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КАФЕДРА АНГЛИЙСКОГО ЯЗЫКА**

TASTES DIFFER
A collection of short stories
by modern British and American writers

Учебно-методическое пособие по домашнему чтению
Уровень А2-Б2
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Настоящее учебно-методическое пособие предназначено для развития навыков чтения оригинальной литературы, умению анализа художественного текста и расширения лексического запаса. Пособие рассчитано на студентов, имеющих уровень владения английским языком не ниже А2-Б2 (II-III курс).

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ПРЕДИСЛОВИЕ

Настоящее учебно-методическое пособие предназначено для студентов Дипломатической Академии МИД России, владеющих английским языком на уровне А2-Б2, в качестве учебно-методического пособия по домашнему чтению. В учебно-методическое пособие включены неадаптированные произведения современных британских и американских авторов. Студенты смогут познакомиться с разнообразными стилями повествования и разнообразными жанрами, такими как: психологический рассказ, фантастика, ужасы и другие.

Основной целью учебно-методического пособия является формирование и развитие языковых компетенций параллельно с базовыми учебниками, используемыми в учебном процессе в Дипломатической Академии. Ряд рассказов по теме и словарю совпадают с темами, изучаемыми на 1 и 2 курсе, например, “family”, “health”, “art”, “climate change” и т.д. Таким образом, учебно-методическое пособие позволяет закреплять и значительно расширять лексику.

Создавая учебно-методическое пособие, авторы стремились подбирать неадаптированные, но соответствующие уровню студентов, тексты, которые апеллируют к интеллекту и чувствам учащихся, что повышает эффективность учебного процесса и создает условия для успешного овладения языковым материалом. В отобранных текстах поднимаются социальные, морально-этические и психологические проблемы, которые представляют интерес для учащихся и поэтому будут вызывать желание высказываться по тому или иному вопросу и выслушивать мнение других студентов.

В данном учебно-методическом пособии широко используются вопросно-ответные упражнения, которые в своем большинстве имеют личностный или проблемный характер. Большое внимание уделяется комментированию и критической оценке героев и ситуаций, в которых они

оказываются, основной идее текстов и отдельных мыслей, высказываемых авторами.

В учебно-методическое пособие включено девять рассказов. Каждый рассказ сопровождается заданиями, которые включают работу над лексикой, в некоторых случаях грамматикой, обсуждение фабулы рассказа при помощи упражнений, направленных на развитие навыка говорения, а также пересказ, задания на развитие творческих способностей и умения логически мыслить.

Принимая во внимание, что рассказы не подвергались адаптации и могут вызывать сложности на этапе чтения, наличие творческих заданий, которые требуют времени как на подготовку, так и на презентацию, а также то, что желательно вовлечь каждого студента в обсуждение, каждому рассказу и работе над ним рекомендуется посвящать два аудиторных занятия. Таким образом, данное учебно-методическое пособие рассчитано приблизительно на 36 аудиторных часов.

THE UMBRELLA MAN
Roald Dahl

I 'm going to tell you about a funny thing that happened to my mother and me yesterday evening. I am twelve years old and I'm a girl. My mother is thirty-four but I am nearly as tall as her already.

Yesterday afternoon, my mother took me up to London to see the dentist.

He found one hole. It was in a back tooth and he filled it without hurting me too much. After that, we went to a cafe. I had a banana split and my mother had a cup of coffee. By the time we got up to leave, it was about six o'clock.

When we came out of the cafe it had started to rain. "We must get a taxi," my mother said. We were wearing ordinary hats and coats, and it was raining quite hard.

"Why don't we go back into the cafe and wait for it to stop?" I said. I wanted another of those banana splits. They were gorgeous.

"It isn't going to stop," my mother said. "We must get home."

We stood on the pavement in the rain, looking for a taxi. Lots of them came by but they all had passengers inside them. "I wish we had a car with a chauffeur," my mother said.

Just then a man came up to us. He was a small man and he was pretty old, probably seventy or more. He raised his hat politely and said to my mother, "Excuse me, I do hope you will excuse me..." He had a fine white moustache and bushy white eyebrows and a wrinkly pink face. He was sheltering under an umbrella which he held high over his head.

'Yes?' my mother said, very cool and distant.

"I wonder if I could ask a small favour of you," he said. "It is only a very small favour."

I saw my mother looking at him suspiciously. She is a suspicious person, my mother. She is especially suspicious of two things--strange men and boiled eggs. When she cuts the top off a boiled egg, she pokes around inside it with her spoon as though expecting to find a mouse or something. With strange men, she has a golden

rule which says, 'The nicer the man seems to be, the more suspicious you must become.' This little old man was particularly nice. He was polite. He was wellspoken. He was well-dressed. He was a real gentleman. The reason I knew he was a gentleman was because of his shoes. 'You can always spot a gentleman by the shoes he wears,' was another of my mother's favourite sayings. This man had beautiful brown shoes.

"The truth of the matter is," the little man was saying, "I've got myself into a bit of a scrape. I need some help. Not much I assure you. It's almost nothing, in fact, but I do need it. You see, madam, old people like me often become terribly forgetful..."

My mother's chin was up and she was staring down at him along the full length of her nose. It was a fearsome thing, this frosty-nosed stare of my mother's. Most people go to pieces completely when she gives it to them. I once saw my own headmistress begin to stammer and simper like an idiot when my mother gave her a really foul frosty-noser. But the little man on the pavement with the umbrella over his head didn't bat an eyelid. He gave a gentle smile and said, "I beg you to believe, madam, that I am not in the habit of stopping ladies in the street and telling them my troubles."

"I should hope not," my mother said.

I felt quite embarrassed by my mother's sharpness. I wanted to say to her, 'Oh, mummy, for heaven's sake, he's a very very old man, and he's sweet and polite, and he's in some sort of trouble, so don't be so beastly to him.' But I didn't say anything.

The little man shifted his umbrella from one hand to the other. "I've never forgotten it before," he said.

"You've never forgotten what?" my mother asked sternly.

"My wallet," he said. "I must have left it in my other jacket. Isn't that the silliest thing to do?"

"Are you asking me to give you money?" my mother said.

"Oh, good gracious me, no!" he cried. "Heaven forbid I should ever do that!"

"Then what are you asking?" my mother said. "Do hurry up. We're getting soaked to the skin here."

"I know you are," he said. "And that is why I'm offering you this umbrella of mine to protect you, and to keep forever, if... if only..."

"If only what?" my mother said.

"If only you would give me in return a pound for my taxi-fare just to get me home."

My mother was still suspicious. "If you had no money in the first place," she said, "then how did you get here?"

"I walked," he answered. "Every day I go for a lovely long walk and then I summon a taxi to take me home. I do it every day of the year."

"Why don't you walk home now?" my mother asked.

"Oh, I wish I could," he said. "I do wish I could. But I don't think I could manage it on these silly old legs of mine. I've gone too far already."

My mother stood there chewing her lower lip. She was beginning to melt a bit, I could see that. And the idea of getting an umbrella to shelter under must have tempted her a good deal.

"It's a lovely umbrella," the little man said.

"So I've noticed," my mother said.

"It's silk," he said.

"I can see that."

"Then why don't you take it, madam," he said. "It cost me over twenty pounds, I promise you. But that's of no importance so long as I can get home and rest these old legs of mine."

I saw my mother's hand feeling for the clasp of her purse. She saw me watching her. I was giving her one of my own frosty-nosed looks this time and she knew exactly what I was telling her. Now listen, mummy, I was telling her, you simply mustn't take advantage of a tired old man in this way. It's a rotten thing to do. My mother paused and looked back at me. Then she said to the little man, "I don't think it's quite right that I should take an umbrella from you worth twenty pounds. I think I'd better just give you the taxi fare and be done with it."

"No, no no!" he cried. "It's out of the question! I wouldn't dream of it!"

Not in a million years! I would never accept money from you like that! Take the umbrella, dear lady, and keep the rain off your shoulders!"

My mother gave me a triumphant sideways look. There you are, she was telling me. You're wrong. He wants me to have it.

She fished into her purse and took out a pound note. She held it out to the little man. He took it and handed her the umbrella. He pocketed the pound, raised his hat, gave a quick bow from the waist, and said, "Thank you, madam, thank you." Then he was gone.

"Come under here and keep dry, darling," my mother said. "Aren't we lucky. I've never had a silk umbrella before. I couldn't afford it." "Why were you so horrid to him in the beginning?" I asked.

"I wanted to satisfy myself he wasn't a trickster," she said. "And I did.

He was a gentleman. I'm very pleased I was able to help him."

"Yes, mummy," I said.

"A real gentleman," she went on. "Wealthy, too, otherwise he wouldn't have had a silk umbrella. I shouldn't be surprised if he isn't a titled person.

Sir Harry Goldsworthy or something like that."

"Yes, mummy."

"This will be a good lesson to you," she went on. "Never rush things.

Always take your time when you are summing someone up. Then you'll never make mistakes."

"There he goes," I said. "Look."

"Where?"

"Over there. He's crossing the street. Goodness, mummy, what a hurry he's in."

We watched the little man as he dodged nimbly in and out of the traffic. When he reached the other side of the street, he turned left, walking very fast.

"He doesn't look very tired to me, does he to you, mummy?"

My mother didn't answer.

"He doesn't look as though he's trying to get a taxi, either," I said.

My mother was standing very still and stiff, staring across the street at the little man. We could see him clearly. He was in a terrific hurry. He was bustling along the pavement, sidestepping the other pedestrians and swinging his arms like a soldier on the march.

"He's up to something," my mother said, stony-faced.

"But what?"

"I don't know," my mother snapped. "But I'm going to find out. Come with me." She took my arm and we crossed the street together. Then we turned left.

"Can you see him?" my mother asked.

"Yes. There he is. He's turning right down the next street." We came to the corner and turned right. The little man was about twenty yards ahead of us. He was scuttling along like a rabbit and we had to walk very fast to keep up with him. The rain was pelting down harder than ever now and I could see it dripping from the brim of his hat on to his shoulders. But we were snug and dry under our lovely big silk umbrella.

"What is he up to?" my mother said.

"What if he turns round and sees us?" I asked.

"I don't care if he does," my mother said. "He lied to us. He said he was too tired to walk any further and he's practically running us off our feet! He's a barefaced liar! He's a crook!" "You mean he's not a titled gentleman?" I asked.

"Be quiet," she said.

At the next crossing, the little man turned right again.

Then he turned left.

Then right.

"I'm not giving up now," my mother said.

"He's disappeared!" I cried. "Where's he gone?"

"He went in that door!" my mother said. "I saw him! Into that house! Great heavens, it's a pub!"

It was a pub. In big letters right across the front it said THE RED LION.

"You're not going in are you, mummy?"

"No," she said. "We'll watch from outside."

There was a big plate-glass window along the front of the pub, and although it was a bit steamy on the inside, we could see through it very well if we went close.

We stood huddled together outside the pub window. I was clutching my mother's arm. The big raindrops were making a loud noise on our umbrella. "

There he is," I said. "Over there."

The room we were looking into was full of people and cigarette smoke, and our little man was in the middle of it all. He was now without his hat and coat, and he was edging his way through the crowd towards the bar. When he reached it, he placed both hands on the bar itself and spoke to the barman. I saw his lips moving as he gave his order. The barman turned away from him for a few seconds and came back with a smallish tumbler filled to the brim with light brown liquid. The little man placed a pound note on the counter.

"That's my pound!" my mother hissed. "By golly, he's got a nerve!"

"What's in the glass?" I asked.

"Whisky," my mother said. "Neat whisky."

The barman didn't give him any change from the pound.

"That must be a treble whisky," my mummy said.

"What's a treble?" I asked.

"Three times the normal measure," she answered.

The little man picked up the glass and put it to his lips. He tilted it gently. Then he tilted it higher... and higher... and higher... and very soon all the whisky had disappeared down his throat in one long pour.

"That's a jolly expensive drink," I said.

"It's ridiculous!" my mummy said. "Fancy paying a pound for something to swallow in one go!"

"It cost him more than a pound," I said. "It cost him a twenty-pound silk umbrella."

"So it did," my mother said. "He must be mad." The little man was standing by the bar with the empty glass in his hand.

He was smiling now, and a sort of golden glow of pleasure was spreading over his round pink face. I saw his tongue come out to lick the white moustache, as though searching for one last drop of that precious whisky.

Slowly, he turned away from the bar and edged his way back through the crowd to where his hat and coat were hanging. He put on his hat. He put on his coat. Then, in a manner so superbly cool and casual that you hardly noticed anything at all, he lifted from the coat-rack one of the many wet umbrellas hanging there, and off he went.

"Did you see that!" my mother shrieked. "Did you see what he did!"

"Sssh!" I whispered. "He's coming out!"

We lowered our umbrella to hide our faces, and peered out from under it.

Out he came. But he never looked in our direction. He opened his new umbrella over his head and scurried off down the road the way he had come.

"So that's his little game!" my mother said.

"Neat," I said. "Super." We followed him back to the main street where we had first met him, and we watched him as he proceeded, with no trouble at all, to exchange his new umbrella for another pound note. This time it was with a tall thin fellow who didn't even have a coat or hat. And as soon as the transaction was completed, our little man trotted off down the street and was lost in the crowd. But this time he went in the opposite direction.

"You see how clever he is!" my mother said. "He never goes to the same pub twice!"

"He could go on doing this all night," I said.

"Yes," my mother said. "Of course. But I'll bet he prays like mad for rainy days."

Task 1. *Practice the pronunciation of the following words. It will help you to read the text correctly.*

Gorgeous, pavement, chauffeur, moustache, eyebrows, wrinkly, suspicious, suspiciously, particularly, idiot, foul, wallet, gracious, heaven, triumphant, bow, nimbly, bustle, throat, tongue, precious, shriek, superb, scurry.

Task 2. *Will you read the text attentively. Do your best to understand it. Try to guess the meaning of unknown words. Don't be in a hurry. Look at the words which are near them, it might help you.*

Task 3. *Let's see whether you understood the text and how well you remember the details. Please don't consult the text.*

1. A girl and her mother went to London ...
 - a. to go to a cafe to have a cup of coffee.
 - b. to have a banana split
 - c. to visit the dentist.

2. When they decided to go home ...
 - a. the weather was fine
 - b. it was raining hard
 - c. it was going to rain

3. When the girl and her mother were looking for a taxi...
 - a. a young handsome man with moustache asked them for help
 - b. a car with a chauffeur stopped to take them home
 - c. an old man asked a favour of the girl's mother

4. The mother ...
 - a. was glad to help the man
 - b. didn't want to do him a favour
 - c. was not sure that she liked and trusted the man

5. Why did the mother look at the man suspiciously?
 - a. it was her rule not to believe nice people

- b. the man was not nice and polite
- c. he wasn't well dressed and well spoken

6. The mother taught her daughter to spot a real gentleman ...

- a. by his manners
- b. by his speech and behaviour
- c. by his shoes

7. The mother had a golden rule which said, ...

- a. 'The less polite the man is the more suspicious you must become.'
- b. 'The nicer the man seems to be the more suspicious you must become.'
- c. 'The nicer the man seems to be the less suspicious you must become'

8. The man said that he needed money...

- a. to take a taxi to get home because he was very tired
- b. to buy some food because he was hungry
- c. to help his ill wife

9. What did the old man offer?

- a. to give him some money.
- b. to take his expensive silk umbrella to protect the woman and the girl
- c. to give him one pound and take the umbrella worth 20 pounds

10. What made the woman believe that the man was not a trickster?

- a. his silk umbrella and expensive shoes
- b. his desire to sell his umbrella almost for nothing so the woman and the girl could shelter under it
- c. his polite words and manners and his circumstances

11. What lesson did she want to give to her daughter?

- a. to be suspicious to strangers
- b. to be kind and generous to old people
- c. to take time to sum people up

12. Where did the man go after the transaction was completed?

- a. he went home
- b. he went to the pub
- c. he went shopping

13. What did he do there?

- a. met with his friends
- b. drank whiskey
- c. he drank a little and waited for the rain to stop

14. What did he do when he was about to leave this place?

- a. said goodbye to his friends
- b. he put on his hat and coat
- c. he took an umbrella from the coatrack

15. What did he do in the street?

- a. he sheltered under the umbrella and went home
- b. he exchanged his new umbrella for another pound note
- c. he sold his new umbrella to a thin fellow for twenty pounds

16. Where did he go then?

- a. he returned to the pub
- b. he trotted home
- c. he went to another pub

17. Why did the mother think that he was a clever man?

- a. he sold the stolen umbrellas for little money
- b. he prayed for rainy days
- c. he never returned to the same pub

Language work

1. In the text you have come across the word “**strange**”. How have you translated it?

Haven't you been in a hurry? Do you know that according to the dictionary this word has two meanings:

❖ *strange* (adjective) odd/not usual; the car engine is making a strange sound; he said some very strange things about his boss.

❖ *strange* - which you have never seen before/ where you have never been before; it's difficult to get to sleep in a strange room; we went to Hong Kong and had lots of strange food to eat. What meaning does 'strange' have in the text you have read? Always take your time and consult a dictionary when you are translating a text.

2.

You are sure to know the verbs 'go', 'walk' and 'run'. The author uses not only them to show how the man was "MOVING". Here they are:

bustle - to do something or go somewhere quickly, usually because you are very busy

scuttle - to run somewhere with short quick steps

scurry - to move fast with small quick steps

trot - to walk with quick short steps. A horse or other animal trots, it moves more quickly than walking but does not run.

3.

Look through the text and write down the sentences with these words. Translate these sentences, try to find the best equivalent.

Task 4. *The following are the sentences paraphrased from the text. Look through the text to find the original sentences.*

1. The dentist filled the hole but I didn't feel much pain.
2. We were not wearing special hats and coats.
3. I wonder if I could ask you to help me.
4. I saw my mother looking at him in a way that showed that she didn't trust him
5. She does not trust two things- unknown, unfamiliar men and boiled eggs.
6. You can always notice a gentleman by the shoes he wears.
7. I am in a difficult situation because I have been careless
8. My mother gave my headmistress a really angry frosty-noser.
9. The little man on the pavement with the umbrella over his head was not shocked or worried.
10. We were warm, comfortable, safe and dry under our lovely big silk umbrella.
11. We stood close together in order to stay warm and talk outside the pub.

Task 5. *Match the words and expressions with the correct definitions.*

1. to have a nerve
2. To get soaked to the skin
3. To sum *smb up*
4. To simper
5. To dodge
6. To edge your way through
7. to make a judgment about what someone is like
8. to avoid someone or something by moving quickly
9. to become very wet
10. to have a rude attitude
11. to move gradually with several small movements
12. to smile in a way that looks silly and is not sincere

Task 6. Use the words and expressions from *ex.5* in your own sentences.

Task 7. Fill in the blanks with prepositions or adverbs where necessary

1. This funny thing happened my mother and me yesterday.
2. I am nearly tall my mother.
3. The dentist filled the hole hurting me too much.
4. We stood the pavement the rain.
5. He was sheltering the umbrella which he held high his head.
6. I wonder if I could ask a small favour you.
7. I saw my mother looking him suspiciously.
8. She is especially suspicious two things- strange men and boiled eggs.
9. I've got myself a bit a scrape. I beg to believe, madam, that I am not the habit of stopping ladies the street.
10. If only you would give me return a pound my taxi-fare just to get me home.
11. Every day I go a lovely long walk.
12. You mustn't take advantage a tired old man this way.
13. It's the question!
14. She fished her purse and took a pound note.
15. Why were you so horrid him the beginning?
16. He was a terrific hurry.
17. We had to walk very fast to keep him.
18. The rain was pelting harder ever now and I could see it dripping the brim his hat to his shoulders.
19. The barman turned him for a few seconds and came..... a smallish tumbler filled the brim light brown liquid.
20. He was smiling now, and a sort of golden glow of pleasure was spreading his round pink face.
21. He edged his way back the crowd where his hat and coat were hanging.

22. a manner so superbly cool and casual that you hardly noticed anything at all, he lifted the coatrack one the many wet umbrellas hanging there, and he went.

23. We followed him back to the main street where we had first met him, and we watched him as he proceed , no trouble at all, to exchange his new umbrella another pound note.

24. I will bet he prays mad rainy days.

Task 8. *Find the English equivalents of the following words, word-combinations and sentences in the text. Use them in sentences of your own.*

1. Зубной врач запломбировал зуб; 2. на нас были наши обычные шляпы и пальто; 3. под дождем; 4. он прятался под зонтом; 5. густые брови; 6. могу ли я попросить вас о небольшой услуге; 7. она ко всему относится с подозрением; 8. незнакомые люди; 9. у нее есть золотое правило, которое гласит; 10. учтивый (говорил правильным языком); 11. хорошо одетый; 12. любимая поговорка моей мамы; 13. я попал в неприятную историю; 14. забывчивый; 15. внушающий страх (устрашающий); 16. заикаться и глупо улыбаться; 17. он и глазом не моргнул (не обратил никакого внимания); 18. у меня нет привычки останавливать дам на улице.

Task 9. *Find sentences in which the following word-combinations are used in the text. Translate them into Russian. Use them in sentences of your own.*

The truth of the matter; go to pieces, in the habit of; for heaven's sake; in some sort of trouble; sharpness; take advantage of; it's out of the question; in the beginning; take your time; keep up with; we were snug; I don't care, a barefaced liar; in the opposite direction; I am not giving up now; in a manner; with no trouble at all; as soon as.

Task 10. *Who said the following words? Under what circumstances?*

1. Why don't we go back into the cafe and wait for it to stop?
2. Excuse me, I do hope you will excuse me.
3. You can always spot a gentleman by the shoes he wears.
4. Old people like me often become terribly forgetful.
5. Then what are you asking? Do hurry up.
6. I wanted to satisfy myself he wasn't a trickster.
7. Never rush things.
8. What a hurry he is in
9. He doesn't look very tired to me, does he to you?
10. I am going to find out. Come with me.
11. I don't care if he does
12. You are not going in, are you?
13. Fancy paying a pound for something to swallow in one go!
14. Did you see that? Did you see what he did?
15. You see how clever he is! I'll bet he prays like mad for rainy days.

Task 11. *Look through the text of the story again and answer the following questions. Try to give full answers.*

1. Who tells us this funny story?
2. Why did the girl's mother take her up to London?
3. What did they do in London?
4. What was the weather like?
5. Why didn't they go back into the cafe?
6. Why did they fail to get a taxi?
7. Who came up to them?
8. What did he look like?
9. Why did the mother look at him suspiciously?
10. What was her golden rule?

11. Why did the girl decide that the man was a gentleman?
12. How did the man explain his problem?
13. Did the mother believe him?
14. What did the man offer to the mother?
15. Was the mother happy about this offer?
16. What made the mother change her mind?
17. What idea tempted her?
18. Why was the girl unhappy at first?
19. How did the mother explain her foul behaviour in the beginning?
20. What advice did she give to her daughter?
21. What embarrassed the woman and the girl when they spotted the man in the street?
22. Did the man take a taxi?
23. Where did he go?
24. What did he do there?
25. What did he take from the coat rack when he was about to leave the bar?
26. What did he do with this thing?
27. Why did the mother say that this 'barefaced liar' was a clever man?
28. Why did she think that the man prayed like mad for rainy days?

Task 12. *Give your general impression of the text. What is your opinion of the characters? How do you appreciate the end of the story?*

Task 13. *Tell the story from the person of:*

The mother

The old man

Task 14. *Make up a short story to prove one of the following sayings:*

Appearances are deceitful.

The face is the index of the mind.

A fair face may hide a foul heart.

Beauty lies in lover's eyes.

Task 15

Discussion

1. What rules do you use to sum somebody up? Which things are most important to you to make a judgment about a person: appearance, voice, speech, manners, gestures? May be you have your own rules. Will you share them with your friends.

2. Are you a suspicious person? Why? Why not?

Would you be suspicious if someone asked you to give him/ her some money in exchange for something? What would you do?

3. There are many beggars in big cities. Do you always give some money to a beggar or do you think about the way he might use your money before helping? Should people give money to beggars? Do you think it may give rise to beggary and have a negative impact on society? Do you think it will help them to survive and overcome difficulties?

4. How could governments struggle begging?

5. People often trust cheaters (fraudsters). Why do some people responsive to cheaters' influence? What cunning techniques and tricks do fraudsters use? Have you or your friends ever met fraudsters? What did they want you /them to do? Could you/they guess fraudsters' sly moves? How did you/ they manage to do it?

6. Discuss the message of the story.

7. Who do you sympathize with: the old man or the woman? Give your reasons.

THE BUTLER

Roald Dahl

As soon as George Cleaver had made his first million, he and Mrs. Cleaver moved out of their small suburban villa into an elegant London house. They acquired a French chef called Monsieur Estragon and an English butler called Tibbs, both wildly expensive. With the help of these two experts, the Cleavers set out to climb the social ladder and began to give dinner parties several times a week on a lavish scale.

But these dinners never seemed quite to come off. There was no animation, no spark to set the conversation alight, no style at all. Yet the food was superb and the service faultless.

"What the heck's wrong with our parties, Tibbs?" Mr Cleaver said to the butler. "Why don't nobody never loosen up and let themselves go?"

Tibbs inclined his head to one side and looked at the ceiling. "I hope, sir, you will not be offended if I offer a small suggestion."

"What is it?"

"It's the wine, sir."

"What about the wine?" "Well, sir, Monsieur Estragon serves superb food. Superb food should be accompanied by superb wine. But you serve them a cheap and very odious Spanish red."

"Then why in heaven's name didn't you say so before, you twit?" cried Mr Cleaver. "I'm not short of money. I'll give them the best flipping wine in the world if that's what they want! What is the best wine in the world?"

"Claret, sir," the butler replied, "from the greatest chateaux in Bordeaux--Lafite, Latour, Haut-Brion, Margaux, Mouton-Rothschild and Cheval Blanc. And from only the very greatest vintage years, which are, in my opinion, 1906, 1914, 1929 and 1945. Cheval Blanc was also magnificent in 1895 and 1921, and Haut-Brion in 1906."

"Buy them all!" said Mr Cleaver. "Fill the flipping cellar from top to bottom!"

"I can try, sir," the butler said. "But wines like these are extremely rare and cost a fortune."

"I don't give a hoot what they cost!" said Mr Cleaver. "Just go out and get them!"

That was easier said than done. Nowhere in England or in France could Tibbs find any wine from 1895, 1906, 1914 or 1921. But he did manage to get hold of some twenty-nines and forty-fives. The bills for these wines were astronomical. They were in fact so huge that even Mr Cleaver began to sit up and take notice. And his interest quickly turned into outright enthusiasm when the butler suggested to him that a knowledge of wine was a very considerable social asset. Mr Cleaver bought books on the subject and read them from cover to cover. He also learned a great deal from Tibbs himself, who taught him, among other things, just how wine should be properly tasted.

"First, sir, you sniff it long and deep, with your nose right inside the top of the glass, like this. Then you take a mouthful and you open your lips a tiny bit and suck in air, letting the air bubble through the wine. Watch me do it. Then you roll it vigorously around your mouth. And finally you swallow it."

In due course, Mr Cleaver came to regard himself as an expert on wine, and inevitably he turned into a colossal bore. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' he would announce at dinner, holding up his glass, 'this is a Margaux '29! The greatest year of the century! Fantastic bouquet! Smells of cowslips! And notice especially the after taste and how the tiny trace of tannin gives it that glorious astringent quality! Terrific, ain't it?'

The guests would nod and sip and mumble a few praises, but that was all.

"What's the matter with the silly twerps?" Mr Cleaver said to Tibbs after this had gone on for some time. "Don't none of them appreciate a great wine?"

The butler laid his head to one side and gazed upward. "I think they would appreciate it, sir," he said, "if they were able to taste it. But they can't."

"What the heck d'you mean, they can't taste it?"

"I believe, sir, that you have instructed Monsieur Estragon to put liberal quantities of vinegar in the salad-dressing."

"What's wrong with that? I like vinegar."

"Vinegar," the butler said, "is the enemy of wine. It destroys the palate. The dressing should be made of pure olive oil and a little lemon juice. Nothing else."

"Hogwash!" said Mr Cleaver.

"As you wish, sir."

"I'll say it again, Tibbs. You're talking hogwash. The vinegar don't spoil my palate one bit."

"You are very fortunate, sir," the butler murmured, backing out of the room.

That night at dinner, the host began to mock his butler in front of the guests. "Mister Tibbs," he said, "has been trying to tell me I can't taste my wine if I put vinegar in the salad-dressing. Right, Tibbs?"

"Yes, sir," Tibbs replied gravely.

"And I told him hogwash. Didn't I, Tibbs?"

"Yes, sir."

"This wine," Mr Cleaver went on, raising his glass, "tastes to me exactly like a Chateau Lafite'45, and what's more it is a Chateau Lafite'45."

Tibbs, the butler, stood very still and erect near the sideboard, his face pale.'

"If you'll forgive me, sir," he said, "that is not a Lafite'45."

Mr Cleaver swung round in his chair and stared at the butler. "What the heck d'you mean," he said. "There's the empty bottles beside you to prove it!"

These great clarets, being old and full of sediment, were always decanted by Tibbs before dinner. They were served in cut-glass decanters, while the empty bottles, as is the custom, were placed on the sideboard. Right now, two empty bottles of Lafite'45 were standing on the sideboard for all to see.

"The wine you are drinking, sir," the butler said quietly, "happens to be that cheap and rather odious Spanish red."

Mr Cleaver looked at the wine in his glass, then at the butler. The blood was coming to his face now, his skin was turning scarlet.

"You're lying, Tibbs!" he said.

"No sir, I'm not lying," the butler said. "As a matter of fact, I have never served you any other wine but Spanish red since I've been here. It seemed to suit you very well."

"I don't believe him!" Mr Cleaver cried out to his guests. "The man's gone mad."

"Great wines," the butler said, "should be treated with reverence. It is bad enough to destroy the palate with three or four cocktails before dinner, as you people do, but when you slosh vinegar over your food into the bargain, then you might just as well be drinking dishwater."

Ten outraged faces around the table stared at the butler. He had caught them off balance. They were speechless.

"This," the butler said, reaching out and touching one of the empty bottles lovingly with his fingers, "this is the last of the forty-fives. The twenty-nines have already been finished. But they were glorious wines. Monsieur Estragon and I enjoyed them immensely."

The butler bowed and walked quite slowly from the room. He crossed the hall and went out of the front door of the house into the street where Monsieur Estragon was already loading their suitcases into the boot of the small car which they owned together.

Task 1. *Will you prepare a report on Roald Dahl. Speak about his life, his books, and his success.*

Task 2. *Give English equivalents for the following words and word - combinations and learn them:*

1. Переезжать из своей загородной виллы в...; 2. обзавестись шеф-поваром; 3. подниматься по социальной лестнице; 4. устраивать обеды на широкую ногу/щедро; 5. оживить разговор; 6. безупречное обслуживание; 7. наклонить голову набок (2); 8. отвратительное вино; 9. у меня нет недостатка в деньгах; 10. стоять целое состояние; 11. легче сказать, чем сделать; 12. превосходная еда должна сопровождаться восхитительным вином; 13. прочитать книгу от корки до корки; 14. считать себя знатоком вин;

15. превратиться в ужасного зануду; 16 оценить прекрасное вино;
 17. издеваться/глумиться над кем-то перед гостями; 18. пристально смотреть на.../уставиться; 19. вывести из равновесия; 20. потерять дар речи.

Task 3. *Will you find (or try to remember) the sentences in which the following word-combinations are used in the text. Translate the sentences. Use the word combinations in sentences of your own.*

1. to make his first million; 2. not to be offended if I offer a small suggestion;
 3. to loosen up and let themselves go; 4. to twit; 5. the very greatest vintage years;
 6. to notice especially the after taste; 7. to sniff it long and deep, with your nose right inside the top of the glass 8. to take a mouthful of... 9. knowledge of wine was a very considerable social asset; 10. to be very fortunate; 11. to decant; 12. to serve in cut-glass decanters ; 13. to enjoy smth immensely; 14. to treat with reverence.

Task 4. *Fill in the blanks with prepositions or adverbs where necessary.*

- They moved their small suburban villa a London house.
- The Cleavers set to climb the social ladder and began to give dinner parties several times..... week a lavish scale.
- What's wrong our parties?
- He inclined his head one side and looked the ceiling.
- Mr Cleaver bought books the subject and read them cover cover.
- Mr Cleaver came to regard himself as an expert wine, and inevitably he turned a colossal bore.
- Mr Cleaver swung in his chair and stared the butler.

Task 5. *Answer the questions:*

1. Although we are given only a brief glance of Mr. Cleaver's life there are many clues as to what the whole of his life like. What conclusion do you draw about his background? What helped you to draw this conclusion?
2. In what way did his first million change his life? In what way did that change affect his personality?

3. What was Mr Cleaver's opinion of prosperous life in general? Why did Mr. Cleave ask the butler for help?

4. What role do Tibbs and Monsieur Estragon play in the story? What were they? Were they crooks?

5. Why did Mr. Cleaver not feel suspicious of them?

6. Do you think Mr. Cleaver was their only victim? What important facts were hidden from both Mr. Cleaver and the reader until the end of the story? Have you found any clues at the beginning of the story which prompt its unexpected end? What are they?

7. Would you have liked the story better if it had had another end? Which end would you prefer?

Task 6. *The story is told by a narrator. Could you narrate the story as if you were:*

1. Mr. Cleaver
2. Tibbs

You may add as many facts and details as you like and think up their past lives and future. Would you use the expressions from tasks 1 and 2 In your stories, please.

Task 7. *Discussion.*

1. How can you explain the fact that there are too many scammers, (cheaters/fraudsters) now?

2. What new technologies do they use?

3. Have you or your relatives ever become their victims?

4. Who is responsive to their influence and vulnerable to their attacks? How can people protect themselves?

Some interesting facts about Roald Dahl:

Roald Dahl is one of the most successful and well-known of all teenagers' writers. He was born in 1916. He got education in England before starting work for Shell Oil Company in Africa. During the Second World War he was a fighter pilot. After the war he began writing. Children and young people like his books. May be you know or even have read some of them. He wrote 'Charlie and the Chocolate Factory', 'The Magic Finger' and many other stories.

Now we'd like you to read a funny poem which he wrote about books and television. Just read enjoy it:

The most important thing we've learned
 So far as children are concerned,
 Is never, never, never let
 Them near your television set-
 Or better still, just don't install
 The idiotic thing at all.
 It rots the senses in the head!
 It kills imagination dead!
 It clogs and clutters up the mind!
 It makes a child so dull and blind
 He can no longer understand
 A fantasy, a fairyland!
 His brain becomes as soft as cheese!
 His power of thinking rust and freeze!
 He cannot think- he only sees!
 "All right!" you'll cry. "All right!" you'll say,
 "But if we take the set away,
 What shall we do to entertain
 Our darling children! Please explain!"
 We'll answer this by asking you,

“What used the darling ones to do?
How used they keep themselves contented
Before this monster was invented?”
Have you forgotten? Don’t you know?
We’ll say it very loud and slow:
They used to read!
They’d read and read,
And then proceed
To read some more

Roald Dahl (1916-1990)

FATHER IS FIRM WITH HIS AILMENTS

Clarence Day

Clarence Shepard Day Jr. (November 18, 1874 - December 28, 1935) was an American author and cartoonist, best known for his 1935 work *Life With Father*.

Father got annoyed at us when we didn't stay well. He usually stayed well himself and he expected us to be like him, and not faint and slump on his hands and thus add to his burdens.

He was fearless about disease. He despised it. All this talk about germs, he said, was merely new-fangled nonsense. He said that when he was a boy there had been no germs that he knew of. Perhaps invisible insects existed, but what of it? He was as healthy as they were. "If any damned germs want to have a try at me," he said, "bring 'em on."

From Father's point of view, Mother didn't know how to handle an ailment. He admired her most of the time and thought there was nobody like her; he often said to us boys, "Your mother is a wonderful woman"; but he always seemed to disapprove of her when she was ill.

Mother went to bed, for instance, at such times. Yet she didn't make noises. Father heard a little gasping moan sometimes, but she didn't want him to hear even that. Consequently he was sure she wasn't suffering. There was nothing to indicate it, he said.

The worse she felt, the less she ever said about it, and the harder it was for him to believe that there was anything really wrong with her. "He says he can't see why I stay in bed so long," she once wrote to me, when I was away, "but this colitis is a mean affair which keeps one perfectly flat. The doctor told him yesterday the meaning of colitis, but he said he 'had never heard of the damned thing, thank God.' He feels very abused that he should be 'so upset by people with queer things the

matter with them and doctors all over the place.” (Mother underlined the word “people.”)

Even Mother’s colds made him fretful. Whenever she had one, she kept going as long as she could, pottering about her room looking white and tired, with a shawl round her shoulders. But sometimes she had to give up and crawl into her bed.

Father pished and poohed to himself about this, and muttered that it was silly. He said Mother was perfectly healthy. When people thought they were ill, he declared, it didn’t mean that there was anything the matter with them, it was merely a sign of weak character. He often told Mother how weak it was to give in to an ailment, but every time he tried to strengthen her character in this respect, he said she seemed to resent it. He never remembered to try except when she could hardly hold her head up. From his point of view, though, that was the very time that she needed his help.

He needed hers, too, or not exactly her help but her company, and he never hesitated to say so. When she was ill, he felt lost.

He usually came up from his office at about five or six. The first thing he did was to look around the house to find Mother. It made his home feel queer and empty to him when she wasn’t there.

One night about six o’clock he opened the door of her bedroom. There was no light except for a struggling little fire which flickered and sank in the grate. A smell of witch-hazel was in the air, mixed with spirits of camphor. On the bed, huddled up under an afghan, Mother lay still, in the dark.

“Are you there, Vinnie?” Father said, in a voice even louder than usual because of his not being sure.

Mother moaned, “Go away.”

“What?” he asked, in astonishment.

“Go away. Oh, go ‘way.”

“Damnation!” he said, marching out.

“Clare!”

“What is it?”

“Won’t you ple-e-ease shut my door again!”

Father ground his teeth and shut it with such a bang that it made Mother jump.

He told himself she had nothing the matter with her. She’d be all right in the morning. He ate a good dinner. Being lonely, he added an extra glass of claret and some toasted crackers and cheese. He had such a long and dull evening that he smoked two extra cigars.

After breakfast the next morning, he went to her bedroom again. The fire was out. Two worn old slippers lay on a chair. The grey daylight was cheerless. Father stood at the foot of Mother’s bed, looking disconsolately at her because she wasn’t well yet. He had no one to laugh at or quarrel with; his features were lumpy with gloom.

“What is it?” Mother asked in a whisper, opening her weary eyes.

“Nothing,” he said loudly. “Nothing.”

“Well, for mercy’s sake, don’t come in here looking like that, Clare,” Mother begged.

“What do you mean? Looking like what?”

“Oh, go away!” Mother shrieked. “When people are sick, they like to see a smile or something. I never will get well if you stand there and stare at me that way! And shut my door quietly this time. And let me alone.”

Outside her door, when I asked him how Mother was, he said with a chuckle: “She’s all right again. She isn’t out of bed yet, but she sounds much better this morning.”

Father’s own experiences in a sick-room had been very few. When he was in his early thirties, he had an attack of gout which lasted three weeks. From that time until he was seventy-four and had pneumonia, he had no other serious illnesses. He said illnesses were mostly imaginary and he didn’t believe in them.

He even declared that his pneumonia was imaginary. “It’s only some idea of that doctor’s,” he said. “Nothing the matter with me but a cold.” Our regular physician had died, and this new man and two trained nurses had all they could do, at first, to keep Father in bed.

The new doctor had pale-blue eyes, a slight build, and a way of inwardly smiling at the persons he talked to. He had a strong will in crises, and he was one of the ablest physicians in town. Mother had chosen him, however, chiefly because she liked one of his female cousins.

When Father got worse, the doctor kept warning him that it really was pneumonia, and that if he wouldn't be tractable, he might not get over it—especially at seventy-four.

Father lay in bed glowering at him and said: "I didn't send for you, sir. You needn't stand there and tell me what you want me to do. I know all about doctors. They think they know a damned lot. But they don't. Give your pills and things to Mrs. Day – she believes in them. That's all I have to say. There's no need to continue this discussion. There's the door, sir. Good-bye."

But somehow the discussion kept on, and much to his surprise Father at last became convinced he was ill. The doctor, leaving him alone in his bedroom to digest the bad news, came out in the hall, anxious and tired, to have a few words with Mother. As they stood outside Father's door whispering quietly, they heard his voice from within. Apparently, now that he knew he was in trouble, his thoughts had turned to his God. "Have mercy!" they heard him shouting indignantly. "I say have mercy, damn it!"

Any sufferings that Father ever had he attributed solely to God. Naturally, he never thought for a moment that God could mean him to suffer. He couldn't imagine God's wishing to punish him either, for his conscience was clear. His explanation seemed to be that God was clumsy, not to say muddle-headed.

However, in spite of God and the doctor, Father got over pneumonia, just as, some forty years before, he had got over his gout. Only, in conquering his gout, he had had the help of a cane and a masseur called Old Lowndes.

While the gout was besieging him, Father sat in a big chair by the fire with his bad foot on a stool, armed with a cane which he kept constantly ready. Not that he used the cane to walk with. When he walked, he hopped around on his other foot, uttering strong howls of fury. But he valued his cane highly, and needed it, too, as a

war club. He threatened the whole family with it. When visitors entered the room he brandished it fiercely at them, to keep them away from his toe.

Old Lowndes was allowed to approach nearer than others, but he was warned that if he made any mistakes that cane would come down on his head. Father felt there was no knowing what harm Lowndes might have done if he hadn't shaken his cane at him and made him take care. As it was, owing largely to this useful stick, Father got well.

This experience convinced him that any disease could be conquered by firmness.

When he had a cold, his method of dealing with it was to try to clear it out by main force, either by violently blowing his nose or, still better, by sneezing. Mother didn't like him to sneeze, he did it with such a roar. She said she could feel it half across the room, and she was sure it was catching. Father said this was nonsense. He said his sneezes were healthy. And presently we'd hear a hearty, triumphant blast as he sneezed again.

Aside from colds, which he had very seldom, his only foes were sick headaches. He said headaches only came from eating, however. Hence a man who knew enough to stop eating could always get rid of one that way. It took time to starve it out thoroughly. It might take several hours. But as soon as it was gone, he could eat again and enjoy his cigar.

When one of these headaches started, Father lay down and shut his eyes tight and yelled. The severity of a headache could be judged by the volume of sound he put forth. His idea seemed to be to show the headache that he was just as strong as it was, and stronger. When a headache and he went to bed together, they were a noisy pair.

Father's code required him to be game, I suppose. He never spoke or thought of having a code; he wasn't that sort of person; but he denounced men whose standards were low, as to gameness or anything else. It didn't occur to him to conceal his sufferings, however; when he had any pains, he expressed them as fully as he knew how. His way of being brave was not to keep still but to keep on fighting the headache.

Mother used to beg him to be quiet at night, even if he did have a headache, and not wake up the whole house. He never paid the slightest attention to such a request. When she said, “Please don’t groan so much, Clare,” he’d look at her in disgust, as though he were a warrior being asked to stifle his battle-cries.

One evening he found Mother worrying because Aunt Emma was ill with some disease that was then epidemic.

“Oh, pooh!” Father said. “Nothing the matter with Emma. You can trust people to get any ailment whatever that’s fashionable. They hear of a lot of other people having it, and the first thing you know they get scared and think they have it themselves. Then they go to bed, and send for the doctor. The doctor! All poppycock.”

“Well, but Clare dear, if you were in charge of them, what would you do instead?”

“Cheer ’em up, that’s the way to cure ’em.”

“How would you cheer them up, darling?” Mother asked doubtfully.

“I? I’d tell ’em, ‘Bah!’”

Task 1. *Will you prepare a report about the life and works of Clarence Shepard Day Jr.*

Task 2. *You have read the story, will you say if the following statements are true or false. Correct the wrong statements. Use these phrases to start your answer:*

In case you agree, say:

You are quite right ...

I fully agree with you

I am of the same opinion ...

There is something in what you say, but ...

In case you disagree say: (do not forget to use: I am sorry)

I’m sorry to say, but ...

Just the other way round ...

Nothing of the kind ...

Just the opposite ...

Far from it ...

You've got it all wrong ...

1. When somebody in the family fell ill Father felt slightly angry and impatient.
2. Father was afraid of diseases and was fond of talking about germs, illnesses and good doctors
3. From Father's point of view, Mother was good at everything.
4. Father disapproved of her , when she was ill.
5. Mother moaned loudly to show her sufferings.
6. Father did not believe her sufferings. He was sure that she pretended to be ill.
7. Mother made the family take care of her.
8. Father felt abused and upset when he saw the doctors at his wife's bed.
9. Mother was not a patient person she gave up easily and crawled into her bed as soon as possible.
10. When Mother had colds she always stayed in bed.
11. Father said that ailments were signs of weak character
12. He tried to strengthen Mother's character in this respect when she was ill
13. When Mother was ill Father supported her with affectionate words and helped her to overcome the ailment.
14. Mother behaved capriciously. She wanted to be alone and not to see his smiles.
15. Father had been seriously ill many times.
16. He was a tractable man and it was easy to make him take pills and stay in bed.
17. Father admired doctors, their knowledge and experience.
18. When Father was ill he conquered any disease by firmness.
19. He cleared out his nose violently blowing or sneezing loudly. He never paid any attention to the people near him.
20. He was sure that his sneezes were healthy and not catching.
21. Father thought that headaches came from eating.
22. He got rid of them by starving and yelling.
23. Father was a strong man and always concealed his sufferings.

24. When he was ill the family couldn't sleep at night because they were sorry for him.

25. Father was sure that people got ailments because they heard much about them from other people and got scared.

26. From his point of view diseases were fashionable and only people with weak character had them.

27. In his opinion being brave and strong was to keep still and not to show the sufferings.

28. He always knew how to cure people and cheer them up

Task 3. Find English equivalents for the following in the text and reproduce the situations from the text with them:

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. сердиться, раздражаться | 15. хлопотать в доме |
| 2. презирать | 16. странный |
| 3. бесстрашный | 17. удивление, изумление |
| 4. невидимый | 18. усталый, утомленный |
| 5. недуг, недомогание | 19. со смешком, |
| 6. справляться с недугом | 20. подагра (болезнь) |
| 7. восхищаться | 21. сговорчивый/послушный |
| 8. стон/стонать | 22. шептать |
| 9. следовательно | 23. трость |
| 10. страдать | 24. победить |
| 11. чувствовать себя оскорбленным | 25. чихать |
| 12. беспокойный | 26. заразный |
| 13. бормотать | 27. в голову не приходило |
| 14. сомневаться, колебаться | 28. скрывать страдания |

Task 4. Will you find (or remember) the sentences in which the following word-combinations are used in the text. Translate the sentences. Use the word combinations in sentences of your own.

Add to one's burdens. Be fearless about. Give up. Give in to smth. From one's point of view. Feel lost. Have nothing the matter with. In this respect. Be the very

time. Be out of bed. Digest the bad news. Be in trouble. Threaten smb with. Keep smb away from. Get scared. Be in charge of. Cheer smb up.

Task 5. *Match the words to their definitions*

1. to slump
2. burden
3. to despise
4. to admire
5. to denounce
6. queer
7. to potter
8. to groan
9. astonishment
10. disconsolate
11. to conceal

- A.** To hate someone or something and have no respect for them
- B.** To suddenly fall or sit because you are very tired or unconscious
- C.** To have a feeling of great respect for smth or smb
- D.** Serious or difficult responsibility that you have to deal with
- E.** To do things in a slow and enjoyable way
- F.** To make a long low sound, for example because you are in pain or unhappy
- G.** Strange, physically ill (this word can be offensive)
- H.** To criticize someone or something severely in public
- I.** To hide, to prevent someone from seeing, hearing or knowing something
- J.** Very great surprise
- K.** Extremely unhappy and disappointed

Task 6. *Fill in the blanks with prepositions or adverbs where necessary:*

1. Father got annoyed us
2. He was fearless disease

3. Mother did not know how to handle an ailment
4. He always seemed to disapprove her when she was ill
5. It was hard to believe that there was anything really wrong her.
6. He often told Mother how weak it was to give an ailment
7. Father said a voice even louder usual
8. He told himself she had nothing the matter her
9. He had no one to laugh or quarrel
10. "What is it?" Mother asked a whisper
11. that time he was 74 and had pneumonia, he had no other serious illnesses.
12. This experience convinced him that any disease could be conquered firmness
13. When he had a cold, his method dealing it was to try to clear it by main force, either violently blowing his nose or, still better, sneezing
14. He said headaches only came eating.
15. The severity a headache could be judged the volume sound he put.....
16. It did not occur him to conceal his feelings

Task 7. *Give a short talk on the following topics:*

1. What is the author's attitude to Father? (serious, humorous, mocking, critical, ironical, indifferent etc.)
2. Give a character sketch of Father. Illustrate your ideas with the sentences from the text to prove your words.
3. Did you like the story? In any case provide a detailed answer.

Task 8. *Retell the story as if you were:*

1. Father.
2. Mother.

Task 9. *Discussion:*

1. Discuss the title of the story. Does it fit the plot of the story? Why/why not?
2. Discuss the message of the story.
3. How much do you trust doctors? Do you often go to the doctors? Why? Why not?
4. How do you behave when you are ill?
5. Do your relatives take care of you when you have an ailment?
6. How do you handle an ailment?
7. What is your attitude to diseases? Are you fearless about catching diseases? Why? Why not?

THE LUCID EYE IN SILVER TOWN

John Updike

The first time I visited New York City, I was thirteen and went with my father. I went to meet my Uncle Quin and to buy a book about Vermeer. The Vermeer book was my idea, and my mother's; meeting Uncle Quin was my father's. A generation ago, my uncle had vanished in the direction of Chicago and become, apparently, rich; in the last week he had come east on business and I had graduated from the eighth grade with high marks. My father claimed that I and his brother were the smartest people he had ever met – “go-getters,” he called us, with perhaps more irony than at the time I gave him credit for – and in his visionary way he suddenly, irresistibly felt that now was the time for us to meet. New York in those days was seven dollars away; we measured everything, distance and time, in money then. World War II was over, but we were still living in the Depression. My father and I set off with the return tickets and a five-dollar bill in his pocket. The five dollars was for the book.

My mother, on the railway platform, suddenly exclaimed, “I hate the Augusts.” This surprised me, because we were all Augusts – I was an August, my father was an August, Uncle Quincy was an August, and she, I had thought, was an August.

My father gazed serenely over her head and said, “You have every reason to. I wouldn't blame you if you took a gun and shot us all. Except for Quin and your son. They're the only ones of us ever had any get up and git.” Nothing was more infuriating about my father than his way of agreeing.

Uncle Quin didn't meet us at Pennsylvania Station. If my father was disappointed, he didn't reveal it to me. It was after one o'clock and all we had for lunch were two candy bars. By walking what seemed to me a very long way on pavements only a little broader than those of my home town, and not so clean, we reached the hotel, which sprouted somehow from the caramel-colored tunnels under Grand Central Station. The lobby smelled of perfume. After the clerk had phoned Quincy August that a man who said he was his brother was at the desk, an elevator

took us to the twentieth floor. Inside the room sat three men, each in a gray or blue suit with freshly pressed pants and garters peeping from under the cuffs when they crossed their legs. The men were not quite interchangeable. One had a caterpillar-shaped mustache, one had tangled blond eyebrows like my father's, and the third had a drink in his hand – the others had drinks, too, but were not gripping them so tightly.

“Gentlemen, I'd like you to meet my brother Marty and his young son,” Uncle Quin said.

“The kid's name is Jay,” my father added, shaking hands with each of the two men, staring them in the eye. I imitated my father, and the mustached man, not expecting my firm handshake and stare, said, “Why, hello there, Jay!”

“Marty, would you and the boy like to freshen up? The facilities are through the door and to the left.”

“Thank you, Quin. I believe we will. Excuse me, gentlemen.”

“Certainly.”

“Certainly.”

My father and I went into the bedroom of the suite. The furniture was square and new and all the same shade of maroon. On the bed was an opened suitcase, also new. The clean, expensive smells of leather and lotion were beautiful to me. Uncle Quin's underwear looked silk and was full of fleurs-de-lis. When I was through in the lavatory, I made for the living room, to rejoin Uncle Quin and his friends.

“Hold it,” my father said. “Let's wait in here.”

“Won't that look rude?”

“No. It's what Quin wants.”

“Now, Daddy, don't be ridiculous. He'll think we've died in here.”

“No, he won't, not my brother. He's working some deal. He doesn't want to be bothered. I know how my brother works; he got us in here so we'd stay in here.”

“Really, Pop. You're such a schemer.” But I did not want to go in there without him. I looked around the room for something to read. There was nothing, not even a newspaper, except a shiny little pamphlet about the hotel itself. I wondered when we would get a chance to look for the Vermeer book, and what the men in the next room

were talking about. I wondered why Uncle Quin was so short, when my father was so tall. By leaning out of the window, I could see taxicabs maneuvering like windup toys.

My father came and stood beside me. “Don’t lean out too far.”

I edged out inches farther and took a big bite of the high cold air spiced by the distant street noises. “Look at the green cab cut in front of the yellow,” I said. “Should they be making U-turns on that street?”

“In New York it’s O.K. Survival of the fittest is the only law here.”

“Isn’t that the Chrysler Building?”

“Yes, isn’t it graceful, though? It always reminds me of the queen of the chessboard.”

“What’s the one beside it?”

“I don’t know. Some big gravestone. The one deep in back, from this window, is the Woolworth Building. For years it was the tallest building in the world.”

As, side by side at the window, we talked, I was surprised that my father could answer so many of my questions. As a young man, before I was born, he had travelled, looking for work; this was not his first trip to New York. Excited by my new respect, I longed to say something to remold that calm, beaten face.

“Do you really think he meant for us to stay out here?” I asked.

“Quin is a go-getter,” he said, gazing over my head. “I admire him. Anything he wanted, from little on up, he went after it. Slam. Bang. His thinking is miles ahead of mine – just like your mother’s. You can feel them pull out ahead of you.” He moved his hands, palms down, like two taxis, the left quickly pulling ahead of the right. “You’re the same way.”

“Sure, sure.” My impatience was not merely embarrassment at being praised; I was irritated that he considered Uncle Quin as smart as myself. At that point in my life I was sure that only stupid people took an interest in money.

When Uncle Quin finally entered the bedroom, he said, “Martin, I hoped you and the boy would come out and join us.”

“Hell, I didn’t want to butt in. You and those men were talking business.”

“Lucas and Roebuck and I? Now, Marty, it was nothing that my own brother couldn’t hear. Just a minor matter of adjustment. Both those men are fine men. Very important in their own fields. I’m disappointed that you couldn’t see more of them. Believe me, I hadn’t meant for you to hide in here. Now, what kind of drink would you like?”

“I don’t care. I drink very little any more.”

“Scotch-and-water, Marty?”

“Swell.”

“And the boy? What about some ginger ale, young man? Or would you like milk?”

“The ginger ale,” I said.

“There was a day, you know, when your father could drink any two men under the table.”

As I remember it, a waiter brought the drinks to the room, and while we were drinking them I asked if we were going to spend all afternoon in this room. Uncle Quin didn’t seem to hear, but five minutes later he suggested that the boy might like to take a look around the city—Gotham, he called it, Baghdad-on-the-Subway. My father said that that would be a once-in-a-lifetime treat for the kid. He always called me “the kid” when I was sick or had lost at something or was angry - when he felt sorry for me, in short. The three of us went down in the elevator and took a taxi ride down Broadway, or up Broadway—I wasn’t sure. “This is what they call the Great White Way,” Uncle Quin said several times. Once he apologized, “In daytime it’s just another street.” The trip didn’t seem so much designed for sightseeing as for getting Uncle Quin to the Pickernut Club, a little restaurant set in a block of similar canopied places. I remember we stepped down into it and it was dark inside. A piano was playing “There’s a Small Hotel.”

“He shouldn’t do that,” Uncle Quin said. Then he waved to the man behind the piano. “How are you, Freddie? How are the kids?”

“Fine, Mr. August, fine,” Freddie said, bobbing his head and smiling and not missing a note.

“That’s Quin’s song,” my father said to me as we wriggled our way into a slippery curved seat at a round table.

I didn’t say anything, but Uncle Quin, overhearing some disapproval in my silence, said, “Freddie’s a first-rate man. He has a boy going to Colgate this autumn.”

I asked, “Is that really your song?”

Uncle Quin grinned and put his warm broad hand on my shoulder; I hated, at that age, being touched. “I let them think it is,” he said, oddly purring. “To me, songs are like young girls. They’re all pretty.”

A waiter in a red coat scurried up. “Mr. August! Back from the West? How are you, Mr. August?”

“Getting by, Jerome, getting by. Jerome, I’d like you to meet my kid brother, Martin.”

“How do you do, Mr. Martin. Are you paying New York a visit? Or do you live here?”

My father quickly shook hands with Jerome, somewhat to Jerome’s surprise. “I’m just up for the afternoon, thank you. I live in a hick town in Pennsylvania you never heard of.”

“I see, sir. A quick visit.”

“This is the first time in six years that I’ve had a chance to see my brother.”

“Yes, we’ve seen very little of him these past years. He’s a man we can never see too much of, isn’t that right?”

Uncle Quin interrupted. “This is my nephew Jay.”

“How do you like the big city, Jay?”

“Fine.” I didn’t duplicate my father’s mistake of offering to shake hands.

“Why, Jerome,” Uncle Quin said, “my brother and I would like to have a Scotch-on-the-rocks. The boy would like a ginger ale.”

“No, wait,” I said. “What kinds of ice cream do you have?”

“Vanilla and chocolate, sir.”

I hesitated. I could scarcely believe it, when the cheap drugstore at home had fifteen flavors.

“I’m afraid it’s not a very big selection,” Jerome said.

“I guess vanilla.”

“Yes, sir. One plate of vanilla.”

When my ice cream came it was a golf ball in a flat silver dish; it kept spinning away as I dug at it with my spoon. Uncle Quin watched me and asked, “Is there anything especially Jay would like to do?”

“The kid’d like to get into a bookstore,” my father said.

“A bookstore. What sort of book, Jay?”

I said, “I’d like to look for a good book of Vermeer.”

“Vermeer,” Uncle Quin pronounced slowly, relishing the r’s, pretending to give the matter thought. “Dutch school.”

“He’s Dutch, yes.”

“For my own money, Jay, the French are the people to beat. We have four Degas ballet dancers in our living room in Chicago, and I could sit and look at one of them for hours. I think it’s wonderful, the feeling for balance the man had.”

“Yeah, but don’t Degas’s paintings always remind you of colored drawings? For actually looking at things in terms of paint, for the lucid eye, I think Vermeer makes Degas look sick.”

Uncle Quin said nothing, and my father, after an anxious glance across the table, said, “That’s the way he and his mother talk all the time. It’s all beyond me. I can’t understand a thing they say.”

“Your mother is encouraging you to be a painter, is she, Jay?” Uncle Quin’s smile was very wide, and his cheeks were pushed out as if each held a candy.

“Sure, I suppose she is.”

“Your mother is a very wonderful woman, Jay,” Uncle Quin said.

It was such an embarrassing remark, and so much depended upon your definition of “wonderful,” that I dug at my ice cream, and my father asked Uncle Quin about his own wife, Edna. When we left, Uncle Quin signed the check with his name and the name of some company. It was close to five o’clock.

My uncle didn't know much about the location of bookstores in New York—his last twenty years had been spent in Chicago—but he thought that if we went to Forty-second Street and Sixth Avenue we should find something. The cab driver let us out beside a park that acted as kind of a back yard for the Public Library. It looked so inviting, so agreeably dusty, with the pigeons and the men nodding on the benches and the office girls in their taut summer dresses, that, without thinking, I led the two men into it. Shimmering buildings arched upward and glinted through the treetops. This was New York, I told myself: the silver town. Towers of ambition rose, crystalline, within me. "If you stand here," my father said, "you can see the Empire State." I went and stood beneath my father's arm and followed with my eyes the direction of it. Something sharp and hard fell into my right eye. I ducked my head and blinked; it was painful.

"What's the trouble?" Uncle Quin's voice asked.

My father said, "The poor kid's got something into his eye. He has the worst luck that way of anybody I ever knew."

The thing seemed to have life. It bit. "Ow," I said, angry enough to cry.

"If we can get him out of the wind," my father's voice said, "maybe I can see it."

"No, now, Marty, use your head. Never fool with the eyes or ears. The hotel is within two blocks. Can you walk two blocks, Jay?"

"I'm blind, not lame," I snapped.

"He has a ready wit," Uncle Quin said.

Between the two men, shielding my eye with a hand, I walked to the hotel. From time to time, one of them would take my other hand, or put one of theirs on my shoulder, but I would walk faster, and the hands would drop away. I hoped our entrance into the hotel lobby would not be too conspicuous; I took my hand from my eye and walked erect, defying the impulse to stoop. Except for the one lid being shut and possibly my face being red, I imagined I looked passably suave. However, my guardians lost no time betraying me. Not only did they walk at my heels, as if I might topple any instant, but my father told one old bum sitting in the lobby, "Poor kid got something in his eye," and Uncle Quin, passing the desk, called, "Send up a doctor to

Twenty-eleven.”

“You shouldn’t have done that, Quin,” my father said in the elevator. “I can get it out, now that he’s out of the wind. This is happening all the time. The kid’s eyes are too far front in his head.”

“Never fool with the eyes, Martin. They are your most precious tool in life.”

“It’ll work out,” I said, though I didn’t believe it would. It felt like a steel chip, deeply embedded.

Up in the room, Uncle Quin made me lie down on the bed. My father, a handkerchief wadded in his hand so that one corner stuck out, approached me, but it hurt so much to open the eye that I repulsed him. “Don’t torment me,” I said, twisting my face away. “What good does it do? The doctor’ll be up.”

Regretfully my father put the handkerchief back into his pocket.

The doctor was a soft-handed man with little to say to anybody; he wasn’t pretending to be the family doctor. He rolled my lower eyelid on a thin stick, jabbed with a Q-tip, and showed me, on the end of the Q-tip, an eyelash. My own eyelash. He dropped three drops of yellow fluid into the eye to remove any chance of infection. The fluid stung, and I shut my eyes, leaning back into the pillow, glad it was over. When I opened them, my father was passing a bill into the doctor’s hand. The doctor thanked him, winked at me, and left. Uncle Quin came out of the bathroom.

“Well, young man, how are you feeling now?” he asked.

“Fine.”

“It was just an eyelash,” my father said.

“Just an eyelash! Well, I know how an eyelash can feel like a razor blade in there. But, now that the young invalid is recovered, we can think of dinner.”

“No, I really appreciate your kindness, Quin, but we must be getting back to the sticks. I have an eight-o’clock meeting I should be at.”

“I’m extremely sorry to hear that. What sort of meeting, Marty?”

“A church council.”

“So you’re still doing church work. Well, God bless you for it.”

“Grace wanted me to ask you if you couldn’t possibly come over some day. We’ll put you up overnight. It would be a real treat for her to see you again.”

Uncle Quin reached up and put his arm around his younger brother’s shoulders. “Martin, I’d like that better than anything in the world. But I am solid with appointments, and I must head west this Thursday. They don’t let me have a minute’s repose. Nothing would please my heart better than to share a quiet day with you and Grace in your home. Please give her my love, and tell her what a wonderful boy she is raising. The two of you are raising.”

My father promised, “I’ll do that.” And, after a little more fuss, we left.

“The child better?” the old man in the lobby called to us on the way out.

“It was just an eyelash, thank you, sir,” my father said.

When we got outside, I wondered if there were any bookstores still open.

“We have no money.”

“None at all?”

“The doctor charged five dollars. That’s how much it costs in New York to get something in your eye.”

“I didn’t do it on purpose. Do you think I pulled out the eyelash and stuck it in there myself? I didn’t tell you to call the doctor.”

“I know that.”

“Couldn’t we just go into a bookstore and look a minute?”

“We haven’t time, Jay.”

But when we reached Pennsylvania Station, it was over thirty minutes until the next train left. As we sat on a bench, my father smiled reminiscently. “Boy, he’s smart, isn’t he? His thinking is sixty light-years ahead of mine.”

“Who? Whose thinking?”

“My brother. Notice the way he hid in the bathroom until the doctor was gone? That’s how to make money. The rich man collects dollar bills like the stamp collector collects stamps. I knew he’d do it. I knew it when he told the clerk to send up a doctor that I’d have to pay for it.”

“Well, why should he pay for it? You were the person to pay for it.”

“That’s right. Why should he?” My father settled back, his eyes forward, his hands crossed and limp in his lap. The skin beneath his chin was loose; his temples seemed concave. The liquor was probably disagreeing with him. “That’s why he’s where he is now, and that’s why I am where I am.”

The seed of my anger was a desire to recall him to himself, to scold him out of being old and tired. “Well, why’d you bring along only five dollars? You might have known something would happen.”

“You’re right, Jay. I should have brought more.”

“Look. Right over there is an open bookstore. Now if you had brought ten dollars –”

“Is it open? I don’t think so. They just left the lights in the window on.”

“What if it isn’t? What does it matter to us? Anyway, what kind of art book can you get for five dollars? Color plates cost money. How much do you think a decent book of Vermeer costs? It’d be cheap at fifteen dollars, even second-hand, with the pages all crummy and full of spilled coffee.” I kept on, shrilly flailing the passive and infuriating figure of my father, until we left the city. Once we were on the homeward train, my tantrum ended; it had been a kind of ritual, for both of us, and he had endured my screams complacently, nodding assent, like a midwife assisting at the birth of family pride. Years passed before I needed to go to New York again.

Task 1. *Will you prepare a report about John Updike, his biography and famous pieces of work.*

Task 2. *You have read the story, will you say if the following statements are true or false. Correct the wrong statements and prove your corrections. If the statements are true, find the facts to prove it Use the following phrases to start your answer:*

In case you agree, say:

You are quite right...

I fully agree with you

I am of the same opinion...

There is something in what you say, but....

In case you disagree say:

I'm sorry to say, but...

Just the other way round...

Nothing of the kind...

Just the opposite...

Far from it...

You've got it all wrong...

1.The boy and his father had many reasons to visit New York City.

2.The boy's dream was to see his rich uncle who lived in New York.

3.The boy's family was prosperous. They could afford such trips easily.

4.The boy wanted his uncle to buy him the Vermeer book.

5.The uncle met them at the station and was happy to see his brother and his nephew.

6.Uncle Quin stayed in an expensive stylish hotel.

7.Uncle Quin had warned the clerk at the reception about the arrival of his brother, and the clerk met them with hospitality.

8.The uncle introduced his relatives to his business partners and asked them to join the conversation and have a drink.

9.Uncle Quin did not remember the name of his nephew.

10.Uncle Quin asked his brother and his nephew to freshen up because he was very polite and hospitable. He wanted to take care of them.

11.Father knew his brother well and understood that Quin did not want him and Jay to rejoin Quin's friends.

12.Not to waste time Martin and Jay went sight-seeing as Uncle Quin was busy.

13.Father knew little about New York because it was his first trip there. He couldn't answer his son's questions.

14. Uncle Quin was really disappointed that Marty and Jay didn't see more of his friends.

15. Uncle Quin took a taxi to show the boy New York.

16. When they arrived at a little restaurant Uncle Quin ordered good dinner for his guests.

17. Uncle Quin asked the boy about his special interests because he wanted to know more about his nephew and was eager to help him in some way.

18. Uncle Quin was interested in art. He knew a lot about painters. The boy admired his knowledge and valued his opinion.

19. When the boy's dream to buy a book about Vermeer was about to come true he got something into his eye.

20. They had to return to the hotel. Uncle Quin was very helpful he sent for the doctor.

21. The doctor helped the boy. There was nothing serious just an eyelash in his eye.

22. Uncle Quin paid 5 dollars for it.

23. The father was angry with Jay.

24. In the end they bought a book about Vermeer and the boy was happy.

25. The boy visited New York many times later.

Task 3. *Find English equivalents for the following in the text and reproduce situations with them:*

- исчезать
- время нам встретиться
- мерить все деньгами
- отправиться куда-либо имея обратный билет
- смотреть безмятежно
- быть расстроенным, но не показать это
- поздороваться со всеми за руку
- сделать также (повторить точь в точь)
- туалет (амер.)
- направляться в
- не будь смешон

- как заводная игрушка
- высовываться из окна
- делать разворот
- бок о бок (плечо к плечу)
- деревенщина (амер.)
- страстно желать сказать что-то
- смотреть поверх головы
- незабываемое, раз в жизни получаемое удовольствие
- короче говоря
- к чьему-то удивлению
- делать вид / притворяться
- это выше моего понимания
- зависит от вашего определения слова
- закапать капли
- ценить (вашу) доброту
- после небольшой суматохи
- вот как делают деньги

Task 4. *Will you find in the text the sentences in which the following word-combinations are used. Translate the sentences. Use the word combinations in sentences of your own.*

- to claim that
- to be infuriating about
- to freshen up
- to be the only law
- to be a go-getter
- at that point of my life
- to take a look around the city
- to see very little of smb
- to duplicate one's mistake
- to encourage smb to do smth
- to get smb out of
- from time to time
- to fool with smb/smth
- to pay smb up overnight
- to be solid with

- to do smth on purpose
- to matter to smb.

Task 5. *Match the words to their definitions. Translate them into Russian.*

1. lucid
2. to blink
3. to sprout
4. to duplicate
5. to peep from/out
6. a suite
7. a schemer
8. a pamphlet
9. embarrassment
10. an adjustment
11. Anxious
12. To snap
13. Reminiscent

a. a very thin book with a paper cover, given free to people

b. a set of rooms

c. to speak sharply

d. showing or telling smth in a clear, simple way

e. a person who makes secret plans to achieve smth, especially in a dishonest way

f. worried because you think smth bad might happen

g. to close your eyes for a very short time and then quickly open them again

h. a change in smth that makes it better, more effective

i. reminding you of people and experiences in your past

j. to appear slightly from behind or under smth

k. feeling of being nervous or ashamed because of what people know or think about you

l. used to describe smth that comes out of a surface

m. to create the situation that is exactly like another one

Task 6. *Fill in the blanks with prepositions or adverbs where necessary:*

I wouldn't blame you if you took a gun and shot us all. Except Quin and your son.

Uncle Quin didn't met us Pennsylvania Station.

The facilities are the door and the left.

When I was in the lavatory, I made the living room to rejoin Uncle Quin and his friends.

I looked the room something to read.

By leaning the window, I could see taxicabs maneuvering windup toys.

"Do you really think he meantus to stayhere?" I asked.

He always called me "the kid" when I was sick or had lost something, or was angry- when he felt sorryme,short.

The trip didn't seem so much designed sight-seeing as getting Uncle Quin the Pickernut Club.

Shimmering buildings arrowed and glintedthe treetops.

Something sharp and hard fell my right eye.

Never fool the eyes or ears. The hotel is two blocks.

I did not do it purpose.

Notice the way he hid the bathroom the doctor was gone?

Task 7. *Discussion.*

What is the author's attitude to Uncle Quin? (serious, humorous, mocking, critical, ironical, indifferent, forgiving).

Give character sketches of:

1. the Father
2. the boy
3. Uncle Quin

Illustrate your ideas with the sentences from the text to prove your words.

Did you like the story? In any case explain your answer.

Task 8. *Retell the story as if you were:*

1. The Father.
2. Uncle Quin.

Task 9. *Will you make short reports about Vermeer and Degas whose names are mentioned in the story.*

THE KID'S WHISTLING

By John Updike

Things were nearly perfect: Christmas was three weeks away, Roy worked late every evening and was doubling his salary in overtime, and tonight rain was falling. Rain was Roy's favorite weather, and he never felt more at rest, more at home, than when working nights in his hot little room on the third floor of Herlihy's – the department store stretching dark and empty under him, the radio murmuring, maybe the rain tapping on the black skylight, the engines shuttling back and forth in the Fourth Street freight yards, half a mile away.

The one trouble was the kid's whistling. For ten months a year Roy had the Display Department to himself. If the orders for counter cards piled up, Shipping lent him a boy to help out. But at the beginning of November, Simmons, the store manager, hired a high-school kid to come in weekday evenings and on Saturdays. This year's helper was called Jack, and he whistled. He whistled all the time.

At the hand press, Jack was printing counter cards and rendering "Summertime."

He seemed to feel the tune needed a cool, restrained treatment, for which Roy was grateful; he was all set to begin the Toy Department sign and wanted things to go well. Though the customary sans-serif or bold roman would have done, he planned to try Old English capitals. It was for his own satisfaction; no one would appreciate the extra effort, least of all Simmons. On a plywood board, $\frac{1}{2}$ " \times $1\frac{1}{2}$ " \times 11', primed with off-white, Roy ruled the guidelines and pencilled the letters lightly, mostly to get the spacing. He lit a cigarette, puffed it a moment, not inhaling, then set it on the edge of the workbench. His drawing board was hinged to the second of four shelves; in working position, the board rested upon and overhung the rim of the waist-high bench at an angle of thirty degrees. When not in use, the board was supposed to hook into a loop screw attached to the top shelf, but the screw had worked out of the soft pine, and the board always hung down. This way, the lowest shelf was half concealed, and had become a cave of empty paint jars, forgotten memos, petrified brushes, scraps of Masonite. On the second shelf, in rainbow order, the jars of poster paints sat. The third shelf held jars of nails, boxes of tacks and staples, two staplers

(one broken), colored inks (dried up), penholders in a coffee mug, pen points in a cigar box, brushes in a beer mug, three hammers, two steel rods intended to brace the arms of mannequins, and a hand-jigsaw frame without a blade; these things were not as well ordered as the poster paints. The tall space between the fourth shelf and the ceiling contained a blackened chaos of obsolete displays – silhouettes of Indians, firecrackers, reindeer, clouds, dollar signs. Shelves in ascending degrees of muddle also covered the wall on Roy's left. To his right, at some distance, were the kid and the hand press and the door out. Behind him were the power tools, some timber, and the mannequin closet, built into the dimmest corner of the room. Though Roy had a long-legged stool, he stood at his drawing board. He chose a No. 9 wedge brush and a jar of Sky Blue poster paint. He glanced into the lettering book, open to "Old English." He made certain the shaker of Silverdust was within reach.

Then, with no more hesitation, Roy dipped the brush and touched it to the board.

The great crescent of the T went on without a tremor. The broad curve capping it had just the proper jaunty hint of a left-to-right downslant. With a No. 2 brush he added the hairlines. He quickly sprinkled Silverdust over the moist letter, blew the loose stuff away, and stepped back, pleased.

In his head Roy slammed a door shut on Jack's insistent version of "Lady Be Good." He shook his brush clean in a jar of water and executed the O in Deep Yellow. He was not sure that the yellow would stand out enough against the white, but it did, especially after the Silverdust was added.

Jack switched to "After You've Gone," doing it loud, tapping a foot. It got so trumpety that, in the middle of putting the hairline on the Y, Roy, afraid his hand might shake, turned and stared burningly at Jack's spine. It made no impression. Jack was tall, about six inches taller than Roy, and thin. His neck, no thicker than an arm, led into a muff of uncut hair. Clapping two pieces of wooden type on the table, the kid leaned back and let fly four enormous, jubilant notes.

"Hey, Jack," Roy called.

The boy turned. "Beg pardon?" He looked startled, exposed. He wasn't one of these mean kids, actually.

“How about a Coke?”

“Sure. If you’re having one.”

Roy didn’t want a soft drink; he wanted quiet. But he had worked himself into a position where there was nothing to do but go out into the dark hall, dig two dimes from his pocket, insert them in the machine, wait for the cold wet bottles to bump down, and take them back to the Display Department. When he gave Jack one, the boy offered him a nickel and five pennies. “Keep it,” Roy told him. “Buy yourself a saxophone.”

Jack’s pleasant, ignorant face showed that the hint had been too subtle for him. “Want some peanuts?” he said, gesturing toward an ink-smudged can labelled PLANTERS.

The cold weight of the bottle in Roy’s fingers made salted nuts seem appropriate. He took a good handful, then, noticing the can was nearly empty, dropped some back into it. As he fed them to himself, one by one, the kid watched him, apparently expecting conversation. Roy pointed with a loosely clenched hand at the sheaf of orders on the spindle. “Good night’s work there.”

“I can’t get all them out tonight.”

Roy knew this was so, but if he agreed, it might encourage the kid to loaf. He returned to his sign without another word. He polished off the fine lines of the Y and, in one slow, satisfying movement of his arm, did the tail. On with the Silverdust.

Washing both brushes, opening the jar labelled “Crimson,” Roy was conscious of his hands. They were square and smooth, with dandified nails, and completely clean, yet not so white that they could not take a flattering tan from the contrast with the clean cuffs. The cuffs, folded back exactly twice and starched to about the stiffness of thin cardboard, pressed lightly on the flats of his forearms and gave him an agreeable packaged feeling. It was just as well he hadn’t bawled the kid out. Roy knew it was only the boy’s kind of peace, standing over there whistling, playing with type, his crusty apron snug around him, his can of salted peanuts and his pack of Philip Morris beside him on the table, God knows what going on in his brain. The kid smoked steadily. Once, when Roy asked Jack if he didn’t smoke too much, Jack had

said no, this was the only place he ever smoked, which was exactly the point, but Roy let it drop. It wasn't as if he was the kid's father.

Roy started the L. Jack started "If I Could Be with You One Hour Tonight," in an irritating, loose, whoopsy way, trying to be Coleman Hawkins or some bop shade. In exasperation, Roy switched on the radio he kept on the shelf. It was an old Motorola; its tubes were all but shot. Even on full, it wasn't loud enough for Jack to hear above his own noise. He kept on whistling, like he was a bird and this was some treetop.

Roy finished up the L. Suddenly Jack went quiet. Roy, hoping the kid wasn't offended, turned off the radio. In the silence, he heard the sounds that had really made the kid stop: the elevator door clanging shut and then high heels clicking.

More than a minute seemed to pass before the Display Department door opened. When it did, there was Maureen, wearing a transparent raincoat, moisture beaded all over it and in her clipped red hair. There was something aggressive about that soaked hair. She frowned in the bright fluorescent light. "It's dark out there," she said. "I got lost."

"The switch is right by the elevator," was all Roy could think of to say.

She walked past the printing machine, with the kid at it, and came to stand by Roy. She looked at the sign.

" 'Todl?' " she read.

" 'Toyl.' That's a Y."

"But it's closed at the top. It looks like a D with a wiggly tail."

"This is Gothic lettering."

"Well, I don't want to argue. It's probably just me."

"How come you're down here? What's up?"

"The rain made me restless."

"You walked all the way? Who let you into the store?"

"It's only six blocks. I don't mind walking in the rain. I like it." Maureen's head was tilted and her hands were busy at an earring. "The watchman let me in. He said,

‘I’ll take you right on up, Mrs. Mays. He’ll be glad to see you. He’ll be real lonely and happy to see you.’ ”

“Orley let you in?”

“I didn’t ask his name.” She took a cigarette from Roy’s pack.

“Better take off your raincoat,” Roy said. “You don’t want to catch cold.”

She shrugged it off, draped it over the electric jigsaw, and stood, her legs spread as far as her narrow skirt allowed, smoking and studying the stuff in the top rack. Roy drew down the Orange and began painting the A.

“Orange next to red,” she said. “Ooey.”

“Hih,” he grunted, not hard enough to jiggle his hand.

“What’s in these boxes?”

“Boxes?” Roy was concentrating and barely heard what she said. “These boxes.”

He lifted the brush and looked around to see what she was pointing at. “Tinsel.”

“Tinsel! Why, you have two, four, six, six huge crates of it here! What do you do with it all? Sleep in it? Do you feed it to cows?”

“You get a reduction for quantity.”

She kicked one of the crates thoughtfully and moved on, inspecting. The last time Maureen had come into Herlihy’s was over three months ago, to pick him up for dinner and a movie. She hadn’t been in this mood then. “Why don’t you clean this mess out?” she called in a resonant, boxed-in voice from the closet where the mannequins were stored.

“Be careful. Those things cost.” Roy pointed up the big sweeping serif on the A.

She came back into the room. “What are these for?”

He doused the drying letter with Silverdust before turning to see what she meant.

“They’re pine boughs.”

“I know that. I mean what are you going to do with them?”

“What do you mean, what am I going to do with them? Put them in the window, make wreaths. This is Christmas, for Chrissake.”

He turned his back on her and stared at his sign. She came over and stood beside him. He began the N. As he completed the downstroke, his elbow touched her side,

she was standing that close.

“When are you coming home?” she asked softly, for the first time acting like there was a third person in the room.

“What time is it now?”

“A little after nine.”

“I don’t see how I can get away before eleven. I have to finish this sign.”

“It’s almost done now.”

“I have to finish the sign; then I thought the kid and I would hang it. And then there are other things to do. It piles up. I’ll try to make it by eleven –”

“Roy, really.”

“I’ll try to make it by eleven, but I can’t guarantee it. I’m sorry, honey, but Simmons is on my neck all the time. What the hell: I’m getting time and a half.”

She was silent while he put the serifs on the N. “So I suppose there’s no point in my waiting around here,” she said at last.

The N looked fine. In fact, the entire sign was more than passable. He was rather proud of himself, that he hadn’t let her showing up rattle him.

“I’ll see you around eleven,” Maureen said. “I’ll keep awake if I can.” She was putting on her raincoat.

“Here, let me walk you out.”

“Oh, no.” She lifted a long pale sarcastic palm. “Don’t let me disturb you. Time and a half, you know. I can flounder out on my own.”

Roy decided, seeing the mood she was in, that it would be better to let her make whatever point she thought she was making.

By way of patching things up, he watched her leave. He could tell from the cocky, hollow-backed way she walked toward the door that she knew his eyes were on her. Instead of passing by Jack’s bench, she paused and said, “Hello. What keeps you up so late?”

Jack rolled his eyes toward the racks of freshly printed signs – \$1.50 ea. \$2.98 per pair; PRE-XMAS PANIC SALE; 100% Silk MEN’S TIES; Mixed Unmentionables from 89¢. “Printing these.”

“All those on this little thing?” Maureen touched the press. “Inky!”

She showed Jack the first and second fingers of her hand; each was tipped with a crimson spot the size of a confetti bit. The kid poked around helplessly for a clean rag. The best he could do was offer her a corner of his apron. “Thank you so much,” she said, wiping her fingers slowly, thoroughly. At the door, she smiled and said “Ta-ta, all,” to a point in the room midway between her husband and the boy.

Roy chose to paint the last letter, D, in Sky Blue again, the same as the initial T. It would give the thing unity. As he formed the letter, first with the No. 9 brush, then with the No. 2, he was aware of something out of place, something askew, in his room, and with a section of his mind he tried to locate the trouble. This was a mistake. When the letter was covered with Silverdust, Roy stepped back and saw that he had botched it. The D was too plump, slightly out of scale and too close to the N. It was nothing Simmons or anybody would notice – who looked at signs, anyway? – but Roy knew it had been ruined, and now knew why. The kid had stopped whistling.

Task 1. *You have read the story, will you say if the following statements are true or false. Correct the wrong statements and prove your corrections. If the statements are true find the facts to prove it. Use the following phrases to start your answer:*

In case you agree, say:

You are quite right...

I fully agree with you

I am of the same opinion...

There is something in what you say, but...

In case you disagree say:

I'm sorry to say, but...

Just the other way round...

Nothing of the kind...

Just the opposite...

Far from it...

You've got it all wrong...

1. Christmas was over three weeks ago.
2. Roy worked late every evening only because he wanted to get more money.
3. Roy didn't like rainy weather and was in a bad mood that night.
4. When working nights in his hot little room he felt exhausted and weary.
5. A high-school kid was hired by the store manager to help Roy every day.
6. His helper was fond of whistling. It was irritating and Roy often bowled the boy out.
7. The boy was impolite, unkind and vicious. He was an idle, indolent fellow.
8. Roy knew his room was only the boy's kind of peace when he was standing over there whistling, like he was a bird and this was a treetop. In this room Jack felt free of care.
9. Roy liked the quiet, tranquil atmosphere of his room, his jars of poster paints, his brushes. He enjoyed his work. He was precise about doing his work.
10. Roy wanted things to go well and he planned to try the Toy Department sign in customary types.
11. He wanted his extra efforts to be appreciated.
12. He was going to try Old English capitals for his own pleasure and satisfaction.
13. Roy found Jack's whistling intolerable. He was sick and tired of it.
13. Jack didn't pay attention to Roy's words and demands.
14. Roy was not afraid of offending the boy. He couldn't keep his temper.
15. Roy often behaved as if he was the boy's father. The boy always obeyed him.
16. Roy was a reserved man. He was scrupulous in his dress. It gave him an agreeable packaged feeling.
17. The loud sounds of the radio made the kid stop whistling.
18. Maureen often came to see Roy. She liked to watch him working. She was proud of him.
19. Maureen was annoyed and aggressive. She was in a bad mood.

20. Maureen's appearance and her showing up disturbed Roy and the boy as well.

21. Roy showed his displeasure and dissatisfaction with Maureen's aggression.

22. Maureen rebuked and lectured Roy for the mess, the wrong colours and other little things. She disapproved of his work and choice.

23. She wanted to vent her spleen on Roy and make him feel small.

24. Roy made some attempts to calm Maureen. He managed to put Maureen at her ease.

25. Roy lost his temper because of Maureen's exasperation and her disrespect for him

26. Maureen was kind to Jack. She was interested in his work and asked him many questions about it. She was anxious to know him better.

27. Maureen left the room quite contented with the effect she had produced.

28. When Maureen had left the room Roy made a mistake. He was in despair because he had spoiled the last letter and had done the work carelessly)

29. He failed to locate the trouble and understand what had been ruined.

30. The boy was not tense or frustrated. He was not moved by the occurrence.

31. The boy stopped whistling because Roy had made a mistake.

Task 2. Give English equivalents for the following word-combinations and recall situations with them:

1. почти идеальный; 2. никогда не чувствовал себя таким отдохнувшим ...;
3. приходиться по вечерам в рабочие дни; 4. для собственного удовольствия/удовлетворения; 5. никто не оценит дополнительные усилия /старания; 6. наметил направляющие линии и нарисовал карандашом буквы; 7. когда не использовалась; 8. в порядке цветов радуги; 9. коробки с гвоздями и скрепками;
10. быть в пределах досягаемости; 11. без сомнения/без колебаний; 12. без дрожи; 13. достаточно выделяться на белом фоне; 14. шагнул назад довольный;
15. он повернулся и пристально посмотрел на; 16. это не произвело никакого впечатления; 17. он выглядел испуганным, незащищенным; 18. он сам довел себя

до такого положения, где ничего не оставалось как ...; 19. оставь себе; 20. невежественный, необразованный; 21. намек был слишком тонким для него; 22. побудить парня бездельничать; 23. в раздражении/в отчаянии; 24. я потерялась; 25. он хмыкнул; 26. Потрясти/подергать; 27. мишура.

Task 3. *Give Russian equivalents for the following word-combinations:*

1. the radio was murmuring; 2. the engines were shuttling back and forth in the Fourth Street freight yards; 3. he planned to try Old English capitals; 4. Roy dipped the brush and touched it to the board; 5. The great crescent of the T went on without a tremor; 6. With a No; 2 brush he added the hairlines; 7. He quickly sprinkled Silverdust over the moist letter; 8. Get a reduction for quantity; 9. there's no point in my waiting around here; 10. he was aware of something out of place, something askew; 11. he didn't let her showing up rattle him.

Task 4. *Give a good literary translation of the passage:*

Washing both brushes, opening the jar labelled "Crimson," Roy was conscious of his hands. They were square and smooth, with dandified nails, and completely clean, yet not so white that they could not take a flattering tan from the contrast with the clean cuffs. The cuffs, folded back exactly twice and starched to about the stiffness of thin cardboard, pressed lightly on the flats of his forearms and gave him an agreeable packaged feeling. It was just as well he hadn't bawled the kid out. Roy knew it was only the boy's kind of peace, standing over there whistling, playing with type, his crusty apron snug around him, his can of salted peanuts and his pack of Philip Morris beside him on the table, God knows what going on in his brain. The kid smoked steadily. Once, when Roy asked Jack if he didn't smoke too much, Jack had said no, this was the only place he ever smoked, which was exactly the point, but Roy let it drop. It wasn't as if he was the kid's father.

Task 5. *There are some adjectives to help you to describe people, their behavior, character, mood, actions or atmosphere. Translate these adjectives into Russian in written form.*

Friendly:

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. kind | 6. affectionate |
| 2. amiable | 7. genial |
| 8. considerate | 10. cordial |
| 9. well- disposed | 11. to be on friendly terms with |
| 3. thoughtful | 12. to be kind to |
| 4. helpful | 13. to be thoughtful of |
| 5. devoted | 14. to be well-disposed to |

Translate into English using the words given above:

1. Мы с ним в дружеских отношениях. 2. Они всегда добры ко мне. 3. Он очень дружелюбный человек. 4. Она относится ко мне благосклонно. 5. Они очень добрые люди и всегда готовы помочь. 6. Молодые люди должны заботиться стариках. 7. У меня есть несколько преданных друзей. 8. Его отец – добродушный старик. 9. Я помню его сердечный прием во время нашего последнего визита к нему.

Hostile:

1. unfriendly
2. unkind
3. ill-disposed
4. incompatible
5. cold
6. malevolent
7. malicious
8. malignant

Translate into Russian these examples:

1. He expressed his hostile opinions on our plans. 2. His attitude to me was almost hostile. 3. He often makes silly and unkind remarks. 4. The receptionist was ill-disposed towards us. 5. We were invited but found a cold reception. 6. She gave me a cold look. 7. His face was malevolent. 8. She was malicious to me. 9. Who spreads this malicious gossip? 10. I felt his malignant glance with my back.

Polite:

1. courteous
2. well-mannered
3. thankful
4. respectful
5. tactful
6. considerate
7. unassuming

Translate into Russian:

He is very polite to his superiors but malicious to the colleagues. He is respectful to his parents. She is respectful of traditions. I'll drop him a tactful hint. The tactful thing would have been not to say anything. He was very considerate to her parents

Rough:

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. rude | 6. impolite |
| 2. discourteous | 7. abusive |
| 3. inconsiderate | 8. peremptory |
| 4. arrogant | 9. to be short with smb |
| 5. disrespectful | |

Translate into Russian:

1. It is rude to stare at people. 2. He paid no attention to her rude remarks. 3. It is most inconsiderate of him to act that way. 4. She was arrogant and disrespectful to

her husband. 5. It was very impolite of her to ask this question. 6. Our work was interrupted by her peremptory arrival. 7. He was short with his children. 8. He was self-respecting and respectful to other people. 9. They are persons of incompatible temper. 10. He is sparing of words. 11. She likes to be alone and does not talk much to other people. She is aloof. 12. She is of a solitary disposition. 13. She was a silent girl, cool and aloof. 14. The teacher should be strict or forbearing depending on the situation. 15. He does not wish to be noticed by other people. Unassuming is the right word expressing his feature.

Task 6. *Answer the Questions:*

1. What was the weather like when the events happened? How is the description of the weather and the department store related to the plot of the story? What does the story begin with?

2. Why does the author describe Roy's little room and his work so thoroughly, mentioning many details and little things? Did it help you understand Roy's personality and disposition? What kind of man was Roy?

3. Do you think Roy's life was commonplace or outstanding? Do you think he could be proud of his life? Was he disappointed with his life and work? Explain your answer.

4. How would you characterize the relationship between Roy and Jack? What did the young boy experience when he was in Roy's room?

5. What feelings was Maureen guided by when she came to see Roy? What was the reason for her visit?

6. Why was Roy surprised to see Maureen in his room?

7. How did she behave? How does Maureen's behaviour characterize her?

8. Why did Maureen turn against Roy? In your opinion, what could cause an estrangement between Roy and Maureen.

9. How did the situation change when Maureen appeared? How did Maureen express her disapproval to Roy's work? Can you prove that her behaviour was an affront to his pride, and that it was humiliating for him?

10. What attempts did Roy make to calm Maureen?

11. What did Maureen ruin? How did you understand it?

Task 7. *Discussion.*

1. Can you identify whether a person is positive or negative at first sight? Which things are important to you to make a judgment about a person: voice, gestures, facial expression, language or something else?

2. What do you do when somebody tries to manipulate you, to throw you off balance and tries your patience?

3. What kind of person are you? What behaviour hurts your feelings?

Task 8.

1. Discuss the title of the story. How does it fit the plot of the story?

2. Give a summary of the story.

3. Describe Roy's and the boy's feelings after Maureen's departure.

4. Judging by actions and words give a character sketch of:

A. Roy.

B. Jack

C. Maureen.

Task 9. *Retell the story as if you were:*

A. Roy

B. Maureen

C. Jack

What is the message of the story?

THE USE OF FORCE

William Carlos Williams (1883-1963)

They were new patients to me, all I had was the name, Olson. Please come down as soon as you can, my daughter is very sick.

When I arrived I was met by the mother, a big startled looking woman, very clean and apologetic who merely said, Is this the doctor? and let me in. In the back, she added. You must excuse us, doctor, we have her in the kitchen where it is warm. It is very damp here sometimes.

The child was fully dressed and sitting on her father's lap near the kitchen table. He tried to get up, but I motioned for him not to bother, took off my overcoat and started to look things over. I could see that they were all very nervous, eyeing me up and down distrustfully. As often, in such cases, they weren't telling me more than they had to, it was up to me to tell them; that's why they were spending three dollars on me.

The child was fairly eating me up with her cold, steady eyes, and no expression to her face whatever. She did not move and seemed, inwardly, quiet; an unusually attractive little thing, and as strong as a heifer in appearance. But her face was flushed, she was breathing rapidly, and I realized that she had a high fever. She had magnificent blonde hair, in profusion. One of those picture children often reproduced in advertising leaflets and the photogravure sections of the Sunday papers.

She's had a fever for three days, began the father and we don't know what it comes from. My wife has given her things, you know, like people do, but it don't do no good. And there's been a lot of sickness around. So we tho't you'd better look her over and tell us what is the matter.

As doctors often do I took a trial shot at it as a point of departure. Has she had a sore throat?

Both parents answered me together, No . . . No, she says her throat don't hurt her.

Does your throat hurt you? added the mother to the child. But the little girl's expression didn't change nor did she move her eyes from my face.

Have you looked?

I tried to, said the mother, but I couldn't see.

As it happens we had been having a number of cases of diphtheria in the school to which this child went during that month and we were all, quite apparently, thinking of that, though no one had as yet spoken of the thing.

Well, I said, suppose we take a look at the throat first. I smiled in my best professional manner and asking for the child's first name I said, come on, Mathilda, open your mouth and let's take a look at your throat.

Nothing doing.

Aw, come on, I coaxed, just open your mouth wide and let me take a look. Look, I said opening both hands wide, I haven't anything in my hands. Just open up and let me see.

Such a nice man, put in the mother. Look how kind he is to you. Come on, do what he tells you to. He won't hurt you.

At that I ground my teeth in disgust. If only they wouldn't use the word "hurt" I might be able to get somewhere. But I did not allow myself to be hurried or disturbed but speaking quietly and slowly I approached the child again.

As I moved my chair a little nearer suddenly with one catlike movement both her hands clawed instinctively for my eyes and she almost reached them too. In fact she knocked my glasses flying and they fell, though unbroken, several feet away from me on the kitchen floor.

Both the mother and father almost turned themselves inside out in embarrassment and apology. You bad girl, said the mother, taking her and shaking her by one arm. Look what you've done. The nice man . . .

For heaven's sake, I broke in. Don't call me a nice man to her. I'm here to look at her throat on the chance that she might have diphtheria and possibly die of it. But that's nothing to her. Look here, I said to the child, we're going to look at your throat.

You're old enough to understand what I'm saying. Will you open it now by yourself or shall we have to open it for you?

Not a move. Even her expression hadn't changed. Her breaths however were coming faster and faster. Then the battle began. I had to do it. I had to have a throat culture for her own protection. But first I told the parents that it was entirely up to them. I explained the danger but said that I would not insist on a throat examination so long as they would take the responsibility.

If you don't do what the doctor says you'll have to go to the hospital, the mother admonished her severely.

Oh yeah? I had to smile to myself. After all, I had already fallen in love with the savage brat, the parents were contemptible to me. In the ensuing struggle they grew more and more abject, crushed, exhausted while she surely rose to magnificent heights of insane fury of effort bred of her terror of me.

The father tried his best, and he was a big man but the fact that she was his daughter, his shame at her behavior and his dread of hurting her made him release her just at the critical times when I had almost achieved success, till I wanted to kill him. But his dread also that she might have diphtheria made him tell me to go on, go on though he himself was almost fainting, while the mother moved back and forth behind us raising and lowering her hands in an agony of apprehension.

Put her in front of you on your lap, I ordered, and hold both her wrists.

But as soon as he did the child let out a scream. Don't, you're hurting me. Let go of my hands. Let them go I tell you. Then she shrieked terrifyingly, hysterically. Stop it! Stop it! You're killing me!

Do you think she can stand it, doctor! said the mother.

You get out, said the husband to his wife. Do you want her to die of diphtheria?

Come on now, hold her, I said.

Then I grasped the child's head with my left hand and tried to get the wooden tongue depressor between her teeth. She fought, with clenched teeth, desperately! But now I also had grown furious--at a child. I tried to hold myself down but I couldn't. I know how to expose a throat for inspection. And I did my best. When finally I got the

wooden spatula behind the last teeth and just the point of it into the mouth cavity, she opened up for an instant but before I could see anything she came down again and gripping the wooden blade between her molars she reduced it to splinters before I could get it out again.

Aren't you ashamed, the mother yelled at her. Aren't you ashamed to act like that in front of the doctor?

Get me a smooth-handled spoon of some sort, I told the mother. We're going through with this. The child's mouth was already bleeding. Her tongue was cut and she was screaming in wild hysterical shrieks. Perhaps I should have desisted and come back in an hour or more. No doubt it would have been better. But I have seen at least two children lying dead in bed of neglect in such cases, and feeling that I must get a diagnosis now or never I went at it again. But the worst of it was that I too had got beyond reason. I could have torn the child apart in my own fury and enjoyed it. It was a pleasure to attack her. My face was burning with it.

The damned little brat must be protected against her own idiocy, one says to one's self at such times. Others must be protected against her. It is a social necessity. And all these things are true. But a blind fury, a feeling of adult shame, bred of a longing for muscular release are the operatives. One goes on to the end.

In a final unreasoning assault I overpowered the child's neck and jaws. I forced the heavy silver spoon back of her teeth and down her throat till she gagged. And there it was--both tonsils covered with membrane. She had fought valiantly to keep me from knowing her secret. She had been hiding that sore throat for three days at least and lying to her parents in order to escape just such an outcome as this.

Now truly she was furious. She had been on the defensive before but now she attacked. Tried to get off her father's lap and fly at me while tears of defeat blinded her eyes.

Task 2. *Give Russian equivalents for the following and recall situations with them:*

1. a big startled looking woman, very clean and apologetic; 2. I motioned for him not to bother they were eyeing me up and down distrustfully. 3. She did not move and seemed, inwardly, quiet; an unusually attractive little thing; 4. I ground my teeth in disgust; 5. I approached the child again; 6. I had to have a throat culture for her own protection; 7. Both the mother and father almost turned themselves inside out in embarrassment and apology; 8. they would take the responsibility; 9. the mother admonished her severely; 10. In the ensuing struggle they grew more and more abject, crushed, exhausted; 11. his dread made him tell me to go on though he himself was almost fainting; 12. the mother was raising and lowering her hands in an agony of apprehension; 13. she shrieked terrifyingly, hysterically; 14. Perhaps I should have desisted; 15. I too had got beyond reason; 16. She must be protected against her own idiocy; 17. It is a social necessity; 18. unreasoning assault; 19. She had fought valiantly to keep me from knowing her secret.

Task 3. *Answer the questions:*

1. What was the condition of the parents on the arrival of the doctor?
2. How did the child look by appearance?
3. How did the child behave with the doctor?
4. Why did the doctor call the girl by her first name?
5. Why did the parents keep the child in the kitchen?
6. Why did the parents rebuke the little girl?
7. How did the doctor threaten the sick child?
8. What revealed that she was rebellious, stubborn, disobedient and spoiled?
9. Why was the girl not willing to cooperate with the doctor?
10. How did the doctor succeed in examining the sick child?
11. What worsened the situation and forced the doctor to take cautious measures aggressively?

12. Did his actions lead you to believe that this man finds pleasure in pain? Why? Why not?
13. How do you interpret the use of force in this situation?
14. The doctor saved the young girl through inappropriate manners, didn't he?
15. What was more important for him at that moment: the destruction of his career or the young girl's life?
16. What was the girl's secret? Why didn't she tell her parents and the doctor the truth?

Task 4. *Give a summary of the story.*

Narrate the story as if:

1. you were the girl
2. the girl's parents

Task 5. *Give a character sketch of:*

1. the doctor
2. the girl
3. the girl's parents

Discussion

1. Discuss the title of the story. Does it fit the plot of the story?
2. What is the message of the story?
3. Under what circumstances can the use of force be justified?
4. Should the professional aspect or one's personal reasoning of a job be put beforehand? Explain your opinion.
5. Did you like the story? Give your reasons.
6. Would you like to read some other stories by the author? Why/why not?

SECRET TERROR

Pete Johnson

I've never met you but I know this about you: you're terrified of something. It's no use denying it. Everyone is. My mum, for instance, is terrified of intruders. That's why our doors are decorated with a whole variety of locks and chains. There's even a peephole so you can stare at whoever's out there, undetected.

But no lock can stop the intruder I fear. This intruder comes and goes as it pleases. And when it moves, no boards creak under its tread. There's not even the whisper of a sound to alert you where it is.

I can't remember a time when I didn't fear it. But then I was always a very nervous girl. Especially in those years before I went to school. For no one had realized then how short-sighted I was, nor that I was living in a world which was permanently out of focus. It was as if everything was being reflected through one of those distorting mirrors, the ones which twist you into something hideous.

My eyes were as crazy as those mirrors and as treacherous. And then, when I was four, I was suddenly left alone in the house. Mum had been rowing with Dad on the phone (a strange, whispered row) and then she'd rushed out saying, 'I'll only be a minute.'

But she was gone for much longer than that. And I sat in the lounge, cold and tired and afraid. What if Mum didn't come back? What if no one came back? Then I saw something new in the room: a small dark shape, blurred and mysterious. And then, the dark shape ran across the room.

I don't think I'll ever forget the speed with which it ran or its sudden, jerky movements. And before I knew what was happening it was on me, crawling over my feet. I screamed even though the house was empty. And finally my screams were so piercing a neighbour charged in through the back door. Then my mum returned and, a bit later, the doctor came too, because I couldn't stop shivering. He said I was in a state of shock. Well, why wouldn't I be? A lump of dust had turned into a spider.

That was how I overcame all my objections to wearing glasses. I had to know if lurking in the darkest shadows was another spider. At least, armed with my glasses, I could now identify my enemy.

Except when I was in bed at night. One time I saw a spider climbing across my bedroom ceiling. At once I called for my mum. She couldn't see it and said I was letting my imagination run away with me. But she didn't look for very long. And afterwards I thought, what if the spider is still somewhere in my room, nicely camouflaged for now, but later... later when I'm asleep it could scurry out of the darkness and continue its climb and perhaps even drop off the ceiling — spiders often do that — and on to my bed. And I'd never know. I'd only feel it as it crawled up my neck and on to my face. To wake up and feel its spindly legs scuttling over your face — I can't think of a worse terror.

I remember one evening when I was watching a James Bond film round at a friend's house: the one where a tarantula crawls over Bond and he has to just lie there, sweating like crazy, until the thing moves off him. And I was horror-struck, not at the prospect of the tarantula biting him, but because he had to stay completely still while a giant spider crawled over him.

I just ran out of the house. My friend's mum rang home and unfortunately, my new stepfather answered. And after hearing about this incident, my vile stepfather decided he'd prove to me that spiders can't do any harm. So one evening, just as I was finishing drying the dishes, he suddenly yelled, 'Catch, Clare,' and threw a spider right at me. Even now I can taste the utter panic and terror I felt then. My mum said the spider had never actually landed on me but no one was really sure where it went. It seemed to just disappear. For days, weeks afterwards I'd wake up convinced the spider was still somewhere on my body.

Happily my stepfather left us shortly afterwards and was replaced later by a stepfather I call Roger, who, whenever I sighted a spider, understood that he had to search properly for it everywhere. No, both he and my mum were very sympathetic. Although occasionally I could see them looking at me questioningly. And I knew

they were wondering, is she just putting all this on to gain attention? But something, perhaps something in my eyes, always stopped them accusing me of faking.

As I got older, into my teens, my fear of spiders remained. Only now my reaction to the spiders scared me almost as much as the spiders themselves. For I couldn't seem able to control this fear. And I did try.

I sat down and tried to analyse what it was about spiders I hated so much. Was it their very thin legs or squelchy bodies? Or the fact that they were boneless? (I sometimes wonder how I know all this when I've never got that near to one, nor can even bear to look at one.) For some unknown reason it seems to be only spiders that inspire such blind terror in me.

More recently, some friends tried a kind of aversion therapy on me. They kept emphasizing the positive side of spiders. They told me how good spiders were at catching flies, for instance. And flies spread diseases, unlike spiders. So really, spiders are protecting us from diseases.

Someone even tried to make me feel sorry for spiders. 'Think,' she said. 'That spider you killed was probably a parent and now his poor baby spiders are fatherless or motherless. Next time you see a spider, think of its children.'

But I knew I could no more think of a spider as a parent, than I could an evil spirit. Yet I pretended to go along with it, for I was becoming more and more ashamed of my fear. And although no one ever said anything, I knew what they were thinking: fancy being scared of spiders at her age! And the fact that this fear never left me made it more and more sinister. Was there some deep, dark reason for it? Freud would probably say it pointed to some kind of sexual hangup. Or perhaps I was just plain neurotic.

Besides, being scared of spiders was such a girly thing. And I am, I suppose, a semi-feminist. I've certainly always despised women who jump on tables and chairs and scream loudly if they see a mouse. Yet, to other people, I must seem as moronic. That's why I tried to bury my fear away. I stopped talking about it and oddly enough I stopped seeing spiders, too. So everyone gradually forgot about it. Even my mum assumed it had vanished away as childhood fears often do.

Then one evening, shortly after my sixteenth birthday, my mum and Roger went out to a dinner-dance. And they were staying at the hotel overnight so they could both drink and make merry (though they never told me that was the reason). I'd originally planned to have some friends visit but I was still getting over flu, so I said I'd just have a bath and an early night instead.

My mum left me a list of instructions headed by, 'Lock yourself in and keep the chain on the door'. And before I took my bath I did just that, even checking the locks on the windows. There's something about being in the bath that makes you feel especially vulnerable, isn't there?

Then I went upstairs. I was already a bit drowsy and my head felt heavy. I decided I'd only have a quick bath tonight. But first I'd lie down on my bed for a minute.

When I woke up the room was covered in darkness. It was two o'clock. I'd slept for nearly four hours. And now it felt all stuffy. I had this full throbbing pain in my head. I bet I wouldn't get off to sleep again for ages. So I decided the best thing would be to have my bath now. I wouldn't stay in the bath long, just long enough for that lovely, tired feeling baths always give me to soak in.

I put on my robe, went into the bathroom, switched on the light and put on the wall heater. The bathroom window's made of pebbled glass, so all I could see was the night's darkness, transformed into something strange and distorted. But I could also hear the rain pattering against the glass and the wind whistling tunelessly. A cold, unfriendly night. A night to sleep through.

I bent down just to test the water was hot enough; I hate lukewarm baths. I stretched my hand out and then shrank back in terror.

I'd almost touched it. If I'd put my hand down just a couple of centimetres more I would have touched it. I would have touched the largest black spider I'd ever seen. Gr?

For a moment I stood completely still, numb with disbelief. I hadn't seen a spider for months, years. I'd assumed they'd disappeared from my life now, and their terror couldn't reach me anymore. For I was sixteen, an adult. But as I backed out of

the bathroom and into my bedroom I felt myself dwindling away into a small, terrified girl again. Had I really just seen a spider? Or was my flu making me hallucinate? For that spider was so huge it could only have jumped out of one of my nightmares. For years it had hidden itself in the darkest corners of my mind just waiting to come back, stronger than ever, to possess me.

No. Stop. I had to try and be rational about this. Just how had the spider got into the bath? I'd always assumed its only way into the bath was through the drainpipe. That's why every morning I'd check the plug was in the bath. I did it without thinking, a kind of reflex act, like locking the front door after you. So it can't have got in that way.

Well then, it must have just dropped into the bath from the window ledge. Unless – I suddenly remembered Mum had had a bath just before she went out. And I'm sure she left a towel hanging over the edge of the bath, something I would never ever do.

Any second it could climb out of that bath again, down the towel and start running – where? Any second it could scuttle under the bathroom door and into my bedroom. Any second. And there was nothing I could do. Unless I got someone to kill it.

I scrambled into my jeans, then immediately hurled them off again. A spider could be lying somewhere in there. They often crawl into clothes. I shook the jeans hard. Then I got dressed again and rushed downstairs. My plan was to charge into the street and call for help. But even as I stared at the chains I heard Mum's voice, 'The world's full of murderers and rapists,' and saw the newspaper articles she was always showing me of girls attacked at night. I swayed backwards.

For a moment I felt as if I was going to pass out. Flu does that to you. It creeps back on you again when you're least expecting it. No, I couldn't go out there. But I could ring someone for help, couldn't I? Like Alison, my best friend. She'd understand. She knows how much I fear spiders. Well, she did.

Her phone rang for ages and I was about to put it down when I heard her mother say, 'Yes?'

'Hello,' I said. I didn't know how to begin.

'Who is this? You've woken the whole house up.' Her voice was ice, a block of ice. And I knew I couldn't explain anything to that voice.

However, talking to a voice several degrees below freezing did help me in a way. For as I clicked the phone down, I suddenly had an idea. Something I could do alone. And for the first time that evening I even released a grim smile.

The terror was still there. But I was struggling to the surface of it now. I marched back upstairs and I stood outside the bathroom door. Then I thought, what if the spider's not in the bath anymore? What if it's... I swatted these fears away. There was a good chance the spider was still in the bath. After all, spiders can sit motionless in the same spot for hours. And if it wasn't in the bath any more – well, at least I'd know.

I banged open the bathroom door, the way Mum did years ago when she thought she heard intruders downstairs. And I was about to switch the light on – when I remembered what a mistake that could be. Insects are drawn to the light. And I didn't want the spider suddenly to start moving about. Not now.

I crept towards the bath. It was pitch dark in there, just as if the whole room was held beneath the spider's shadow. And there it was, so nearly camouflaged beneath its giant shadow and so completely still that you'd never know it was there. But I knew. I could almost hear it breathing.

Yet, soon, very soon, this spider will terrify me no longer.

First, I slowly and carefully took the towel off the bath. Next, I switched the hot-water tap full on. The water gushed out fiercely, quickly filling the bath. And all of a sudden the spider was moving. It was trying to scramble out of the bath. Almost instinctively I backed away. But the water was too fast for it. It could only bob along on the side of the bath. And then it started shrinking into a ball, until finally it looked exactly like what I'd first mistaken it for all those years ago – a large speck of dust. It was disappearing now, becoming smaller and smaller. I edged closer to the bath. Were its legs falling off? I think they were. There were little black specks in the bath now, anyway. Afterwards I really would have to clean that bath out.

I turned away. Now I could almost smell the spider's decomposing body. There was a horrible dank smell in here, just as if I were in an old case full of rotting... I turned back. I didn't need to look at the spider now. It would be no more than a black speck. I unplugged the water. And now the water will carry it away forever. I listened to the water gurgling out. Tonight it seemed a friendly, reassuring sound reminding me of bathtimes with warm radiators and Mum calling, 'Now dry yourself properly. You'll get rheumatism if you rush your drying.' How safe I felt then. If only I could go back. If only I wasn't awake now.

I darted a glance at the spider, then I gaped in disbelief. The spider was moving. It started unfurling itself like a tiny ball of wool, growing bigger and bigger. It hadn't drowned at all. Once again it had cheated me. Once again it had won.

It was scuttling about in the bath now, quickly, and confidently, while I raced around the bathroom too, desperately trying to think what to do next. My head felt hot and throbbing. I should be in bed, resting. But how can I rest when this thing is roaming about the house? I looked at my watch. Only half-past two. Hours and hours yet before morning. Oh, what could I do?

Suddenly I charged downstairs. I had one last desperate plan. I ran into the kitchen and filled two jugs so full of water I spilt half on the way up the stairs again.

I picked up my first jug and let the water tumble out behind the spider. My idea was that the force of the water would push the spider down the plug hole. And it worked. Partly. The water carried the spider about half-way down the bath. So straightaway I poured the second jugful behind the spider, which was by now tightly curled up in a ball. And the water forced it right up to the hole. One more jugful should send it hurtling down the plug hole.

But then I remembered something. In a lot of drains there's a little ledge where spiders sit waiting to come back again. I imagined that spider unfurling itself and then sneaking back into the bathroom again. Once more I started shaking but this time more with anger. I didn't want this fear any more. But I couldn't lose it. Perhaps I'd never lose it.

Yes, I could. Suddenly I flung open the bathroom window, pulled off about half a metre of loo paper and scooped up the spider. I did all this in about ten seconds flat, moving as if I'd been pushed into the wrong speed.

'Hold in there,' I said to myself. 'All you have to do now is throw the thing out of the window.' I took careful aim, holding the paper right by my ear, as I'm not a very good shot, while furiously crunching the paper tighter and tighter. Then I hurled the loo paper right out of the window and watched it plunge on to the back garden like some deformed kite. Tomorrow, no doubt, my stepdad would want to know why there was a roll of toilet paper on the back garden. I found myself smiling. Who cared about that! I was free of it at last. I was free. I even started feeling a bit proud of myself.

Soon I was too exhausted to stay awake very long. I crashed out on the top of my bed and immediately I was asleep and dreaming of a dead bird. I had seen it one morning on the road, lying there all shrivelled up. But that was years ago. I was at primary school. Yet, here it was again. Did nothing ever get lost?

And then I saw something crawling out of the bird's eye...

It was such a relief to wake up, even though I was sweating like crazy and I had this strange tickling sensation in my hair.

I was still half asleep, wasn't I, tasting the last moments of my nightmare? How could anything be in my hair? Unless... An image flashed through my mind of me holding the loo roll just under my ear, close enough for something to spring on to my face and...

And I started to scream. And soon I heard people hammering on the front door calling my name, just like they had all those years before. Only this time they'd never be able to get in. This time no one can help me.

And then I felt a strange tickling sensation creeping down my face.

Task 1. *Will you prepare a report about Pete Johnson: his life and work.*

Task 2. *Give Russian equivalents for the following word-combinations and learn them:*

It's no use denying it; to be terrified of intruders; to stare at smb undetected; to be short-sighted; to be out of focus; distorting mirrors; sudden, jerky movements; a lump of dust; to overcome one's objections to doing smth; to let one's imagination run away; to be horror-struck; to search properly for smth; to try a kind of aversion therapy on smb.; to spread diseases; to pretend to do; shortly after smth; throbbing pain; to shrink back in terror; to be rational about; a speck of dust; to be a relief to do smth; to release a grim smile.

Task 3. *Match the words and expressions with the correct definitions:*

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| a peephole | a. very ugly, or frightening in appearance |
| hideous | b. dangerous and likely to betray |
| to shrink | c. a small hole in a door, wall that you can see through |
| treacherous | d. smth that you expect or know is going to happen in future |
| to charge into | e. to see smb or smth suddenly or in the distance |
| at the prospect of | f. very stupid |
| to be sympathetic | g. to be unable to react or to show emotions because of extreme shock |
| to sight smth | h. to move somewhere quickly and carelessly |
| moronic | I. to show that you understand someone's problems |
| to stand / to be numb with disbelief | j. to get smaller |

Task 4. *Questions on comprehension:*

1. Why were the doors of the girl's house decorated with a whole variety of locks and chains?
2. Why did the girl think that no lock can stop the intruder?

3. Why was the girl living in a world which was permanently out of focus?
4. How old was the girl when she was suddenly left alone in the house? How did it happen?
5. What scared her? What did she see in the room?
6. Why couldn't she stop shivering? What did the doctor say?
7. What made her overcome the objections to wearing glasses?
8. What was her worst terror at night? Why did she let her imagination run away with her?
9. In what way did her stepfather decide to prove to her that spiders can't do any harm? What did the girl feel then?
10. Why did spiders inspire such blind terror in her?
11. How did the girl's parents and friends try to help her? What kind of therapy did they try on her? What did they want to convince her of?
12. How old was the girl when her fears came back? How did it happen? How did she struggle with her fear? Why did she even start feeling proud of herself?
13. How did the girl realise that her fears had not vanished? What made her feel more dead than alive?

Task 5. Grammar. Study the pattern and translate the sentences into English

Pattern 1: to see / feel/ hear/ watch smb doing – видеть как кто-то делает

One time I saw a spider climbing across my bedroom ceiling – как то раз я видела, как паук полз у меня по потолку

1. Я слышал, что люди колотят в мою дверь и называют мое имя.
2. Я могла слышать, как кто-то дышит в этой совершенно темной комнате.
3. Я чувствовала, как снова превращаюсь в маленькую, испуганную девочку.
4. Он наблюдал, как красивые воздушные змеи летали в синем небе.
5. Девочка слышала, как ее родители ссорились в саду.

6. Я слушала, как шумит/ булькает/ сливается вода.

Pattern 2: *It's no use doing it* – нет смысла это делать.

1. Нет смысла спрашивать его об этом фильме. Он его не видел.

2. Не имеет смысла ехать туда на такси. Вы быстрее доберетесь на метро.

3. Нет смысла звонить ей сейчас. Она на уроке.

4. Не имеет смысла торопиться. Мы уже опоздали на поезд.

5. Нет смысла покупать билеты заранее. Мы можем купить их в любой момент.

6. Не имеет смысла отрицать факты.

Pattern 3: *to make smb do smth*

My friends even tried **to make me feel sorry for** spiders – мои друзья даже пытались заставить меня испытывать жалость к паукам.

There's something about being in the bath **that makes you feel** especially vulnerable, isn't there?

1. Девочка была близорукой и родители заставляли её носить очки.

2. Ничего и никто не мог заставить ребенка войти в темную комнату.

3. Что заставило тебя сказать неправду?

4. Учеба не давалась ей. Она сожалела, что родители заставили её поступить в этот институт.

5. Даже в крошечных пауках есть что-то пугающее, что заставляет людей бояться их и чувствовать себя уязвимыми.

6. Мама заставила меня выпить чашку горячего молока и пойти спать.

Task 6. *Find English equivalents for the following words and word-combinations. Use them in your own sentences.*

1. быть в ужасе от злоумышленников/ взломщиков; 2. разнообразные замки и цепочки; 3. кривые зеркала превращают вас во что то

коварное/предательское; 4. внезапные, резкие движения; 5. пронзительный крик; 6. я могла определить моего врага; 7. он бросил паука на меня; он может выскочить из темноты; 8. грубый /мерзкий отчим; 9. получить внимание; 10. пауки вселяют в меня дикий ужас; 11. я всегда презирала женщин, которые прыгают на стол при виде мыши; 12. чуть теплая/ остывшая вода; 13. сонный/ вялый; 14. страшный сон/ кошмар; 15. свет притягивает насекомых; 16. было совершенно темно/ была непроглядная тьма; 17. нечто бродит по дому; щекотать.

Task 7. *The author uses different words to describe FEAR. Translate the sentences into Russian:*

1. My mum, for instance, *is terrified of* intruders. 2. But no lock can stop the intruder *I fear*. 3. I can't remember a time when *I didn't fear* spiders. 4. I sat in the lounge, cold and tired and *afraid*. 5. To wake up and feel its spindly legs scuttling over your face – I can't *think of a worse terror*. 6. *I was horror-struck*, not at the prospect of the tarantula biting him, but because he had to stay completely still while a giant spider crawled over him. 7. The *terror* was still there. But I was struggling to the surface of it now. 8. This spider *will terrify* me no longer. 9. What if it's... I *swatted these fears away*. 10. I didn't want this *fear* any more. But I couldn't lose it. Perhaps I'd never lose it. 11. She knows *how much I fear spiders*. 12. But as I backed out of the bathroom and into my bedroom I felt myself dwindling away into *a small, terrified girl* again. 13. Besides, *being scared of spiders* was such a girly thing. 14. I knew what they were thinking: fancy *being scared of spiders* at her age! 15. As I got older, into my teens, *my fear of spiders remained*. Only now *my reaction* to the spiders *scared me* almost as much as the spiders themselves. For I couldn't seem able to *control this fear*. And I did try. 16. For some unknown reason it seems to be only spiders that *inspire such blind terror* in me. 17. He suddenly yelled, 'Catch, Clare,' and threw a spider right at me. Even now I can *taste the utter panic and terror* I felt then. 18. There was a *horrible dank smell* in here, just as if I were in an old case full

of rotting... 19. I bent down just to test the water was hot enough; I hate lukewarm baths. I stretched my hand out and then *shrank back in terror*.

Language work

Fear (n) – 1. страх, боязнь: to feel ~ ; to arouse ~; to feel ~ for one's safety; to overcome ~; for ~of

2. опасение, вероятность (чего-либо нежелательного).

Fearful – a fearful glance/ a fearful earth-quake

She was fearful to offend him. The boys cast fearful glances at the teacher.

Scare (n) разг. – 1. внезапный испуг

2. паника

3. to be scared of

Terror (n) – 1. ужас, terrified \ to be terrified\

terrible – a terrible weapon

terror-stricken \ to be ~ охваченный ужасом

the earthquake

was over, but the people were still terror – stricken.

Startle – новость потрясла/ испугала его;

a startled expression of the face

Alarm / to be alarmed – они были серьезно взволнованы/ испуганы

уровнем радиации в городе

Alarmed – she looked alarmed.

Frightened – When you were a child, were you frightened of the dark?

Horrible – The earthquake caused horrible devastation.

Task 8. Translate the sentences into English:

1. Вы так тихо вошли, что я испугалась. 2. Я не боюсь мышей. 3. Новость потрясла/ испугала его. 4. Они были серьезно взволнованы/ испуганы уровнем радиации на заводе. 5. Крысы приводят меня в ужас. 6. Её потрясла автомобильная авария, которую она видела по дороге домой. 7. Кажется, она не

умеет контролировать свой страх. 8. Бояться пауков и лягушек – это так по девчачьи. 8. Вы боялись темноты в детстве? 9. Подростки испуганно смотрели на полицейского. 10. Извержение вулкана прекратилось, но люди были охвачены ужасом понимая, что оно может повториться в любой момент и причинить еще более страшные разрушения. 11. В этом районе два года назад произошло страшное землетрясение. 12. Вчера мы получили страшную весть о его смерти.

Run/ go/ move/ rush/ etc.

1. Mum had been rowing with Dad on the phone (a strange, whispered row) and then *she'd rushed out* saying, 'I'll only be a minute.' 2. Then I saw something new in the room: a small dark shape, blurred and mysterious. And then, *the dark shape ran across the room*. 2. It was *scuttling about* in the bath now, quickly, and confidently, while *I raced around* the bathroom too. 3. I saw something *crawling* out of the bird's eye... 4. I imagined that spider unfurling itself and then *sneaking back into the bathroom* again. 5. A spider could be lying somewhere in there. They often *crawl into clothes*.

It is interesting to know what phobias exist. Here are some of them:

- | | | |
|---------------------------|---|--------------|
| ○ боязнь бедности | – | peniophobia |
| ● боязнь богатства | – | plutophobia |
| ● боязнь болезни | – | pathophobia |
| ● страх брака | – | gamophobia |
| ● боязнь быть ограбленным | – | sclerophobia |
| ● боязнь врачей | – | iatrophobia |
| ● боязнь грома | – | brontophobia |
| ● боязнь глубины | – | bathophobia |
| ● бояться детей | – | pedophobia |
| ● бояться знаний | – | gnosophobia |

- страх перед иностранцами / знакомцами – xenophobia
- боязнь мышей – musophobia
- боязнь пауков – arachneophobia
- боязнь числа 13 – trisaidekaphobia
- боязнь темноты – nyctophobia
- боязнь толпы – ochlophobia

Task 9. *Discussion.*

1. What did you think the story would be about when you read its title? Is it appropriate to the story?
2. Can you provide an alternative ending for the story?
3. Many people like to watch horror films or read horror stories. What about you? Why do you like or don't like them?
4. What are our fears based on? What inspires fears in you? What are you terrified of?
5. How do you manage to overcome fears?
6. What were you afraid of at an early age (as a child)? Have your childhood fears vanished away? Which of your fears remain?
7. What role does the power of the imagination play in our fears?
8. Why do people watch horror films or read horror stories?

Pre-reading questions:

You are going to read a story written by one of the most famous science – fiction writers.

1. Do you like science fiction?
2. What Russian and foreign science fiction writers do you know?
3. Who of them do you like most of all?
4. Why are people interested in science fiction?

THE LUCKIEST MAN IN THE WORLD

Robert Sheckley

I'm really amazingly well off down here. But you've got to remember that I'm a fortunate person. It was sheer good luck that sent me to Patagonia. Not pull, understand – no, nor ability. I'm a pretty good meteorologist, but they could have sent a better one. I've just been extremely lucky to be in the right places at the right times.

It takes on an aspect of the fabulous when you consider that the army equipped my weather station with just about every gadget known to man. Not entirely for me, of course. The army had planned on setting up a base here. They got all the equipment in, and then had to abandon the project.

I kept sending in my weather reports, though, as long as they wanted them.

But the gadgets! Science has always amazed me. I'm something of a scientist myself, I suppose, but not a creative scientist, and that makes all the difference. You tell a creative scientist to do something impossible, and he goes right ahead and does it every time. It's awe-inspiring.

The way I see it, some general must have said to the scientists, "Boys, we've got a great shortage of specialists, and no chance of replacing them. Their duties must be performed by men who may often be completely unskilled. Sounds impossible, but

what can you do about it?" And the scientists started to work in earnest, on all these incredible books and gadgets.

For example, last week I had a toothache. At first I thought it was just the cold, for it's still pretty cold down here, even with the volcanoes acting up. But sure enough, it was a toothache. So I took out the dental apparatus, set it up, and read what I was supposed to read. I examined myself and classified the tooth, the ache, the cavity. Then I injected myself, cleaned the tooth out, and filled it. And dentists spent years in school learning to do what I accomplished under pressure in five hours.

Take food now. I'd been getting disgustingly fat, because I had nothing to do but send in the weather reports. But when I stopped doing that I started turning out meals that the finest chefs in the world might well have envied. Cooking used to be an art, but once the scientists tackled it, they made an exact science out of it.

I could go on for pages. A lot of the stuff they gave me I have no further use for, because I'm all alone now. But anyone could be a competent, practicing lawyer with the guides they give you. They're so arranged that anyone with average intelligence can find the sections you have to master to successfully defend a case, and learn what they mean in plain English.

No one has ever tried to sue me, because I've always been lucky. But I wish someone would. I'd just like to try out those law books.

Building is another matter. When I first arrived here, I had to live in a quonset hut. But I unpacked some of the marvellous building machines, and found materials that anyone could work. I built myself a bombproof house of five rooms, with an inlaid tile bathroom. It isn't real inlaid tile, of course, but it looks real enough, and is amazingly simple to put down. The wall-to-wall carpeting goes down easily too, once you've read up on it.

The thing that surprised me the most was the plumbing for my house. Plumbing always seemed the most complicated thing in the world to me – more complicated even than medicine or dentistry. But I had no trouble at all with it. Perhaps it wouldn't seem too perfect by professional standards, but it satisfies me. And the series of

filters, sterilizers, purifiers, fortifiers, and so on, gives me water free of even the toughest germs. And I installed them all myself.

At times I get lonely down here, and there's not much the scientists can do about that. There's no substitute for companionship. But perhaps if the creative scientists had tried real hard they could have worked up something for isolated guys like me just a little better than complete loneliness.

There aren't even any Patagonians around for me to talk to. They went North after the tidal waves – the few who were left. And music isn't much good. But then, I'm a person who doesn't too much mind being alone. Perhaps that's why they sent me down here.

I wish there were some trees, though.

Painting! I forgot to mention painting! Everyone knows how complicated that subject is. You have to know about perspective and line, color and mass, and I don't know what else. You have to practically be a genius before you can get anything out of it.

Now, I just select my brushes, set up my canvas, and I can paint anything that appeals to me. Everything you have to do is in the book. The oils I have of sunsets here are spectacular. They're good enough for a gallery. You never saw such sunsets! Flaming colors, impossible shapes! It's all the dust in the air.

My ears are better, too. Didn't I say I was lucky? The eardrums were completely shattered by the first concussion. But the hearing aid I wear is so small you can hardly see it, and I can hear better than ever.

This brings me to the subject of medicine, and nowhere has science done a better job. The book tells me what to do about everything. I performed an appendectomy on myself that would have been considered impossible a few years ago. I just had to look up the symptoms, follow the directions, and it was done. I've doctored myself for all sorts of ailments, but of course there's nothing I can do about the radiation poisoning. That's not the fault of the books, however. It's just that there's nothing anyone can do about radiation poisoning. If I had the finest specialists in the world here, they couldn't do anything about it.

If there were any specialists left. There aren't, of course.

It isn't so bad. I know what to do so that it doesn't hurt. And my luck didn't run out or anything. It's just that everyone's luck ran out.

Well, looking over this, it doesn't seem much of a credo, which is what it was meant to be. I guess I'd better study one of those writing books. I'll know how to say it all then, as well as it can be said. Exactly how I feel about science, I mean, and how grateful I am. I'm thirty-nine. I've lived longer than just about everyone, even if I die tomorrow. But that's because I was lucky, and in the right places at the right times.

I guess I won't bother with the writing book, since there's no one around to read a word of manuscript. What good is a writer without an audience?

Photography is more interesting.

Besides, I have to unpack some grave-digging tools, and build a mausoleum, and carve a tombstone for myself.

Task 1. *Prepare a report about Robert Sheckly.*

Task 2. *Find Russian equivalents to the words and word-combinations and make your own sentences in Russian for your classmates to translate:*

1. to be well off; 2. to equip the weather station with; 3. to abandon the project; 4. that makes all the difference; 5. to go right ahead; 6. to be awe-inspiring; 7. to have a great shortage of; 8. to be completely unskilled; 9. to work in earnest; 10. plain English; 11. to sue somebody; 12. to tackle something; 13. a bombproof house of five rooms; 14. Plumbing; 15. Dentistry; 16. a substitute for; 17. Companionship; 18. a tidal wave; 19. all sorts of ailments.

Task 3. *Find English equivalents in the text.*

Меня удивляет, как хорошо я здесь живу; я везучий человек; оказаться в нужном месте в нужное время; военные планировали основать здесь базу; в безвыходной ситуации я закончил работу за пять часов; быть знающим, практикующим юристом; иметь средние способности; я лечил сам себя;

микробы; перспектива и объем; я могу написать любую вещь, которая привлекает меня; барабанные перепонки были полностью разрушены после первого сотрясения; это напомнило мне о медицине; выполнить указания; я лечил себя сам от всех болезней; радиационное заражение; удача не отвернулась от меня; я не буду заморачиваться написанием книги.

Task 4. *Find and write down key words of each paragraph. Using these key words ask 10 Special questions to check your classmates' comprehension of the text.*

Task 5. *Focus on grammar.*

✓ I'm a pretty good meteorologist, but they **could have sent** a better one – Я был довольно хорошим метеорологом, но они **могли послать** и кого то получше (но они этого не сделали, а послали меня).

✓ The way I see it, some general **must have said** to the scientists, "Boys, we've got a great shortage of specialists..." – Как я понимаю, **скорее всего**, какой-то генерал **сказал** ученым: «Парни, у нас не хватает специалистов...»

✓ But perhaps if the creative scientists had tried real hard they **could have worked up** something for isolated guys like me just a little better than complete loneliness – Но, возможно, если бы умные ученые действительно очень постарались, они бы придумали что-нибудь для полностью изолированного человека вроде меня, что-нибудь и получше (но они этого не сделали).

Translate into English:

1. Я мог бы помочь тебе, но не помог, поскольку не знал.
2. Они могли бы приехать раньше, но опоздали на поезд.
3. Я мог бы пригласить его вчера, но он мне не позвонил.
4. Они могли бы оборудовать нашу станцию любыми приборами, но мы не попросили их об этом заранее.
5. Мы могли бы отказаться от проекта, но он был слишком важным для науки.
6. Конечно, они планировали разместить там базу, но плохие погодные условия не позволили это сделать.

7. Ученые, должно быть, сделали все возможное, но рабочие, выполнявшие работу, оказались неквалифицированными.

8. Герой рассказа, должно быть, был очень умен, поскольку он смог прожить так долго один.

9. Должно быть, произошел ядерный взрыв, раз остался лишь один человек в живых.

10. Должно быть, военным надо было испытать новое оборудование, раз они послали неквалифицированного специалиста на метеостанцию.

Task 6. *Give a summary of the story.*

Task 7. *Questions for discussion:*

1. Explain the author's choice of the title of the story and in what sense it is appropriate to the story.

2. Describe the main traits of the character of the story.

3. Do you think the main character of the story is truly happy? Do you think he is sincere with himself or self-deceived, ironic or sarcastic? Presents your arguments.

4. Why did the character paint pictures which nobody will see, but refused to bother himself with writing a book?

5. Explain the reason why he decided to build a mausoleum and a tomb stone. Your answers can differ.

6. The main character is only thirty-nine. He is not going to die tomorrow. What will he do if he runs out of interesting activities.

7. Can an isolated and completely lonely man consider himself lucky and happy? In your opinion, what a person should possess to feel happiness in life (material objects and non-material notions).

8. What is the message and the moral of the story?

9. What other topics for discussion have struck your mind after reading this story.

10. Provide an alternative ending to the story.
11. Have you ever read similar stories? Share the plot of the story with your classmates.

A THIEF IN TIME

Robert Sheckley

PART I

Thomas Eldridge was all alone in his room in Butler Hall when he heard the faint scraping noise behind him. It barely registered on his consciousness. He was studying the Holstead equations, which had caused such a stir a few years ago, with their hint of a non-Relativity universe. They were a disturbing set of symbols, even though their conclusions had been proved quite fallacious.

Still, if one examined them without preconceptions, they seemed to prove something. There was a strange relationship of temporal elements, with interesting force-applications. There was – he heard the noise again and turned his head.

Standing in back of him was a large man dressed in ballooning purple trousers, a little green vest and a porous silver shirt. He was carrying a square black machine with several dials and he looked decidedly unfriendly.

They stared at each other. For a moment, Eldridge thought it was a fraternity prank. He was the youngest associate professor at Carvell Tech, and some student was always handing him a hard-boiled egg or a live toad during Hell Week.

But this man was no giggling student. He was at least fifty years old and unmistakably hostile.

"How'd you get in here?" Eldridge demanded. "And what do you want?"

The man raised an eyebrow. "Going to brazen it out, eh?"

"Brazen what out?" Eldridge asked, startled.

"This is Viglin you're talking to," the man said. "Viglin. Remember?"

Eldredge tried to remember if there were any insane asylums near Carvell. This Viglin looked like an escaped lunatic.

"You must have the wrong man," Eldridge said, wondering if he should call for help.

Viglin shook his head. "You are Thomas Monroe Eldridge," he said. "Born March 16, 1926, in Darien, Connecticut. Attended the University Heights College, New York University, graduating cum laude. Received a fellowship to Carvell last year, in early 1953. Correct so far?"

"All right, so you did a little research on me for some reason. It better be a good one or I call the cops."

"You always were a cool customer. But the bluff won't work. I will call the police."

He pressed a button on the machine. Instantly, two men appeared in the room. They wore light-weight orange and green uniforms, with metallic insignia on the sleeves. Between them they carried a black machine similar to Viglin's except that it had white stenciling on its top.

"Crime does not pay," Viglin said. "Arrest that thief!"

For a moment, Eldridge's pleasant college room, with its Gauguin prints, its untidy piles of books, its untidier hi-fi, and its shaggy little red rug, seemed to spin dizzily around him. He blinked several times, hoping that the whole thing had been induced by eyestrain. Or better yet, perhaps he had been dreaming.

But Viglin was still there, dismayingly substantial.

The two policemen produced a pair of handcuffs and walked forward.

"Wait!" Eldridge shouted, leaning against his desk for support. "What's this all about?"

"If you insist on formal charges," Viglin said, "you shall have them." He cleared his throat. "Thomas Eldridge, in March, 1962, you invented the Eldridge Traveler. Then –"

"Hold on!" Eldridge protested. "It isn't 1962 yet, in case you didn't know."

Viglin looked annoyed. "Don't quibble. You will invent the Traveler in 1962, if you prefer that phrasing. It's all a matter of temporal viewpoint."

It took Eldridge a moment to digest this.

"Do you mean – you are from the future?" he blurted.

One of the policemen nudged the other. "What an act!" he said admiringly.

"Better than a groogly show," the other agreed, clicking his handcuffs.

"Of course we're from the future," Viglin said. "Where else would we be from? In 1962, you did – or will – invent the Eldridge Time Traveler, thus making time travel possible. With it, you journeyed into the first sector of the future, where you were received with highest honors. Then you traveled through the three sectors of Civilized Time, lecturing. You were a hero, Eldridge, an ideal. Little children wanted to grow up to be like you."

With a husky voice, Viglin continued. "We were deceived. Suddenly and deliberately, you stole a quantity of valuable goods. It was shocking! We had never suspected you of criminal tendencies. When we tried to arrest you, you vanished."

Viglin paused and rubbed his forehead wearily. "I was your friend, Tom, the first person you met in Sector One. We drank many a bowl of flox together. I arranged your lecture tour. And you robbed me."

His face hardened. "Take him, officers."

As the policemen moved forward, Eldridge had a good look at the black machine they shared. Like Viglin's, it had several dials and a row of push buttons. Stamped in white across the top were the words: eldridge time traveler – property of

THE EASKILL POLICE DEPT

The policeman stopped and turned to Viglin. "You got the extradition papers?"

Viglin searched his pockets. "Don't seem to have them on me. But you know he's a thief!"

"Everybody knows that," the policeman said. "But we got no jurisdiction in a pre-contact sector without extradition papers."

"Wait here," Viglin said. "I'll get them." He examined his wristwatch carefully, muttered something about a half-hour gap, and pressed a button on the Traveler. Immediately, he was gone.

The two policemen sat down on Eldridge's couch and proceeded to ogle the Gauguins.

Eldridge tried to think, to plan, to anticipate. Impossible. He could not believe it. He refused to believe it. No one could make him believe – "Imagine a famous guy like this being a crook," one of the policemen said.

"All geniuses are crazy," the other philosophized. "Remember the stuggie dancer who killed the girl? He was a genius, the readies said."

"Yeah." The first policeman lighted a cigar and tossed the burned match on Eldridge's shaggy little red rug.

All right, Eldridge decided, it was true. Under the circumstances, he had to believe. Nor was it so absurd. He had always suspected that he might be a genius.

But what had happened?

In 1962, he would invent a time machine.

Logical enough, since he was a genius.

And he would travel through the three sectors of Civilized Time.

Well, certainly, assuming he had a time machine. If there were three sectors, he would explore them.

He might even explore the uncivilized sectors.

And then, without warning, he became a thief...

No! He could accept everything else, but that was completely out of character. Eldridge was an intensely honest young man, quite above even petty dishonesties. As a student, he had never cheated at exams. As a man, he always paid his true and proper income tax, down to the last penny.

And it went deeper than that. Eldridge had no power drive, no urge for possessions. His desire had always been to settle in some warm, drowsy country, content with his books and music, sunshine, congenial neighbors, the love of a good woman.

So he was accused of theft. Even if he were guilty, what conceivable motive could have prompted the action?

What had happened to him in the future?

"You going to the scrug rally?" one of the cops asked the other.

"Why not? It comes on Malm Sunday, doesn't it?" They didn't care. When Viglin returned, they would handcuff him and drag him to Sector One of the future. He would be sentenced and thrown into a cell.

All for a crime he was going to commit.

He made a swift decision and acted on it quickly.

"I feel faint," he said, and began to topple out of his chair. "Look out — he may have a gun!" one of the policemen yelled.

They rushed over to him, leaving their time machine on the couch.

Eldridge scuttled around the other side of the desk and pounced on the machine. Even in his haste, he realized that Sector One would be an unhealthy place for him. So, as the policemen sprinted across the room, he pushed the button marked Sector Two.

Instantly, he was plunged into darkness.

To be continued.

Task 1. *Answer the questions and give as many details as you remember.*

1. What is Thomas Eldridge and where is the first scene laid?
2. Give a character's sketch of Thomas Eldridge.
3. Who visited him unexpectedly while he was studying the Holstead equations? Describe the visitor.
4. What did Eldridge think about Viglin and the situation in general.
5. Who and how appeared in the room a few minutes later?
6. Why did the policemen want to arrest Eldridge? What were the charges against him and why did Eldridge protest?
7. How did Eldridge and Viglin meet in the future?
8. What details did Viglin reveal about Eldridge's travels?
9. How did Eldridge escape the arrest in 1954?

Task 2. *Translate Chapter 1 into Russian. Consult a dictionary in case you don't understand the plot.*

Task 3. *We'd like you to remember some useful words and expressions. Will you translate them into Russian based on what you remember (don't look in the text) and try to remember the situations when they were used.*

the faint scraping noise; to register something on one's consciousness; equations; to plunge into darkness; to look decidedly unfriendly; a fraternity prank; an associate professor; unmistakably hostile; dismayingly substantial; to insist on formal charges; to have no power drive, no urge for possessions; a conceivable motive; an intensely honest young man; to be deceived; a swift decision; under the circumstances, he had to believe;

Task 4. *Retell the text as if you were one of the policemen. Use your imagination.*

Task 5. *Find in the story and write down key-words.*

Task 6. *Make a summary of this part.*

***Try to guess why Past Perfect is used here (Don't forget, this is science fiction)**

1. What **had happened** to him in the future?

**** Before you read the next chapter, try to guess what will happen to Thomas Eldridge.**

PART II

When he opened his eyes, Eldridge found that he was standing ankle-deep in a pool of dirty water. He was in a field, twenty feet from a road. The air was warm and moist. The Time Traveler was clasped tightly under his arm.

He was in Sector Two of the future and it didn't thrill him a bit.

He walked to the road. On either side of it were terraced fields, filled with the green stalks of rice plants.

Rice? In New York State? Eldridge remembered that in his own time sector, a climatic shift had been detected. It was predicted that someday the temperate zones would be hot, perhaps tropical. This future seemed to prove the theory. He was perspiring already. The ground was damp, as though from a recent rain, and the sky was an intense, unclouded blue. But where were the farmers? Squinting at the sun directly overhead, he had the answer. At siesta, of course.

Looking down the road, he could see buildings half a mile away. He scraped mud from his shoes and started walking. But what would he do when he reached the buildings? How could he discover what had happened to him in Sector One? He couldn't walk up to someone and say, "Excuse me, sir. I'm from 1954, a year you may have heard about. It seems that in some way or –"

No, that would never do.

He would think of something. Eldridge continued walking, while the sun beat down fiercely upon him. He shifted the Traveler to his other arm, then looked at it closely. Since he was going to invent it – no, already had – he'd better find out how it worked.

On its face were buttons for the first three sectors of Civilized Time. There was a special dial for journeying past Sector Three, into the Uncivilized Sectors. In one corner was a metal plate, which read: *caution: Allow at least one half-hour between time jumps, to avoid cancelation.*

That didn't tell him much. According to Viglin, it had taken Eldridge eight years – from 1954 to 1962 – to invent the Traveler. He would need more than a few minutes to understand it.

Eldridge reached the buildings and found that he was in a good-sized town. A few people were on the streets, walking slowly under the tropical sun. They were dressed entirely in white. He was pleased to see that styles in Section Two were so conservative that his suit could pass for a rustic version of their dress.

He passed a large adobe building. The sign in front read:

PUBLIC READERY

A library. Eldridge stopped. Within would undoubtedly be the records of the past few hundred years. There would be an account of his crime – if any – and the circumstances under which he had committed it.

But would he be safe? Were there any circulars out for his arrest? Was there an extradition between Sectors One and Two?

He would have to chance it. Eldridge entered, walked quickly past the thin, gray-faced librarian, and into the stacks.

There was a large section on time, but the most thorough one-volume treatment was a book called *Origins of Time Travel* by Ricardo Alfredex. The first part told how the young genius Eldridge had, one fateful day in 1954, received the germ of the idea from the controversial Holstead equations. The formula was really absurdly simple – Alfredex quoted the main propositions – but no one ever had realized it before. Eldridge's genius lay chiefly in perceiving the obvious.

Eldridge frowned at this disparagement. Obvious, was it? He still didn't understand it. And he was the inventor!

By 1962, the machine had been built. It worked on the very first trial, catapulting its young inventor into what became known as Sector One.

Eldridge looked up and found that a bespectacled girl of nine or so was standing at the end of his row of books, staring at him. She ducked back out of sight. He read on.

The next chapter was entitled "Unparadox of Time." Eldridge skimmed it rapidly. The author began with the classic paradox of Achilles and the tortoise, and demolished it with integral calculus. Using this as a logical foundation, he went on to the so-called time paradoxes — killing one's great-great grandfather, meeting oneself, and the like. These held up no better than Zeno's ancient paradox. Alfredex went on to explain that all temporal paradoxes were the inventions of authors with a gift for confusion.

Eldridge didn't understand the intricate symbolic logic in this part, which was embarrassing, since he was cited as the leading authority.

The next chapter was called "Fall of the Mighty." It told how Eldridge had met Viglin, the owner of a large sporting-goods store in Sector One. They became fast friends. The businessman took the shy young genius under his wing. He arranged lecture tours for him. Then – "I beg your pardon, sir," someone said. Eldridge looked up. The gray-faced librarian was standing in front of him. Beside her was the bespectacled little girl with a smug grin on her face.

"Yes?" Eldridge asked.

"Time Travelers are not allowed in the Readery," the librarian said sternly.

That was understandable, Eldridge thought. Travelers could grab an armload of valuable books and disappear. They probably weren't allowed in banks, either.

The trouble was, he didn't dare surrender this book.

Eldridge smiled, tapped his ear, and hastily went on reading.

It seemed that the brilliant young Eldridge had allowed Viglin to arrange all his contracts and papers. One day he found, to his surprise, that he had signed over all rights in the Time Traveler to Viglin, for a small monetary consideration. Eldridge brought the case to court. The court found against him. The case was appealed. Penniless and embittered, Eldridge embarked on his career of crime, stealing from Viglin – "Sir!" the librarian said. "Deaf or not, you must leave at once. Otherwise I will call a guard."

Eldridge put down the book, muttered, "Tattle-tale," to the little girl, and hurried out of the Readery.

Now he knew why Viglin was so eager to arrest him. With the case still pending, Eldridge would be in a very poor position behind bars.

But why had he stolen?

The theft of his invention was an understandable motive, but Eldridge felt certain it was not the right one. Stealing from Viglin would not make him feel any better nor would it right the wrong. His reaction would be either to fight or to withdraw, to retire from the whole mess. Anything except stealing.

Well, he would find out. He would hide in Sector Two, perhaps find work. Bit by bit, he would – Two men seized his arms from either side. A third took the Traveler away from him. It was done so smoothly that Eldridge was still gasping when one of the men showed a badge.

"Police," the man said. "You'll have to come with us, Mr. Eldridge."

"What for?" Eldridge asked.

"Robbery in Sectors One and Two."

So he had stolen here, too.

He was taken to the police station and into the small, cluttered office of the captain of police. The captain was a slim, balding, cheerful-faced man. He waved his subordinates out of the room, motioned Eldridge to a chair and gave him a cigarette.

"So you're Eldridge," he said.

Eldridge nodded morosely.

"Been reading about you ever since I was a little boy," the captain said nostalgically. "You were one of my heroes."

Eldridge guessed the captain to be a good fifteen years his senior, but he didn't ask about it. After all, he was supposed to be the expert on time paradoxes.

"Always thought you got a rotten deal," the captain said, toying with a large bronze paperweight. "Still, I couldn't understand a man like you stealing. For a while, we thought it might have been temporary insanity."

"Was it?" Eldridge asked hopefully.

"Not a chance. Checked your records. You just haven't got the potentiality. And that makes it rather difficult for me. For example, why did you steal those particular items?"

"What items?"

"Don't you remember?"

"I—I've blanked out," Eldridge said. "Temporary amnesia."

"Very understandable," the captain said sympathetically. He handed Eldridge a paper. "Here's the list."

ITEMS STOLEN BY THOMAS MONROE ELDRIDGE

Taken from Viglin's Sporting Goods Store, Sector One:

Credits

Megacharge Hand Pistols.....10,000

Lifebelts, Inflatable..... 100

Cans, Ollen's Shark Repellant..... 400

Taken from Alfghan's Specialty Shop,

Sector One:

Microflex Sets, World Literature..... 1,000

Teeny-Tom Symphonic Tape Runs..... 2,650

Taken from Loorie's Produce

Store, Sector Two:

Dozen Potatoes, White Turtle Brand..... 5

Packages, Carrot Seeds (Fancy)..... 6

Taken from Manori's Notions Store, Sector Two:

Dozen Mirrors, Silver-backed (hand size)..... 95

Total Value.....14,256

"What does it mean?" the captain asked. "Stealing a million credits outright, I could understand, but why all that junk?"

Eldridge shook his head. He could find nothing meaningful in the list. The megacharge hand pistols sounded useful. But why the mirrors, lifebelts, potatoes and the rest of the things that the captain had properly called junk?

It just didn't sound like himself. Eldridge began to think of himself as two people. Eldridge I had invented time travel, been victimized, stolen some incomprehensible articles, and vanished. Eldridge II was himself, the person Viglin had found. He had no memory of the first Eldridge. But he had to discover Eldridge I's motives and/or suffer for his crimes.

"What happened after I stole these things?" Eldridge asked.

"That's what we'd like to know," the captain said. "All we know is, you fled into Sector Three with your loot."

"And then?"

The captain shrugged. "When we applied for extradition, the authorities told us you weren't there. Not that they'd have given you up. They're a proud, independent sort, you know. Anyhow, you'd vanished."

"Vanished? To where?"

"I don't know. You might have gone into the Uncivilized Sectors that lie beyond Sector Three."

"What are the Uncivilized Sectors?" Eldridge asked.

"We were hoping you would tell us," the captain said. "You're the only man who's explored beyond Sector Three."

Damn it, Eldridge thought, he was supposed to be the authority on everything he wanted to know!

"This puts me in a pretty fix," the captain remarked squinting at his paperweight.

"Why?"

"Well, you're a thief. The law says I must arrest you. However, I am also aware that you got a very shoddy deal. And I happen to know that you stole only from Viglin and his affiliates in both Sectors. There's a certain justice to it — unfortunately unrecognized by law."

Eldridge nodded unhappily.

"It's my clear duty to arrest you," the captain said with a deep sigh. "There's nothing I can do about it, even if I wanted to. You'll have to stand trial and probably serve a sentence of twenty years or so."

"What? For stealing rubbish like shark repellent and carrot seed? For stealing junk?"

"We're pretty rough on time theft" said the captain. "Temporal offense."

"I see," Eldridge said, slumping in his chair.

"Of course," said the captain thoughtfully, "if you should suddenly turn vicious, knock me over the head with this heavy paperweight, grab my personal Time Traveler – which I keep in the second shelf of that cabinet – and return to your friends in Sector Three, there would really be nothing I could do about it."

"Huh?"

The captain turned toward the window, leaving his paperweight within Eldridge's easy reach.

"It's really terrible," he commented, "the things one will consider doing for a boyhood hero. But, of course, you're a law-abiding man. You would never do such a thing and I have psychological reports to prove it."

"Thanks," Eldridge said. He lifted the paperweight and tapped the captain lightly over the head. Smiling, the captain slumped behind his desk. Eldridge found the Traveler in the cabinet, and set it for Sector Three. He sighed deeply and pushed the button.

Again he was overcome by darkness.

To be continued.

Task 1. *Answer the questions.*

1. What did Sector Two and its climate look like?
2. Where did Thomas go to find information about the crime he had committed? Did he succeed?
3. What did he manage to learn about his invention and the contract with Viglin?
4. Why were time-travelers not allowed in the readeries and banks?
5. Why was he arrested by the police in this Sector?
6. Why did the list of stolen things seem so meaningless both to Thomas and the policeman? What was in the list?
7. Why did the captain have such compassion for Thomas? What ways of escaping trial and sentence was the captain driving at?
8. What decision did Thomas make? Where did he go?

Task 2. *Translate into English.*

1. Выйдя из машины, я обнаружил, что кругом вода и я стою по щиколотку в луже.
2. Большинство ученых предсказывают скорые климатические изменения, и я боюсь, что они не далеки от истины.
3. Расследуя преступление, детективу пришлось работать в библиотеке, чтобы найти все упоминания о похожих преступлениях.
4. Бизнесмен взял под свое крыло застенчивого молодого ученого.
5. Джон Уилкинс подал в суд, но дело проиграл. Он подал на апелляцию и проиграл снова.
6. Оставшись без гроша в кармане Генри встал на преступный путь, похитив золотые часы у прохожего.
7. «Ябеда несчастная!» - воскликнул мальчик, обращаясь к сестре.
8. Пока идет расследование, Сомерсету придется оставаться за решеткой.
9. Не позволяй себе приходить в ярость, даже если тебя намеренно пытаются вывести из себя.
10. Исходя из психологических характеристик Сэма, было ясно, что он не был законопослушным человеком.

Task 3. *Retell the story as if you are the captain or the librarian.*

Task 4. *Can you guess what Thomas stole the strange items from the list for. Present your arguments.*

PART III

When he opened his eyes, he was standing on a plain of parched yellow ground. Around him stretched a treeless waste, and a dusty wind blew in his face. Ahead, he

could see several brick buildings and a row of tents, built along the side of a dried-out gully. He walked toward them.

This future, he decided, must have seen another climatic shift. The fierce sun had baked the land, drying up the streams and rivers. If the trend continued, he could understand why the next future was Uncivilized. It was probably Unpopulated.

He was very tired. He had not eaten all day – or for several thousand years, depending on how you count. But that, he realized, was a false paradox, one that Alfredex would certainly demolish with symbolic logic.

To hell with logic. To hell with science, paradox, everything. He would run no further. There had to be room for him in this dusty land. The people here – a proud, independent sort – would not give him up. They believed in justice, not the law.

Here he would stay, work, grow old, and forget Eldridge I and his crazy schemes.

When he reached the village, he saw that the people were already assembled to greet him. They were dressed in long, flowing robes, like Arabian burnouses, the only logical attire for the climate.

A bearded patriarch stepped forward and nodded gravely at Eldridge. "The ancient sayings are true. For every beginning there is an ending."

Eldridge agreed politely. "Anyone got a drink of water?"

"It is truly written," the patriarch continued, "that the thief, given a universe to wander, will ultimately return to the scene of his crime."

"Crime?" Eldridge asked, feeling an uneasy tingle in his stomach.

"Crime," the patriarch repeated.

A man in the crowd shouted, "It's a stupid bird that fouls its own nest!" The people roared with laughter, but Eldridge didn't like the sound. It was cruel laughter.

"Ingratitude breeds betrayal," the patriarch said. "Evil is omnipresent. We liked you, Thomas Eldridge. You came to us with your strange machine, bearing booty, and we recognized your proud spirit. It made you one of us. We protected you from your enemies in the Wet Worlds. What did it matter to us if you had wronged them? Had they not wronged you? An eye for an eye!"

The crowd growled approvingly. "But what did I do?" Eldridge wanted to know. The crowd converged on him, waving clubs and knives. A row of men in dark blue cloaks held them off, and Eldridge realized that there were policemen even here.

"Tell me what I did," he persisted as the policemen took the Traveler from him.

"You are guilty of sabotage and murder," the patriarch told him.

Eldridge stared around wildly. He had fled a petty larceny charge in Sector One, only to find himself accused of it in Sector Two. He had retreated to Sector Three, where he was wanted for murder and sabotage.

He smiled amiably. "You know, all I ever really wanted was a warm drowsy country, books, congenial neighbors, and the love of a good –"

When he recovered, he found himself lying on packed earth in a small brick jail. Through a slitted window, he could see an insignificant strip of sunset. Outside the wooden door, someone was wailing a song.

He found a bowl of food beside him and wolfed down the unfamiliar stuff. After drinking some water from another bowl, he propped himself against the wall. Through his narrow window, the sunset was fading. In the courtyard, a gang of men were erecting a gallows. "Jailor!" Eldridge shouted.

In a few moments, he heard the clump of footsteps. "I need a lawyer," he said.

"We have no lawyers here," the man replied proudly. "Here we have justice." He marched off.

Eldridge began to revise his ideas about justice without law. It was very good as an idea – but a horror as reality.

He lay on the floor and tried to think. No thoughts came. He could hear the workmen laughing and joking as they built the gallows. They worked late into the twilight.

In the early evening, Eldridge heard the key turn in his lock. Two men entered. One was middle-aged, with a small, well-trimmed beard. The other was about Eldridge's age, broad-shouldered and deeply tanned.

"Do you remember me?" the middle-aged man asked. "Should I?"

"You should. I was her father."

"And I was her fiance," the young man said. He took a threatening step forward.

The bearded man restrained him. "I know how you feel, Morgel, but he will pay for his crimes on the gallows."

"Hanging is too good for him, Mr. Becker," Morgel argued. "He should be drawn, quartered, burned and scattered to the wind."

"Yes, but we are a just and merciful people," Becker said virtuously.

"Whose father?" Eldridge asked. "Whose fiance?" The two men looked at each other.

"What did I do?" Eldridge asked. Becker told him.

He had come to them from Sector Two, loaded with loot, Becker explained. The people of Sector Three accepted him. They were a simple folk, direct and quick-tempered, the inheritors of a wasted, war-torn Earth. In Sector Three, the minerals were gone, the soil had lost its fertility. Huge tracts of land were radioactive. And the sun continued to beat down, the glaciers melted, and the oceans continued to rise.

The men of Sector Three were struggling back to civilization. They had the rudiments of a manufacturing system and a few power installations. Eldridge had increased the output of these stations, given them a lighting system, and taught them the rudiments of sanitary processing. He continued his explorations into the Unexplored Sectors beyond Sector Three. He became a popular hero and the people of Sector Three loved and protected him.

Eldridge had repaid this kindness by abducting Becker's daughter.

This attractive young lady had been engaged to Morgel. Preparations were made for her marriage. Eldridge ignored all this and showed his true nature by kidnaping her one dark night and placing her in an infernal machine of his own making. When he turned the invention on, the girl vanished. The overloaded power lines blew out every installation for miles around.

Murder and sabotage!

But the irate mob had not been able to reach Eldridge in time. He had stuffed some of his loot into a knapsack, grabbed his Traveler and vanished.

"I did all that?" Eldridge gasped.

"Before witnesses," Becker said. "Your remaining loot is in the warehouse. We could deduce nothing from it."

With both men staring him full in the face, Eldridge looked at the ground.

Now he knew what he had done in Sector Three.

The murder charge was probably false, though. Apparently he had built a heavy-duty Traveler and sent the girl somewhere, without the intermediate stops required by the portable models.

Not that anyone would believe him. These people had never heard of such a civilized concept as habeas corpus.

"Why did you do it?" Becker asked.

Eldridge shrugged his shoulders and shook his head helplessly.

"Didn't I treat you like my own son? Didn't I turn back the police of Sector Two? Didn't I feed you, clothe you? Why – why – did you do it?"

All Eldridge could do was shrug his shoulders and go on helplessly shaking his head.

"Very well," Becker said. "Tell your secret to the hangman in the morning."

He took Morgel by the arm and left.

If Eldridge had had a gun, he might have shot himself on the spot. All the evidence pointed to potentialities for evil in him that he had never suspected. He was running out of time. In the morning, he would hang.

And it was unfair, all of it. He was an innocent bystander, continually running into the consequences of his former – or later – actions. But only Eldridge I possessed the motives and knew the answers.

Even if his thefts were justified, why had he stolen potatoes, lifebelts, mirrors and such?

What had he done with the girl?

What was he trying to accomplish?

Wearily, Eldridge closed his eyes and drifted into a troubled half-sleep.

He heard a faint scraping noise and looked up.

Viglin was standing there, a Traveler in his hands.

Eldridge was too tired to be very surprised. He looked for a moment, then said, "Come for one last gloat?"

"I didn't plan it this way," Viglin protested, mopping his perspiring face. "You must believe that. I never wanted you killed, Tom."

Eldridge sat up and looked closely at Viglin. "You did steal my invention, didn't you?"

"Yes," Viglin confessed. "But I was going to do the right thing by you. I would have split the profits."

"Then why did you steal it?"

Viglin looked uncomfortable. "You weren't interested in money at all."

"So you tricked me into signing over my rights?"

"If I hadn't, someone else would have, Tom. I was just saving you from your own unworldliness. I intended to cut you in – I swear it!" He wiped his forehead again. "But I never dreamed it would turn out like this."

"And then you framed me for those thefts," Eldridge said.

"What?" Viglin appeared to be genuinely surprised. "No, Tom. You did steal those things. It worked out perfectly for me – until now."

"You're lying!"

"Would I come here to lie? I've admitted stealing your invention. Why would I lie about anything else?"

"Then why did I steal?"

"I think you had some sort of wild scheme in the Uninhabited Sectors, but I don't really know. It doesn't matter. Listen to me now. There's no way I can call off the lawsuit – it's a temporal matter now – but I can get you out of here."

"Where will I go?" Eldridge asked hopelessly. "The cops are looking for me all through time."

"I'll hide you on my estate. I mean it. You can lie low until the statute of limitations has expired. They'd never think of searching my place for you."

"And the rights on my invention?"

"I'm keeping them," Viglin said, with a touch of his former confidence. "I can't turn them over to you without making myself liable for temporal action. But I will share them. And you do need a business partner."

"All right, let's get out of here," Eldridge said.

Viglin had brought along a number of tools, which he handled with suspicious proficiency. Within minutes, they were out of the cell and hiding in the dark courtyard.

"This Traveler's pretty weak," Viglin whispered, checking the batteries in his machine. "Could we possibly get yours?"

"It should be in the storehouse," Eldridge said.

The storehouse was unguarded and Viglin made short work of the lock. Inside, they found Eldridge II's machine beside Eldridge I's preposterous, bewildering loot.

"Let's go," Viglin said.

Eldridge shook his head. "What's wrong?" asked Viglin, annoyed. "I'm not going."

"Listen, Tom, I know there's no reason why you should trust me. But I really will give you sanctuary. I'm not lying to you."

"I believe you," Eldridge said. "Just the same, I'm not going back."

"What are you planning to do?"

Eldridge had been wondering about that ever since they had broken out of the cell. He was at the crossroads now. He could return with Viglin or he could go on alone.

There was no choice, really. He had to assume that he had known what he was doing the first time. Right or wrong, he was going to keep faith and meet whatever appointments he had made with the future.

"I'm going into the Uninhabited Sectors," Eldridge said. He found a sack and began loading it with potatoes and carrot seeds.

"You can't!" Viglin objected. "The first time, you ended up in 1954. You might not be so lucky this time. You might be canceled out completely."

Eldridge had loaded all the potatoes and the packages of carrot seeds. Next he slipped in the World Literature Sets, the lifebelts, the cans of shark repellent and the mirrors. On top of this he put the megacharge hand pistols.

"Have you any idea what you're going to do with that stuff?"

"Not the slightest," Eldridge said, buttoning the Symphonic Tape Runs inside his shirt. "But they must fit somewhere."

Viglin sighed heavily. "Don't forget, you have to allow half an hour between jumps or you'll get canceled. Have you got a watch?"

"No, I left it in my room."

"Take this one. Sportsman's Special." Viglin attached it to Eldridge's wrist. "Good luck, Tom. I mean that."

"Thanks." Eldridge set the button for the farthest jump into the future he could make. He grinned at Viglin and pushed the button. There was the usual moment of blackness, then a sudden icy shock. When Eldridge opened his eyes, he found that he was under water. He found his way to the surface, struggling against the weight of the sack. Once his head was above water, he looked around for the nearest land.

To be continued.

Task 1. *Find Russian equivalents to the following words and word-combinations.*

parched ground; to demolish; people were assembled to greet him; an attire; the people roared with laughter; to wrong somebody; to converge on somebody; larceny charge; amiably; a gallows; to be loaded with loot; the soil lost its fertility; to beat down; the rudiments of sanitary processing; to abduct somebody; to repay one's kindness; to vanish; to deduce something from something; to stare somebody full in the face; a heavy-duty Traveler; habeas corpus; a bystander; to justify; to drift into half-sleep; one last gloat; to trick somebody into doing something; to call off the lawsuit; to frame somebody for the theft; to make oneself liable for something; he made short work of the lock; to assume; to meet an appointment.

Task 2. *Find Russian equivalents to the following proverbs and sayings you have come across in the text and explain their meaning.*

- "It's a stupid bird that fouls its own nest!"
- "For every beginning there is an ending."
- "The thief, given a universe to wander, will ultimately return to the scene of his crime."
- "Ingratitude breeds betrayal,"
- "Evil is omnipresent"
- "An eye for an eye"

Which of them do you agree with? Why? (provide your life example).

Task 3. *Will you ask 10 special questions to check your classmates' comprehension of the text.*

Task 4. *Find and write down key words. Make your own Russian sentences with them for your classmates to translate.*

Task 5. *Make a summary of Part III.*

PART IV

There was no land. Long, smooth-backed waves slid toward him from the limitless horizon, lifted him and ran on, toward a hidden shore.

Eldridge fumbled in his sack, found the lifebelts and inflated them. Soon he was bobbing on the surface, trying to figure out what had happened to New York State.

Each jump into the future had brought him to a hotter climate. Here, countless thousands of years past 1954, the glaciers must have melted. A good part of the Earth was probably submerged.

He had planned well in taking the lifebelts. It gave him confidence for the rest of the journey. Now he would just have to float for half an hour, to avoid cancelation.

He leaned back, supported by his lifebelts, and admired the cloud formations in the sky. Something brushed against him.

Eldridge looked down and saw a long black shape glide under his feet. Another joined it and they began to move hungrily toward him. Sharks!

He fumbled wildly with the sack, spilling out the mirrors in his hurry, and found a can of shark repellent. He opened it, spilled it overboard, and an orange blotch began to spread on the blue-black water. There were three sharks now. They swam warily around the spreading circle of repellent. A fourth joined them, lunged into the orange smear, and retreated quickly to clean water. Eldridge was glad the future had produced a shark repellent that really worked.

In five minutes, some of the orange had dissipated. He opened another can. The sharks didn't give up hope, but they wouldn't swim into the tainted water. He emptied the cans every five minutes. The stalemate held through Eldridge's half-hour wait.

He checked his settings and tightened his grip on the sack.

He didn't know what the mirrors or potatoes were for, or why carrot seeds were critical. He would just have to take his chances.

He pressed the button and went into the familiar darkness.

He found himself ankle-deep in a thick, evil-smelling bog. The heat was stifling and a cloud of huge gnats buzzed around his head.

Pulling himself out of the gluey mud, accompanied by the hiss and click of unseen life, Eldridge found firmer footing under a small tree. Around him was green jungle, shot through with riotous purples and reds.

Eldridge settled against the tree to wait out his half hour. In this future, apparently, the ocean waters had receded and the primeval jungle had sprung up. Were there any humans here? Were there any left on Earth? He wasn't at all sure. It looked as though the world was starting over.

Eldridge heard a bleating noise and saw a dull green shape move against the brighter green of the foliage. Something was coming toward him.

He watched. It was about twelve feet tall, with a lizard's wrinkled hide and wide splay feet. It looked amazingly like a small dinosaur.

Eldridge watched the big reptile warily. Most dinosaurs were herbivorous, he reminded himself, especially the ones that lived in swamps. This one probably just wanted to sniff him. Then it would return to cropping grass.

The dinosaur yawned, revealing a magnificent set of pointed teeth, and began to approach Eldridge with an air of determination.

Eldridge dipped into the sack, pushed irrelevant items out of the way, and grabbed a megacharge hand pistol.

This had better be it, he prayed, and fired.

The dinosaur vanished in a spray of smoke. There were only a few shreds of flesh and a smell of ozone to show where it had been. Eldridge looked at the megacharge hand pistol with new respect. Now he understood why it was so expensive.

During the next half hour, a number of jungle inhabitants took a lively interest in him. Each pistol was good for only a few firings – no surprise, considering their destructiveness. His last one began to lose its charge; he had to club off a pterodactyl with the butt.

When the half hour was over, he set the dial again, wishing he knew what lay ahead. He wondered how he was supposed to face new dangers with some books, potatoes, carrot seeds and mirrors.

Perhaps there were no dangers ahead.

There was only one way to find out. He pressed the button.

He was on a grassy hillside. The dense jungle had disappeared. Now there was a breeze-swept pine forest stretching before him, solid ground underfoot, and a temperate sun in the sky.

Eldridge's pulse quickened at the thought that this might be his goal. He had always had an atavistic streak, a desire to find a place untouched by civilization. The embittered Eldridge I, robbed and betrayed, must have felt it even more strongly.

It was a little disappointing. Still, it wasn't too bad, he decided. Except for the loneliness. If only there were people – A man stepped out of the forest. He was less than five feet tall, thick-set, muscled like a wrestler and wearing a fur kilt. His skin was colored a medium gray. He carried a ragged tree limb, roughly shaped into a club.

Two dozen others came through the forest behind him. They marched directly up to Eldridge.

"Hello, fellows," Eldridge said pleasantly.

The leader replied in a guttural language and made a gesture with his open palm.

"I bring your crops blessings," Eldridge said promptly. "I've got just what you need." He reached into his sack and held up a package of carrot seeds. "Seeds! You'll advance a thousand years in civilization –"

The leader grunted angrily and his followers began to circle Eldridge. They held out their hands, palms up, grunting excitedly.

They didn't want the sack and they refused the discharged hand pistol. They had him almost completely circled now. Clubs were being hefted and he still had no idea what they wanted.

"Potato?" he asked in desperation.

They didn't want potatoes, either.

His time machine had two minutes more to wait. He turned and ran.

The savages were after him at once. Eldridge sprinted into the forest like a grayhound, dodging through the closely packed trees. Several clubs whizzed past him.

One minute to go.

He tripped over a root, scrambled to his feet and kept on running. The savages were close on his heels.

Ten seconds. Five seconds. A club glanced off his shoulder.

Time! He reached for the button – and a club thudded against his head, knocking him to the ground. When he could focus again, the leader of the savages was standing over his Time Traveler, club raised.

"Don't!" Eldridge yelled in panic.

But the leader grinned wildly and brought down the club. In a few seconds, he had reduced the machine to scrap metal.

Eldridge was dragged into a cave, cursing hopelessly. Two savages guarded the entrance. Outside, he could see a gang of men gathering wood. Women and children were scampering back and forth, laden down with clay containers. To judge by their laughter, they were planning a feast.

Eldridge realized, with a sinking sensation, that he would be the main dish.

Not that it mattered. They had destroyed his Traveler. No Viglin would rescue him this time. He was at the end of his road.

Eldridge didn't want to die. But what made it worse was the thought of dying without ever finding out what Eldridge I had planned.

It seemed unfair, somehow.

For several minutes, he sat in abject self-pity. Then he crawled farther back into the cave, hoping to find another way out.

The cave ended abruptly against a wall of granite. But he found something else.

An old shoe.

He picked it up and stared at it. For some reason, it bothered him, although it was a perfectly ordinary brown leather shoe, just like the ones he had on.

Then the anachronism struck him.

What was a manufactured article like a shoe doing back in this dawn age?

He looked at the size and quickly tried it on. It fitted him exactly, which, made the answer obvious – he must have passed through here on his first trip.

But why had he left a shoe?

There was something inside, too soft to be a pebble, too stiff to be a piece of torn lining. He took off the shoe and found a piece of paper wadded in the toe. He unfolded it and read in his own handwriting:

Silliest damned business – how do you address yourself? "Dear Eldridge"? All right, let's forget the salutation; you'll read this because I already have, and so,

naturally, I'm writing it, otherwise you wouldn't be able to read it, nor would I have been.

Look, you're in a rough spot. Don't worry about it, though. You'll come out of it in one piece. I'm leaving you a Time Traveler to take you where you have to go next.

The question is: where do I go? I'm deliberately setting the Traveler before the half-hour lag it needs, knowing there will be a cancelation effect. That means the Traveler will stay here for you to use. But what happens to me?

I think I know. Still, it scares me – this is the first cancelation I'll have experienced. But worrying about it is nonsensical; I know it has to turn out right because there are no time paradoxes.

Well, here goes. I'll push the button and cancel. Then the machine is yours.

Wish me luck.

Wish him luck! Eldridge savagely tore up the note and threw it away.

But Eldridge I had purposely canceled and been swept back to the future, which meant that the Traveler hadn't gone back with him! It must still be here!

Eldridge began a frantic search of the cave. If he could just find it and push the button, he could go on ahead. It had to be here!

Several hours later, when the guards dragged him out, he still hadn't found it.

The entire village had gathered and they were in a festive mood. The clay containers were being passed freely and two or three men had already passed out. But the guards who led Eldridge forward were sober enough.

They carried him to a wide, shallow pit. In the center of it was what looked like a sacrificial altar. It was decorated with wild colors and heaped around it was an enormous pile of dried branches.

Eldridge was pushed in and the dancing began.

He tried several times to scramble out, but was prodded back each time. The dancing continued for hours, until the last dancer had collapsed, exhausted.

An old man approached the rim of the pit, holding a lighted torch. He gestured with it and threw it into the pit.

Eldridge stamped it out. But more torches rained down, lighting the outermost branches. They flared brightly and he was forced to retreat inward, toward the altar.

The flaming circle closed, driving him back. At last, panting, eyes burning, legs buckling, he fell across the altar as the flames licked at him.

His eyes were closed and he gripped the knobs tightly –

Knobs?

He looked. Under its gaudy decoration, the altar was a Time Traveler – the same Traveler, past a doubt, that Eldridge I had brought here and left for him. When Eldridge I vanished, they must have venerated it as a sacred object.

And it did have magical qualities.

The fire was singeing his feet when he adjusted the regulator. With his finger against the button, he hesitated.

What would the future hold for him? All he had in the way of equipment was a sack of carrot seeds, potatoes, the symphonic runs, the microfilm volumes of world literature and small mirrors.

But he had come this far. He would see the end.

He pressed the button.

Opening his eyes, Eldridge found that he was standing on a beach. Water was lapping at his toes and he could hear the boom of breakers.

The beach was long and narrow and dazzlingly white. In front of him, a blue ocean stretched to infinity. Behind him, at the edge of the beach, was a row of palms. Growing among them was the brilliant vegetation of a tropical island.

He heard a shout.

Eldridge looked around for something to defend himself with. He had nothing, nothing at all. He was defenseless.

Men came running from the jungle toward him. They were shouting something strange. He listened carefully.

"Welcome! Welcome back!" they called out.

A gigantic brown man enclosed him in a bearlike hug. "You have returned!" he exclaimed.

"Why – yes," Eldridge said.

More people were running down to the beach. They were a comely race. The men were tall and tanned, and the women, for the most part, were slim and pretty. They looked like the sort of people one would like to have for neighbors.

"Did you bring them?" a thin old man asked, panting from his run to the beach.

"Bring what?"

"The carrot seeds. You promised to bring them. And the potatoes."

Eldridge dug them out of his pockets. "Here they are," he said.

"Thank you. Do you really think they'll grow in this climate? I suppose we could construct a –"

"Later, later," the big man interrupted. "You must be tired."

Eldridge thought back to what had happened since he had last awakened, back in 1954. Subjectively, it was only a day or so, but it had covered thousands of years back and forth and was crammed with arrests, escapes, dangers and bewildering puzzles.

"Tired," he said. "Very."

"Perhaps you'd like to return to your own home?"

"My own?"

"Certainly. The house you built facing the lagoon. Don't you remember?"

Eldridge smiled feebly and shook his head.

"He doesn't remember!" the man cried.

"You don't remember our chess games?" another man asked.

"And the fishing parties?" a boy put in.

"Or the picnics and celebrations?"

"The dances?"

"And the sailing?"

Eldridge shook his head at each eager, worried question.

"All this was before you went back to your own time," the big man told him.

"Went back?" asked Eldridge. Here was everything he had always wanted. Peace, contentment, warm climate, good neighbors. He felt inside the sack and his

shirt. And books and music, he mentally added to the list. Good Lord, no one in his right mind would leave a place like this! And that brought up an important question. "Why did I leave here?"

"Surely you remember that!" the big man said.

"I'm afraid not."

A slim, light-haired girl stepped forward. "You really don't remember coming back for me?"

Eldridge stared at her. "You must be Becker's daughter. The girl who was engaged to Morgel. The one I kidnaped."

"Morgel only thought he was engaged to me," she said. "And you didn't kidnap me. I came of my own free will."

"Oh, I see," Eldridge answered, feeling like an idiot. "I mean I think I see. That is – pleased to meet you," he finished inanely.

"You needn't be so formal," she said. "After all, we are married. And you did bring me a mirror, didn't you?"

It was complete now. Eldridge grinned, took out a mirror, gave it to her, and handed the sack to the big man. Delighted, she did the things with her eyebrows and hair that women always do whenever they see their reflections.

"Let's go home, dear," she said.

He didn't know her name, but he liked her looks. He liked her very much. But that was only natural.

"I'm afraid I can't right now," he replied, looking at his watch. The half hour was almost up. "I have something to do first. But I should be back in a very little while."

She smiled sunnily. "I won't worry. You said you would return and you did. And you brought back the mirrors and seed and potatoes that you told us you'd bring."

She kissed him. He shook hands all around. In a way, that symbolized the full cycle Alfredex had used to demolish the foolish concept of temporal paradoxes.

The familiar darkness swallowed Eldridge as he pushed the button on the Traveler.

He had ceased being Eldridge II.

From this point on, he was Eldridge I and he knew precisely where he was going, what he would do and the things he needed to do them. They all led to this goal and this girl, for there was no question that he would come back here and live out his life with her, their good neighbors, books and music, in peace and contentment.

It was wonderful, knowing that everything would turn out just as he had always dreamed.

He even had a feeling of affection and gratitude for Viglin and Alfredex.

Task 1. *Answer the question:*

How many jumps in time did he make in part IV?

Task 2.

1. Match the sentences to the number of the jump.

- a) "Welcome! Welcome back!" they called out.
- b) He was on a grassy hillside. The dense jungle had disappeared. Now there was a breeze-swept pine forest stretching before him, solid ground underfoot, and a temperate sun in the sky.
- c) "Eldridge looked down and saw a long black shape glide under his feet. Another joined it and they began to move hungrily toward him."
- d) "To judge by their laughter, they were planning a feast."
- e) "Pulling himself out of the gluey mud, accompanied by the hiss and click of unseen life, Eldridge found firmer footing under a small tree. Around him was green jungle, shot through with riotous purples and reds."
- f) "Eldridge dipped into the sack, pushed irrelevant items out of the way, and grabbed a megacharge hand pistol"
- g) "...it wasn't too bad, he decided. Except for the loneliness. If only there were people – "
- h) "He didn't know her name, but he liked her looks."
- i) "Several hours later, when the guards dragged him out, he still hadn't found it."

j) “The beach was long and narrow and dazzlingly white. In front of him, a blue ocean stretched to infinity. Behind him, at the edge of the beach, was a row of palms.”

k) "The carrot seeds. You promised to bring them. And the potatoes."

l) “... the glaciers must have melted. A good part of the Earth was probably submerged.”

m) “In this future, apparently, the ocean waters had receded and the primeval jungle had sprung up. It looked as though the world was starting over.”

n) “They had destroyed his Traveler. No Viglin would rescue him this time. He was at the end of his road.”

o) “From this point on, he was Eldridge I and he knew precisely where he was going, what he would do and the things he needed to do them.”

2. *Render all 4 parts of the story.*

Give as much information about each jump as you remember.

Task 3. *Topics for discussion.*

1. Do you think time-traveling is possible?

2. Imagine you have a Time Traveler. Where would you go? Would it be some period in the past or in the future? What or who would you like to see/to meet? Why are you interested in this period of time?

3. Who of the science-fiction writers were correct in their predictions? What did scientists invent that had been foreseen and described by science-fiction writers long before the invention?

4. Do you think there are any predictions in this story that might turn out to be true in the future?

5. What recent natural disasters caused by climate change can you name? Give a short talk on one of them. What might such disasters lead to?

Task 4. *Prepare a report on a book or film about time-traveling that you have read/watched. (approximately 10-15 min). If you haven't read or watched anything about time-traveling you may prepare a report on your favorite science-fiction book.*

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