking at cards, and both unconscious of how inarticulate all their real feelings were. Neither was wise enough to be sure of the working of the mind of the other. He could not tell how his luring succeeded. She could not realise that she was drifting, until he secured her address. Now she felt that she had yielded something—he,

that he had gained a victory. Already they felt that they were somehow associated. Already he took control in directing the conversation. His words were easy. Her manner was relaxed.

They were nearing Chicago. Signs were everywhere numerous. Trains flashed by them. Across wide stretches of flat, open prairie they could see lines of telegraph poles stalking across the fields toward the great city. Far away were indications of suburban towns, some big smokestacks towering high in the air.

Frequently there were two-story frame houses standing out in the open fields, without fence or trees, lone outposts of the approaching army of homes.

To the child, the genius with imagination, or the wholly untravelled, the approach to a great city for the first time is a wonderful thing. Particularly if it be evening—that mystic period between the glare and gloom of the world when life is changing from one sphere or condition to another. Ah, the promise of the night. What does it not hold for the weary! What old illusion of hope is not here forever repeated! Says the soul of the toiler to itself, “I shall soon be free. I shall be in the ways and the hosts of the merry. The streets, the lamps, the lighted chamber set for dining, are for me. The theatre, the halls, the parties, the ways of rest and the paths of song—these are mine in the night.” Though all humanity be still enclosed in the shops, the thrill runs abroad. It is in the air. The dullest feel something which they may not always express or describe. It is the lifting of the burden of toil.

Sister Carrie gazed out of the window. Her companion, affected by her wonder, so contagious are all things, felt anew some interest in the city and pointed out its marvels.

“This is Northwest Chicago,” said Drouet. “This is the Chicago River,” and he pointed to a little muddy creek, crowded with the huge masted wanderers from far-off waters nosing the black-posted banks. With a puff, a clang, and a clatter of rails it was gone. “Chicago is getting to be a great town,” he went on. “It’s a wonder. You’ll find lots to see here.”

She did not hear this very well. Her heart was troubled by a kind of terror. The fact that she was alone, away from home, rushing into a great sea of life and endeavour, began to tell. She could not help but feel a little choked for breath—a little sick as her heart beat so fast. She half closed her eyes and tried to think it was nothing, that Columbia City was only a little way off.

“Chicago! Chicago!” called the brakeman, slamming open the door. They were rushing into a more crowded yard, alive with the clatter and clang of life. She began to gather up her poor little grip and closed her hand firmly upon her purse. Drouet arose, kicked his legs to straighten his trousers, and seized his clean yellow grip.

“I suppose your people will be here to meet you?” he said. “Let me carry your grip.”

“Oh, no,” she said. “I’d rather you wouldn’t. I’d rather you wouldn’t be with me when I meet my sister.”

“All right,” he said in all kindness. “I’ll be near, though, in case she isn’t here, and take you out there safely.”

“You’re so kind,” said Carrie, feeling the goodness of such attention in her strange situation.

“Chicago!” called the brakeman, drawing the word out long. They were under a great shadowy train shed, where the lamps were already beginning to shine out, with passenger cars all about and the train moving at a snail’s pace. The people in the car were all up and crowding about the door.

“Well, here we are,” said Drouet, leading the way to the door. “Good-bye, till I see you Monday.”

“Good-bye,” she answered, taking his proffered hand.

“Remember, I’ll be looking till you find your sister.”

She smiled into his eyes.

They filed out, and he affected to take no notice of her. A lean-faced, rather commonplace woman recognised Carrie on the platform and hurried forward.

“Why, Sister Carrie!” she began, and there was embrace of welcome.

Carrie realised the change of affectional atmosphere at once. Amid all the maze, uproar, and novelty she felt cold reality taking her by the hand. No world of light and merriment. No round of amusement. Her sister carried with her most of the grimness of shift and toil.

“Why, how are all the folks at home?” she began; “how is father, and mother?”

Carrie answered, but was looking away. Down the aisle, toward the gate leading into the waiting-room and the street, stood Drouet. He was looking back. When he saw that she saw him and was safe with her sister he turned to go, sending back the shadow of a smile. Only Carrie saw it. She felt something lost to her when he moved away. When he disappeared she felt his absence thoroughly. With her sister she was much alone, a lone figure in a tossing, thoughtless sea.

Vocabulary and Commentary

Rent Collector – збирач орендної плати

Paved the way – проклала шлях

Was not put on sale – не була пущена в продаж

In search of work – у пошуках роботи

Passed in review – проплили перед очима

Her guiding characteristics – основною рисою її характеру

Travelling salesman for a manufacturing house – роз’їзний агент промислової фірми

So much to see – там є що подивитися

He had gained a victory – отримав перемогу

To rush into a great sea of life – кидатися у велике життєве море

Gloom of toil – відбиток важкої праці

Exercises

Ex. 1. Answer the following questions.

1. What can you tell about the author of this novel?
2. Was “Sister Carrie” published at once after it had been written? Why?
3. Describe Caroline Meebers baggage.
4. How did she look like?
5. Why did she decide to leave her native city?
6. Describe the girl’s appearance and her guiding characteristic.
7. Whom did she meet in the train? What was he?
8. What did they talk about in the train?
9. What did she feel when they approached Chicago?
10. Have you read “Sister Carrie”? What is your opinion of it.

Ex.2. Match adjectives with nouns.

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| 1. the greatest | a. features |
| 2. a rent | b. house |
| 3. well-known | c. purse |
| 4. realistic | d. characteristic |
| 5. distorting | e. writer |

- | | |
|------------------|---------------|
| 6. great | f. literature |
| 7. leather | g. difficulty |
| 8. guiding | h. collector |
| 9. manufacturing | i. figure |
| 10. remarkable | j. life |

Ex. 3. Find in the text the English equivalents for the following phrases.

Відвідувати коледж, фантастичне багатство, заробляти на життя, правдива картина, приховувати від громадськості, руйнівний вплив, шкіряний гаманець, дівочі літа, її думки при розставанні, вийти (з поїзда), природна кмітливість, відчувати, розвага, вражати, отримати перемогу, визначні місця, кидатись у велике життєве море, у випадку, це не був блискучий світ розваг, відбиток тяжкої праці, вона гостро відчула його відсутність.

Ex. 4. Translate the phrases into Ukrainian. Use them in your own sentences.

To prevent from, to support oneself by doing various jobs, to pay the way, to give the truthful picture, to accuse somebody of, to consist of, at parting, to pass in review, to get off (on) the train, a slip of paper, shapely figure, to reflect certain native intelligence, to be conscious of, not to be all pleasure, to point to something, to write down, to gain a victory, to be troubled by, in case, to carry the gloom of toil, to send somebody a smile.

Ex. 5. Translate the words. Pay attention to suffixes and prefixes.

Poverty, collector, reporter, fantastic edit, edition, brotherhood, passage, leakage, transplant, impatient, undervalue, regretful, enrich, uselessness, subconscious, breakable, safety, strength, fruitless, carefulness, amusement, pleasure, girlhood, careless, inattentive, specialty, inability, dishonestly, misinform.

Ex.6. Match the opposites.

- | | |
|--------------|----------------|
| 1. Carefully | a. expensive |
| 2. Behind | b. departure |
| 3. Remember | c. clever |
| 4. Salesman | d. lose |
| 5. Cheap | e. failure |
| 6. Poverty | f. customer |
| 7. Arrival | g. in front in |
| 8. Silly | h. forget |
| 9. Gain | i. carelessly |
| 10. Victory | j. wealth |
| 11. Pretty | k. get on |
| 12. Get off | l. ugly |

Ex. 7. Use each of the phrasal verbs to complete the following sentences.

1. Theysome valuable painting in their grandmother's attic.
2. Have you seen my glasses. I'vethem everywhere but I still can't find them.
3. When we the terrible news it really ruined out holiday.
4. What a bad cough! If I were you I'dsmoking.
5. You'd betteron the amount of coffee you drink.

6. Mr's Brownher operation.
7. I feel faint; I think I am going..... .
8. I had to leave my job because I just could not my boss.
9. I can't what this says. It's so old and the writing has almost disappeared.
10. By the time they all the tickets had been sold.
11. Do you want to speak to Ann?..... I'll check if she is here. 12. On the death of his parents in a plane crash, he was by his grandmother.

Ex.8. Match the phrasal verbs on the left with their equivalent on the right.

- | | |
|-------------------|---|
| 1. To find out | a. to have friendly relationship with |
| 2. To get on with | b. to try to find |
| 3. To take on | c. to see or understand with difficulty |
| 4. To give away | d. to make known a secret |
| 5. To look for | e. to start to employ |
| 6. To make out | f. to learn or discover |
| 7. To turn up | g. to arrive, to appear |
| 8. To hold on | h. to stop |
| 9. To get over | i. to reduce |
| 10. To make out | j. to recover |
| 11. To cut down | k. to see with difficulty |
| 12. To ring up | l. to wait on the telephone |
| 13. To give up | m. to disappear, to go away |
| 14. To pass away | n. to raise, to educate |

Ex. 9. Join these split sentences so they make sense.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---|
| 1. It isn't fair | a) she can and she is only 3 |
| 2. She wasn't sympathetic | b) you're already eaten enough |
| 3. She is quite mean | c) to write poetry |
| 4. You have to be sensitive | d) this is going to hurt a little |
| 5. It's extremely cruel | e) he sends everyone to sleep |
| 6. Ann is really bright | f) so she avoids laughed when I told her my problem |
| 7. Don't be so greedy | g) she just laughed when I told her my problem |
| 8. Suspicious people | h) he has no respect to other people |
| 9. Try to be brave, Tom | i) to kick the cat |
| 10. He is so dull | j) to jump the queue like that |
| 11. She's a shy person | k) she never buys anyone a coffee |
| 12. She is so arrogant | l) never believe what you say |

Ex. 10. Complete the sentences.

Someone who

1. Is involved in politics is a
2. acts is an
3. writes stories or novels is a
4. Explores the world is an
5. Sells goods in the shops is a
6. Studies science is a
7. Thinks about the meaning of life is a
8. Points or make statues is an

9. Publishes books is a
10. Prints books is a
11. Composes music is a
12. Treats people who are ill is a

Ex. 11. Use the correct form of the verbs in brackets.

In the Dining-car.

John and his wife, Angela, are fond of (travel) and usually they (go) abroad for their holidays. Some time ago they (go) to a small town in Belgium. They also (spend) a very exciting holiday in Italy last year. They (catch) a plane from London to Paris, then they (travel) by train to Istanbul. The train (move) very slowly through the mountains. John and Angela (have dinner) in the dining-car when the train (stop) suddenly. They (look out) of the window. It (get) dark, but they (notice) a lot of men in green (get on) the train. One of them (speak) angrily. John (think) he (see) fire-arms, but it (become) too dark to be sure.

A few minutes later the dining-car (be) full of men in green. They (ask) everybody for their passports and (look) at them hurriedly. Angela (decide) that the man (be) police or immigration officials. A man who (sit) quietly at their desk, (look) very excited. One of the men in green (come up) to the men. But before he (ask) for the passport, the man (jump) from the seat (push) the nearest man hard and (try) to get out of the window – but it (be) too small. Other officials (seize) the man and (take) him away. One of them (explain) that the Italian police (expect) them (attest) the robber because he (steal) three paintings from Uffizi Gallery in Florence several weeks before.

Ex.12. Change the sentences using Passive Voice.

1. Sherlock Holmes investigated many interesting cases. 2. Our students are discussing an interesting subject. 3. He wrote the exercise yesterday. 4. He was writing a letter when he came in. 5. They had already translated the article when I gave them my dictionary. 6. They will finish their work in time. 7. They will have planted the trees by the beginning of May. 8. Agatha Christie wrote many detective stories. 9. She has just written the task. 10. I have broken my favorite cap. 11. My grandmother brought me up in the village. 12. The doctor recommended the patient a severe diet. 13. The guide will meet the tourists at the station. 14. They speak English at the conference. 15. Conan Doyle wrote a lot of stories about Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson.

Ex. 13. Translate the following sentences into English.

1. Американські критики звинувачували Т. Драйзери в тому, що він спотворювати життя американських робітників, і його книжка «Сестра Кері» не була пущена в продаж. 2. Багато творів зарубіжних письменників перекладено на різні мови світу. 3. Вона сіла в денний поїзд, що йшов до Чикаго. 4. Вона мала з собою невеликий багаж – лише малий шкіряний чемодан і спортивну сумку. 5. Вона ні про що не шкодувала, коли від'їжджала зі свого рідного міста. 6. Їй було лише 18 років, вона була молода, вродлива, скромна, але не дуже вмiла спостерігати та аналізувати. 7. Вона відчула на собі погляд якогось чоловіка. 8. Кері відразу помітила, що розрізний агент промислової фірми був красивим, привабливим та розумним чоловіком. 9. Вона була вражена, побачивши визначні місця його міста. 10. Вона акуратно записала його адресу на клаптику паперу і заховала його у свій шкіряний гаманець. 11. Вона була дуже самотня, далеко від дому і їй дуже лякало велике житейське море величезного незнайомого міста. 12. Ну, ось ми і приїхали. 13. Вона побачила свою сестру, жінку виснажену тяжкою працею і вона зрозуміла, що це величезне місто не є блискучим світом радості й розваг, як їй це здавалося раніше. 14.

Хоч поруч і була її сестра, вона відчула себе зовсім самотньою в цьому житті, що нагадувало їй штормове небезпечне море.

Ex. 14. Give a summary of the text. Use not more than 8-10 sentences.

Ex.15. Retell the text using as many new words and phrases as possible.

Ex. 16. Comment on the following idioms, proverbs. Give their Ukrainian equivalents.

Learning is the eye of the mind.
Life is not a bed of rose.
Practice makes perfect.
Proverbs are the windows of the streets.
Necessity is the mother of invention.
A fair face may hide a foul heart.

Ex. 17. Discuss the following quotations with your friends.

1. *“Man is the Only Animal that Blushes. Or needs to.”* Mark Twain
2. *“To give pleasure to a single heart by a single act is better than thousand heads bowing in Prayer.”* Gandhi.
3. *“Misfortune shows those who are not really friends”.* Aristotle
4. *“Many people think that if they were not only in some other place, or had some other job, they would be happy. That is doubtful. So, get as much happiness of what you are doing as you can and don't put off being happy until some future date”.* Dale Carnegie
5. *A journey of a thousand miles must begin with single step.* Chinese proverb
6. *“Life is a foreign language; all men mispronounce it”.* Christopher Morley

UNIT 8

THE MAGIC WATCH (after Raphael)

It was a wonderful evening in the summer of 1793. Two students of the University were sitting on the bank of the river speaking about the bride of a younger of them, Theophan Gusht.

As they spoke, a little old man came up to them. He wore a black suit and a conical hat. His eyes were large and bright.

«Good evening to you,» said the little old man. «What do you think of this?» and he took a golden watch with diamonds from his pocket.

«He must be a thief and has stolen this watch,» thought the elder student.

«It seems to me you like my watch,» said the little man to the younger student. «Perhaps, you would like to become its owner?»

«Its owner!» said Theophan and he thought what a good present it would be for his bride Thyrsa on their wedding day.

«Yes,» repeated the old man, «its owner - I would like to part with it. How much will you pay for it?»

«How much?» thought Theophan. Anyway, he didn't have enough money to pay for this beautiful watch with diamonds.

«Well then, you won't buy my watch?» Theophan shook his head.

«But» said the old man again addressing Theophan, «if I give you this watch - a free

present - you won't say no, perhaps.»

«Do you really,» exclaimed Theophan, «do you really say so! Oh, God! How can I thank you?»

«It doesn't matter,» said the man, «you are welcome to have it. But there is, however, one condition.

«A condition - what is it?»

The elder student pulled Theophan by the sleeve. «Don't take his present,» he whispered, «lefs go away, I don't believe him.» And he walked on.

«The condition on which you take this watch,» said the old man, «is that you wind it up every night, for a year, before sunset.»

«A serious condition, really,» laughed the student, «give me the watch.»

«Or,» continued the old man, «if you once forget to wind it before sunset you will die within six hours after the watch stops.»

«I don't like this condition, said Theophan. «I must think it over.»

«On the one hand,» he thought, «it's an awful condition, but on the other hand there is nothing easier than rewind the watch once a day before the sunset.»

After some time he turned to the old man and said: «Give me the watch - I agree on your condition.» «You have to wind it up before sunset for a year or die within six hours,» he said and disappeared. Time flew quickly. The day but one before the happy day of wedding had come. Theophan went to visit Tereza. In the evening they went out into the garden. How strong was their love! They looked at each other and whispered, and looked and whispered again and again. Like all lovers they didn't notice the time. Then Tereza looked in the sky and said: «How beautiful is the sunset!»

«The sunset!» repeated Theophan. «The sunset! So it was my last day! We have met for the last time!» «Dearest Theophan, what do you say? Met for the last time! Oh, no, it cannot be the truth.» «Yes,» said Theophan. «Tomorrow I will die!»

She couldn't speak, she couldn't move, she got as pale and cold as a marble statue, and as beautiful as a sculptor's dream. Theophan took her home and sent for a doctor.

It was late in the night when he left his bride and went home. There was a strong wind outdoors and it was raining heavily, so Theophan couldn't see anything before him. But suddenly he noticed somebody on the road. It was a little old man, and the student recognized him at once.

«Do you remember me?» asked the man.

«Perfectly,» answered Theophan.

«That's good - I thought you could forget me. What time is it?»

«I don't know. But I know that I will die soon.»

«Does she know about it? You understand whom I mean.»

«Old man!» exclaimed Theophan. «I understand that I have broken the agreement. I understand that I must die. But my hour hasn't come yet. Just leave me! I would like to die alone!»

«But you love your bride, and you want to be with her, don't you? Then listen. Your time can be twenty four hours prolonged if you send the watch to Adrian Wenzel, the goldsmith, to sell it. If within this time somebody buys your watch he will take your place, and you will be free. But decide it quickly - you don't have much time.....»

«But who are you who has the power of life and death?»

«It is not the most important question now. I am asking you again - do you agree?»

«I agree!» exclaimed the student.

It was about the noon of the next day that the goldsmith Adrian Wenzel sold the most beautiful watch in the town. Theophan got his money and went to Tereza. She was sitting at the

window, pale and sad. Her eyes asked him what had happened the evening before, and he had to tell her as much as he could about the watch and about the agreement. After some time Tereza said:

«It's strange, but I can also tell you a story about one watch.»

«Which one?» asked Theophan.

«You see, I didn't sleep well last night. I was thinking about you. Well, you know, I have forgiven you. And then I don't know why an idea to buy a beautiful watch came to my mind. So this morning I went out, and I saw the watch of my dream at our neighbour's shop. At Adrian Wenzel's.»

«And - you - you!»

«I bought it!»

«No - ho!» exclaimed Theophan, «you couldn't do so!» «But why?» said Tereza. «What happened?»

«It's nothing - nothing, dearest Tereza. I don't feel good. I am ill. I must go now. But I will return soon.»

«I couldn't, thought he as he left her, «I couldn't tell her the truth.»

On the next day both of them died.

Vocabulary and Commentary

To wear – носити, вдягати

To steal (stole, stolen) – красти

To part – поділитися

To whisper – шептати

To wind (wound, wound) – заводити (годинник)

To mean (meant, meant) – означати

Goldsmith – ювелір

Pull sb by the sleeve – потягнути когось за рукав

To think smth over – обдумувати щось

To break an agreement – порушити договір

Exercises

Ex.1. Answer the following questions.

1. Who was sitting on the bank of river? 2. What were the students speaking about? Who came up to them? 3. What did the old little wear? 4. What did the old little man show to the students? 5. What kind of watch was it? 6. What did the elder student think? 7. Was Theophan surprised when the old man told him that he could become the owner of watch? 8. Did Theophan have enough money to pay for the watch? 9. Was Theophan glad when the old man said that he would give him the watch as a present? 10. Why did the elder student pull Theophan by the sleeve? 11. What was the condition on which Theophan could take the watch? 12. Did Theophan like this condition? 13. Why did he agree on this condition at last? 14. How did it happen that Theophan forgot to wind up the watch? 15. How did Tereza feel when Theophan told that it was their last meeting? 16. What was the weather like when Theophan left his bride? 17. Did he notice anybody on the road? 18. Did Theophan recognize the old man at once? 19. What did the little old man ask him about? 20. What did Theophan answered him? 21. On which condition could his time be twenty-four hours prolonged? 22. Why did Theophan

agree on his second condition? 23. What was Tereza doing as Theophan came to her next day? 24. What did she tell him about? 25. Why couldn't Theophan tell his bride the truth? 26. What is the idea of this sad story?

Ex.2. Comment on the following sentences. Are they true or false?

1. Theophan liked a beautiful watch diamond, because he thought it would be nice to present for his bride on a wedding day...
2. Theophan's friend liked that watch too.
3. At first Theophan was going to pay for the watch.
4. Theophan got the watch on condition that would wind it up every night before sunset within a year.
5. Theophan agreed on that condition at once.
6. On the day but one before the wedding day Theophan forgot about the watch, for like all lovers he was so happy with his bride that he didn't notice time.
7. Teresa wasn't surprised when Theophan told her that the next day he would die.
8. Theophan didn't recognize the little old man when he met him on the road again.
9. Theophan asked the old little man to leave him, because he wanted to die alone.
10. Theophan could get free if somebody bought the watch within twenty-four hours.
11. A goldsmith Andrian Wenzel didn't sell the watch within twenty-four hours.
12. It was Teresa who bought the watch.
13. Theophan couldn't tell her the truth because he loved her.
14. The next day Theophan and Teresa got married.

Ex.3. Comment on the following idioms, proverbs. Give their Ukrainian equivalents.

1. There is nothing like home.
2. Like father, like son.
3. All things are difficult before they are easy.
4. Friends are thieves of time.
5. He that has no head needs no hat.

Appendix

Some phrases that will help students to write abstracts or resumes

1. The text is headlined....
2. The author of the text is
3. It is (was) published in
4. The key idea of the text is
5. The text (article, story) is devoted to deals with
6. The author starts by telling the readers about....
7. The author states (stresses, analyses, criticizes, points out) that
8. Further the author goes on to describing (analyzing, summarizing) of
9. The story (article) is divided into 3 parts. The first part is about The second part deals with The third part touches upon the problem of
10. In conclusion the author
11. I found the text interesting (informative, dull, of no value, important, exciting.....)

Some phrases that will help students to make a book review

1. The scene of the book is laid in
2. The action is set in
3. The events of the book take place against the background of ...
4. The author follows the tradition of
5. The author is skillful in building up a plot..
6. The characters are well-drawn (realistically portrayed)
7. The inner life of the main characters is developed in a masterly way
8. The author deeply understands the human nature (shows the way of the situation, shows a talent)
9. This novel is a valuable contribution to
10. It may rank among the best novels of
11. The author has a great sense of humor (raises a deep problem of...)
12. To read with pleasure...
13. To have great merits
14. To have some limitations
15. To expose the ills of society
16. To represent the characters outlook truthfully
17. As if carried back....
18. The characters seem rather boring
19. He describes day-to-day life
20. I find this novel exciting (interesting, boring, unputdownable)

Some words and phrases that will help students to hold conversation and discuss different problems

1. To begin with...	16. I agree that...
2. First of all...	17. Absolutely right....
3. Let me see...	18. There is no doubt about...
4. The fact is that....	19. I don't quite agree...
5. As far as I know	20. I am afraid you are wrong...
6. To tell the truth...	21. We are all aware of...
7. To sum it up...	22. I am not quite sure that....
8. Let's round off...	23. I am convinced (confident) that
9. To my mind...	24. I must confess, I don't know
10. I want to press the point...	25. Nothing of the kind
11. In any case....	26. It's the matter of fact....
12. I should like to say (to know)	27. It's the matter of common knowledge
13. The problem under discussion...	28. It should be said
14. I'd like to add a few words to...	29. It worth mentioning...
15. Do you follow me?	30. On the one hand...on the other hand

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