

МИНИСТЕРСТВО ОБРАЗОВАНИЯ РЕСПУБЛИКИ БЕЛАРУСЬ
Минский государственный лингвистический университет

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**Практикум по культуре речевого общения
Аспект «Чтение»**

**Speech Communication Practice
Reading Aspect**

*Рекомендовано учебно-методическим объединением
по лингвистическому образованию в качестве пособия
для студентов учреждений высшего образования,
обучающихся по специальности 1-23 01 02
«Лингвистическое обеспечение межкультурных коммуникаций
(по направлениям)»*

Минск
МГЛУ
2022

УДК 811.111'243(075.8)

ББК 81.432.1–923.137

К 85

Рекомендовано Редакционным советом Минского государственного лингвистического университета. Протокол № 3/61 от 08.11.2021 г.

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К 85 Практикум по культуре речевого общения, аспект «Чтение» = *Speech Communication Practice, Reading Aspect* : пособие для студентов, обучающихся по специальности 1-23 01 02 «Лингвистическое обеспечение межкультурных коммуникаций (по направлениям)» / М. Ю. Крылович, Н. В. Лешко, Т. А. Сысоева. – Минск : МГЛУ, 2022. – 176 с.

ISBN 978-985-28-0159-1

Пособие предназначено для совершенствования навыков иноязычного речевого общения в ходе обсуждения аутентичных текстов разной стилистической и жанровой направленности. Оно включает задания для аудиторной и самостоятельной работы, предполагающие осуществление разных видов чтения – изучающего, ознакомительного, поискового и просмотрового, в соответствии с программой по учебной дисциплине «Практикум по культуре речевого общения».

Адресуется студентам старших курсов факультета межкультурных коммуникаций МГЛУ и других учреждений высшего образования, владеющим английским языком на продвинутом уровне и желающим повысить собственную коммуникативную компетентность.

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ББК 81.432.1–923.137

ISBN 978-985-28-0159-1

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INTRODUCTION

The course book “Speech Communication Practice, Reading Aspect” is designed for students majoring in intercultural communication. It aims to enhance their English-language speaking skills and raise their communicative competence level.

The text contains pieces of fine literature as well as mass media texts, devised to stimulate critical thinking and provoke argument. The material is logically split into three parts depending on the type of reading involved – intensive reading, extensive reading and individual reading. The tasks offered cover both the aspects – in-class work and non-guided work.

The first part (*Intensive Reading*) consists of texts (short stories in the original or extracts thereof) and accompanying exercises: active vocabulary drills, discussion and creative tasks. The second part (*Extensive Reading*) contains excerpts from publicistic texts which centre around a problem to raise and solve in class. The third part (*Individual Reading*) is meant to equip students with a useful algorithm for the analysis of a book of individual choice.

It is the authors’ intention to provide motivation in debating the issues of modern life and culture and boost the students’ linguistic skills in the meantime.

Part I. Intensive reading

Unit 1

Get ready

1. Are you fond of ghost stories? Why/Why not? How do they make you feel?

2. Study the words.

N.: plethora, successor, tramp, vagabond, yowl.

Adj.: contorted, jaunty, piteous, stray.

V.: abandon, begin/start from scratch, fumble, lurk, prowl, tumble, turn up, veto.

3. Insert the missing words from Ex. 2.

1. An old ... was sitting on a bench, asking passers-by for money.
2. It was a ... version of the truth.
3. They had to ... their lands to the invading forces.
4. Plans for the dam have been ... by the Environmental Protection Agency.
5. The report contained a ... of detail.
6. The starving children were a ... sight.
7. Who's the likely ... to him as party leader?
8. They decided to dismantle the machine and ... again.
9. He felt bright and ... and full of energy.
10. Beasts ... the forests at night.
11. We arranged to meet at 7.30, but she never
12. They live a ... life, travelling around in a caravan.
13. He slipped and ... down the stairs.
14. A civilian was killed by a ... bullet.
15. Why are you ... around outside my house?
16. The cat set up a frightful ... when the dog appeared.
17. He ... with the buttons on his shirt.

Work with the text

1. Read the text and consider the tasks below.

The Price

By N. Gaiman

Tramps and vagabonds have marks they make on gateposts and trees and doors, letting others of their kind know a little about the people who live at the houses and farms they pass on their travels. I think cats must leave similar signs; how else to explain the cats who turn up at our door through the year, hungry and flea-ridden and abandoned?

We take them in. We get rid of the fleas and the ticks, feed them and take them to the vet. We pay for them to get their shots, and, indignity upon indignity, we have them neutered or spayed.

And they stay with us, for a few months, or for a year, or for ever.

Most of them arrive in summer. We live in the country, just the right distance out of town for the city-dwellers to abandon their cats near us.

We never seem to have more than eight cats, rarely have less than three. The cat population of my house is currently as follows: Hermione and Pod, tabby and black respectively, the mad sisters who live in my attic office, and do not mingle; Princess, the blue-eyed long-haired white cat, who lived wild in the woods for years before she gave up her wild ways for soft sofas and beds; and, last but not largest, Furball, Princess's cushion-like calico long-haired daughter, orange and black and white, whom I discovered as a tiny kitten in our garage one day, strangled and almost dead, her head poked through an old badminton net, and who surprised us all by not dying but instead growing up to be the best-natured cat I have ever encountered.

And then there is the black cat. Who has no other name than the Black Cat, and who turned up almost a month ago. We did not realise he was going to be living here at first: he looked too well-fed to be a stray, too old and jaunty to have been abandoned. He looked like a small panther, and he moved like a patch of night.

One day, in the summer, he was lurking about our ramshackle porch: eight or nine years old, at a guess, male, greenish-yellow of eye, very friendly, quite unperturbable. I assumed he belonged to a neighbouring farmer or household.

I went away for a few weeks, to finish writing a book, and when I came home he was still on our porch, living in an old cat-bed one of the children had found for him. He was, however, almost unrecognisable. Patches of fur had gone, and there were deep scratches on his grey skin. The tip of one ear was chewed away. There was a gash beneath one eye, a slice gone from one lip. He looked tired and thin.

We took the Black Cat to the vet, where we got him some antibiotics, which we fed him each night, along with soft cat food.

We wondered who he was fighting. Princess, our white, beautiful, near-feral queen? Raccoons? A rat-tailed, fanged possum?

Each night the scratches would be worse – one night his side would be chewed-up; the next, it would be his underbelly, raked with claw marks and bloody to the touch.

When it got to that point, I took him down to the basement to recover, beside the furnace and the piles of boxes. He was surprisingly heavy, the Black Cat, and I picked him up and carried him down there, with a cat-basket, and a litter bin, and some food and water. I closed the door behind me. I had to wash the blood from my hands, when I left the basement.

He stayed down there for four days. At first he seemed too weak to feed himself: a cut beneath one eye had rendered him almost one-eyed, and he limped and lolled weakly, thick yellow pus oozing from the cut in his lip.

I went down there every morning and every night, and I fed him, and gave him antibiotics, which I mixed with his canned food, and I dabbed at the worst of the cuts, and spoke to him. He had diarrhea, and, although I changed his litter daily, the basement stank evilly.

The four days that the Black Cat lived in the basement were a bad four days in my house: the baby slipped in the bath, and banged her head, and might have drowned; I learned that a project I had set my heart on – adapting Hope Mirrlees’ novel *Lud in the Mist* for the BBC – was no longer going to happen, and I realised that I did not have the energy to begin again from scratch, pitching it to other networks, or to other media; my daughter left for Summer Camp, and immediately began to send home a plethora of heart-tearing letters and cards, five or six each day, imploring us to take her away; my son had some kind of fight with his best friend, to the point that they were no longer on speaking terms; and returning home one night, my wife hit a deer, who ran out in front of the car. The deer was killed, the car was left undriveable, and my wife sustained a small cut over one eye.

By the fourth day, the cat was prowling the basement, walking haltingly but impatiently between the stacks of books and comics, the boxes of mail and cassettes, of pictures and of gifts and of stuff. He mewed at me to let him out and, reluctantly, I did so.

He went back onto the porch, and slept there for the rest of the day.

The next morning there were deep, new gashes in his flanks, and clumps of black cat-hair – his – covered the wooden boards of the porch.

Letters arrived that day from my daughter, telling us that Camp was going better, and she thought she could survive a few days; my son and his friend sorted out their problem, although what the argument was about – trading cards, computer games, Star Wars or A Girl – I would never learn. The BBC Executive who had vetoed *Lud in the Mist* was discovered to have been taking bribes (well, “questionable loans”) from an independent production company, and was sent home on permanent leave: his successor, I was delighted to learn, when she faxed me, was the woman who had initially proposed the project to me before leaving the BBC.

I thought about returning the Black Cat to the basement, but decided against it. Instead, I resolved to try and discover what kind of animal was coming to our house each night, and from there to formulate a plan of action – to trap it, perhaps.

For birthdays and at Christmas my family gives me gadgets and gizmos, pricy toys which excite my fancy but, ultimately, rarely leave their boxes. There is a food dehydrator and an electric carving knife, a bread-making machine, and, last year’s present, a pair of see-in-the-dark binoculars. On Christmas Day I had put the batteries into the binoculars, and had walked about the basement in the dark, too impatient even to wait until nightfall, stalking a flock of imaginary Starlings. (You were warned not to turn it on in the light: that would have damaged the binoculars, and quite possibly your eyes as well.) Afterwards I had put the device back into its box, and it sat there still, in my office, beside the box of computer cables and forgotten bits and pieces.

Perhaps, I thought, if the creature, dog or cat or raccoon or what-have-you, were to see me sitting on the porch, it would not come, so I took a chair into the box-and-coat-room, little larger than a closet, which overlooks the porch, and, when everyone in the house was asleep, I went out onto the porch, and bade the Black Cat goodnight.

That cat, my wife had said, when he first arrived, is a person. And there was something very person-like in his huge, leonine face: his broad black nose, his greenish-yellow eyes, his fanged but amiable mouth (still leaking amber pus from the right lower lip).

I stroked his head, and scratched him beneath the chin, and wished him well. Then I went inside, and turned off the light on the porch.

I sat on my chair, in the darkness inside the house, with the see-in-the-dark binoculars on my lap. I had switched the binoculars on, and a trickle of greenish light came from the eyepieces.

Time passed, in the darkness.

I experimented with looking at the darkness with the binoculars, learning to focus, to see the world in shades of green. I found myself horrified by the number of swarming insects I could see in the night air: it was as if the night world were some kind of nightmarish soup, swimming with life. Then I lowered the binoculars from my eyes, and stared out at the rich blacks and blues of the night, empty and peaceful and calm.

Time passed. I struggled to keep awake, found myself profoundly missing cigarettes and coffee, my two lost addictions. Either of them would have kept my eyes open. But before I had tumbled too far into the world of sleep and dreams a yowl from the garden jerked me fully awake. I fumbled the binoculars to my eyes, and was disappointed to see that it was merely Princess, the white cat, streaking across the front garden like a patch of greenish-white light. She vanished into the woodland to the left of the house, and was gone.

I was about to settle myself back down, when it occurred to me to wonder what exactly had startled Princess so, and I began scanning the middle distance with the binoculars, looking for a huge raccoon, a dog, or a vicious possum. And there was indeed something coming down the driveway, towards the house. I could see it through the binoculars, clear as day.

It was the Devil.

I had never seen the Devil before, and, although I had written about him in the past, if pressed would have confessed that I had no belief in him, other than as an imaginary figure, tragic and Miltonian. The figure coming up the driveway was not Milton's Lucifer. It was the Devil.

My heart began to pound in my chest, to pound so hard that it hurt. I hoped it could not see me, that, in a dark house, behind window-glass, I was hidden.

The figure flickered and changed as it walked up the drive. One moment it was dark, bull-like, minotaurish, the next it was slim and female, and the next it was a cat itself, a scarred, huge grey-green wildcat, its face contorted with hate.

There are steps that lead up to my porch, four white wooden steps in need of a coat of paint (I knew they were white, although they were, like everything else, green through my binoculars). At the bottom of the steps, the Devil stopped, and called out something that I could not understand, three, perhaps four words in a whining, howling language that must have been old and forgotten when Babylon was young; and, although I did not understand the words, I felt the hairs raise on the back of my head as it called.

And then I heard, muffled through the glass, but still audible, a low growl, a challenge, and, slowly, unsteadily, a black figure walked down the steps of the house, away from me, toward the Devil. These days the Black Cat no longer moved like a panther, instead he stumbled and rocked, like a sailor only recently returned to land.

The Devil was a woman, now. She said something soothing and gentle to the cat, in a tongue that sounded like French, and reached out a hand to him. He sank his teeth into her arm, and her lip curled, and she spat at him.

The woman glanced up at me, then, and if I had doubted that she was the Devil before, I was certain of it now: the woman's eyes flashed red fire at me; but you can see no red through the night-vision binoculars, only shades of a green. And the Devil saw me, through the window. It saw me. I am in no doubt about that at all.

The Devil twisted and writhed, and now it was some kind of jackal, a flat-faced, huge-headed, bull-necked creature, halfway between a hyena and a dingo. There were maggots squirming in its mangy fur, and it began to walk up the steps.

The Black Cat leapt upon it, and in seconds they became a rolling, writhing thing, moving faster than my eyes could follow.

All this in silence.

And then a low roar – down the country road at the bottom of our drive, in the distance, lumbered a late-night truck, its blazing headlights burning bright as green suns through the binoculars. I lowered them from my eyes, and saw only darkness, and the gentle yellow of headlights, and then the red of rear lights as it vanished off again into the nowhere at all.

When I raised the binoculars once more there was nothing to be seen. Only the Black Cat, on the steps, staring up into the air. I trained the binoculars up, and saw something flying away – a vulture, perhaps, or an eagle – and then it flew beyond the trees and was gone.

I went out onto the porch, and picked up the Black Cat, and stroked him, and said kind, soothing things to him. He mewled piteously when I first approached him, but, after a while, he went to sleep on my lap, and I put him into his basket, and went upstairs to my bed, to sleep myself. There was dried blood on my tee shirt and jeans, the following morning.

That was a week ago.

The thing that comes to my house does not come every night. But it comes most nights: we know it by the wounds on the cat, and the pain I can see in those leonine eyes. He has lost the use of his front left paw, and his right eye has closed for good.

I wonder what we did to deserve the Black Cat. I wonder who sent him. And, selfish and scared, I wonder how much more he has to give.

1. Describe the storyteller's "cat family". In what way was the Black Cat different from the others?

2. Did the Black Cat look like a stray cat at first? How do its appearances change throughout the story and why?

3. What was the Black Cat's mission? How did it impact the family? At what point did the storyteller realize the cat was special?

4. What do you think will happen next? Will the Black Cat be able to protect the family till the end?

5. The author of the story uses a lot of comparisons. Study the following examples of comparative phrases and use them in contexts of your own. Go through the text once again and see how many comparisons you can add to the list: *look like a small panther, move like a patch of night, streak like a patch of greenish-white light, bull-like, stumble and rock like a sailor only recently returned to land, burn bright as green suns.*

6. There are some fixed phrases with "and" in the text, such as *gadgets and gizmos, blacks and blues of the night, the world of sleep and dreams, etc.* Find more examples from the story and classify them (noun phrases, adjective phrases, verb phrases). Provide the context in which they were used in the story.

Be creative

1. Share your impression of the story "The Price". Refer to the following opinion, agreeing or disagreeing with it.

"The Price" is a wonderful ghost story. It reads like an essay – if not for its ending I would have thought this was based on a true incident.

2. How would you personally describe the story? Make a comment.

"The Price" is: a touching story, a gut-wrenching story, a lyrical story, a dramatic story, a creepy story, an inspiring story.

3. Agree or disagree with the following opinion.

I appreciated Gaiman for making a black cat the hero in his story! I'm not a fan of stories which conform to silly notions like black cats bring bad luck and black cats are evil, so "The Price" was such a joy to read.

4. In the story the cat is some kind of protector, without which the family may lose everything they love. And do you personally believe you have a protector? Who (or what) is it?

5. Write an essay on the topic "The most important things in life are love and sacrifice."

Unit 2

Get ready

1. Do you believe in love at first sight? What kind of people usually fall prey to this “malady”?

2. Study the words.

N.: anticipation, apparition, conduct, endowment, folly, specimen.
Adj.: ardent, deficient, divine, elaborate, feeble, horrific, innumerable, majestic, rash.
V.: advocate, manage (without), resort (to), ridicule, surpass.

3. Insert the missing words from Ex. 2.

1. The club has a strict code of
2. The kings claimed ... origin.
3. He ... the return of capital punishment.
4. Astronauts brought back ... of moon rock.
5. How do you ... to work in this heat ... air conditioning?
6. The ... scenery will leave you breathless.
7. I had to threats to get my money.
8. The audience waited in great ... , but nothing happened.
9. That was a ... decision – you didn't think about the costs involved.
10. He was ... for his ideas.
11. It would be ... to attempt a trip in this snowstorm.
12. The director has really ... himself with this new film.
13. You want a plain blouse to go with that skirt – nothing too
14. We just received word of a ... accident about ten miles up the road.
15. Suddenly, a terrifying ... appeared.
16. The little lamp gave only a ... light.
17. The project has been delayed by ... problems.
18. There are tests that can establish a baby's genetic
19. A diet in vitamins may cause diseases.
20. He's an ... supporter of Manchester United.

Work with the text

1. Read the text and consider the tasks below.

The Spectacles

By E. A. Poe

Many years ago, it was the fashion to ridicule the idea of “love at first sight”; but those who think, not less than those who feel deeply, have always advocated its existence. Modern discoveries, indeed, in what may be termed ethical magnetism or magnetoesthetics, render it probable that the most natural, and, consequently, the truest and most intense of the human affections are those which arise in the heart as if by electric sympathy. The confession I am about to make will add another to the already almost innumerable instances of the truth of the position.

I am still a very young man – not yet twenty-two years of age. As to personal endowments, I am by no means deficient. On the contrary, I believe that I am well made, and possess what nine tenths of the world would call a handsome face. In height I am five feet eleven. My hair is black and curling. My nose is sufficiently good. My eyes are large and gray; and although, in fact they are weak a very inconvenient degree, still no defect in this regard would be suspected from their appearance. The weakness itself, however, has always much annoyed me, and I have resorted to every remedy – short of wearing glasses. Being youthful and good-looking, I naturally dislike these, and have resolutely refused to employ them. I know nothing, indeed, which so disfigures the countenance of a young person, or so impresses every feature with an air of demureness, if not altogether of sanctimoniousness and of age. An eyeglass, on the other hand, has a savor of downright foppery and affectation. I have hitherto managed as well as I could without either. But something too much of these merely personal details, which, after all, are of little importance. I will content myself with saying, in addition, that my temperament is sanguine, rash, ardent, enthusiastic – and that all my life I have been a devoted admirer of the women.

One night last winter I entered a box at the P– Theatre, in company with a friend, Mr. Talbot. It was an opera night, and the house was excessively crowded. We were in time, however, to obtain the front seats which had been reserved for us.

For two hours my companion, who was a musical fanatico, gave his undivided attention to the stage; and, in the meantime, I amused myself by observing the audience, which consisted, in chief part, of the very elite of the city. Having satisfied myself upon this point, I was about turning my eyes to the prima donna, when they were arrested and riveted by a figure in one of the private boxes which had escaped my observation.

If I live a thousand years, I can never forget the intense emotion with which I regarded this figure. It was that of a female, the most exquisite I had ever beheld. The face was so far turned toward the stage that, for some minutes, I could not obtain a view of it – but the form was divine; no other word can sufficiently express its magnificent proportion – and even the term “divine” seems ridiculously feeble as I write it.

The magic of a lovely form in woman – the necromancy of female gracefulness – was always a power which I had found it impossible to resist, but here was grace personified, incarnate, the ideal of my wildest and most enthusiastic visions. The figure, almost all of which the construction of the box permitted to be seen, was somewhat above the medium height, and nearly approached, without positively reaching, the majestic. Its perfect fullness and tournure were delicious. The right arm hung over the balustrade of the box, and thrilled every nerve of my frame with its exquisite symmetry. Its upper portion was draped by one of the loose open sleeves now in fashion. This extended but little below the elbow.

I gazed at this queenly apparition for at least half an hour, as if I had been suddenly converted to stone; and, during this period, I felt the full force and truth of all that has been said or sung concerning “love at first sight”. My feelings were totally different from any which I had hitherto experienced, in the presence of even the most celebrated specimens of female loveliness. I saw – I felt – I knew that I was deeply, madly, irrevocably in love – and this even before seeing the face of the person beloved.

While I was thus wrapped in admiration of this lovely vision, a sudden disturbance among the audience caused her to turn her head partially toward me, so that I beheld the entire profile of the face. Its beauty even exceeded my anticipations.

“Talbot, listen to me will you? Do you see the stage-box? – there! – no, the next. – Did you ever behold as lovely a woman? I wonder who she can be?”

“Why, in the name of all that is angelic, don’t you know who she is? She is the celebrated Madame Lalande. Immensely wealthy too – a widow – has just arrived from Paris.”

Since my future happiness was at issue, I resolved to act with a manly decision. I traced the lady to her residence, noted the address, and the next morning sent her a full and elaborate letter, in which I poured out my whole heart.

I spoke boldly, freely – in a word, I spoke with passion. I concealed nothing – nothing even of my weakness. I alluded to the romantic circumstances of our first meeting – even to the glances which had passed between us. I went so far as to say that I felt assured of her love; while I offered this assurance, and my own intensity of devotion, as two excuses for my otherwise unpardonable conduct. As a third, I spoke of my fear that she might quit the city before I could have the opportunity of a formal introduction. I concluded with a frank declaration of my worldly circumstances – of my affluence – and with an offer of my heart and of my hand.

In an agony of expectation I awaited the reply. After what seemed the lapse of a century it came.

Yes, actually came. Romantic as all this may appear, I really received a letter from Madame Lalande – the beautiful, the wealthy, the idolized Madame Lalande. Her eyes – her magnificent eyes, had not belied her noble heart. She had not scorned my proposals. She had not sheltered herself in silence. She had not returned my letter unopened. She had even sent me, in reply, one penned by her own exquisite fingers.

I besought her to consent to an immediate marriage.

She begged me, but with a sigh, to reconsider my proposal, and termed my love an infatuation – a fancy or fantasy of the moment – a baseless and unstable creation rather of the imagination than of the heart.

I replied as best I could – as only a true lover can. I spoke at length, and perseveringly of my devotion, of my passion – of her exceeding beauty, and of my own enthusiastic admiration.

But there was yet an obstacle, she said, which she felt assured I had not properly considered. This was a delicate point. She alluded to the topic of age. Was I aware – was I fully aware of the discrepancy between us? That the age of the husband, should surpass by a few years – even by fifteen or twenty – the age of the wife, was regarded by the world as admissible, and, indeed, as even proper, but she had always entertained the belief that the years of the wife should never exceed in number those of the husband. A discrepancy of this unnatural kind gave rise, too frequently, alas! to a life of unhappiness. Now she was aware that my own age did not exceed two and twenty; and I, on the contrary, perhaps, was not aware that the years of my Eugenie extended very considerably beyond that sum.

“My sweetest Eugenie,” I cried, “what is all this about which you are discoursing? Your years surpass in some measure my own. But what then? The customs of the world are so many conventional follies. To those who love as ourselves, in what respect differs a year from an hour? I am twenty-two, you say, granted: indeed, you may as well call me, at once, twenty-three. Now you yourself, my dearest Eugenie, can have numbered no more than – can have numbered no more than – no more than – than – than – than – ...”

Here I paused for an instant, in the expectation that Madame Lalande would interrupt me by supplying her true age. But a Frenchwoman is seldom direct.

“I wish you to wear spectacles.”

This request – must I confess it? – confused me in no little degree. But the condition with which it was coupled rendered hesitation, of course, a matter altogether out of the question.

“It is done!” I cried, with all the enthusiasm that I could muster at the moment. “It is done – it is most cheerfully agreed. I sacrifice every feeling for your sake. With the earliest dawn of that morning which gives me the pleasure of calling you wife, I will place it upon my – upon my nose, – and there wear it ever afterward.”

“And now, mon ami,” said she, taking my hand, and so interrupting this train of reflection, “and now, mon cher ami, since we are indissolubly one – since I have yielded to your passionate entreaties, and performed my portion of our agreement – I presume you have not forgotten that you also have a little favor to bestow – a little promise which it is your intention to keep. Ah! let me see! Let me remember! Yes; full easily do I call to mind the precise words of the dear promise you made last night. Listen! You spoke thus: ‘It is done – it is most cheerfully agreed. I sacrifice every feeling for your sake. With the earliest dawn of that

morning which gives me the pleasure of calling you wife, I will place it upon my – upon my nose, – and there wear it ever afterward.’ These were the exact words, my beloved husband, were they not?”

“They were,” I said; “you have an excellent memory.” And here, I applied the glasses gingerly in their proper position.

“Goodness gracious me!” I exclaimed, almost at the very instant that the rim of the spectacles had settled upon my nose – “My goodness gracious me! – why, what can be the matter with these glasses?” and taking them quickly off, I wiped them carefully with a silk handkerchief, and adjusted them again.

But if, in the first instance, there had occurred something which occasioned me surprise, in the second, this surprise became elevated into astonishment; and this astonishment was profound – was extreme – indeed I may say it was horrific. What, in the name of everything hideous, did this mean? Could I believe my eyes? – could I? – that was the question. Was that – was that – was that rouge? And were those – and were those – were those wrinkles, upon the visage of Eugenie Lalande? And what had become of her teeth? I dashed the spectacles violently to the ground, and, leaping to my feet, stood erect in the middle of the floor, utterly speechless with terror and with rage.

“You wretch!” said I, catching my breath – “you – you – you villainous old hag!”

In conclusion: I am never to be met without SPECTACLES.

1. What are the storyteller’s endowments? And what are his weaknesses?
2. If the weakness annoyed the storyteller so much, why did he refuse to wear glasses?
3. Can we call the storyteller a romantic person? Though he does not wear glasses, can we say he looks at the world through pink-coloured glasses?
4. According to the story, the young man “married” his great, great, grandmother, aged 82. Lucky for him, the wedding turned out to be fake. What do you think will happen next? Can we call it a happy ending? (If you are curious, read the complete story.)

Be creative

1. **Share your impression of the story “The Spectacles”. Refer to the metaphor “love at first sight” and the proverb “love is blind”.**
2. **Agree or disagree: Love at first sight makes people do stupid things.**
3. **Dwell on the following statement: You don’t have to wear glasses to notice the obvious.**
4. **Write an essay on the topic “People often mistake the wish for the reality”.**
5. **Write an article for a psychology magazine on the topic “You shouldn’t be ashamed of your physical impairments”.**

Unit 3

Get ready

1. Are you fond of reading murder mysteries? From your point of view, who is the greatest fictional detective of all time?

2. Study the words.

N.: accomplice, eloquence, scoundrel, sentinel, vigilance. Adj.: brisk, earnest, gruff, listless, meek, resolute, wretched. V.: bustle, dash, deplete, induce, venture.

3. Insert the missing words from Ex. 2.

1. He was ... and hadn't eaten all day.
2. There were two ... guarding the castle gate.
3. We ask for an ... commitment to our party.
4. People clutching clipboards ... about.
5. "Do you want me to leave?" she asked in a ... , questioning voice.
6. None of these measures ... a change of policy.
7. He spoke with passionate
8. He was ... in his fight to uphold liberal values.
9. May I ... to add a few comments?
10. He followed her with ... steps.
11. Reservoirs have been ... by years of drought.
12. The police suspect that he had an
13. I felt so ... because I thought I might never see you again.
14. Security of this place calls for long hours of
15. I heard a strange noise outside and ... into the garden.
16. She spoke with a ... , masculine voice.
17. That ... sets a bad example for the other young men.

Work with the text

1. Read the text and consider the tasks below.

The Invisible Man *By G. K. Chesterton*

In the cool blue twilight of two steep streets in Camden Town, the shop at the corner, a confectioner's, glowed like the butt of a cigar. One should rather say, perhaps, like the butt of a firework, for the light was of many colours and some complexity, broken up by many mirrors and dancing on many gilt and

gaily-coloured cakes and sweetmeats. Against this one fiery glass were glued the noses of many gutter-snipes, for the chocolates were all wrapped in those red and gold and green metallic colours which are almost better than chocolate itself. Such rainbow provocations could naturally collect the youth of the neighbourhood up to the ages of ten or twelve. But this corner was also attractive to youth at a later stage; and a young man, not less than twenty-four, was staring into the same shop window.

He was a tall, burly, red-haired young man, with a resolute face but a listless manner. He carried under his arm a flat, grey portfolio of black-and-white sketches, which he had sold with more or less success to publishers. His name was John Turnbull Angus.

Entering at last, he walked through the confectioner's shop to the back room, which was a sort of pastry-cook restaurant, merely raising his hat to the young lady who was serving there. She was a dark, elegant, alert girl in black, with a high colour and very quick, dark eyes; and after the ordinary interval she followed him into the inner room to take his order.

His order was evidently a usual one. "I want, please," he said with precision, "one halfpenny bun and a small cup of black coffee." An instant before the girl could turn away he added, "Also, I want you to marry me."

The young lady of the shop stiffened suddenly and said, "Those are jokes I don't allow."

The red-haired young man lifted grey eyes of an unexpected gravity.

"Really and truly," he said, "it's as serious – as serious as the halfpenny bun. It is expensive, like the bun; one pays for it. It is indigestible, like the bun. It hurts."

The dark young lady rose from her chair and walked to the window. When at last she swung round again with an air of resolution she was bewildered to observe that the young man was carefully laying out on the table various objects from the shop-window. They included a pyramid of highly coloured sweets, several plates of sandwiches, and the two decanters containing that mysterious port and sherry which are peculiar to pastry-cooks. In the middle of this neat arrangement he had carefully let down the enormous load of white sugared cake which had been the huge ornament of the window.

"What on earth are you doing?" she asked. "And what is that?" she asked impatiently, pointing to the mountain of sugar.

"The wedding-cake, Mrs. Angus," he said.

The girl marched to that article, removed it with some clatter, and put it back in the shop window.

"You don't give me any time to think," she said. "Mr. Angus," she said steadily, "I must tell you something about myself as shortly as I can."

"Delighted," replied Angus gravely.

"It's nothing that I'm ashamed of, and it isn't even anything that I'm specially sorry about. But what would you say if there were something that is no business of mine and yet is my nightmare?"

“In that case,” said the man seriously, “I should suggest that you bring back the cake.”

“To begin with, I must tell you that my father owned the inn called the ‘Red Fish’ at Ludbury, and I used to serve people in the bar. Ludbury is a sleepy, grassy little hole in the Eastern Counties, and the only kind of people who ever came to the ‘Red Fish’ were occasional commercial travellers, and for the rest, the most awful people you can see, only you’ve never seen them. I mean little, loungy men, who had just enough to live on and had nothing to do but lean about in bar-rooms and bet on horses, in bad clothes that were just too good for them. Even these wretched young rotters were not very common at our house; but there were two of them that were a lot too common – common in every sort of way. They both lived on money of their own, and were wearisomely idle and over-dressed. But yet I was a bit sorry for them, because I half believe they slunk into our little empty bar because each of them had a slight deformity. It wasn’t exactly a deformity; it was more an oddity. One of them was a surprisingly small man, something like a dwarf, or at least like a jockey. His name was Isidore Smythe; and I can see him still, with his little dark face, just coming up to the counter. The other fellow was more silent and more ordinary; but somehow he alarmed me much more than poor little Smythe. He was very tall and slight, and light-haired; his nose had a high bridge, and he might almost have been handsome in a spectral sort of way; but he had one of the most appalling squints I have ever seen or heard of. When he looked straight at you, you didn’t know where you were yourself, let alone what he was looking at. James Welkin (that was the squinting man’s name) never did anything except soak in our bar parlour, and go for great walks by himself. And I was really puzzled, as well as startled, and very sorry, when they both offered to marry me in the same week.

Well, I did what I’ve since thought was perhaps a silly thing. But, after all, these freaks were my friends in a way; and I had a horror of their thinking I refused them for the real reason, which was that they were so impossibly ugly. So I made up some gas of another sort, about never meaning to marry anyone who hadn’t carved his way in the world. I said it was a point of principle with me not to live on money that was just inherited like theirs. Two days after I had talked in this well-meaning sort of way, the whole trouble began. The first thing I heard was that both of them had gone off to seek their fortunes.

Well, I’ve never seen either of them from that day to this. But I’ve had two letters from the little man called Smythe.”

“Ever heard of the other man?” asked Angus.

“No, he never wrote,” said the girl. “I have not seen a line of the other man’s writing. But it is of him that I am frightened. It is he who has half driven me mad. Indeed, I think he has driven me mad; for I have felt him where he could not have been, and I have heard his voice when he could not have spoken. I heard James Welkin laugh as plainly as I hear you speak,” said the girl, steadily. “There was nobody there, for I stood just outside the shop at the corner, and could see down both streets at once. I had forgotten how he laughed, though his laugh was as odd

as his squint. Just when I had finished reading the letter from Isidore Smythe. Just then, I heard Welkin say, 'He shan't have you, though.' It was quite plain, as if he were in the room. It is awful, I think I must be mad."

"If you really were mad," said the young man, "you would think you must be sane."

Even as he spoke, there was a sort of steely shriek in the street outside, and a small motor, driven at devilish speed, shot up to the door of the shop and stuck there. In the same flash of time a small man in a shiny top hat stood stamping in the outer room. For a moment the two men, instinctively understanding each other's air of possession, looked at each other with that curious cold generosity which is the soul of rivalry.

Mr. Smythe said, "Has Miss Hope seen that thing on the window?"

"On the window?" repeated the staring Angus.

"There's no time to explain other things. There's some tomfoolery going on here that has to be investigated."

He pointed his polished walking-stick at the window, recently depleted by the bridal preparations of Mr. Angus; and that gentleman was astonished to see along the front of the glass a long strip of paper pasted, which had certainly not been on the window when he looked through it some time before. Following the energetic Smythe outside into the street, he found that some yard and a half of stamp paper had been carefully gummed along the glass outside, and on this was written in straggly characters, "If you marry Smythe, he will die."

"Laura," said Angus, putting his big red head into the shop, "you're not mad."

"It's the writing of that fellow Welkin," said Smythe gruffly.

"Quite so," said Angus modestly. "The fellow cannot be very far off yet, for I swear there was no paper there when I went last to the window, ten or fifteen minutes ago. On the other hand, he's too far off to be chased, as we don't even know the direction. If you'll take my advice, Mr. Smythe, you'll put this at once in the hands of some energetic inquiry man, private rather than public. I know an extremely clever fellow, who has set up in business five minutes from here in your car. His name's Flambeau, and though his youth was a bit stormy, he's a strictly honest man now, and his brains are worth money. Well, the sooner we act the better."

Both men jumped into the brisk little car.

It was a white, tattered scrap of paper scrawled with red ink. The red ink on it actually was not dry, and the message ran, "If you have been to see her today, I shall kill you."

There was a short silence, and then Isidore Smythe said quietly, "Would you like a little whiskey? I rather feel as if I should."

"Thank you; I should like a little Flambeau," said Angus, gloomily. "This business seems to me to be getting rather grave. I'm going round at once to fetch him."

"Right you are," said the other, with admirable cheerfulness. "Bring him round here as quick as you can."

Six steps down from Smythe's landing the man in shirt sleeves was doing something with a pail. Angus stopped to extract a promise, fortified with a prospective bribe, that he would remain in that place until the return with the detective, and would keep count of any kind of stranger coming up those stairs. Dashing down to the front hall he then laid similar charges of vigilance on the commissionaire at the front door, from whom he learned the simplifying circumstances that there was no back door. Not content with this, he captured the floating policeman and induced him to stand opposite the entrance and watch it; and finally paused an instant for a pennyworth of chestnuts, and an inquiry as to the probable length of the merchant's stay in the neighbourhood.

The chestnut seller, turning up the collar of his coat, told him he should probably be moving shortly, as he thought it was going to snow. Indeed, the evening was growing grey and bitter, but Angus, with all his eloquence, proceeded to nail the chestnut man to his post.

"Keep yourself warm on your own chestnuts," he said earnestly. "Eat up your whole stock; I'll make it worth your while. I'll give you a sovereign if you'll wait here till I come back, and then tell me whether any man, woman, or child has gone into that house where the commissionaire is standing."

He then walked away smartly.

"I've made a ring round that room, anyhow," he said. "They can't all four of them be Mr. Welkin's accomplices."

Flambeau, who was a friend of Angus, received him in an artistic den behind his office, of which the ornaments were sabres, Eastern curiosities, flasks of Italian wine, a plummy Persian cat, and a small dusty-looking Roman Catholic priest, who looked particularly out of place.

"This is my friend Father Brown," said Flambeau.

"Well," said Angus heavily. "I'm afraid I've come on business, and rather jumpy business at that. The fact is, Flambeau, within a stone's throw of your house is a fellow who badly wants your help; he's perpetually being haunted and threatened by an invisible enemy – a scoundrel whom nobody has even seen." As Angus proceeded to tell the whole tale of Smythe and Welkin, beginning with Laura's story, and going on with his own, the supernatural laugh at the corner of two empty streets, the strange distinct words spoken in an empty room, Flambeau grew more and more vividly concerned, and the little priest seemed to be left out of it, like a piece of furniture. When it came to the scribbled stamp-paper pasted on the window, Flambeau rose, seeming to fill the room with his huge shoulders.

"If you don't mind," he said, "I think you had better tell me the rest on the nearest road to this man's house. It strikes me, somehow, that there is no time to be lost."

"Delighted," said Angus, rising also, "though he's safe enough for the present, for I've set four men to watch the only hole to his burrow."

They turned out into the street, the small priest trundling after them. He merely said, in a cheerful way, like one making conversation, "How quick the snow gets thick on the ground."

As they threaded the steep side streets already powdered with silver, Angus finished his story; and by the time they reached the crescent with the towering flats, he had leisure to turn his attention to the four sentinels. The chestnut seller, both before and after receiving a sovereign, swore stubbornly that he had watched the door and seen no visitor enter. The policeman was even more emphatic. He said he had had experience of crooks of all kinds, in top hats and in rags; he wasn't so green as to expect suspicious characters to look suspicious; he looked out for anybody, and, so help him, there had been nobody. And when all three men gathered round the gilded commissionaire, who still stood smiling astride of the porch, the verdict was more final still.

"I've got a right to ask any man, duke or dustman, what he wants in these flats," said the genial and gold-laced giant, "and I'll swear there's been nobody to ask since this gentleman went away."

Father Brown, who stood back, looking modestly at the pavement, here ventured to say meekly, "Has nobody been up and down stairs, then, since the snow began to fall? It began while we were all round at Flambeau's."

"Nobody's been in here, sir, you can take it from me," said the official, with beaming authority.

"Then I wonder what that is?" said the priest, and stared at the ground blankly like a fish.

The others all looked down also; and Flambeau used a fierce exclamation and a French gesture. For it was unquestionably true that down the middle of the entrance ran a stringy pattern of grey footprints stamped upon the white snow.

"God!" cried Angus involuntarily, "the Invisible Man!"

Without another word he turned and dashed up the stairs, with Flambeau following; but Father Brown still stood looking about him in the snow-clad street as if he had lost interest in his query.

Flambeau was plainly in a mood to break down the door with his big shoulders; but the Scotchman fumbled about on the frame of the door till he found the invisible button; and the door swung slowly open. There lay something that looked like red ink spilt out of its bottle. But it was not red ink.

Flambeau simply said "Murder!" and, plunging into the flat, had explored, every corner and cupboard of it in five minutes. But if he expected to find a corpse he found none. Isidore Smythe was not in the place, either dead or alive. "My friend," said Flambeau, "not only is your murderer invisible, but he makes invisible also the murdered man."

"There is only one thing to be done," said Flambeau, "whether it belongs to this world or the other. I must go down and talk to my friend."

They descended, passing the man with the pail, who again asseverated that he had let no intruder pass, down to the commissionaire and the hovering chestnut man, who rigidly reasserted their own watchfulness. But when Angus looked round for his fourth confirmation he could not see it, and called out with some nervousness, "Where is the policeman?"

“I beg your pardon,” said Father Brown; “that is my fault. I just sent him down the road to investigate something – that I just thought worth investigating.”

“Well, we want him back pretty soon,” said Angus abruptly, “for the wretched man upstairs has not only been murdered, but wiped out.”

“How?” asked the priest.

“Father,” said Flambeau, after a pause, “upon my soul I believe it is more in your department than mine. No friend or foe has entered the house, but Smythe is gone, as if stolen by the fairies. If that is not supernatural, I – ”

As he spoke they were all checked by an unusual sight; the big blue policeman came round the corner of the crescent, running. He came straight up to Brown.

“You’re right, sir,” he panted, “they’ve just found poor Mr. Smythe’s body in the canal down below.”

Angus put his hand wildly to his head. “Did he run down and drown himself?” he asked.

“He never came down, I’ll swear,” said the constable, “and he wasn’t drowned either, for he died of a great stab over the heart.”

“And yet you saw no one enter?” said Flambeau in a grave voice.

“Let us walk down the road a little,” said the priest.

As they reached the other end of the crescent he observed abruptly, “Stupid of me! I forgot to ask the policeman something. I wonder if they found a light brown sack.”

“Why a light brown sack?” asked Angus, astonished.

“Because if it was any other coloured sack, the case must begin over again,” said Father Brown; “but if it was a light brown sack, why, the case is finished.”

“You must tell us all about it,” said Flambeau.

Father Brown said, “Have you ever noticed this – that people never answer what you say? They answer what you mean – or what they think you mean. Suppose one lady says to another in a country house, ‘Is anybody staying with you?’ the lady doesn’t answer ‘Yes; the butler, the three footmen, the parlourmaid, and so on,’ though the parlourmaid may be in the room, or the butler behind her chair. She says ‘There is nobody staying with us,’ meaning nobody of the sort you mean. But suppose a doctor inquiring into an epidemic asks, ‘Who is staying in the house?’ then the lady will remember the butler, the parlourmaid, and the rest. All language is used like that; you never get a question answered literally, even when you get it answered truly. When those four quite honest men said that no man had gone into the Mansions, they did not really mean that no man had gone into them. They meant no man whom they could suspect of being your man. A man did go into the house, and did come out of it, but they never noticed him.”

“An invisible man?” inquired Angus, raising his red eyebrows. “A mentally invisible man,” said Father Brown. “He is dressed rather handsomely in red, blue and gold, and in this striking, and even showy, costume he entered Himylaya Mansions under eight human eyes; he killed Smythe in cold blood, and came down into the street again carrying the dead body in his arm – ”

“Reverend sir,” cried Angus, standing still, “are you raving mad, or am I?”

“You are not mad,” said Brown, “only a little unobservant. You have not noticed such a man as this, for example.”

He took three quick strides forward, and put his hand on the shoulder of an ordinary passing postman who had bustled by them unnoticed under the shade of the trees.

“Nobody ever notices postmen somehow,” he said thoughtfully; “yet they have passions like other men, and even carry large bags where a small corpse can be stowed quite easily.”

The postman, instead of turning naturally, had ducked and tumbled against the garden fence. He was a lean fair-bearded man of very ordinary appearance, but as he turned an alarmed face over his shoulder, all three men were fixed with an almost fiendish squint.

1. Name the characters of the story and explain how they are related.
2. Retell Laura’s story. What was her greatest “nightmare”, as she puts it? How was the problem solved (if it was solved at all)?
3. Whose contribution to solving the murder mystery was the greatest – Angus’s, Flambeau’s or Father Brown’s? Give your reasons.
4. Do you agree that the characters of the story were just “a little unobservant”?
5. Explain what “a mentally invisible man” is.
6. Do you agree with Father Brown’s words that “you never get a question answered literally, even when you get it answered truly”?

Be creative

1. Share your impression of the story “The Invisible Man”. Some critics call it a “locked-room mystery”. What does it mean and do you agree with such a definition?

2. One of the characters of the story – Laura – gets two unwanted proposals at the same time. She turns them down without explaining the true reason for that, in order to avoid offending the men. Did she choose the best way to say “no”? If you were a friend of Laura’s, what piece of advice would you give her?

3. Agree or disagree with the following opinion.

“The Invisible Man” is quite unconventional, in how off-center its detective, Father Brown, is – he only makes his appearance toward the end of the story and is never much more than a supporting character.

4. One of the main themes of the story is as follows: what things people will do for love. Consider Laura and her admirers’ case. If it were true love, would the men go that far just to win the lady’s affection?

5. Write an essay on the topic “The sooner you act the better. There is no time to be lost”.

Unit 4

Get ready

1. Do you appreciate black humour? Think of an example of black humour that impressed you most. Did you find it repulsive/ghastly/amazing/hilarious, etc.?

2. Study the words.

N.: creature, flavor. Adj.: anxious, heavenly. V.: advance, bear, live (on), near, slaughter.

3. Insert the missing words from Ex. 2.

1. The idea of spending two weeks with him may seem
2. The foreign minister admitted he was still ... about the situation in the country.
3. The Allies began ... on the city in 1943.
4. I always add some paprika for extra
5. His age was hard to guess—he must have been ... fifty.
6. He can't ... to talk about it, even to me.
7. They ... our team.
8. Alaskan Eskimos believe that every living ... possesses a spirit.
9. The fish ... the plankton.

Work with the text

1. Read the text and consider the tasks below.

Pig

By R. Dahl

Once upon a time, in the city of New York, a beautiful baby boy was born, and his joyful parents named him Lexington.

The mother had just returned from hospital carrying Lexington in her arms when she said to her husband, “Darling, now you must take me out to a most wonderful restaurant for dinner.”

Her husband kissed her and told her that any woman who could have such a beautiful baby as Lexington deserved to go anywhere she wanted. So that evening they both dressed themselves in their best clothes and, leaving little Lexington in the care of a trained nurse, they went out to the finest and most expensive restaurant in town.

After a wonderful evening, they arrived back at their house at around two o'clock in the morning. The husband paid the taxi driver and then began feeling in his pockets for the key to the front door. After a while, he announced that he must have left it in the pocket of his other suit, and he suggested they ring the bell and get the nurse to come down and let them in.

So he rang the bell. They waited. Nothing happened. He rang it again, long and loud. They waited another minute. Then they both stepped back on to the street and shouted the nurse's name up at the nursery window on the third floor, but there was still no answer. The house was dark and silent. The wife began to become frightened.

"You mustn't worry. I'll let you in." He was feeling rather brave after all he had drunk. He bent down and took off a shoe. Then, holding the shoe by the toe, he threw it hard and straight through the dining-room window on the ground floor.

"There you are," he said, laughing. He stepped forward and very carefully put a hand through the hole in the glass and undid the lock. Then he raised the window.

"I'll lift you in first," he said, and he took his wife around the waist and lifted her off the ground. Then her husband turned her round and began moving her gently through the open window into the dining room. At this moment, a police car came driving silently along the street towards them. It stopped about thirty meters away and three policemen jumped out of the car and started running in the direction of the husband and wife. The policemen were all holding guns.

"Hands up!" the policemen shouted. "Hands up!" But it was impossible for the husband to obey this order without letting go of his wife. If he had done this, she would either have fallen to the ground or would have been left half in and half out of the house, which is a very uncomfortable position for a woman; so he continued to push her upwards and inwards through the window. The policemen, all of whom had received rewards before for killing robbers, shot at them immediately. They hit both bodies several times and killed both of them.

So, when he was no more than twelve days old, little Lexington became an orphan.

The next morning the closest of the relatives got into taxis and left for the house with the broken window. They gathered in the living room and sat around in a circle, smoking cigarettes and talking about what should be done with the baby upstairs, the orphan Lexington.

It soon became clear that none of the relatives wanted responsibility for the child. They were still arguing at six the next morning when suddenly, in the middle of it all, an old aunt (her name was Glosspan) arrived from Virginia. She announced firmly to the gathered relatives that she herself intended to look after the baby boy. She would take full responsibility, she said, for the boy's education – and all the costs – and everyone else could go home. She went upstairs to the nursery and took Lexington and went out of the house with the baby held tightly in her arms.

And so the baby, Lexington, left the city of New York when he was thirteen days old and travelled southwards to live with Great Aunt Glosspan in the State of Virginia.

Aunt Glosspan was nearly seventy when she took Lexington to Virginia, but you would never have guessed it. She was as youthful as a woman half her age. She had a small, but still quite beautiful face and two lovely brown eyes.

But she was a strange old woman. For the past thirty years she had lived alone in a small cottage high up on the slopes of the Blue Ridge Mountains, several kilometers from the nearest village. She had three cows, some fields for them, some land for growing vegetables, a flower garden and a dozen chickens.

And now she had little Lexington, too.

She was a strict vegetarian and thought that eating animal meat was not only unhealthy and disgusting, but cruel, too. She lived on foods like milk, butter, eggs, cheese, vegetables, nuts and fruit, and she was happy to think that no creature would ever be slaughtered for her sake.

She did not know very much about babies but that didn't worry her. Strangely there wasn't any problem. Back home in the cottage everything went well. Little Lexington drank his milk and cried and slept exactly as a good baby should, and Aunt Glosspan was filled with joy whenever she looked at him and she kissed him all day long. By the time he was six years old, young Lexington had become a most beautiful boy with long golden hair and deep blue eyes. He was bright and cheerful. Soon, Aunt Glosspan told herself, she would have to start thinking about his education.

But she could not bear the thought of sending him away to school. She loved him so much now that it would kill her to be separated from him for long. There was, of course, that village school down in the valley, but it was a horrible-looking place, and if she sent him there, she was sure they would start forcing him to eat meat as soon as he arrived.

"You know what, my darling?" she said to him one day when he was sitting in the kitchen watching her make cheese. "I'll teach you myself. And the first thing I should do is to teach you how to cook. Vegetarians like us don't have nearly so many foods to choose from as ordinary people, and so they must learn to cook doubly well."

"Aunt Glosspan," the boy said, "what do ordinary people eat that we don't?"

"Animals," she answered with disgust.

"Do you mean live animals?"

"No," she said. "Dead ones."

"Do you mean that when they die they eat them instead of burying them?"

"They don't wait for them to die, dear. They kill them."

"How do they kill them, Aunt Glosspan?"

"They usually cut their throats with a knife."

"But what kind of animals?"

"Cows and pigs mostly, and sheep."

"Cows!" the boy cried. "You mean like our cows?"

"Exactly, my dear."

It soon became very clear that young Lexington was a talented cook. He was clever and quick. In so young a boy, this surprised Aunt Glosspan and she could not quite understand it at all. But she was very proud of him and thought that the child would have a wonderful future.

A couple of years later, she left the kitchen forever, and put Lexington in charge of all household cooking. The boy was now ten years old, and Aunt Glosspan was nearly eighty. Alone in the kitchen, Lexington immediately began experimenting with dishes of his own invention. There were hundreds of new ideas in his head.

“Do you know what you ought to do?” his aunt said to him. “You ought to sit down and write a cookbook. I’ve taught you how to write and I’ve taught you how to cook, and now you’ve only got to put the two things together. You write a cookbook, my darling, and it’ll make you famous all over the world.”

“All right,” he said. “I will.”

And that same day, Lexington began writing the first page of that great book on which he worked for the rest of his life. He called it *Eat Well And Healthily*. Seven years later, by the time he was seventeen, he had recorded over nine thousand different recipes, all of them original, all of them wonderful.

But now, suddenly, his work was interrupted by the death of Aunt Glosspan.

The next day, while he was tidying up her things, he found an envelope that was addressed to him in Aunt Glosspan’s handwriting. He opened it and took out two fifty-dollar notes and a letter. The letter said:

Darling boy, I know that you have never been down the mountain since you were thirteen days old, but as soon as I die you must put on a pair of shoes and a clean shirt and walk down into the village and find the doctor. Ask the doctor to give you a death certificate. Then take this to my lawyer, a man called Mr Samuel Zuckermann, who lives in New York City and who has a copy of my will. Mr Zuckermann will arrange everything. The money in this envelope is to pay the doctor for the certificate and for the cost of your journey to New York. Mr Zuckermann will give you more money when you get there, and it is my wish that you use it to continue your work on that great book of yours until you are satisfied that it is complete in every way. Your loving aunt, Glosspan.

Lexington, who had always done everything his aunt had told him, put the money in his pocket, put on a pair of shoes and a clean shirt, and went down the mountain to the village where the doctor lived.

“I suppose you know that your dearly loved aunt was a woman of great wealth?”

“Do you mean the cows and the chickens?”

“I mean five hundred thousand dollars,” Mr Zuckermann said.

“How much?”

“Five hundred thousand dollars, my boy. And she’s left it all to you.” Mr Zuckermann leaned back in his chair. “Of course, I shall have to take 50 percent for my services,” he said, “but that still leaves you with two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.”

“I am rich!” Lexington cried. “This is wonderful! How soon can I have my money?”

“Well,” said Mr Zuckermann, “luckily for you, I know the people at the city tax office and I’m confident that I’ll be able to persuade them to forget about any taxes that your aunt owed.”

“How kind you are,” said Lexington.

“I shall have to give some people a small tip, of course.”

“Whatever you say, Mr Zuckermann.”

“I think a hundred thousand would be enough.”

“But how much does that leave for me?” the youth asked.

“One hundred and fifty thousand. But then you’ve got the funeral expenses to pay out of that.”

“Funeral expenses?”

“You’ve got to pay the funeral company. Surely you know that?”

“I’ll do whatever you say, Mr Zuckermann. All I want to know is how much I’m going to get in the end, when everything’s paid.”

“Shall we say fifteen thousand?” he suggested, flashing a big gold smile. “That’s a nice figure.”

“Can I take it with me this afternoon?”

“I don’t see why not.”

“The whole world is in front of me!” Lexington cried as he went into the street. “I now have fifteen thousand dollars to help me until my book is ready.” He stood in the street, wondering which way to go. He turned left and began walking slowly down the street, staring at the sights of the city. “I must have something to eat. I’m so hungry!” he said.

He crossed the street and entered a small restaurant. A waiter stood beside the table. “Do you want the roast pork and potatoes?” he asked. “That’s all we’ve got left.”

“I don’t know what it is,” Lexington answered, “but I’d love to try it. I’m writing a cookbook and...”

“One pork and potatoes!” the waiter shouted.

The waiter disappeared and soon returned carrying a plate on which there lay a thick grey-white piece of something hot. Lexington leaned forward anxiously to smell it.

“But this is absolutely heavenly!” he cried. “What a smell! It’s wonderful!”

Lexington cut off a small piece of the meat and put it into his mouth, beginning to eat it slowly, his eyes half closed.

“This is wonderful!” he cried. “It’s a fine new flavour! Oh, Glosspan, I wish you were here with me now so that you could taste this dish! Waiter! Come here at once! If you will come and talk to me, I will give you a present,” Lexington said, waving a hundred-dollar note. “Please come over here and talk to me.”

“What can I do for you, my friend?”

“Listen,” Lexington said. “If you will tell me what this dish is made of, and exactly how it is prepared, I will give you another hundred.”

“I’ve already told you,” the man said. “It’s pork.”

“And what exactly is pork?”

“It’s pig,” the waiter said. “You just put it in the oven.”

“But... but... that’s impossible,” the youth said. “Aunt Glosspan said that meat of any kind was disgusting and horrible, but this is without doubt the most wonderful thing I have ever tasted. How do you explain that?”

“Perhaps your aunt didn’t know how to cook it,” the waiter said.

“That’s it!” Lexington cried. “That’s exactly what must have happened. She cooked it wrong!” He handed the man another hundred-dollar note. “Lead me to the kitchen,” he said. “Introduce me to the man who prepared this meat.”

Lexington was at once taken to the kitchen, and there he met the cook.

“Now listen to me,” he said. “I am really rather confused by what the waiter has been telling me. Are you quite sure that the dish I’ve been eating was prepared from pig’s flesh?”

The cook raised his right hand and began scratching his neck.

“Well,” he said, winking at the waiter, “all I can tell you is that I think it was pig’s meat.”

“Do you mean you’re not sure?”

“One can never be sure.”

“Then what else could it have been?”

“Well,” the cook said, speaking very slowly and still staring at the waiter. “There’s just a chance that it could have been a piece of human flesh.”

“Do you mean – a man?”

“Yes.”

“Good heavens!”

“Or a woman. It could have been either. They both taste the same.”

“Well – now you really surprise me,” the youth said. “One lives and learns.”

“In fact, we’ve been getting a lot of it recently from the meat factory in place of pork,” the cook declared.

“Have you really?”

“The trouble is, it’s almost impossible to tell which is which. They’re both very good.”

“The piece I had just now was wonderful.”

“I’m glad you liked it,” the cook said. “But to be quite honest, I think that was a bit of pig. In fact, I’m almost sure it was.”

“In that case we shall have to believe you,” Lexington said. “So now will you please tell me – and here is another hundred-dollar note for your trouble – will you please tell me how you prepared it?”

The cook, after taking the money, told Lexington how to cook pork.

“Is that all?” he asked when the cook had finished.

“That’s all, but you must have a good piece of meat and it must be cut right.”

“Show me how,” said Lexington. “Kill one now so I can learn.”

“We don’t kill pigs in the kitchen,” the cook said. “The meat you’ve just eaten came from a slaughterhouse.”

“Then give me the address!”

The cook gave him the address, and Lexington, after thanking them both many times for their kindness, rushed outside and went by taxi to the slaughterhouse.

It was a big brick building, and the air around it smelled sweet and heavy. At the main entrance gates, there was a large notice which said: VISITORS ARE WELCOME AT ANY TIME. Lexington walked through the gates and entered a yard which surrounded the building itself. He then followed some signs (THIS WAY FOR THE GUIDED TOURS) and came to a small hut near the main building (VISITORS' WAITING ROOM). After knocking politely on the door, he went in.

There were six other people in the waiting room. There was a fat mother with her two little boys aged about nine and eleven. There was a bright-eyed young couple and there was a pale woman with long white gloves, looking straight ahead, with her hands folded in front of her. Nobody spoke. Lexington wondered whether they were all writing cookbooks, like himself, but when he put this question to them aloud, he got no answer. They just shook their heads and smiled.

Soon the door opened and a man with a pink face came into the room and said, "Next, please." The mother and the two boys got up and went out. About ten minutes later, the same man returned. "Next, please," he said again, and the couple stood up and followed him outside.

"Next, please," said the guide, and the woman with the long gloves got up and left. Soon the guide returned for the third time, and now it was Lexington's turn to go outside.

"Follow me, please," the guide said, leading the youth across the yard towards the main building.

"How exciting this is!" Lexington cried.

First they visited a big area at the back of the building where several hundred pigs were wandering around. "Here's where they start," the guide said. "And over there is where they go in."

The guide pointed to a long wooden shed that stood against the outside wall of the factory. "This way, please."

Three men, wearing long rubber boots, were taking a dozen pigs into the shed just as Lexington and the guide arrived, so they all went in together.

"Now," the guide said, "watch how they catch them."

Inside, the shed was simply a bare wooden room with no roof, but there was a metal wire with hooks on it that kept moving slowly along the length of one wall. When it reached the end of the hut, it suddenly changed direction and climbed upwards through the open roof towards the top floor of the main building. The twelve pigs were brought together at the far end of the hut. They stood quietly and looked anxious. One of the men in rubber boots pulled a length of metal chain down from the wall and advanced upon the nearest animal from the back. Then he bent down and quickly put one end of the chain around one of the animal's back legs. The other end he put on a hook on the moving wire as it went by. The wire kept moving and the chain tightened. The pig's leg was pulled up and back, and the pig itself began to be dragged backwards until it reached the end of the hut, where the wire changed direction and went upwards. The creature was suddenly pulled off its feet and was carried up. The pig's cries filled the air.

The rubber-booted men were busy catching the rest of the pigs, and one after another the animals were hooked on to the moving wire and carried up through the roof, crying loudly as they went.

At this point, while Lexington was staring upwards at the last pig, a man in rubber boots came up quietly behind him and put one end of a chain around the youth's own leg, hooking the other end of the chain to the moving belt. The next moment, before he had time to realize what was happening, Lexington was pulled off his feet and dragged backwards along the floor of the hut.

"Stop!" he cried. "Stop everything! My leg is caught!"

But nobody seemed to hear him, and five seconds later the unhappy young man was pulled off the floor and lifted up through the open roof of the hut upside down, panging like a fish.

"Help!" he shouted. "Help! There's been a mistake! Stop the engine! Let me down!"

The guide took a cigarette out of his mouth and looked up at the youth hanging from the chain, but he said nothing. The men in rubber boots were already on their way out to collect the next pigs.

Lexington was now nearing the top floor of the building, where the moving belt entered a large hole in the wall, a kind of doorway without a door; and there, waiting to greet him, in dark-stained rubber clothes, the slaughterer stood.

"Hi, there!" the man said, smiling.

"Quick! Save me!" Lexington cried.

"With pleasure," the man said, and taking Lexington gently by one ear with his left hand, he raised his right hand and quickly cut the boy's throat with a knife.

The belt moved on. Lexington went with it. Everything was still upside down and the blood was pouring out of his throat and getting into his eyes, but he could still see a little. He thought he was in a very long room, and at the far end of the room there was a great smoking pot of water, and there were dark figures half hidden in the steam. These figures were dancing round the edge of the pot and they were holding long sticks. The belt seemed to be travelling right over the top of the pot and the pigs seemed to be dropping down one by one into the boiling water and one of the pigs seemed to be wearing long white gloves on its front feet.

1. Why did Lexington's parents decide to go to an expensive restaurant straight after his mother had returned from hospital?

2. How did it happen that Lexington became an orphan? Who decided to take care of him and why?

3. Do you think Lexington really was a talented boy or was it just his aunt's biased attitude?

4. What kind of book was the boy writing? Did he manage to complete the task?

Be creative

1. Lexington, the wretched orphan, is rescued and adopted by his aunt, who seems to be his guardian angel. Did you believe his life would be happy ever since? Did you expect the story to have a happy ending?

2. What is the meaning of the phrase “the sting is in the tail”? Agree or disagree with the following opinion.

“Pig” is a brilliant gem of a short story from Roald Dahl, the master of the sting in the tail.

3. Express your attitude to vegetarianism. Do you approve of it?

4. And what is your idea of healthy food and/or a balanced diet?



5. Agree or disagree: Bad things happen to good people when they are naive and let other people take advantage of them.

6. Write an essay on the topic “Curiosity killed the cat.”

Unit 5

Get ready

1. Some short stories really have a great plot twist. Can you recall any examples?

2. Study the words.

N.: chatter.

Adj.: arrogant, bewildered, inquisitive, meticulous, overbearing, serene, supplicating, surreptitious, tough, unsavoury.

V.: settle on, spare, stroll.

3. Insert the missing words from Ex. 2.

1. Arriving in a strange city at night, I felt alone and
2. Many hours of ... preparation have gone into writing the book.
3. There was a desperate, ... look on her face.
4. Her has an ... reputation.
5. I can't concentrate with Ann's constant
6. I finally ... a car model.
7. He has some money to
8. A young couple ... past me hand in hand.
9. Even ... guys need to cry sometimes.
10. She seemed to be listening to what I was saying, but I couldn't help noticing her ... glances at the clock.
11. She looked as calm and ... as she always did.
12. He can be quite ... with his staff.
13. She could see ... faces looking out from the windows next door.
14. Don't be too ... to admit you're wrong.

Work with the text

1. Read the text and consider the tasks below.

Genesis and Catastrophe: A True Story

By R. Dahl

“Everything is normal,” the doctor was saying. “Just lie back and relax.” His voice was miles away in the distance and he seemed to be shouting at her. “You have a son.” “What?” “You have a fine son. You understand that, don't you? A fine son. Did you hear him crying?” “Is he all right, Doctor?” “Of course he is all right.” “Please let me see him.” “You'll see him in a moment.” “You are

certain he is all right?" "I am quite certain." "Is he still crying?" "Try to rest. There is nothing to worry about." "Why has he stopped crying, Doctor? What happened?" "Don't excite yourself, please. Everything is normal." "I want to see him. Please let me see him." "Dear lady," the doctor said, patting her hand. "You have a fine strong healthy child. Don't you believe me when I tell you that?" "What is the woman over there doing to him?" "Your baby is being made to look pretty for you," the doctor said. "We are giving him a little wash, that is all. You must spare us a moment or two for that." "You swear he is all right?" "I swear it. Now lie back and relax. Close your eyes. Go on, close your eyes. That's right. That's better. Good girl..."

"I have prayed and prayed that he will live, Doctor." "Of course he will live. What are you talking about?" "The others didn't." "What?" "None of my other ones lived, Doctor." The doctor stood beside the bed looking down at the pale exhausted face of the young woman. He had never I seen her before today. She and her husband were new people in the town. The innkeeper's wife, who had come up to assist in the delivery, had told him that the husband worked at the local customs-house on the border and that the two of them had arrived quite suddenly at the inn with one trunk and one suitcase about three months ago. The husband was a drunkard, the innkeeper's wife had said, an arrogant, overbearing, bullying little drunkard, but the young woman was gentle and religious. And she was very sad. She never smiled. In the few weeks that she had been here, the innkeeper's wife had never once seen her smile. Also there was a rumour that this was the husband's third marriage, that one wife had died and that the other had divorced him for unsavoury reasons. But that was only a rumour.

The doctor bent down and pulled the sheet up a little higher over the patient's chest. "You have nothing to worry about," he said gently. "This is a perfectly normal baby." "That's exactly what they told me about the others. But I lost them all, Doctor. In the last eighteen months. I have lost all three of my children, so you mustn't blame me for being anxious." "Three?" "This is my fourth... in four years."

The doctor shifted his feet uneasily on the bare floor.

"I don't think you know what it means, Doctor, to lose them all, all three of them, slowly, separately, one by one. I keep seeing them. I can see Gustav's face now as clearly as if he were lying here beside me in the bed. Gustav was a lovely boy, Doctor. But he was always ill. It is terrible when they are always ill and there is nothing you can do to help them." "I know." The woman opened her eyes, stared up at the doctor for a few seconds, then closed them again.

"My little girl was called Ida. She died a few days before Christmas. That is only four months ago. I just wish you could have seen Ida, Doctor." "You have a new one now." "But Ida was so beautiful." "Yes," the doctor said. "I know." "How can you know?" she cried. "I am sure that she was a lovely child. But this new one is also like that."

The doctor turned away from the bed and walked over to the window and stood there looking out. It was a wet grey April afternoon, and across the street he could see the red roofs of the houses and the huge raindrops splashing on the tiles.

“Ida was two years old, Doctor... and she was so beautiful I was never able to take my eyes off her from the time I dressed her in the morning until she was safe in bed again at night. I used to live in holy terror of something happening to that child. Gustav had gone and my little Otto had also gone and she was all I had left. Sometimes I used to get up in the night and creep over to the cradle and put my ear close to her mouth just to make sure that she was breathing.” “Try to rest,” the doctor said, going back to the bed. “Please try to rest.”

The woman’s face was white and bloodless, and there was a slight bluish-grey tinge around the nostrils and the mouth. A few strands of damp hair hung down over her forehead, sticking to the skin.

“When she died... I was already pregnant again when that happened, Doctor. This new one was a good four months on its way when Ida died. ‘I don’t want it!’ I shouted after the funeral. ‘I won’t have it! I have buried enough children!’ And my husband... he was strolling among the guests with a big glass of beer in his hand... he turned around quickly and said, ‘I have news for you, Klara, I have good news.’ Can you imagine that, Doctor? We have just buried our third child and he stands there with a glass of beer in his hand and tells me that he has good news. ‘Today I have been posted to Braunau,’ he says, ‘so you can start packing at once. This will be a new start for you, Klara.’ he says. ‘It will be a new place and you can have a new doctor’ ” “Please don’t talk any more.” “You are the new doctor, aren’t you, Doctor?” “That’s right.” “And here we are in Braunau.” “Yes.” “I am frightened, Doctor.” “Try not to be frightened.” “What chance can the fourth one have now?” “You must stop thinking like that.” “I can’t help it. I am certain there is something inherited that causes my children to die in this way. There must be.” “That is nonsense.”

“Do you know what my husband said to me when Otto was born, Doctor? He came into the room and he looked into the cradle where Otto was lying and he said, ‘Why do all my children have to be so small and weak?’” “I am sure he didn’t say that.” “He put his head right into Otto’s cradle as though he were examining a tiny insect and he said. ‘All I am saying is why can’t they be better specimens? That’s all I am saying.’ And three days after that, Otto was dead. We baptised him quickly on the third day and he died the same evening. And then Gustav died. And then Ida died. All of them died, Doctor... and suddenly the whole house was empty.” “Don’t think about it now.” “Is this one so very small?” “He is a normal child.” “But small?” “He is a little small, perhaps. But the small ones are often a lot tougher than the big ones. Just imagine, Frau Hitler, this time next year he will be almost learning how to walk. Isn’t that a lovely thought?” She didn’t answer this.

“And two years from now he will probably be talking his head off and driving you crazy with his chatter. Have you settled on a name for him yet?” “A name?” “Yes.” “I don’t know. I’m not sure. I think my husband said that if it was a boy we were going to call him Adolfus.” “That means he would be called Adolf.” “Yes. My husband likes Adolf because it has a certain similarity to Alois. My husband is called Alois.”

“Excellent.” “Oh, no!” she cried, starting up suddenly from the pillow. “That’s the same question they asked me when Otto was born! It means he is going to die! You are going to baptise him at once!” “Now, now,” the doctor said, taking her gently by the shoulders. “You are quite wrong. I promise you, you are wrong. I was simply being an inquisitive old man, that is all. I love talking about names. I think Adolfus is a particularly fine name. It is one of my favourites. And look – here he comes now.” The innkeeper’s wife, carrying the baby high up on her enormous bosom, came sailing across the room towards the bed. “Here is the little beauty!” she cried, beaming. “Would you like to hold him, my dear? Shall I put him beside you?” “Is he well wrapped?” the doctor asked. “It is extremely cold in here.” “Certainly he is well wrapped.” The baby was tightly swaddled in a white woollen shawl, and only the tiny pink head protruded. The innkeeper’s wife placed him gently on the bed beside the mother. “There you are,” she said. “Now you can lie there and look at him to your heart’s content.” “I think you will like him,” the doctor said, smiling. “He is a fine little baby.” “He has the most lovely hands!” the innkeeper’s wife exclaimed. “Such long delicate fingers!” The mother didn’t move. She didn’t even turn her head to look. “Go on!” cried the innkeeper’s wife. “He won’t bite you!” “I am frightened to look. I don’t dare to believe that I have another baby and that he is all right.” “Don’t be so stupid.”

Slowly, the mother turned her head and looked at the small, incredibly serene face that lay on the pillow beside her. “Is this my baby?” “Of course.” “Oh... oh... but he is beautiful.” The doctor turned away and went over to the table and began putting his things into his bag. The mother lay on the bed gazing at the child and smiling and touching him and making little noises of pleasure.

“Hello, Adolfus,” she whispered. “Hello, my little Adolf...” “Sssh!” said the innkeeper’s wife. “Listen! I think your husband is coming.” The doctor walked over to the door and opened it and looked out into the corridor.

“Herr Hitler?” “Yes.” “Come in, please.” A small man in a dark-green uniform stepped softly into the room and looked around him. “Congratulations,” the doctor said. “You have a son.” The man had a pair of enormous whiskers meticulously groomed after the manner of the Emperor Franz Josef, and he smelled strongly of beer.

“A son?” “Yes.” “How is he?” “He is fine. So is your wife.” “Good.” The father turned and walked with a curious little prancing stride over to the bed where his wife was lying. “Well, Klara,” he said, smiling through his whiskers. “How did it go?” He bent down to take a look at the baby. Then he bent lower. In a series of quick jerky movements, he bent lower and lower until his face was only about twelve inches from the baby’s head. The wife lay sideways on the pillow, staring up at him with a kind of supplicating look.

“He has the most marvellous pair of lungs,” the innkeeper’s wife announced. “You should have heard him screaming just after he came into this world.” “But my God, Klara...” “What is it, dear?” “This one is even smaller than Otto was!” The doctor took a couple of quick paces forward. “There is nothing wrong with that child,” he said.

Slowly, the husband straightened up and turned away from the bed and looked at the doctor. He seemed bewildered and stricken. "It's no good lying, Doctor," he said. "I know what it means. It's going to be the same all over again." "Now you listen to me," the doctor said. "But do you know what happened to the others, Doctor?" "You must forget about the others, Herr Hitler. Give this one a chance." "But so small and weak!" "My dear sir, he has only just been born." "Even so..." "What are you trying to do," cried the innkeeper's wife. "Talk him into his grave?" "That's enough!" the doctor said sharply.

The mother was weeping now. Great sobs were shaking her body.

The doctor walked over to the husband and put a hand on his shoulder. "Be good to her," he whispered. "Please. It is very important." Then he squeezed the husband's shoulder hard and began pushing him forward surreptitiously to the edge of the bed. The husband hesitated. The doctor squeezed harder, signalling to him urgently through fingers and thumb. At last, reluctantly, the husband bent down and kissed his wife lightly on the cheek.

"All right, Klara," he said. "Now stop crying." "I have prayed so hard that he will live, Alois." "Yes." "Every day for months I have gone to the church and begged on my knees that this one will be allowed to live." "Yes, Klara, I know." "Three dead children is all that I can stand, don't you realise that?" "Of course." "He *must* live, Alois. He *must*, he *must*... Oh God, be merciful unto him now... ."

1. Why was Klara a sad person that never smiled?
2. Can we say that her husband was her opposite? What brought these two together, do you think?
3. Did Klara believe the doctor's words? Why?
4. Which character of the story do you sympathize with?

Be creative

1. At the beginning of the story, we feel sorry for Klara through all her grief and pain. Then there's a twist in the tale. At what point of the story did the perspective change? Was it really unexpected?

2. Now that you know the consequences of the events described in the story, reconsider the question: Is it a good thing that the fourth child lived?

3. Comment on the following opinion.

It is called a true story. But in fact, it is a fictionalized account of true events.

4. Agree or disagree.

The title of the story is the best fit to its essence. Indeed, here we are witnessing the birth of one of the worst disasters of the 20th century.

5. Write an essay on the topic "We don't always see it coming."

Unit 6

Get ready

1. Judging by the title what is the book going to be about? Do you agree that history repeats itself?

2. Study the words.

N.: eventuality, validity.

Adj.: arbitrary, courteous, evanescent, inevitable, shabby.

V.: bribe, circumvent, disembark, dispossess, dissuade, exterminate, flee, log.

3. Match the words and their antonyms.

eventuality	uselessness
validity	neat
inevitable	plan
shabby	preventable
courteous	constant
evanescent	rude
arbitrary	consistent

4. Insert the missing words from Ex. 2.

1. Part of his job is to ... all deliveries.
2. The family ... from Nazi Germany to Britain in 1936.
3. She was arrested for attempting to ... a judge.
4. The land was ... from the native people who lived here.
5. He found a way to ... the law.
6. Amazon has tried to ... its work force from signing the petition.
7. The ship will return to St. Maarten on Saturday to
8. The invaders nearly ... the native people.

5. Make sure you pronounce the words correctly.

Refugee, philanthropist, hypocrisy, hijack, Antwerp, Southampton, Cuba, Venezuela, Ecuador, Chile, Colombia, Paraguay, Argentina, Dachau, Buchenwald.

Work with the text

1. To get a better understanding of the text find out the meaning of the following allusions: Louis IX (St. Louis), Jonah and the whale, the Ark.

2. Read the text and consider the tasks below.

A History of the World in 10^½ Chapters

By J. Barnes

At 8 p.m. on Saturday, 13th May 1939, the liner *St Louis* left its home port of Hamburg. It was a cruise ship, and most of the 937 passengers booked on its transatlantic voyage carried visas confirming that they were “tourists, travelling for pleasure”. The words were an evasion, however, as was the purpose of their voyage. All but a few of them were Jews, refugees from a Nazi state which intended to dispossess, transport and exterminate them. Many, indeed, had already been dispossessed, since emigrants from Germany were permitted to take with them no more than a nominal ten Reichsmarks. This enforced poverty made them easier targets for propaganda: if they left with no more than their allowance, they could be portrayed as shabby *Untermenschen* scuttling away like rats; if they managed to outwit the system, then they were economic criminals fleeing with stolen goods. All this was normal.

The *St Louis* was flying the swastika flag, which was normal; its crew included half-a-dozen Gestapo agents, which was also normal. The shipping line had instructed the captain to lay in cheaper cuts of meat for this voyage, to remove luxury goods from the shops and free postcards from the public rooms; but the captain largely circumvented such orders, decreeing that this journey should resemble other cruises by the *St Louis* and be, as far as possible, normal. So when the Jews arrived on board from a mainland where they had been despised, systematically humiliated and imprisoned, they discovered that although this ship was legally still part of Germany, flew the swastika and had large portraits of Hitler in its public rooms, the Germans with whom they had dealings were courteous, attentive and even obedient. This was abnormal.

None of these Jews – half of whom were women and children – had any intention of revisiting Germany in the near future. Nevertheless, in accordance with the regulations of the shipping company, they had all been obliged to buy return tickets. This payment, they were told, was designed to cover “unforeseen eventualities”. When the refugees landed in Havana, they would be given by the Hamburg–Amerika line a receipt for the unused part of the fare. The money itself had been lodged in a special account in Germany: if ever they returned there, they could collect it. Even Jews who had been released from concentration camps on strict condition that they left the Fatherland immediately were obliged to pay for the round trip.

Along with their tickets the refugees had bought landing permits from the Cuban director of immigration, who had given a personal guarantee that they would face no difficulties entering his country. It was he who had classed them as “tourists, travelling for pleasure”; and in the course of the voyage some passengers, particularly the younger ones, were able to make the remarkable transition from despised *Untermensch* to pleasure-seeking tourist. Perhaps their escape from Germany felt as miraculous as that of Jonah from the whale. Every day there was food, drink, and dancing. Despite a warning to crew members

from the Gestapo cell about contravention of the Law for the Protection of German Blood and Honour, sexual activity continued as normal on a cruise. Towards the end of the Atlantic crossing, the traditional costume ball took place. The band played Glenn Miller; Jews appeared as pirates, sailors and Hawaiian dancers. Some high-spirited girls came as harem women, with Arab dress made from bedsheets – a transformation which struck the more orthodox on board as unseemly.

On Saturday 27th May the *St Louis* anchored in Havana Harbour. At 4 a.m. the klaxon for reveille sounded, and half an hour later the breakfast gong. Small boats came out to the liner, some bearing vendors of coconuts and bananas, others containing friends and relatives who shouted up names to the rail. The ship was flying a quarantine flag, which was normal. The captain had to certify to the Port of Havana medical officer that no-one on board was “an idiot, or insane, or suffering from a loathsome or contagious disease”. When this had been done, immigration officers began to process the passengers, examining their papers and indicating whereabouts on the pier to expect their luggage. The first fifty refugees gathered at the top of the ladder, waiting for the boat to take them ashore.

Immigration, like emigration, is a process in which money is no less important than principles or laws, and often sounder than either of them. Money reassures the host country – or, in the case of Cuba, the transit country – that the new arrivals will not be a charge on the state. Money also serves to bribe the officials who have to take this decision. The Cuban director of immigration had made a great deal of money from previous boatloads of Jews; the President of Cuba had not made enough money from them. The President had therefore issued a decree on 6th May revoking the validity of tourist visas when the true purpose of travel was immigration. Did this decree apply to those on board the *St. Louis* or not? The ship had sailed from Hamburg after the law had been promulgated; on the other hand, the landing permits had been issued earlier. It was a question on which much argument and money could be spent. The number of the presidential decree was 937, which the superstitious might have noticed was also the number of passengers on board when the *St Louis* left Europe.

A delay developed. Nineteen Cubans and Spaniards were allowed to disembark, plus three passengers with authentic visas; the remaining 900 or so Jews waited for news of the negotiations which involved, variously, the Cuban President, his director of immigration, the shipping line, the local relief committee, the ship's captain and a lawyer flown in from the New York headquarters of the Joint Distribution Committee. These talks lasted several days. Factors to be considered were money, pride, political ambition and Cuban public opinion. The captain of the *St Louis*, while distrustful of both local politicians and his own shipping line, was convinced at least of one thing: that if Cuba proved inaccessible, the United States, to which most of his passengers had the right of eventual entry, would surely accept them earlier than promised.

Some of the marooned passengers were less confident, and became unnerved by the uncertainties, the delay, the heat. They had spent so long reaching a place of safety, and were now so near. Friends and relatives continued to circle the liner in small boats; a fox terrier, sent on ahead from Germany, was rowed out each day

and held up towards the rail and its distant owners. A passengers' committee had been formed, to whom the shipping company gave free cabling facilities; appeals for intercession were despatched to influential people, including the wife of the Cuban president. It was during this time that two passengers attempted suicide, one with a syringe and tranquillizers, another by slashing his wrists and jumping into the sea; both survived. Thereafter, to prevent further suicide attempts, there were security patrols at night; the lifeboats were always ready, and the ship was lit up by floodlights. These measures reminded some Jews of the concentration camps they had recently left.

The *St Louis* was not meant to leave Havana empty after dropping its 937 emigrants. Some 250 passengers were booked on the return trip to Hamburg via Lisbon. One suggestion was that 250 of the Jews could at least be disembarked to make room for those on shore. But how would you choose the 250 who were to be allowed off the Ark? Who would separate the clean from the unclean? Was it to be done by casting lots?

The predicament of the *St Louis* was not a disregarded, local issue. The voyage was being logged by the German, British and American press. *Der Stürmer* commented that if the Jews chose to take up their return passages to Germany, they should be accommodated at Dachau and Buchenwald. Meanwhile, in Havana harbour, American reporters managed to get on board what they nicknamed, perhaps too easily, "the ship that shamed the world". Such publicity does not necessarily help refugees. If the shame belongs to the whole world, then why should one particular country – which had already accepted many Jewish refugees – be so frequently expected to bear it? The world, apparently, did not feel its shame so strongly that it moved its hand to its wallet. The Cuban government accordingly voted to exclude the immigrants and ordered the *St Louis* to leave the island's territorial waters. This did not mean, the President added, that he had closed the door on negotiations; merely that he would not consider further offers until the ship had left harbour.

How much are refugees? It depends how desperate they are, how rich their patrons, how greedy their hosts. In the world of entry permits and panic it is always a seller's market. Prices are arbitrary, speculative, evanescent. The lawyer from the Joint Distribution Committee put forward an opening offer of \$50,000 for the safe landing of the Jews, and was told that the sum might usefully be trebled. But if trebled, why not trebled again? The director of immigration – who had already received \$150 a head for the landing permits which had not been honoured – suggested to the shipping line a fee of \$250,000 to help get decree number 937 rescinded. A purported intermediary of the President seemed to think that the Jews could be landed for \$1,000,000. In the end, the Cuban government was to fix on a bond of \$500 for each Jew. This price had a certain logic, being the amount of surety which each official immigrant into the country had to post. So the 907 passengers on board, who had already paid their outward and return fares, who had bought their permits and then been reduced to an official ten Deutschmarks each, would cost \$453,500.

As the liner started its engines, a group of women charged the accommodation ladder; they were repelled by Cuban police with pistols. During its six days in Havana harbour the *St. Louis* had become a tourist attraction, and its departure was watched by an estimated crowd of 100,000. The captain had been given permission by his superiors in Hamburg to sail for any port which would accept his passengers. At first he steamed idly in ever-widening circles, waiting to be recalled to Havana; then headed north for Miami. When the ship reached the American coast it was greeted by a US coastguard cutter. But this apparent welcome was a rebuff: the cutter was there to see that the *St. Louis* did not enter territorial waters. The State Department had already decided that if the Jews were turned down by Cuba, they would not be granted entry into the United States. Money was a less direct factor here: high unemployment and reliable xenophobia were sufficient justifications.

The Dominican Republic offered to accept the refugees for the standardized market price of \$500 a head; but this merely duplicated the Cuban tariff. Venezuela, Ecuador, Chile, Colombia, Paraguay and Argentina were all approached; each declined to bear the world's shame single-handed. In Miami the immigration inspector announced that the *St Louis* would not be allowed to dock in any US port.

The liner, denied entry to the whole American continent, continued steaming northwards. Those on board were aware that they were approaching the point at which it would have to swing east and head inevitably back to Europe. Then, at 4.50 on the afternoon of Sunday, 4th June, a news flash was picked up. The President of Cuba had apparently given permission for the Jews to be landed on the Isle of Pines, a former penal colony. The captain turned the *St Louis* round and headed south again. Passengers brought their luggage up on deck. That evening, over dinner, the spirits of the gala evening returned.

The next morning, three hours' sailing away from the Isle of Pines, the ship received a cable: permission to disembark had not yet been confirmed. The passenger committee, who throughout the crisis had been sending telegrams to prominent Americans asking them to intercede, could think of no one else to contact. Someone suggested the Mayor of *St Louis*, Missouri, thinking that the consonance of names might perhaps evoke sympathy. A cable was duly despatched.

The Cuban President had asked for a \$500 surety per refugee, plus a subsidiary guarantee to cover food and lodging during the period of transit on the Isle of Pines. The American lawyer had offered (according to the Cuban government) a total of \$443,000, but further stipulated that this sum was to cover not just the refugees on the *St Louis* but also 150 Jews on two other ships. The Cuban government found itself unable to accept this counter-proposal and withdrew its own offer. The lawyer for the Joint Committee responded by agreeing in full to the original Cuban demand. The government in return regretted that its offer had already been terminated and could not now be revived. The *St Louis* turned round and headed north for a second time.

As the ship began its return voyage to Europe, the British and French governments were informally sounded out to see if their countries might take the Jews. The British answer was that they would prefer to view the present difficulty in the wider context of the general European refugee situation, but that they might be prepared to consider possible subsequent entry of the Jews to Britain after their return to Germany.

There had been unconfirmed or impracticable offers from the President of Honduras, from an American philanthropist, even from a quarantine station in the Panama Canal Zone; the ship steamed on. The passenger committee addressed its appeals to political and religious leaders throughout Europe; though its messages now had to be shorter, since the shipping line had withdrawn free cabling facilities. One suggestion made at this time was that the strongest swimmers among the Jews should jump overboard at intervals, thus forcing the *St. Louis* to stop and turn round. This would slow its progress towards Europe and allow more time for negotiations. The idea was not taken up.

German radio announced that since no country would agree to accept the boat-load of Jews, the Fatherland would be obliged to take them back and support them. It was not difficult to guess where they might be supported. What's more, if the *St. Louis* was forced to unload its cargo of degenerates and criminals back in Hamburg, this would prove that the world's supposed concern was mere hypocrisy. Nobody wanted the shabby Jews, and nobody therefore had any right to criticize whatever welcome the Fatherland might extend to the filthy parasites on their return.

It was at this time that a group of younger Jews attempted to hijack the ship. They invaded the bridge, but were dissuaded from further action by the captain. For his part, he conceived a plan of setting fire to the *St. Louis* off Beachy Head, which would compel the rescuing nation to take his passengers in. This desperate scheme might even have been tried. Finally, when many had given up hope and the liner was nearing Europe, the Belgian government announced that it would admit 200 of the passengers. In the days that followed, Holland agreed to take 194, Britain 350, and France 250.

After a voyage of 10,000 miles, the *St Louis* docked at Antwerp, 300 miles from its port of departure. Relief workers from the four countries involved had already met to decide the distribution of the Jews. Most of those on board possessed the right of eventual entry into the United States, and had therefore been ascribed a number on the US quota list. It was observed that the relief workers competed for passengers with low numbers, since these refugees would leave their countries of transit the soonest.

In Antwerp a pro-Nazi youth organization had distributed handbills bearing the slogan: "We too want to help the Jews. If they call at our offices each will receive gratis a length of rope and a long nail." The passengers were disembarked. Those admitted to Belgium were put on a train whose doors were locked and

windows nailed shut; they were told that such measures were necessary for their own protection. Those admitted to Holland were immediately transferred to a camp surrounded by barbed wire and guard dogs.

On Wednesday, 21st June the British contingent from the *St Louis* docked at Southampton. They were able to reflect that their wanderings at sea had lasted precisely forty days and forty nights.

On 1st September the Second World War began, and the passengers from the *St Louis* shared in the fate of European Jewry. Their chances rose or fell depending upon the country to which they had been allotted. Estimates of how many survived vary.

1. What period of history is described in the text? Present it using your background knowledge.
2. What was the destination point of the ship?
3. What was the atmosphere on board the ship in the beginning of the voyage?
4. Where did the trouble start?
5. Was all the commotion around the ship remained unnoticed by the local authorities and the press?
6. How do you understand an absurd question “How much are refugees?”
7. What conclusion did desperate crew finally make?
8. What European country was really eager to accept the refugees?
9. How did the wandering at sea finish for 937 Jews?

Be creative

- 1. How do the allusions contribute to the understanding of the text?**
- 2. Do you agree that money is the root of all evil, taking into account the role of money in St. Louis tragedy?**
- 3. Mass media is often called “The fourth estate”. Dwell on the role of reporters and investigative journalists in solving problems. How did the publicity affect St. Louis passengers?**
- 4. J. Barnes writes: “Money was a less direct factor here: high unemployment and reliable xenophobia were sufficient justifications.” Do you agree that authorities should take care of their citizens first and only then offer help to other people in need?**
- 5. Write an essay “Those who do not learn history are doomed to repeat it”.**

Unit 7

Get ready

1. Can you see right through people? Is it an inborn quality or you can acquire the skill?

2. Study the words.

N.: sanity, consolation, indulgence. Adj.: timid, compassionate, eminent, inquisitive. V.: fetch, pat, bump into, tint, imply, endure, murmur.
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3. Insert the missing words from Ex. 2.

1. She found great ... in all the cards and letters she received.
2. If you throw the ball the dog will ... it.
3. Her remarks ... a threat.
4. Robin is a sensitive, ... kid, who asks an enormous number of questions.
5. She's very ... and shy when meeting strangers.
6. The commission consisted of fifteen ... political figures.
7. She lived a life of selfish
8. Samsung had to ... a humiliating Galaxy Fold launch in 2019.
9. She is the mother of six children but somehow keeps her
10. "How lovely," she

Work with the text

1. Read the text and consider the tasks below.

The Blue Lenses

By D. du Maurier

This was the day for the bandages to be removed and the blue lenses fitted. Marda West put her hand up to her eyes and felt the bandage. The days had passed into weeks since the operation, and she had laid there suffering no physical discomfort, but only the anonymity of darkness, a negative feeling that the world and the life around was passing her by. As for the operation itself, it had been successful. Here was definite promise. A hundred per cent successful.

"You will see," the surgeon told her, "more clearly than ever before."

But always during these days of waiting, she had the fear that everybody at the hospital was being too kind. Therefore, when at last it happened, when at his evening visit the surgeon said, "Your lenses will be fitted tomorrow," surprise was greater than joy. She could not say anything, and he had left the room before she could than him. "You won't know you've got them, Mrs. West" – the day-nurse assured her, leaving.

Such a calm, comfortable voice, and the way she shifted the pillows and held the glass to the patient's lips, the hand smelling faintly of the Moray French Fen soap. These things gave confidence and implied that she could not lie.

"Tomorrow I shall see you," said Marda West, and the nurse, with the cheerful laugh that could be heard sometimes down the corridor outside, answered, "Yes, I'll give you your first shock."

It was a strange thought how memories of coming into the nursing-house were now dim.

"Aren't you feeling excited?" this was the low, soft voice of her night-nurse, who, more than the rest of them, understood what she had endured. Nurse Brand was a person of sunlight, of bearing in fresh flowers, of admitted visitors. The weather she described in the world outside appeared of her own creation. "A hot day," she would say, opening windows, and her patient would sense the cool uniform, the scratched cap, which somehow toned down the penetrating heat.

Meals, too, even the dulllest of lunches were made to appear delicacies through her method of introduction.

The night brought consolation and Nurse Ansel. She did not expect courage. At first, during pain, it had been Nurse Ansel who had administered the drugs. It was she who had smoothed the pillows and held the glass to her lips. At night the patient had only to touch the bell, and in a moment Nurse Ansel was by the bed. "Can't sleep? I know, it's bad for you. I'll give you just two and a half grains, and the night won't seem so long."

How compassionate, that smooth and silken voice. All she did was faultless. She never annoyed. And when she went off duty, at five minutes to eight in the morning, she would whisper, "Until this evening."

It was a special secret sympathy that Nurse Ansel would announce the evening visitor. "Here is someone you want to see, a little earlier than usual," the tone suggesting that Jim was not the husband of ten years but a troubadour, a lover, someone whose bouquet of flowers had been plucked in an enchanted garden and now brought to a balcony. Then, shyly, the voice would murmur, "Good evening, Mr. West. Mrs. West is waiting for you." She would hear the gentle closing of the door, the tip-toeing out with the flowers and the almost soundless return, the scent of the flowers filling the room.

It must have been during the fifth week that Marda West had suggested, first to Nurse Ansel then to her husband, that perhaps when she returned home the night-nurse might go with them for the first week. Just a week. Just so that Marda West could settle to home again.

His comment was something between surprise and indulgence.

Surprise that his wife considered a nurse a person in her own right, and indulgence because it was the whim of a sick woman. "Aren't you feeling excited?" asked Nurse Ansel.

"In a way," said Marda West, "It's like being born again. I've forgotten how the world looks."

"Such a wonderful world," murmured Nurse Ansel, "and you've been patient for so long."

“It’s strange,” said Marda West, “tomorrow you won’t be a voice to me anymore. You’ll be a person.”

“Aren’t I a person now?”

“Yes, of course, but it will be different.”

Even knowing she was dark and small – for so Nurse Ansel had described herself – Marda West must be prepared for surprise at the first encounter, the tilt of the head, the slant of the eyes, or perhaps some unexpected facial form like too large a mouth, too many teeth. “Sleep, then. Tomorrow will come too soon.” There came the familiar routine of the bell put within reach, the last minute drink, the pill, and then the soft, “Good night, Mrs. West. Ring if you want me.”

“Thank you. Good night.”

“Well, we can’t complain of the weather!” Now it was the day itself, and Nurse Brand coming in like the first breeze of morning.

“All ready for the great event?” she asked.

Then the surgeon removed the bandages and did something to her eyelids.

“Now, don’t be disappointed,” he said. “You won’t know any difference for about half an hour. Then it will gradually clear. I want you to lie quietly during that time.”

The dark lenses, fitted inside her lids, were temporary for the first few days. Then they would be removed and other fitted.

“How much shall I see?” she asked at last.

“Everything. But not immediately in color. Just like wearing a pair of sunglasses on a bright day. Rather pleasant.”

His cheerful laugh gave confidence, and when he and Nurse Brand had left the room she lay back again, waiting for the fog to clear and for that summer day to break upon her vision, however subdued, however softened by the lenses.

Little by little the mist dissolved. All was in focus now. Flowers, the wash-basin, the glass with the thermometer in it, her dressing-gown. Wonder and relief were so great that they excluded thought.

“They weren’t lying to me,” she thought. “It’s happened. It’s true.” Colour was not important. The blue symmetry of vision itself was all-important. To see, to feel. It was indeed rebirth, the discovery of a world long lost to her. She heard Nurse Brand’s voice outside, and turned her head to watch the opening door.

“Well... are we happy once more?”

Smiling, she saw the figure dressed in uniform come into the room, bearing a tray, her glass of milk upon it. Yet, absurd, the head with the uniformed cap was not a woman's head at all. The thing staring down at her was a cow on a woman's body. The frilled cap was upon wide horns. The eyes were large and gentle, but cow's eyes, the nostrils broad and humid, and the way she stood there, breathing, was the way a cow stood placidly in pasture, taking the day as it came, content, unmoved.

“Feeling a bit strange?”

The laugh was a woman's laugh, a nurse's laugh, Nurse Brand's laugh, and she put the tray down on the cupboard beside the bed. The patient said nothing. She shut her eyes, then opened them again. The cow in the nurse's uniform was with her still. It was important to gain time. The patient stretched out her hand carefully for the glass of milk.

She sipped the milk slowly. The mask must be worn on purpose. Perhaps it was some kind of experiment connected with the fitting of the lenses – though how it was supposed to work she could not imagine.

"I see very plainly," she said at last. "At least, I think I do."

Nurse Brand stood watching her. The broad uniformed figure was as much as Marda West had imagined it, but that cow's head tilted, the ridiculous frill of the horns, where did the head join the body, if mask it in fact was?

"Is it a trick?" Marda West asked. "Is what a trick?"

"The way you look... your face?"

The cow's jaw distinctly dropped.

"Really, Mrs. West. I'm as the good God made me."

"I didn't mean to offend you," she said, "but it is just a little strange. You see..."

She was spared explanation because the door opened and the surgeon came into the room. At least, the surgeon's voice was recognizable as he called. "Hullo! How goes it?" and his figure in the dark coat was all that an eminent surgeon should be, but... that terrier's head, ears pricked, the inquisitive, searching glance?

This time the patient laughed.

"Mrs. West thinks us a bit of a joke," the nurse said. But her voice was not over-pleased.

The surgeon came and put his hand out to his patient, and bent close to observe her eyes. She lay very still. He wore no mask either. He was even marked, one ear black, the other white.

"I'll be in on Thursday," he said. "To change the lenses."

Marda West could not demand an explanation. Instinct warned her that he would not understand. The terrier was saying something to the cow, giving instructions.

As they moved to the door the patient made a last attempt. "Will the permanent lenses," she asked, "be the same as these?"

"Exactly the same," yapped the surgeon, "except that they won't be tinted. You'll see the natural colour. Until Thursday, then."

He was gone and the nurse with him. She could hear the murmur of voices outside the door. What happened now? If it was really some kind of test, did they remove their masks instantly? She slipped out of bed and went to the door. She could hear the surgeon say, "One and a half grains. She's a little tired. It's the reaction, of course."

Bravely, she flung open the door. They were standing there in the passage, wearing the masks still.

“Do you want anything, Mrs. West?” asked Nurse Brand. Marda West stared beyond then down the corridor. The whole floor was in the deception. A maid, carrying dust-pan and brush, coming from the room next door, had a weasel's head upon her small body, and the nurse advancing from the other side was a little kitten, he cap coquettish on her furry curls, the doctor beside her a proud lion.

Fear came to Marda West. How could they have known she would open the door at that minute? Something of her fear must have shown in her face, for Nurse Brand, the cow, took hold of her and led her back into the room.

“I'm rather tired,” Marda West said. “I'd like to sleep.” “That's right,” said Nurse Brand and gave her a sedative. The sedative acted swiftly.

Soon peaceful darkness came, but she awoke, not for the sanity she had hoped for, but to lunch brought by the kitten. Nurse Brand was off duty.

“How long must it go on for?” asked Marda West. She had adjusted herself to the trick.

“How do you mean, Mrs. West?” asked the kitten, smiling. Such a flighty little thing, with its pursed-up mouth, and even as it spoke it put a hand to its cap.

“This test on my eyes,” said the patient, uncovering the boiled chicken on her plate. “I don't see the point of it.”

“I'm sorry, Mrs. West,” the kitten said, “I don't follow you. Did you tell Nurse Brand you couldn't see properly yet?”

“It's not that I can't see,” replied Marda West. “I see perfectly well. The chair is a chair. The table is a table. I'm about to eat boiled chicken. But why do you look like a kitten?” “I see what I see,” said the patient. “You are a cat, if you like, and Nurse Brand's a cow.”

This time the insult must sound deliberate. Nurse Sweeting, that was the cat's name, had fine whiskers to her mouth. The whiskers bristled.

“If you please, Mrs. West,” she said, “will you eat your chicken, and ring the bell when you are ready for the next course?”

She left the room.

Lying awake, Marda West decided upon her plan. She got out of bed; she took her clothes from the wardrobe and began to dress. She put on her coat and shoes and tied a scarf over her head. When she was ready she went to the door and softly turned the handle. All was quiet in the corridor. She stood there motionless. Then she took one step across the threshold and looked to the left, where the nurse on duty sat. The snake was there. The snake was sitting bent over a book.

Marda West waited. She was prepared to wait for hours. Presently the sound she hoped for came, the bell from a patient. The snake lifted its head from the book and checked the red light on the wall. Then, she glided down the corridor to the patient's room. She knocked and entered. Directly she had disappeared Marda West left her own room and went downstairs and into the street.

Marda West was walking down the street. She turned right, and left, and right again, and in the distance she saw the light of Oxford Street. She began to hurry. The friendly traffic drew her like a magnet, the distant lights, the distant men

and women. When she came to Oxford Street she paused, wondering of a sudden where she should go, whom she should ask for refuge. And it came to her once again that there was no one, no one at all; because the couple passing her now, a toad's head on a short black body clutching a panther's arm, could give her no protection, and the policeman standing at the corner was a baboon, the woman talking to him a little pig. No one was human, no one was safe, the man a pace or two behind her was like Jim, another vulture. There were vultures on the pavement opposite. Coming towards her, laughing, was a jackal.

She turned and ran. She ran, bumping into them, jackals, hyenas, vultures, dogs. The world was theirs, there was no human left. Seeing her run they turned and looked at her, they pointed, they screamed and yapped, they gave chase, their footsteps followed her. Down Oxford Street she ran, pursued by them, the night all darkness and shadow, the light no longer with her, alone in an animal world.

"Lie quite still, Mrs. West, just a small prick, I'm not going to hurt you."

She recognized the voice of Mr. Greaves, the surgeon, and dimly she told herself that they had got hold of her again.

They had replaced the bandages over her eyes, and for this she was thankful. Such blessed darkness, the evil of the night hidden.

"Now, Mrs. West, I think your troubles are over. No pain and no confusion with these lenses. The world's in color again."

The bandages were removed after all. And suddenly everything was clear, was day, and the face of Mr. Greaves smiled down at her. At his side was a rounded, cheerful nurse.

"Where are your masks?" asked the patient.

"We didn't need masks for this little job," said the surgeon. "We were only taking out the temporary lenses. That's better, isn't it?" she looked around. She was back again all right. All was in natural colour.

"Something happened to me, didn't it?" she said. "I tried to get away."

The nurse glanced at the surgeon. He nodded his head.

"Yes," he said, "you did. And frankly, I don't blame you. I blame myself. Those lenses I inserted yesterday were pressing upon a tiny nerve, and the pressure threw out your balance. That's all over now."

His smile was reassuring. And the large eyes of Nurse Brand – it must surely be Nurse Brand – gazed down at her in sympathy.

"It was terrible," said the patient. "I can never explain how terrible." "Don't try," said Mr. Greaves. "I can promise you it won't happen again."

The door opened and the young physician entered. He too was smiling. "Patient fully restored?" he asked.

"I think so," said the surgeon. "What about it, Mr. West?"

"I thought you were dogs," she said. "I thought you were a hunt terrier, Mr. Greaves, and that you were an Aberdeen."

She turned to Nurse Brand. "I thought you were a cow," she said, "a kind cow. But you had sharp horns."

Everybody took it in good part.

The doctors were moving towards the door, laughing, and Marda West, sensing the normal atmosphere, the absence of all strain, asked Nurse Brand, "Who found me, then? What happened? Who brought me back?"

Mr. Greaves glanced back at her from the door. "You didn't get very far, Mr. West. The porter followed you. The person who really had the full shock was poor Nurse Ansel when she found you weren't in your bed."

"Nurse Ansel is here now," said Nurse Brand. "She was so upset when she went off duty that she wouldn't go back to the hostel to sleep. Would you care to have a word with her?"

Before she could answer the house doctor opened the door and called down the passage.

"Mr. West wants to say good morning to you," she said. Marda West stared, then began to smile, and held out her hand.

"I'm sorry," she said, "you must forgive me."

How could she have seen Nurse Ansel as a snake! The hazel eyes, the clear olive skin, the dark hair trim under the frilled cap. And the smile, that slow, understanding smile.

"Forgive you, Mrs. West?" said Nurse Ansel. "What have I to forgive you for? You've been through a terrible thing."

Patient and nurse held hands. They smiled at one another. Nurse Ansel was so pretty, so gentle. "Don't think about it," she said, "You're going to be happy now on. Promise me?"

"I promise," said Marda West.

The telephone rang, and Nurse Ansel let go her patient's hand and reached for the receiver. "You know who this is going to be," she said. "Your poor husband." She gave the receiver to Marda West.

"Jim... Jim, is that you?"

The loved voice sounding so anxious at the other end. "Are you all right?" He said. "I've been through to Matron twice; she said she would let me know. What the devil has been happening?"

Marda West smiled and handed the receiver to the nurse. "You tell him," she said.

Nurse Ansel held the receiver to her ear. The skin of her hand was olive smooth, the nails gleaming with a soft pink polish.

"Is that you, Mr. West," she said. "Our patient gave us a fright, didn't she?" she smiled and nodded at the woman in the bed. "Well, you don't have to worry any more. Mr. Greaves changed the lenses. They were pressing on a nerve, and everything is now all right. She can see perfectly. Yes, Mr. Greaves said we would come home tomorrow."

Marda West reached once more for the receiver.

"Jim, I had hideous night," she said. "I'm only just beginning to understand it now. A nerve in the brain..."

"So, I understand," he said. "Don't excite yourself. I'll be along later."

His voice went. Marda West gave the receiver to Nurse Ansel, who replaced it on the stand.

“Did Mr. Greaves really say I could go home tomorrow?” she asked. “Yes, if you’re good.” Nurse Ansel smiled and patted her patient’s hand. “Are you sure you still want me to come with you.” She asked. “Why, yes,” said Marda West. “Why, it’s all arranged.”

She sat up in bed and the sun came streaming through the window, throwing light on the roses, the lilies, the tall-stemmed iris. She thought of her garden waiting for her at home, the day-by-day routine of home to be taken up again with sight restored.

“The most precious thing in the world,” she said to Nurse Ansel, “is sight. I know now. I know what I might have lost.”

Nurse Ansel nodded her head in sympathy. “You’ve got your sight back,” she said, “that’s the miracle. You won’t ever lose it now.”

She moved to the door. “I’ll slip back to the hostel and get some rest,” she said. “Now I know everything is well with you’ll be able to sleep. Is there anything you want before I go?”

“Give me my face-cream and my powder,” said the patient, “and the lipstick and the brush and comb.”

Nurse Ansel fetched the things from the dressing-table and put them within reach upon the bed. She brought the hand-mirror, too, and the bottle of scent.

Already, thought Marda West, Nurse Ansel fitted in. She saw herself putting flowers in the small guest-room., choosing the right books, fitting a portable wireless in case Nurse Ansel should be bored in the evenings.

“I’ll be with you at eight o’clock.”

The door closed. Nurse Ansel had gone.

Marda West lifted the hand-mirror and looked into it. Nothing changed in the room; the street noises came from outside, and presently the little maid who had seemed a weasel yesterday came in to dust the room. She said, “Good morning,” but the patient did not answer. Perhaps she was tired. The maid dusted, and went her way.

Then Marda West took up the mirror and looked into it once more. No, she had not been mistaken. The eyes that stared back at her were doe’s eyes, wary before sacrifice, and the timid deer’s head was meek, already bowed.

1. What medical procedure was the main heroine to undergo?
2. Before removing the bandage, how did Marda perceive everything around her?
3. Did the operation improve her eyesight?
4. Obviously, animal masks are metaphors. What do you think each animal symbolizes?
5. Was there a reasonable explanation of what had happened to Marda West?
6. Was the second operation successful?

Be creative

1. Compare the meanings of two collocations: *wear rose-coloured glasses* and *blue lenses*. What are the drawbacks of “having them on”?

2. Think about the behavior of the medical staff in the story. Do you believe that a compassionate attitude towards a patient is a must?

3. Write an essay on the topic “Working in healthcare is challenging”.

4. Have a discussion: “Medicine reached great heights. Now it’s time to learn how to have empathy for patients.”

5. Many scientists say that we know more about the universe than about our brain. Do your research and tell about the most fascinating things our brain is able to do.

Unit 8

Get ready

1. Do you think brutal punishment is an effective preventive measure? What crimes do you find minor/major?

2. Study the words.

N.: conviction, parole, restitution, offense, legacy, felon, violation. Adj.: macabre, mandatory, infamous, squeamish, incorrigible, preposterous, petty. V.: charge, seize, abandon.

3. Insert the missing words from Ex. 2.

1. The vaccination is ... for all visitors.
2. He is always the class clown and his teachers say he is
3. That house was ... years ago.
4. He's a convicted
5. The group monitors human rights
6. He was ... for his anti-feminist attitudes.
7. They were ... with assault.

Work with the text

1. Read the text and consider the tasks below.

Cruel and Unusual Punishment: The Shame of Three Strikes Laws

By M. Taibbi

On July 15th, 1995, in the quiet Southern California city of Whittier, a 33-year-old black man named Curtis Wilkerson got up from a booth at McDonald's, walked into a nearby mall and, within the space of two hours, turned himself into the unluckiest man on Earth. "I was supposed to be waiting there while my girlfriend was at the beauty salon," he says.

So he waited. And waited. After a while, he paged her. "She was like, 'I need another hour,' " he says. "So I was like, 'Baby, I'm going to the mall.' "

Having grown up with no father and a mother hooked on barbiturates, Wilkerson, who says he still boasts a Reggie Miller jumper, began to spend more time on the streets. After his mother died when he was 16, he fell in with a bad crowd, and in 1981 he served as a lookout in a series of robberies. He was quickly caught and sentenced to six years in prison. After he got out, he found work as a forklift operator, and distanced himself from his old life.

But that day in the mall, something came over him. He wandered from store to store, bought a few things, still shaking his head about his girlfriend's hair appointment. After a while, he drifted into a department store called Mervyn's. Your typical chain store, full of mannequins and dress racks; they're out of business today. Suddenly, a pair of socks caught his eye. He grabbed them and slipped them into a shopping bag.

What kind of socks were they, that they were worth taking the risk?

"They were million-dollar socks with gold on 'em," he says now, laughing almost uncontrollably, as he tells the story 18 years later, from a telephone in a correctional facility in Soledad, California.

Really, they were that special?

"No, they were ordinary white socks," he says, not knowing whether to laugh or cry. "Didn't even have any stripes."

Wilkerson never made it out of the store. At the exit, he was, shall we say, over enthusiastically apprehended by two security officers. They took him to the store security office, where the guards started to argue with each other over whether or not to call the police. One guard wanted to let him pay for the socks and go, but the other guard was more of a hardass and called the cops, having no idea he was about to write himself a part in one of the most absurd scripts to ever hit Southern California.

Thanks to a brand-new, get-tough-on-crime state law, Wilkerson would soon be sentenced to life in prison for stealing a pair of plain white tube socks worth \$2.50.

"No, sir, I was not expecting that one," he says now, laughing darkly. Because Wilkerson had two prior convictions, both dating back to 1981, the shoplifting charge counted as a third strike against him. He was sentenced to 25 years to life, meaning that his first chance for a parole hearing would be in 25 years.

And given that around 80 percent of parole applications are rejected by parole boards, and governors override parole boards in about 50 percent of the instances where parole is granted, it was a near certainty that Wilkerson would never see the outside of a prison again.

The state also fined him \$2,500 – restitution for the stolen socks. He works that off by putting in four to five hours a day in the prison cafeteria, for which he gets paid \$20 a month, of which the state takes \$11. At this rate, he will be in his nineties before he’s paid the state off for that one pair of socks.

As for the big question – does he ever wish he could go back in time and wait it out in that McDonald’s for another hour, instead of 18 years in the California prison system? – Wilkerson, who has learned to laugh, laughs again.

“Man,” he says, “I think about that every single day.”

Wilkerson is unlucky, but he’s hardly alone. Despite the passage in late 2012 of a new state ballot initiative that prevents California from ever again giving out life sentences to anyone whose “third strike” is not a serious crime, thousands of people – the overwhelming majority of them poor and nonwhite – remain imprisoned for a variety of offenses so absurd that any list of the unluckiest offenders reads like a macabre joke, a surrealistic comedy routine.

Have you heard the one about the guy who got life for stealing a slice of pizza? Or the guy who went away forever for lifting a pair of baby shoes? Or the one who got 50 to life for helping himself to five children’s videotapes from Kmart? How about the guy who got life for possessing 0.14 grams of meth? That last offender was a criminal mastermind by Three Strikes standards, as many others have been sentenced to life for holding even smaller amounts of drugs, including one poor sap who got the max for 0.09 grams of black-tar heroin.

This Frankenstein’s monster of a mandatory-sentencing system isn’t just some localized bureaucratic accident, but the legacy of a series of complex political choices we all made as voters decades ago. California’s Three Strikes law has its origins in a terrible event from October 1993, when, in a case that outraged the entire country, a violent felon named Richard Allen Davis kidnapped and murdered an adolescent girl named Polly Klaas. Californians were determined to never again let a repeat offender get the chance to commit such a brutal crime, and so a year later, with the Klaas case still fresh in public memory, the state’s citizens passed Proposition 184 – the Three Strikes law – with an overwhelming 72 percent of the vote. Under the ballot initiative, anyone who had committed two serious felonies would effectively be sentenced to jail for life upon being convicted of a third crime.

The overwhelming support for the measure touched off a nationwide get-tough-on-crime movement, embraced especially by third-way-style Democrats, who seized upon the policy idea as a powerful weapon in their efforts to throw off their party’s bleeding-heart image and recapture the political center. Having seen their wonk-geekish 1988 presidential candidate, Michael Dukakis, expertly exploded by the infamous Willie Horton ad cooked up by Republican strategist

Lee Atwater – an ad that convinced voters that the Democrats were the party of scary-looking black rapists on furlough – Democrats had spent years searching for a way to send Middle America a different message.

Three Strikes was a perfect way to convey that new message. The master triangulator himself, Bill Clinton, stumped for a national Three Strikes law in his 1994 State of the Union address. When a federal version passed a year later, Clinton took special care to give squeamish wuss-bunny liberals a celebratory kick in the ear, using the same “Either you are with us, or you are with the terrorists” rhetorical technique George W. Bush would make famous a few years later. “Narrow-interest groups on the left and the right didn’t want the bill to pass,” Clinton beamed, “and you can be sure the criminals didn’t either.”

A national craze was born. By the late Nineties, 24 states and the federal government had some kind of Three Strikes law. Not all are as harsh as the California law, but they all embrace the basic principle of throw-away-the-key mandatory sentencing for the incorrigible recidivist.

Once California’s Three Strikes law went into effect at midnight on March 8th, 1994, it would take just nine hours for it to claim its first hapless victim, a homeless schizophrenic named Lester Wallace with two nonviolent burglaries on his sheet, who attempted to steal a car radio near the University of Southern California campus.

Wallace was such an incompetent thief that he was still sitting in the passenger seat of the car by the time police arrived. He went to court and got 25 years to life.

Wallace’s conviction set off a cascade of preposterous outsize sentences of nonviolent petty criminals. In many of these cases, the punishments were not just cruel and disproportionate, but ridiculously so. Oftentimes, the absurdity would end up being compounded by the fact that there would be another case just like it, or five just like it, or 10 just like it. They began to blend together, and if you could keep track of them at all, it was only in shorthand.

Three Strikes turned out to be not only an abject failure but also a terrible embarrassment to the state of California. Politics and the law coincided to create a yin-yang cycle of endless, expensive stupidity: District attorneys were terrified of the political consequences of not seeking the max for every possible third strike (even when the cases were “wobblers,” what lawyers call a crime that could be charged as either a misdemeanor or a felony, depending on the circumstances, like petty theft), while judges were legally bound to impose maximum sentences whether they agreed with them or not.

Things got so bad so fast in California’s prisons, in fact, that the Supreme Court was ultimately forced to declare the state in violation of the Eighth Amendment against cruel and unusual punishment, with Justice Anthony Kennedy citing the use of “telephone-booth-size cages without toilets” as one of the reasons he was ordering the state to slash its 140,000-plus prison population by more than

30,000 inmates. That decision came in 2011; a lower court had previously noted that it was an “uncontested fact” that a prisoner in California died once every six or seven days due to “constitutional deficiencies.”

Where some saw Three Strikes as a moral outrage, others seized on the financial burdens. Conceived as a way to keep child molesters in jail for life, Three Strikes more often became the world’s most expensive and pointlessly repressive homeless-care program. It costs the state about \$50,000 per year to care for every prisoner, even more when the inmate is physically or mentally disabled – and some 40 percent of three-strikers are either mentally retarded or mentally ill. “Homeless guys on drugs, that was your typical third-striker,” says Romano. “And not that the money is the issue, but you could send hundreds of deserving people to college for the amount of money we were spending.”

The typical third-striker wasn’t just likely to be homeless and/or mentally ill – he was also very likely to be black. In California, blacks make up seven percent of the population, 28 percent of the prison population and 45 percent of the three-strikers.

Why did all of this happen? Some of this has its roots in a complex political calculation, in which the Democratic Party in the Clinton years made a Faustian bargain, deciding to abandon its old role as a defender of unions and the underprivileged, embrace more Wall Street-friendly deregulatory policies, and compete for the political center by pushing for more street cops, tougher sentences and the end of welfare – the same thing the Republicans were already doing. By the mid-Nineties, neither party was really representing, for lack of a better term, the fucked, struggling poor.

The end result of this political shift was an unprecedented explosion of the American prison population, from just more than a million people behind bars in the early Nineties to 2.2 million today. Less than five percent of the world’s people live in the United States, but we are home to about 25 percent of the world’s prisoners, a shocking number.

Another result was that instead of dealing with problems like poverty, drug abuse and mental illness, we increasingly just removed them all from view by putting them in jail. It’s not an accident that so many of the most ridiculous Three Strikes cases are semicoherent homeless people or people with drug problems who came from broken homes. It wasn’t a cost-efficient way of dealing with these issues – in fact, in California at least, it was an insanely, almost criminally expensive burden on taxpayers – but it was effective enough as a way of keeping the uglier schisms of our society hidden from view.

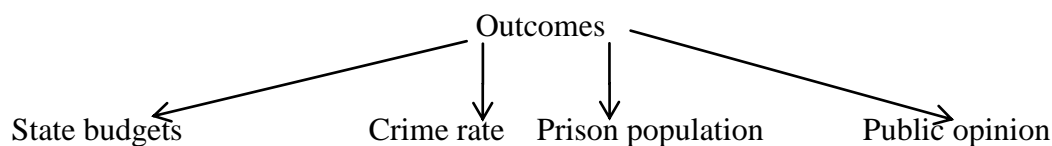
The fact that some progress toward scaling back these draconian laws involving the poor and underprivileged is finally being made is coming at a time when there is an emerging controversy over the conspicuous nonpunishment of big bankers, notorious subprime lenders (many of them Californians) and other wealthy offenders is probably not an accident. One of the interesting results of the polling Mills commissioned last summer was that California voters were surprisingly unmoved by the issue of the cost of incarcerating Three Strikes

inmates. “But they were intensely interested in the issue of fairness,” says Mills. “That’s one of the things we found out: People will pay for justice, no matter how much it costs. But it has to be fair.”

Obviously, people who commit crimes should be punished. Even people who steal socks and *Snow White* videos should probably do time if they have priors, especially serious priors. But the punishment has to fit the crime, and the standard has to be the same for everyone. If a homeless crack addict like Norman Williams is going to get time for stealing road flares, they should leave the top bunk in his cell open for the guy who laundered money for the Sinaloa drug cartel at HSBC.

“People get so hung up on the concept of innocence,” says Mills. “But it’s intellectually uninteresting. What does matter is how we treat the guilty, and that’s where we still have work to do.”

1. Explain how Three Strikes law works.
2. Is California the only state that adopted the law?
3. Tell the story of Curtis Wilkerson.
4. Tell the story of Lester Wallace.
5. What outrageous crime pushed the authorities to take harsh actions?
6. Why does the author of the article call the U.S. legal system *This Frankenstein’s monster*?
7. How is politics involved in this case? What were the Democratic Party and its leader Bill Clinton’s motives to adopt Three Strikes law?
8. Comment on the scheme.



9. Why are people more concerned about the question of fairness rather than of innocence?

Be creative

1. **The author uses the idiom *a Faustian bargain*. Find out what its meaning is. Dwell on the topic: “A Faustian bargain is what politics about.”**
2. **Work in mini-groups. Put the crimes below in the order of seriousness. Decide on the punishment a person guilty of each crime should get.**

1. swearing in public	5. creating and releasing computer viruses
2. dropping litter	6. drink driving
3. kidnapping	7. trespassing
4. graffiti	8. mugging

3. **You are a professional psychologist. Give a speech on the topic: “Shoplifting is a disorder, not a crime.”**
4. **Write the essay “Poverty is the root of crime.”**

Unit 9

Get ready

1. How do you see the future of the English language? Will it replace other foreign languages in school curriculum?

2. Study the words.

Adj.: pivotal, indigenous. V.: cease, foster, beam, lurk.
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3. Match the words from Ex. 2 with their synonyms.

pivotal	promote
indigenous	stop
cease	crucial
foster	radiate
beam	native
lurk	hide

Work with the text

1. Read the text and consider the tasks below.

English in the New World

By D. Crystal

The emergence of English as the world's first genuinely global language has been predicted for a long time. Now that it is here, its presence raises some unexpected and unprecedented questions.

But is it here? To be worthy of the designation 'global', a language needs to be present, in some sense, in every country in the world. English has probably now achieved this position. It is used as a first language by some 400 million people, mainly in the USA, Canada, Britain, Ireland, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. It has achieved special status as a 'second' language in over 70 countries, such as Ghana, Nigeria, India, Singapore, and Vanuatu, spoken by at least another 400 million. And in most – perhaps now all? – of the remaining countries, it has become the foreign language which children are most likely to learn in school. The number of foreign learners may now exceed a billion.

Although estimates vary greatly, 1,500 million or more people are today thought to be competent communicators in English. That is a quarter of the world's population. So, is English a global language, when three out of four people do not yet use it? Given the areas of world influence where it has come to have

a pivotal role, the answer has to be yes. The evidence suggests that English is now the dominant voice in international politics, banking, the press, the news agencies, advertising, broadcasting, the recording industry, motion pictures, travel, science and technology, knowledge management, and communications. No other language has achieved such a widespread profile – or is likely to, in the foreseeable future.

Several other languages have an important international presence, of course. Two, indeed, have far more mother-tongue speakers than English. A 1999 survey puts Mandarin Chinese and Spanish ahead of English, and although there is some uncertainty about the latter's statistics, there is no doubt that Spanish is currently growing faster than any other language, especially in the Americas. But the reason for the global status of English is nothing to do with the number of first-language speakers it has. There are some three times as many people who speak it as a second or foreign language, and this ratio is increasing, given the differentials between such low population-growth countries as the UK and USA, on the one hand, and such high ones as India and Nigeria, on the other. The future of the language is evidently out there in the ELT (English-language teaching) world.

As a consequence, nobody owns English now. That is the message we have to take on board as we begin the new millennium. The language may have begun in Britain, and achieved its current world presence chiefly because of the USA, but the combined total of 300 million or so first-language speakers of those two countries is still only a fifth of the world total. Once a language comes to be so widespread, it ceases to have a single centre of influence. The changes taking place in the way English is used in such areas as South Africa, India, Ghana, and Singapore are outside of anyone's control. Not even a World English Academy could affect them.

So what will happen to the language, as a result? The most immediate result will be the development of new varieties of English, spoken by grass-roots populations all over the world. Some of these 'New Englishes' already exist, going under such names as 'Singlish' (short for Singaporean English) and 'Spanglish' (for the Hispanic/English mixed language heard in the USA). They exist simply because people want them to – that is, they want a distinctive form of language to express their local or ethnic identity. They therefore develop very different vocabulary, grammar, and pronunciation from that found in Standard English; and these differences will only increase over the next generation.

Does this mean that English is going to fragment into a 'family of English languages', in much the way that Vulgar Latin broke up into the Romance languages a millennium ago? At the most colloquial level, there will certainly be considerable mutual unintelligibility, especially if a great deal of local language mixing takes place. The sentence "You wanted to beli some barang-barang" is a recent example from a conversation between two Malaysians: they are speaking English, but they have put some Malay words into it (the meaning is 'buy some things'). This kind of mixing is a perfectly normal linguistic development, and it will be increasingly heard in multicultural settings everywhere, whether in Malaysia, Ghana, Zimbabwe – or Wales.

On the other hand, there are several centralizing forces at work in the world, fostering mutual intelligibility. Standard English is the chief force, existing as an international reality in print, and available as a tool for national and international communication by people from all these countries. Anyone with a reasonable level of education will be able to read it. Many will be able to speak it. Certainly, everyone will be under some pressure to learn it. In August 1999, Prime Minister Goh of Singapore spent several minutes of his National Day address arguing that, if Singaporeans wanted to be understood by the outside world, they must replace Singlish by Standard English.

A replacement philosophy, however, will not work. The need to express one's local linguistic identity in a distinctive way is too deep-rooted. Nor is there any need to think in replacive terms. Because of the idiosyncrasies of my personal background, I am able to speak Welsh English, Liverpool English, and Standard English. When I learned the latter, in school, I did not drop the former two. And I am not alone. Many people have two dialects at their disposal – one for home, one for away. In Britain we have learned how pointless and counter-productive it is to expect children to acquire Standard English at the expense of their home dialect. Today, our curriculum teaches them to be proud of both. And the same kind of “bidialectism” will, I believe, eventually become routine abroad.

There are too many centralizing factors keeping Standard English in the forefront of world attention for the old Latin scenario to obtain. And its position is being reinforced by new technologies. Satellite television is beaming Standard English down into previously unreachable parts of the world, thereby fostering greater levels of mutual intelligibility. And the Internet currently has a predominantly (70 %) English voice – though this figure is rapidly falling, as other languages come on-line. The vast majority of the World Wide Web is in Standard English, albeit in many specialized varieties.

However, nothing is entirely predictable, in the world of language. Who would have believed, a millennium ago, that hardly anybody would know Latin a thousand years later? It takes only a shift in the balance of economic or political power for another language, lurking in the wings, to move centre-stage. But I am a great believer in the snowball effect. I think English has become so large, now, given the momentum of its history, that it is unstoppable. Too many people around the world have found it a useful tool for there to be any serious likelihood of a reversal - at least, not in the near future.

Where we need to take special care is to avoid the monolingual trap. People who speak English as a mother-tongue still need to learn foreign languages, both for the insight these give into different ways of seeing the world, and for the economic and social competitive advantages they permit. And places where English is growing need to make special efforts to look after their indigenous languages and dialects, otherwise these will become seriously endangered, and eventually die. The flowering of an individual language is a wonderful thing; but all languages have a right to flower, and it is up to us to give them the opportunity to do so.

1. Tell the facts for and against calling English a global language.
2. What countries use English as a state language?
3. What two languages can take the first place from English?
4. David Crystal claims: “Nobody owns English now”. What does he mean?
5. What “New Englishes” might appear or have already appeared on the map?
6. What speaks for the fact that Standard English will thrive in the future?
7. How can English repeat the destiny of Latin?
8. What is the monolingual trap?

Be creative

1. **Do the research and find more examples of “New Englishes”. Provide some examples.**
2. **Agree or disagree: “Nobody owns English now”.**
3. **Write your thoughts on the topic: “With the growth of English as a global language, translators and interpreters will no longer be in demand.”**

Unit 10

Get ready

1. **Do you like watching medical TV shows? Do you think they incite self-treatment or is it just an entertainment?**
2. **Study the words.**

N.: fatigue, hunch.

Adj.: grave, palpable, perplexing, slender, vicious, willy-nilly.

V.: scold, slur, usher.

3. **Substitute the words in brackets with the words from Ex. 2. Discuss the questions with a partner.**

1. When was the last time you dealt with (extreme tiredness)? How did you overcome it?

2. Do you think medical workers have a right to make mistakes when they face with extremely (causing confusion) cases?

3. Improvisation is an important skill. Would you rely on the doctor’s decision which was made (spontaneously)?

4. Do you agree that thin bodies are healthy bodies?

4. **Put the following words into 4 categories: Medication, Disease/Injury, Body parts, Profession.**

Antibiotics, jaundice, transfusion, kidneys, clotting system, bruise, lungs, vessels, hepatitis, liver, nephrologist, colitis, anemia, abdomen.

Work with the text

1. Read the text and consider the tasks below.

Every Patient Tells a Story: Medical Mysteries and the Art of Diagnosis

By L. Sanders

Barbara Lessing stared out the window at the snowy field behind the hospital. The afternoon sky was dark with yet more snow to come. She looked at the slender figure in the bed. Her daughter, Crystal, barely twenty-two years old and healthy her entire life, was now – somehow – dying. The young woman had been in the Nassau University Medical Center ICU for two days; she'd been seen by a dozen doctors and had scores of tests, yet no one seemed to have the slightest idea of just what was killing her.

It all started at the dentist's office. Crystal had had a couple of impacted wisdom teeth taken out the month before. But even after the teeth were gone, the pain persisted. She'd called her mother halfway across the state just about every day to complain. "Call your dentist," she'd urged her daughter. And she had. Finally.

The dentist gave her a week's worth of antibiotics and then another. After that her mouth felt better – but she didn't. She was tired. Achy. For the next week she'd felt like she was coming down with something. Then the bloody diarrhea started. And then the fevers. Why didn't you go to the doctor sooner? the trim middle-aged woman scolded her daughter silently.

Barbara had gotten a call from a doctor in the emergency room of this suburban hospital the night before. Her daughter was ill, he told her. Deathly ill. She drove to Syracuse, caught the next flight to New York City, and drove to the sprawling academic medical center on Long Island. In the ICU, Dr. Daniel Wagoner, a resident in his second year of training, ushered her in to see her daughter. Crystal was asleep, her dark curly hair a tangled mat on the pillow. And she looked very thin. But most terrifying of all – she was yellow. Highlighter yellow.

Wagoner could feel his heart racing as he stood looking at this jaundiced wisp of a girl lying motionless on the bed. The bright unnatural yellow of her skin was shiny with sweat. She had a fever of nearly 103°. Her pulse was rapid but barely palpable and she was breathing much faster than normal despite the oxygen piped into her nose. She slept most of the time now and when awake she was often confused about where she was and how she had gotten there.

To a doctor, nothing is more terrifying than a patient who is dying before your eyes. Death is part of the regular routine of the ICU. It can be a welcome relief to the patient, or to his family. Even a doctor may accept it for a patient whose life can be prolonged no longer. But not for a young girl who was healthy just weeks

ago. These doctors had done everything they could think of but still there was a fear – a reasonable fear – that they'd missed some clue that could mean the difference between life and death for this young woman. She shouldn't die, but the young resident and all the doctors caring for her knew that she might.

Crystal's thin chart was filled with numbers that testified to how very ill she was. Wagoner had been through the chart a dozen times. Virtually every test they'd run was abnormal. Her white blood cell count was very high, suggesting an infection. And her red blood cell count was low – she had barely half the amount of blood she should have. She'd gotten a transfusion in the emergency room and another after she was moved to the ICU, but her blood count never budged. Her kidneys weren't working. Her clotting system wasn't either. Her yellow skin was covered in bruises and her urine was stained deep red.

Sometimes, if you just work hard enough to keep a patient alive – to keep the blood circulating, the lungs oxygenating, the blood pressure high enough – the body will be able to survive even a vicious illness. These are the miracles brought by technological advances. Sometimes, but not this time. The ICU team gave Crystal bag after bag of blood; they did their best to shore up her damaged clotting system; she got pressers (medications designed to increase blood pressure) and fluids to help her kidneys. She was on several broad-spectrum antibiotics. And yet none of that was enough. She needed a diagnosis. Indeed, she was dying for a diagnosis. <...>

To the doctors caring for Crystal Lessing, it was not clear if the mystery of her illness was going to be solved in time to save her life. Certainly there was no shortage of diagnostic data. There were so many abnormalities it was difficult to distinguish between the primary disease process and those that were the downstream consequences of the disease. The doctors in the ER had focused on her uncontrolled bleeding. Why wasn't her blood clotting? Was this disseminated intravascular coagulopathy (DIC) – a mysterious disorder that frequently accompanies the most severe infections? In this disease the fibrous strands that make up a clot form willy-nilly inside blood vessels. These tough strands slice through red blood cells as they course through the artery, releasing the oxygen-carrying contents and strewing the torn fragments of cells into the circulation. Yet careful examination of Crystal's blood didn't reveal any of these cell membrane fragments. So it wasn't DIC.

And why was she yellow? Hepatitis was the most common cause of jaundice in a young person. But the ER physician found no evidence of any of the several viruses that can cause hepatitis. Besides, the blood tests they'd sent to check how well her liver was working were almost normal. And so, they concluded, it wasn't her liver.

Once Crystal was transferred to the ICU, the doctors there had focused on the bloody diarrhea. She'd had two courses of powerful antibiotics for a dental infection before the diarrhea and fever started. That fit the pattern for an increasingly common infection with a bacterium called *Clostridium difficile*, or *C. diff.*, as it's

known around the hospital. The use of antibiotics can set the stage for this bacterial infection of the colon, which causes devastating diarrhea and a severe, sometimes fatal, systemic illness.

The ICU team had looked for the dangerous toxin made by the *C. diff.* bacteria but hadn't found it. Still, that test can miss up to 10 percent of these infections. In fact, it's standard practice to retest for the bacterial toxin three times before believing that the disease isn't present when suspicion for the disease is high. The ICU team started Crystal on antibiotics to treat *C. diff.* anyway – the story of antibiotics followed by bloody diarrhea made that their leading diagnosis.

But Dr. Wagoner, the resident caring for the patient, was unsatisfied with the diagnosis. Too many pieces didn't seem to fit. The antibiotics and diarrhea made sense but the diagnosis left too many of her symptoms unexplained.

That Friday afternoon – forty-eight hours after Crystal was admitted to the hospital – Wagoner did what doctors often do when faced with a complex case: he reached out to a more experienced physician. Despite all the available technology, the tools doctors often rely on most are the most old-fashioned – a phone, a respected colleague, a mentor or friend.

Dr. Tom Manis was one of the most highly regarded doctors in the hospital. A nephrologist, he was called in because of Crystal's kidney failure. But as Wagoner presented the patient to the older doctor, it was clear he was hoping that Manis could help them figure out more than just the kidney.

As Manis read through the chart, he too became alarmed. Wagoner was right – this diagnosis didn't fit well at all. For one thing, *C. diff. colitis* is usually a disease of the sick and elderly. The patient was young and had been healthy. But even more to the point, *C. diff.* wouldn't account for the profound jaundice and the anemia that persisted despite multiple transfusions. So Manis did what the resident had done – “I called every smart doctor I knew,” and told them each the perplexing tale of Crystal Lessing – again, using those irreplaceable tools, a phone and a friend. One of those friends was Dr. Steven Walerstein, the head of the hospital's Department of Medicine.

It was early evening by the time Walerstein had a chance to see the patient. He didn't read her chart. He never did in tough cases like this. He didn't want to be influenced by the thinking of those who had already seen her. Far too often in these difficult cases something has been missed, or misinterpreted. And even if they had collected all the pieces, they had clearly put the story of this illness together incorrectly.

Instead he went directly to the patient's bedside.

Walerstein introduced himself to the young woman and her mother. He pulled up a chair and sat down. Getting the whole story is essential but it can take time. Can you tell me what happened, from the beginning? he asked the sick girl. Like the classic detective in a mystery novel, he asked the victim to go over the crime once more. “I've told this story so many times,” Crystal protested.

Her voice was thick with fatigue, her words slurred. Couldn't he just read it in her chart? No, he told her gently but firmly. He needed to hear it from her, needed to put it together for himself. Slowly the girl began telling her story once more. Her mother took up the tale when the girl became confused or couldn't remember.

Once the two women had gone through the events that brought each of them to the ICU, Walerstein asked the mother for a little more information about her daughter. Crystal had just graduated from college, she told him. She was working as a nanny while she tried to figure out what she wanted to do with her life. She didn't smoke or drink or use drugs. And she'd never been sick. Never. She roughly brushed away tears as she described her daughter to this kindly middle-aged doctor. He nodded sympathetically. He had a daughter.

Then Walerstein turned back to the young woman in the bed. Her yellow skin was now hot and dry. Her lips were parched and cracked. Her abdomen was distended and soft, but he could feel the firm edge of the liver, normally hidden by the rib cage, protruding a couple of inches below. She moaned again as he put pressure on this tender and enlarged organ.

Only then did he allow himself to look through her chart. He skipped over the notes and buried himself in the myriad abnormal test results that had been collected over her two days in the intensive care unit.

Walerstein was a general internist, admired for his broad knowledge of medicine and his clinical acumen. If he didn't know the answer right off the bat, he was known to ask questions that would lead to the answer. And this young woman needed an answer, or she would die. Having thoroughly examined the patient and her chart, Walerstein took a moment to step back and look for some kind of pattern buried in the chaos of numbers and tests.

The ICU doctors had focused on the bloody diarrhea and had gotten nowhere. Indeed, although the girl had seen blood in her stools at home, since arriving at the hospital she had very little diarrhea. It didn't seem to Walerstein to be the most important of her symptoms. Instead, Walerstein went back to the striking feature that had caught the ER doctor's eye – her blood would not clot.

The liver makes most of the proteins that cause blood to coagulate. Could it be that her liver was no longer making these proteins? Could it be that her liver wasn't working at all? That would account for both the bleeding and the jaundice. But liver failure is usually marked by dramatic elevations in certain enzymes that are released when liver cells are destroyed, and those enzymes had been nearly normal since she'd come to the hospital. Her doctors had taken that to mean that the liver was not involved in this deadly process.

What if, instead, the liver had already been destroyed by the time Crystal came to the hospital? What if these markers of liver injury (known as transaminases) weren't elevated because there were no more liver cells left to injure, if all the liver cells had already been destroyed? No one in the Emergency Department or in the ICU had made this leap. And yet if you looked at it in this way, as Walerstein did, everything made perfect sense. It all fit.

He then turned his attention to the profound anemia that had been noted from the start. Despite multiple transfusions, Crystal still had only half as much blood as she should. She was bleeding – her red-tinted urine showed that – but she wasn't bleeding that much. It was clear that her red blood cells were being destroyed within her body. Deep within her chart there was a test that showed this but Walerstein noted that the team caring for her hadn't considered this in their search for a diagnosis.

Too often information you don't initially understand is simply set aside, especially when there is such a wealth of information. Walerstein understood this phenomenon. And once set aside it's often forgotten. It happens all the time. But Walerstein also knew that in a difficult case like this one, data that has been set aside often holds the key.

So Crystal had liver failure and red blood cell destruction. That combination stirred something deep within his memory. Walerstein could feel the pieces slowly come together like the cogs in some ancient machine. And then suddenly he knew what this was.

The internist hurried to the library to check his hunch. Yes! He was right. This combination – liver failure and red blood cell destruction – was an unusual manifestation of an unusual inherited illness: Wilson's disease.

In Wilson's disease, the liver lacks the machinery to regulate copper, an essential mineral found in the diet. Without these chemical tools, excess copper builds up in the liver and other organs and slowly, insidiously breaks them down. Usually this process takes place over decades, but occasionally, for reasons that are still not understood (though it is often associated with the use of antibiotics, as it was in Crystal's case), the copper blasts out of the liver – destroying the organ in the process – and a lifetime of the stored mineral floods into the bloodstream. Once there, all hell breaks loose: the copper demolishes red blood cells on contact. The kidneys work hard to clear the cell fragments from the circulation but are gravely injured in the process. Meanwhile the high levels of copper in the bloodstream attack virtually every organ in the body. In this form, the disease is rapidly and universally fatal unless the patient receives the only possible cure – a new liver to replace the one destroyed by the jailbreak of copper, a liver that has the machinery to dispose of the excess mineral. If this was Wilson's disease, this patient needed a transplant immediately.

But first Walerstein had to confirm the diagnosis. It was late on a Friday night and so it would be impossible to measure the amount of copper in her blood – in any case, his hospital laboratory didn't even do that test. But there was another way to diagnose this disease. Patients with Wilson's will often accumulate copper in their eyes – a golden brown ring at the very outermost edge of the iris. Walerstein hurried back to the ICU. He carefully examined the girl's eyes. Nothing. He couldn't see the rings, but maybe an ophthalmologist with his specialized equipment could. "It's not often that you call the ophthalmologist at nine p.m. on a Friday" to do an emergency examination, Walerstein told me.

But he related the girl's story one more time – this time with a likely diagnosis, if only he could confirm it. "I'm sure he thought I was nuts, until he saw the rings." As soon as Walerstein had the results, he hurried into the patient's room to tell the girl and her mother what they'd found.

Crystal Lessing was transferred by helicopter that night to New York – Presbyterian Hospital. Patients with the greatest need get priority in the transplant line. Without a new liver, Crystal would die within days and that put her at the front of the line. She received an organ the following week and survived.

Crystal's story is every patient's nightmare: To be sick, even dying, and have doctor after doctor fail to figure out why. To be given the wrong diagnosis, or no diagnosis at all, and to be left to the ravages of disease with nothing more than your own endurance and the doctors' best-guess therapy to rely on. To live or die in a modern hospital filled with the promise of treatment and yet without a diagnosis to guide its use.

How was Walerstein finally able to make a diagnosis after so many others had failed? How do doctors make these tough diagnoses? Walerstein is modest about his role in the case. "I think I was just lucky enough to know about this rare form of this rare disease. No one can know everything in medicine. I happened to have known about this," he told me. It's sometimes a mysterious process – even to the doctors themselves. "A bell went off and the connection was made," Walerstein told me. "That's all I know."

1. How did all the troubles start in Crystal Lessing's case?
2. What medical treatment did the woman get? Do you think she was misdiagnosed at the beginning?
3. Describe how Dr. Steven Walerstein started his Crystal's examination.
4. What symptom seemed especially suspicious and confusing for the doctor?
5. Who helped to make a correct diagnosis?
6. How does Dr. Steven Walerstein explain his success?

Be creative

1. The famous quote from the TV drama "House, M.D." says: "Everybody lies". Do you think doctors should rely on patients' stories or focus on objective data (test results, X-ray, etc.)?

2. "Health is not valued till sickness comes". Do you agree with the proverb?

3. Dr. Steven Walerstein claims: "No one can know everything in medicine." Discuss with a partner if a doctor has a right to make mistakes.

4. Write an essay "A person's health is their own responsibility".

Unit 11

Get ready

1. How do you keep up with current affairs? What news are you interested in?

2. Study the words.

N.: mendacity, scarcity, turmoil, vicinity.

Adj.: grave, minuscule, ubiquitous.

V.: alienate, bemoan, encounter, usher, vent.

3. Match the definitions with the words from Ex. 2.

- 1) to give free play or expression to (an emotion, passion, etc.);
- 2) to introduce, to mark the start of smth new;
- 3) untruthfulness, dishonesty;
- 4) the state of being in short supply; shortage;
- 5) present, appearing, or found everywhere;
- 6) a state of great disturbance, confusion, or uncertainty;
- 7) express discontent or sorrow over (something);
- 8) giving cause for alarm; serious.

4. Before reading the text make sure that you know the words. Use them in your own examples: obliviousness, procrastinator, escapism, commodity.

Work with the text

1. Read the text and consider the tasks below.

How the News Took over Reality

By O. Burkeman

(abridged)

The afternoon of Friday 13 November 2015 was a chilly one in Manhattan, but that only made the atmosphere inside the Old Town Bar, one of the city's oldest drinking haunts, even cosier than usual. "It's unpretentious, very warm, a nurturing environment – I regard it with a lot of fondness," said Adam Greenfield, who was meeting a friend that day over beers and french fries in one of the bar's wooden booths. "It's the kind of place you lay down tracks of custom over time." Greenfield is an expert in urban design, and liable to get more philosophical than most people on subjects such as the appeal of cosy bars. But anyone who has visited the Old Town Bar, or any friendly pub in a busy city, knows what he and his friend were experiencing: restoration, replenishment, repair. "And then our phones started to vibrate."

In Paris, Islamist terrorists had launched a series of coordinated shootings and suicide bombings that would kill 130 people, including 90 attending a concert at the Bataclan theatre. As Greenfield reached for his phone in New York, he recalls, everyone else did the same, and “you could feel the temperature in the room immediately dropping”. Devices throughout the bar buzzed with news alerts from media organisations, as well as notifications from Facebook Safety Check, a new service that used geolocation to identify users in the general vicinity of the Paris attacks, inviting them to inform their friend networks that they were OK. Suddenly, it was as if the walls of the Old Town Bar had become porous – “like a colander, with this high-pressure medium of the outside world spurting through every aperture at once.”

It wasn’t the first time that Greenfield, a former designer for Nokia, had guiltily worried that mobile phones might be making our lives more miserable. But the jarring contrast between the intimacy of the bar and the news from Paris highlighted how vulnerable such spaces, and the nourishment they provided, had become. Suddenly, the news was sucking up virtually the whole supply of attention in the room. It didn’t discriminate based on whether people had friends and family in Paris, or whether they might be in a position to do anything to help. It just forced its way in, displacing the immediate reality of the bar, asserting itself as the part of reality that *really* mattered.

If we rarely notice how strange such interruptions are, it is because for many of us these days, this situation is normal. We marinate in the news. We may be familiar with the headlines before we have exchanged a word with another human in the morning; we kill time on the bus or in queues by checking Twitter, only to find ourselves plunged into the dramas of presidential politics or humanitarian emergencies. By one estimate, 70 % of us take our news-delivery devices to bed with us at night.

In recent years, there has been enormous concern about the time we spend on our web-connected devices and what that might be doing to our brains. But a related psychological shift has gone largely unremarked: the way that, for a certain segment of the population, the news has come to fill up more and more time – and, more subtly, to occupy centre stage in our subjective sense of reality, so that the world of national politics and international crises can feel more important, even more truly real, than the concrete immediacy of our families, neighbourhoods and workplaces. It’s not simply that we spend too many hours glued to screens. It’s that for some of us, at least, they have altered our way of being in the world such that the news is no longer one aspect of the backdrop to our lives, but the main drama. The way that journalists and television producers have always experienced the news is now the way millions of others experience it, too.

From a British or American standpoint, the overwhelmingly dominant features of this changed mental landscape are Brexit and the presidency of Donald Trump. But the sheer outrageousness of them both risks blinding us to how strange and recent a phenomenon it is for the news – any news – to assume such a central position in people’s daily lives. In a now familiar refrain, the New York Times columnist Nicholas Kristof bemoans his social circle’s “addiction to Trump” –

“at cocktail parties, on cable television, at the dinner table, at the water cooler, all we talk about these days is Trump.” But Trump’s eclipse of all other news is not the only precondition for this addiction. The other is the eclipse of the rest of life by the dramas of the news.

It’s easy to assume that the reason you spend so much time thinking about the news is simply that the news is so crazy right now. Yet the news has often been crazy. What it hasn’t been is ubiquitous: from its earliest beginnings, until a few decades ago, almost by definition, the news was a dispatch from elsewhere, a world you visited briefly before returning to your own. For centuries, it was accessible only to a small elite; even in the era of mass media, news rarely occupied more than an hour a day of an educated citizen’s attention.

The profound experiential shift we have recently experienced is not merely down to the fact that the news is now available around the clock; CNN pioneered that, way back in 1980. Instead, it arises from the much newer feeling of actively participating in it, thanks to the interactivity of social media. If you are, say, angry about Brexit, it is possible to be angry about Brexit almost all of the time: to encounter new and enraging facts about Brexit, and opportunities to vent about Brexit, in ways that would have been unthinkable as recently as the mid-2000s. If you had fulminated then to your family and colleagues as even respected peers, novelists and philosophers now routinely fulminate on Twitter, you’d have alienated everyone you knew.

One crucial difference is that raging on Facebook, or sharing posts or voting in online polls, feels like *doing* something – an intervention that might, in however minuscule a way, change the outcome of the story. This sense of agency may largely be an illusion – one that serves the interests of the social media platforms to which it helps addict us – but it is undeniably powerful. And it extends even to those who themselves never comment or post. The sheer fact of being able to click, in accordance with your interests, through a bottomless supply of updates, commentary, jokes and analysis, feels like a form of participation in the news, utterly unlike passively consuming the same headlines repeated through the day on CNN or the BBC.

And yet, as you might have noticed, this changed relationship to news is not a recipe for a greater sense of happiness or personal efficacy. To live with a part of your mind perpetually in the world of the news, exposed to an entire planet’s worth of mendacity and suffering, railing against events too vast for any individual to alter, is to feel what Greenfield, author of the book “Radical Technologies: The Design of Everyday Life”, calls “a low-grade sense of panic and loss of control”, so normal it has come to feel routine.

Of course, not everyone has the freedom to spend hours each day scrolling through social media, and to this extent, overidentifying with the news is by definition a problem of the privileged. But the creeping colonisation of our personal sense of reality by “current events” has also seen the emergence of a strange new moral imperative – a social norm which holds that ignoring the news, or declining to grant it preeminence in our lives, is an irresponsible indulgence, available only to the fortunate.

According to a principle dating back to the Enlightenment, responsible democratic citizens are those who strive to keep informed about the nation and the wider world – a duty that has been held to be especially critical during times of rising authoritarianism. Today, though, this principle is often taken to imply a duty not to turn away from the news. The instinct to look elsewhere is treated as both a sign of privilege and an obliviousness to that luxury. *If you're not outraged, you're not paying attention.* It is increasingly taken as a given that in order to help, or even just signal solidarity with, those most directly affected by the events reported in the news – undocumented immigrants facing the Trump administration's cruelties, say – it is morally obligatory to remain immersed in the news itself.

It's becoming clear, however, that there is a problem with this attitude, quite apart from the impact on our personal happiness. There are reasons to believe that a society in which so many people are so deeply invested in the emotional dramas of the news is far from the embodiment of an ideal democracy – that, on the contrary, this level of personal engagement with news is a symptom of the damage that has been done to our public life. This raises a possibility alien to news addicts, committed political activists and journalists alike: that we might owe it not only to our sanity, but also to the world at large, to find a way to put the news back in its place.

Many of us can still remember when the news used to be a pleasant distraction from everyday life, the desk-bound office procrastinator's preferred form of escapism. Five years ago, the essayist Alain de Botton wrote a book called "The News: A User's Manual" – and even then, it was still possible for him to locate the appeal of the news, in part, in its role as a haven from our daily troubles. To consult the news, De Botton wrote, was to discover "issues that are so much graver and more compelling than those we have been uniquely allotted, and to allow these larger concerns to drown out our own self-focused apprehensions and doubts. A famine, a flooded town, a serial killer on the loose, the resignation of a government... such outer turmoil is precisely what we might need in order to usher in a sense of inner calm." It is remarkable how rapidly things have changed. Today, the news is very bad indeed at ushering in a sense of calm. More and more, it is not a source of escapism, but the thing one yearns to escape.

This feeling represents a new and acute phase of a long-term historical shift: we used to live in a world in which information was scarce, but now information is essentially limitless, and what is scarce is the supply of attention. The first people to make serious money from providing news, according to the historian Andrew Pettegree, were a group of well-connected citizens in 16th-century Italy, who sold a handwritten briefing to a handful of wealthy clients. What enabled them to turn a profit was information scarcity: it wasn't easy to find the information in their bulletins elsewhere. The coffee houses of 17th-century London, often credited with creating the first public sphere in which ordinary people could discuss politics, worked the same way. In exchange for a small admission charge, customers

received access to other people who were up to speed with events, and to a plentiful supply of pamphlets and newssheets. Such opportunities to engage in informed political conversation were hard to come by, and thus worth paying for.

But as advances in technology made it easier to distribute news – and more news providers began to compete for readers – a subtle inversion began: the reader’s attention, not information, became the truly valuable commodity. Beginning in the 19th century, entrepreneurs such as Benjamin Day, the founding publisher of the New York Sun, hit upon a revolutionary business model: sell a paper for less than it cost to produce, pack it with lurid stories, then make your money selling space to advertisers, who were effectively buying access to readers’ attention. This naturally encouraged exaggeration and fabrication; Day once ran a series of articles claiming that the leading astronomer of the era, Sir John Herschel, had discovered a population of bat-winged humanoids on the moon. But serious political and investigative reporting thrived too, by exploiting the inefficiency of the arrangement. Advertisers needed readers, and most readers might be drawn by the gossip columns or sports reports – but an editor, as broker of the relationship between the two, could siphon off some ad revenue for higher-minded coverage.

The entire subsequent history of mass media, as Tim Wu explains in his book “The Attention Merchants”, might be seen as a process of improving the efficiency with which the available supply of attention could be mined.

The resulting sense of alienation is familiar to any online news addict, even if we don’t always grasp its causes; it makes itself known in the deflating sense that so much time spent online is time wasted, although we apparently can’t stop ourselves from wasting it. (Surely even users of cigarettes don’t hate themselves for their dependency as much as the users of Twitter do.) Slowly, we are beginning to understand what it really means to say that attention is a scarce resource: that it is radically finite, so that every moment spent paying attention to a given news story is one spent not paying attention to everything else.

When you “pay attention”, in the words of the Google employee turned philosopher and technology activist James Williams, “you pay with all the things you could have attended to, but didn’t ... with the heart-to-heart talk you could have had with your anxious child, [or] the sleep you didn’t get and the fresh feeling you didn’t have the next morning”. The stories that dominate the news don’t merely wrench attention away from other news stories. The resource being depleted is your life.

But if this remains hard for some of us to see, one reason is the assumption, prevalent in the social media age, that there is an inherent moral virtue in keeping up with the news, especially political news, and that failing to formulate a position on the major issues of the day is to fail in one’s highest duties as a citizen. Perhaps you have felt that ridiculous yet discernible pressure, on social media, to emit an official opinion about every natural disaster, celebrity death or Trump administration policy announcement, as if each of us were the ambassador of a small nation, from whom silence might be interpreted as callous lack of concern.

“Telling people to ignore the news feels wrong in today’s chaotic world,” concedes the self-help author John Zeratsky, although he nonetheless recommends it. Staying engaged just seems like “the ‘right thing to do’ for grown-up, informed citizens and savvy, growth-oriented professionals”. And when engaging with the news is an article of faith, the idea of disengaging, even partially, naturally sounds like heresy. But it may be a heresy we urgently require, and not only for our personal sanity. The proper functioning of democracy may depend on it.

What if participation in politics is a virtue in the same way that, for example, staying fit is a virtue? A person who visits the gym occasionally is doing something good; if she goes regularly, she’s being really good. But if she spends every free moment at the gym, so that her friendships and work are starved of attention, she is doing something pathological. That is because physical fitness is a largely instrumental virtue. It is good because it enables you to do other things, so if you do it to the exclusion of all else, you have missed the point. If you do it so strenuously you injure yourself, you have missed the point in a different way: now you can’t pursue fitness well, either. There is a case to be made that our fixation with the news might work the same way. By according political news such centrality in our mental landscapes, we may be squeezing out the very things politics was supposed to facilitate, and simultaneously doing injury to democratic politics itself.

A functioning public sphere also depends on collective access to a shared body of facts about reality, to serve as the stable ground on which to hash out our differences of opinion. But with such an enormous surplus of information, filtered on the basis of what compels each user’s attention, that shared basis of facts is soon eroded. Meanwhile, the algorithms of social media invisibly sort us into ever more separate communities of ever more similar people, so that even if you are discussing, say, movies or sport, you’re increasingly likely to be doing so with those who share your political affiliations; the more you engage with politics, the more everything becomes political – and, research suggests, the harder it becomes to understand your political opponents as fully human. This is a situation ripe for exploitation by demagogues, who understand that their power consists in turning the whole of life into a battleground divided along political lines, thereby maximising their domination of public attention.

Given all this, the idea that being ceaselessly preoccupied with the news might be a useful way to defeat authoritarianism, or to achieve any other laudable political goal, begins to look extremely unconvincing. If you spend hours each day on social media fuming about your opponents, you are still participating in the corrosion of democracy, even if you are participating from a morally impeccable position. And so the conventional wisdom among the politically clued-in – that what this moment calls for is more engagement with the news – may be the opposite of the truth.

In light of the domination of so many people’s thoughts by politics, Talisse argues in a forthcoming book, “Overdoing Democracy”, it may even be that one critical form of activism is to spend time *not* doing politics – or, in the case

of social media, things that feel like doing politics – and instead to dedicate attention to nurturing domains in which politics cannot intrude. From this perspective, to decline to talk about Brexit or Trump at the pub or the watercooler isn't a matter of burying your head in the sand, but of proactively protecting some parts of life from becoming overwhelmed by current affairs. It is often suggested that the cure for our societal divides is to spend more time with people from the “other side”. But Talisse advises consciously engaging in social activities that are not driven by your political commitments at all – in which the question of political sides doesn't arise to begin with. Talisse, who lives in Nashville, spends his free time these days attending bluegrass gigs with his wife. “I have no idea what the people sitting beside me [at the gig] are like politically,” he says. “It's not that, as a Democrat, you go somewhere where you know that Republicans hang out. It's that you immerse yourself in activities where there's no occasion for politics to be part of what's going on.”

1. What happened on Friday 13 November 2015 in Paris?
2. How quickly did the news spread around the world? How did it become possible?
3. In what way have gadgets changed our daily routine?
4. The author says: “...the world of national politics and international crises can feel more important, even more truly real, than the concrete immediacy of our families, neighbourhoods and workplaces”. Do you agree with the statement? Give examples of recent news that took over people's minds.
5. Trump's presidency and Brexit are the events that occupied the front pages. What do you know about them?
6. Recall the facts about the means and speed of spreading information in the past.
7. In the 19th century attention, not information became the truly valuable commodity. Explain why? How is advertising related?
8. Why does the author compare keeping informed with keeping fit?

Be creative

1. Make an experiment. Observe what information you consume during the day. Write about the results: the time spent on reading, most visited media, the topics of the news.

2. Have you heard of information ecology? What does it mean? Give your recommendations on how to follow information ecology rules.

3. Dwell on the topic: “The one who owns the information owns the world.”

Unit 12

Get ready

1. How important is self-education for a person? Do you know examples of self-made men?

2. Study the words.

N.: trepidation, pang, indignation, wistfulness, plethora, chap, impoverishing, virility, depravity.
 Adj.: apprehensive, afflicted, boisterous, deprecating, facetious, lamely, mincing, subtle, sublimated, tentative, unwitting.
 V.: recoil, surge, mutter, stumble, impel, impinge.
 Set exp.: in one's walk of life, to get one's bearings.

3. Match the words and their definitions.

1. Trepidation	a) to speak quietly so that your voice is difficult to hear;
2. Indignation	b) in a weak and unsatisfactory way;
3. Plethora	c) fear or worry about what is going to happen;
4. Impoverishing	d) in a way that is done without knowing;
5. Facetious	e) anger about smth you think is wrong;
6. Afflicted	f) to find out one's position;
7. Boisterous	g) to make smn feel that they must do smth;
8. Unwittingly	h) a very large amount of something;
9. Deprecatingly	i) to move back because of fear or disgust;
10. Lamely	j) not serious about a serious subject, in an attempt to be funny;
11. Recoil	k) noisy, energetic, and rough;
12. Mutter	l) making someone very poor;
13. Impel	m) in a way that shows you think smth is of little value;
14. To get one's bearings	n) affected by a problem or illness.

4. Choose a suitable word from Ex. 2 to fill in the gaps.

1. I've never been very good at speaking
2. I felt a ... of shame.
3. Then she asked ... about the scar on his cheek.
4. We expect the number to ... to 10 million next year.
5. The Maoris believe it's a symbol of authority and
6. They'll ... and fall, laugh and cry, but such is life.
7. People in my ... of ... have been influenced by the book.
8. The flavors of the dish were ... and sophisticated.

Work with the text

1. Read the text and consider the tasks below.

Martin Eden
By J. London
Chapter I (excerpt)

The one opened the door with a latch-key and went in, by a young fellow who awkwardly removed his cap. He wore rough clothes that smacked of the sea, and he was manifestly out of place in the spacious hall in which he found himself. He did not know what to do with his cap, and was stuffing it into his coat pocket when the other took it from him. The act was done quietly and naturally, and the awkward young fellow appreciated it. "He understands," was his thought. "He'll see me through all right."

He walked at the other's heels with a swing to his shoulders, and his legs spread unwittingly, as if the level floors were tilting up and sinking down to the heave and lunge of the sea. The wide rooms seemed too narrow for his rolling gait, and to himself he was in terror lest his broad shoulders should collide with the doorways or sweep the bric-a-brac from the low mantel. He recoiled from side to side between the various objects and multiplied the hazards that in reality lodged only in his mind. Between a grand piano and a centre-table piled high with books was space for a half a dozen to walk abreast, yet he essayed it with trepidation. His heavy arms hung loosely at his sides. He did not know what to do with those arms and hands, and when, to his excited vision, one arm seemed liable to brush against the books on the table, he lurched away like a frightened horse, barely missing the piano stool. He watched the easy walk of the other in front of him, and for the first time realized that his walk was different from that of other men. He experienced a momentary pang of shame that he should walk so uncouthly. The sweat burst through the skin of his forehead in tiny beads, and he paused and mopped his bronzed face with his handkerchief.

"Hold on, Arthur, my boy," he said, attempting to mask his anxiety with facetious utterance. "This is too much all at once for yours truly. Give me a chance to get my nerve. You know I didn't want to come, an' I guess your fam'ly ain't hankerin' to see me neither."

"That's all right," was the reassuring answer. "You mustn't be frightened at us. We're just homely people – Hello, there's a letter for me."

He stepped back to the table, tore open the envelope, and began to read, giving the stranger an opportunity to recover himself. And the stranger understood and appreciated. His was the gift of sympathy, understanding; and beneath his alarmed exterior that sympathetic process went on. He mopped his forehead dry and glanced about him with a controlled face, though in the eyes there was an expression such as wild animals betray when they fear the trap. He was surrounded by the unknown, apprehensive of what might happen, ignorant of what he should do, aware that he walked and bore himself awkwardly, fearful that every attribute and power of him was similarly afflicted. He was keenly sensitive,

hopelessly self-conscious, and the amused glance that the other stole privily at him over the top of the letter burned into him like a dagger-thrust. He saw the glance, but he gave no sign, for among the things he had learned was discipline. Also, that dagger-thrust went to his pride. He cursed himself for having come, and at the same time resolved that, happen what would, having come, he would carry it through. The lines of his face hardened, and into his eyes came a fighting light. He looked about more unconcernedly, sharply observant, every detail of the pretty interior registering itself on his brain. His eyes were wide apart; nothing in their field of vision escaped; and as they drank in the beauty before them the fighting light died out and a warm glow took its place. He was responsive to beauty, and here was cause to respond.

An oil painting caught and held him. A heavy surf thundered and burst over an outjutting rock; lowering storm-clouds covered the sky; and, outside the line of surf, a pilot-schooner, close-hauled, heeled over till every detail of her deck was visible, was surging along against a stormy sunset sky. There was beauty, and it drew him irresistibly. He forgot his awkward walk and came closer to the painting, very close. The beauty faded out of the canvas. His face expressed his bewilderment. He stared at what seemed a careless daub of paint, then stepped away. Immediately all the beauty flashed back into the canvas. "A trick picture," was his thought, as he dismissed it, though in the midst of the multitudinous impressions he was receiving he found time to feel a prod of indignation that so much beauty should be sacrificed to make a trick. He did not know painting. He had been brought up on chromos and lithographs that were always definite and sharp, near or far. He had seen oil paintings, it was true, in the show windows of shops, but the glass of the windows had prevented his eager eyes from approaching too near.

He glanced around at his friend reading the letter and saw the books on the table. Into his eyes leaped a wistfulness and a yearning as promptly as the yearning leaps into the eyes of a starving man at sight of food. An impulsive stride, with one lurch to right and left of the shoulders, brought him to the table, where he began affectionately handling the books. He glanced at the titles and the authors' names, read fragments of text, caressing the volumes with his eyes and hands, and, once, recognized a book he had read. For the rest, they were strange books and strange authors. He chanced upon a volume of Swinburne and began reading steadily, forgetful of where he was, his face glowing. Twice he closed the book on his forefinger to look at the name of the author. Swinburne! He would remember that name. That fellow had eyes, and he had certainly seen color and flashing light. But who was Swinburne? Was he dead a hundred years or so, like most of the poets? Or was he alive still, and writing? He turned to the title-page... yes, he had written other books; well, he would go to the free library the first thing in the morning and try to get hold of some of Swinburne's stuff. He went back to the text and lost himself. He did not notice that a young woman had entered the room. The first he knew was when he heard Arthur's voice saying:

"Ruth, this is Mr. Eden."

The book was closed on his forefinger, and before he turned he was thrilling to the first new impression, which was not of the girl, but of her brother's words.

Under that muscled body of his he was a mass of quivering sensibilities. At the slightest impact of the outside world upon his consciousness, his thoughts, sympathies, and emotions leapt and played like lambent flame. He was extraordinarily receptive and responsive, while his imagination, pitched high, was ever at work establishing relations of likeness and difference. "Mr. Eden," was what he had thrilled to – he who had been called "Eden," or "Martin Eden," or just "Martin," all his life. And "*Mister*"! It was certainly going some, was his internal comment. His mind seemed to turn, on the instant, into a vast camera obscura, and he saw arrayed around his consciousness endless pictures from his life, of stoke-holes and forecastles, camps and beaches, jails and boozing-kens, fever-hospitals and slum streets, wherein the thread of association was the fashion in which he had been addressed in those various situations.

And then he turned and saw the girl. The phantasmagoria of his brain vanished at sight of her. She was a pale, ethereal creature, with wide, spiritual blue eyes and a wealth of golden hair. He did not know how she was dressed, except that the dress was as wonderful as she. He likened her to a pale gold flower upon a slender stem. No, she was a spirit, a divinity, a goddess; such sublimated beauty was not of the earth. Or perhaps the right, and there were many such as she in the upper walks of life. She might well be sung by that chap, Swinburne. Perhaps he had had somebody like her in mind when he painted that girl, Iseult, in the book there on the table. All this plethora of sight, and feeling, and thought occurred on the instant. There was no pause of the realities wherein he moved. He saw her hand coming out to his, and she looked him straight in the eyes as she shook hands, frankly, like a man. The women he had known did not shake hands that way. For that matter, most of them did not shake hands at all. A flood of associations, visions of various ways he had made the acquaintance of women, rushed into his mind and threatened to swamp it. But he shook them aside and looked at her. Never had he seen such a woman. The women he had known! Immediately, beside her, on either hand, ranged the women he had known. For an eternal second he stood in the midst of a portrait gallery, wherein she occupied the central place, while about her were limned many women, all to be weighed and measured by a fleeting glance, herself the unit of weight and measure. He saw the weak and sickly faces of the girls of the factories, and the simpering, boisterous girls from the south of Market. There were women of the cattle camps, and swarthy cigarette-smoking women of Old Mexico. These, in turn, were crowded out by Japanese women, doll-like, stepping mincingly on wooden clogs; by Eurasians, delicate featured, stamped with degeneracy; by full-bodied South-Sea-Island women, flower-crowned and brown-skinned. All these were blotted out by a grotesque and terrible nightmare brood – frowsy, shuffling creatures from the pavements of Whitechapel, gin-bloated hags of the stews, and all the vast hell's following of harpies, vile-mouthed and filthy, that under the guise of monstrous female form prey upon sailors, the scrapings of the ports, the scum and slime of the human pit.

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Eden?" the girl was saying. "I have been looking forward to meeting you ever since Arthur told us. It was brave of you –"

He waved his hand deprecatingly and muttered that it was nothing at all, what he had done, and that any fellow would have done it. She noticed that the hand he waved was covered with fresh abrasions, in the process of healing, and a glance at the other loose-hanging hand showed it to be in the same condition. Also, with quick, critical eye, she noted a scar on his cheek, another that peeped out from under the hair of the forehead, and a third that ran down and disappeared under the starched collar. She repressed a smile at sight of the red line that marked the chafe of the collar against the bronzed neck. He was evidently unused to stiff collars. Likewise her feminine eye took in the clothes he wore, the cheap and unaesthetic cut, the wrinkling of the coat across the shoulders, and the series of wrinkles in the sleeves that advertised bulging biceps muscles.

While he waved his hand and muttered that he had done nothing at all, he was obeying her behest by trying to get into a chair. He found time to admire the ease with which she sat down, then lurched toward a chair facing her, overwhelmed with consciousness of the awkward figure he was cutting. This was a new experience for him. All his life, up to then, he had been unaware of being either graceful or awkward. Such thoughts of self had never entered his mind. He sat down gingerly on the edge of the chair, greatly worried by his hands. They were in the way wherever he put them. Arthur was leaving the room, and Martin Eden followed his exit with longing eyes. He felt lost, alone there in the room with that pale spirit of a woman. There was no bar-keeper upon whom to call for drinks, no small boy to send around the corner for a can of beer and by means of that social fluid start the amenities of friendship flowing.

"You have such a scar on your neck, Mr. Eden," the girl was saying. "How did it happen? I am sure it must have been some adventure."

"A Mexican with a knife, miss," he answered, moistening his parched lips and clearing his throat. "It was just a fight. After I got the knife away, he tried to bite off my nose."

Baldly as he had stated it, in his eyes was a rich vision of that hot, starry night at Salina Cruz, the white strip of beach, the lights of the sugar steamers in the harbor, the voices of the drunken sailors in the distance, the jostling stevedores, the flaming passion in the Mexican's face, the glint of the beast-eyes in the starlight, the sting of the steel in his neck, and the rush of blood, the crowd and the cries, the two bodies, his and the Mexican's, locked together, rolling over and over and tearing up the sand, and from away off somewhere the mellow tinkling of a guitar. Such was the picture, and he thrilled to the memory of it, wondering if the man could paint it who had painted the pilot-schooner on the wall. The white beach, the stars, and the lights of the sugar steamers would look great, he thought, and midway on the sand the dark group of figures that surrounded the fighters. The knife occupied a place in the picture, he decided, and would show well, with a sort of gleam, in the light of the stars. But of all this no hint had crept into his speech. "He tried to bite off my nose," he concluded.

"Oh," the girl said, in a faint, far voice, and he noticed the shock in her sensitive face.

He felt a shock himself, and a blush of embarrassment shone faintly on his sunburned cheeks, though to him it burned as hotly as when his cheeks had been exposed to the open furnace-door in the fire-room. Such sordid things as stabbing

affrays were evidently not fit subjects for conversation with a lady. People in the books, in her walk of life, did not talk about such things – perhaps they did not know about them, either.

There was a brief pause in the conversation they were trying to get started. Then she asked tentatively about the scar on his cheek. Even as she asked, he realized that she was making an effort to talk his talk, and he resolved to get away from it and talk hers.

“It was just an accident,” he said, putting his hand to his cheek. “One night, in a calm, with a heavy sea running, the main-boom-lift carried away, an’ next the tackle. The lift was wire, an’ it was threshin’ around like a snake. The whole watch was tryin’ to grab it, an’ I rushed in an’ got swatted.”

“Oh,” she said, this time with an accent of comprehension, though secretly his speech had been so much Greek to her and she was wondering what a *lift* was and what *swatted* meant.

“This man Swineburne,” he began, attempting to put his plan into execution and pronouncing the *i* long.

“Who?”

“Swineburne,” he repeated, with the same mispronunciation. “The poet.”

“Swinburne,” she corrected.

“Yes, that’s the chap,” he stammered, his cheeks hot again. “How long since he died?”

“Why, I haven’t heard that he was dead.” She looked at him curiously. “Where did you make his acquaintance?”

“I never clapped eyes on him,” was the reply. “But I read some of his poetry out of that book there on the table just before you come in. How do you like his poetry?”

And thereat she began to talk quickly and easily upon the subject he had suggested. He felt better, and settled back slightly from the edge of the chair, holding tightly to its arms with his hands, as if it might get away from him and buck him to the floor. He had succeeded in making her talk her talk, and while she rattled on, he strove to follow her, marvelling at all the knowledge that was stowed away in that pretty head of hers, and drinking in the pale beauty of her face. Follow her he did, though bothered by unfamiliar words that fell glibly from her lips and by critical phrases and thought-processes that were foreign to his mind, but that nevertheless stimulated his mind and set it tingling. Here was intellectual life, he thought, and here was beauty, warm and wonderful as he had never dreamed it could be. He forgot himself and stared at her with hungry eyes. Here was something to live for, to win to, to fight for – ay, and die for. The books were true. There were such women in the world. She was one of them. She lent wings to his imagination, and great, luminous canvases spread themselves before him whereon loomed vague, gigantic figures of love and romance, and of heroic deeds for woman’s sake – for a pale woman, a flower of gold. And through the swaying, palpitant vision, as through a fairy mirage, he stared at the real woman, sitting there and talking of literature and art. He listened as well, but he stared, unconscious of the fixity of his gaze or of the fact that all that was essentially masculine in his nature was shining in his eyes. But she, who knew little of the world of men, being

a woman, was keenly aware of his burning eyes. She had never had men look at her in such fashion, and it embarrassed her. She stumbled and halted in her utterance. The thread of argument slipped from her. He frightened her, and at the same time it was strangely pleasant to be so looked upon. Her training warned her of peril and of wrong, subtle, mysterious, luring; while her instincts rang clarion-voiced through her being, impelling her to hurdle caste and place and gain to this traveler from another world, to this uncouth young fellow with lacerated hands and a line of raw red caused by the unaccustomed linen at his throat, who, all too evidently, was soiled and tainted by ungracious existence. She was clean, and her cleanness revolted; but she was woman, and she was just beginning to learn the paradox of woman.

“As I was saying – what was I saying?” She broke off abruptly and laughed merrily at her predicament.

“You was saying that this man Swinburne failed bein’ a great poet because – an’ that was as far as you got, miss,” he prompted, while to himself he seemed suddenly hungry, and delicious little thrills crawled up and down his spine at the sound of her laughter. Like silver, he thought to himself, like tinkling silver bells; and on the instant, and for an instant, he was transported to a far land, where under pink cherry blossoms, he smoked a cigarette and listened to the bells of the peaked pagoda calling straw-sandalled devotees to worship.

“Yes, thank you,” she said. “Swinburne fails, when all is said, because he is, well, indelicate. There are many of his poems that should never be read. Every line of the really great poets is filled with beautiful truth, and calls to all that is high and noble in the human. Not a line of the great poets can be spared without impoverishing the world by that much.”

“I thought it was great,” he said hesitatingly, “the little I read. I had no idea he was such a – a scoundrel. I guess that crops out in his other books.”

“There are many lines that could be spared from the book you were reading,” she said, her voice primly firm and dogmatic.

“I must ‘a’ missed ‘em,” he announced. “What I read was the real goods¹. It was all lighted up an’ shining, an’ it shun right into me an’ lighted me up inside, like the sun or a searchlight. That’s the way it landed on me, but I guess I ain’t up much on poetry, miss.”

He broke off lamely. He was confused, painfully conscious of his inarticulateness. He had felt the bigness and glow of life in what he had read, but his speech was inadequate. He could not express what he felt, and to himself he likened himself to a sailor, in a strange ship, on a dark night, groping about in the unfamiliar running rigging. Well, he decided, it was up to him to get acquainted in this new world. He had never seen anything that he couldn’t get the hang of when he wanted to and it was about time for him to want to learn to talk the things that were inside of him so that she could understand. She was bulking large on his horizon.

“Now Longfellow –” she was saying.

“Yes, I’ve read ‘m,” he broke in impulsively, spurred on to exhibit and make the most of his little store of book knowledge, desirous of showing her that he was not wholly a stupid clod. “‘The Psalm of Life,’ ‘Excelsior’, an’... I guess that’s all.”

She nodded her head and smiled, and he felt, somehow, that her smile was tolerant, pitifully tolerant. He was a fool to attempt to make a pretence that way. That Longfellow chap most likely had written countless books of poetry.

“Excuse me, miss, for buttin’ in that way. I guess the real facts is that I don’t know nothin’ much about such things. It ain’t in my class. But I’m goin’ to make it in my class.”

It sounded like a threat. His voice was determined, his eyes were flashing, the lines of his face had grown harsh. And to her it seemed that the angle of his jaw had changed; its pitch had become unpleasantly aggressive. At the same time a wave of intense virility seemed to surge out from him and impinge upon her.

“I think you could make it in – in your class,” she finished with a laugh. “You are very strong.”

Her gaze rested for a moment on the muscular neck, heavy corded, almost bull-like, bronzed by the sun, spilling over with rugged health and strength. And though he sat there, blushing and humble, again she felt drawn to him. She was surprised by a wanton thought that rushed into her mind. It seemed to her that if she could lay her two hands upon that neck that all its strength and vigor would flow out to her. She was shocked by this thought. It seemed to reveal to her an undreamed depravity in her nature. Besides, strength to her was a gross and brutish thing. Her ideal of masculine beauty had always been slender gracefulness. Yet the thought still persisted. It bewildered her that she should desire to place her hands on that sunburned neck. In truth, she was far from robust, and the need of her body and mind was for strength. But she did not know it. She knew only that no man had ever affected her before as this one had, who shocked her from moment to moment with his awful grammar.

“Yes, I ain’t no invalid,” he said. “When it comes down to hard-pan, I can digest scrap-iron. But just now I’ve got dyspepsia. Most of what you was sayin’ I can’t digest. Never trained that way, you see. I like books and poetry, and what time I’ve had I’ve read ’em, but I’ve never thought about ’em the way you have. That’s why I can’t talk about ’em. I’m like a navigator adrift on a strange sea without chart or compass. Now I want to get my bearin’s. Mebbe you can put me right. How did you learn all this you’ve ben talkin’?”

“By going to school, I fancy, and by studying,” she answered.

“I went to school when I was a kid,” he began to object.

“Yes; but I mean high school, and lectures, and the university.”

“You’ve gone to the university?” he demanded in frank amazement. He felt that she had become remoter from him by at least a million miles.

“I’m going there now. I’m taking special courses in English.”

He did not know what “English” meant, but he made a mental note of that item of ignorance and passed on.

“How long would I have to study before I could go to the university?” he asked.

She beamed encouragement upon his desire for knowledge, and said: “That depends upon how much studying you have already done. You have never attended high school? Of course not. But did you finish grammar school?”

“I had two years to run, when I left,” he answered. “But I was always honorably promoted at school.”

The next moment, angry with himself for the boast, he had gripped the arms of the chair so savagely that every finger-end was stinging. At the same moment he became aware that a woman was entering the room. He saw the girl leave her chair and trip swiftly across the floor to the newcomer. They kissed each other, and, with arms around each other’s waists, they advanced toward him. That must be her mother, he thought. She was a tall, blond woman, slender, and stately, and beautiful. Her gown was what he might expect in such a house. His eyes delighted in the graceful lines of it. She and her dress together reminded him of women on the stage. Then he remembered seeing similar grand ladies and gowns entering the London theatres while he stood and watched and the policemen shoved him back into the drizzle beyond the awning. Next his mind leaped to the Grand Hotel at Yokohama, where, too, from the sidewalk, he had seen grand ladies. Then the city and the harbor of Yokohama, in a thousand pictures, began flashing before his eyes. But he swiftly dismissed the kaleidoscope of memory, oppressed by the urgent need of the present. He knew that he must stand up to be introduced, and he struggled painfully to his feet, where he stood with trousers bagging at the knees, his arms loose-hanging and ludicrous, his face set hard for the impending ordeal.

1. What was so attractive about Ruth for M. Eden?
2. Was Ruth really involved in the conversation with M. Eden?
3. Did they belong to the same social class? Describe their appearance, manner of speaking and behavior.
4. Do you think Eden’s decision to study was sincere or it was said just to impress the girl?
5. How do you see the future of the characters?

Be creative

1. Agree or disagree: “Opposites attract.”

2. Make up a dialogue between two educators.

Educator 1: traditional approach where a teacher is a core.

Educator 2: modern approach where a teacher is an assistant.

3. Dwell on the following: ‘Self-education is challenging but it’s rewarding.’

4. Write an essay “How to find motivation for self-education?”

5. Do research “Best resources for self-education”.

Unit 13

Get ready

1. Tell about your nuclear family. Have you got siblings? What is positive about growing up in a big family?

2. Study the words.

N.: exhortation, trade-off.
Adj.: bountiful, obsolete, inconceivable, devoid.
V.: scrimp, pledge, splurge, gobble down.
Set exp.: on the dole.

3. Match the words in Ex. 2 and their synonyms.

1. Exhortation	a) commit
2. Trade-off	b) deficient
3. Devoid	c) unbelievable
4. Inconceivable	d) moralizing
5. crimp	e) archaic
6. Splurge	f) compromise
7. Obsolete	g) plentiful
8. Bountiful	h) economize
9. Pledge	i) overspend

Work with the text

1. Read the text and consider the tasks below.

On Being an Only Child

By Geoff Dyer
(abridged)

My mother often quoted with approval the maxim “Spare the rod and spoil the child.” Unfortunately she thought this was intended as exhortation rather than warning. The mother’s instinct to indulge her only child was thereby reinforced by a higher authority. I was so spoiled that on the day my parents unexpectedly came to pick me up at primary school in the middle of the morning – I was about eight at the time – I told the teacher that it was probably because they wanted to buy me a toy. In fact it was to go to Shropshire where my grandmother was dying. I was also spoiled because I was such a sickly thing. I spent so much time

away from infant school that the truant officer visited our house to see what was going on. What was going on was that I was always ill. When I went into hospital to have my tonsils and adenoids out – a panacea in those bountiful days of the NHS – my parents brought me a Beatrix Potter book each day. I missed having brothers and sisters but I liked the way that I didn't have to share my toys with anyone else. It also meant I got more presents at Christmas and on my birthday.

This kind of pampering was balanced by the way that my parents had grown up in the depression of the 1930s. They have spent their lives saving. My mother worked as a dinner lady – serving school dinners (i.e., lunches) in the canteen of the school I went to until I was eleven. Later, after I had left home, she became a cleaner at a hospital. My father worked as a sheet-metal worker. They have always been able to make more money by saving than by earning. It has never been worth their while to employ anyone to do anything for them. On the one hand, then, I was spoiled constantly – because I was an only child, because I was a skinny, sickly little boy; on the other, life consisted entirely of small economies, of endless scrimping and saving that became second nature. If I grew up having everything I wanted, that is partly because my desires soon became shaped by the assumption that we could not afford things, that *everything* was too expensive, that we could do without almost anything. Many times, when I asked my dad if I could have something that had taken my eye in a shop, he responded by saying, “You don't want that.” To which I wanted to reply, “But I *do*.” And then, after a while I stopped wanting things. (I now wonder if my father was unconsciously using “want” in an earlier, archaic sense of “lack,” a distinction capitalism has since pledged all its energies to rendering obsolete.)

If I wanted replica shorts worn by my favorite football team, Chelsea, my mother bought cheap blue ones and then stitched the authenticating white stripes down each side. Clothes for my Action Man? My mum would make them. A Subbuteo soccer pitch? She bought a piece of green baize and painted on the lines. We never used a trolley in the supermarket, only a basket. We always bought the cheapest versions of everything. When I was a bit older – about fourteen, I think – and wanted a Ben Sherman shirt, my mother explained that it was just “paying for the name.” We hardly ever went on holiday, mainly because it involved the activity that my dad hated more than any other: spending money. When we did go to Bournemouth or Weston-super-Mare for a few days – never abroad; I did not fly on a plane until I was twenty-two – it was no fun. On the cloudy beach one day I buried my mum's feet in the sand. Half an hour later, having forgotten all about this, I plunged my spade into the sand and into her feet. Often it rained and so we went to the cinema – something we never did at home – to see big-screen versions of the TV shows we watched at home: *Morecombe and Wise*, *Steptoe and Son*. My dad was happier using his time off work to work on the house (concreting the drive, building a garage).

Whatever form it takes, your childhood always seems perfectly normal. It took years for me to understand that I had grown up in relative poverty. If we had enough money for everything we needed, that was only because of the extent

to which economizing – a voluntary extension of the rationing introduced during the Second World War – had been thoroughly internalized. As with most things connected with parental influence, this later manifested itself in my behavior in two contradictory ways. As soon as I left home, I became a splurger: if I bought a bar of chocolate, then instead of rationing myself to one or two squares, I would gobble down the whole thing. I became a gulper, not a sipper. But I have also been able to live on very little money without any sense of sacrifice (a valuable skill, almost a privilege, for anyone wishing to become a writer). Going without things that most of my contemporaries took for granted never felt like hardship. I spent years living on the dole, more than happy with the trade-off: little money, lots of time. Even now, aged fifty-two, it is agony for me to have to take a taxi in London.

We lived in a terraced house in a neighborhood full of families. There were always plenty of kids to play with in the lane that ran behind our row of houses. Next to my school – less than ten minutes' walk away – there was the Rec, where you could play football or just run around. There was no shortage of companions, but always at some point I would have to go back home, back to being on my own, back to my parents. And some days there was just no one to play with. Bear in mind how huge afternoons were back then. For a child the hours stretch out interminably. After my father was made redundant from his job at Gloster Aircraft, he worked nights for a while, at a factory where nylon was made. On afternoons when I had no one to play with, I had to be quiet because my dad was sleeping. When I think back to my childhood now, these are the afternoons that I remember. It almost seems like a single afternoon of loneliness and boredom. I've never shaken off this propensity for being bored; in fact, I've gotten so used to it that I don't even mind it that much. As a kid I was so bored I assumed it was the basic condition of existence.

When we drove to my grandparents' damp house – another example of the working holiday: there was always something to be mended or built once we got there – we never went on the newly constructed motorways, which, back then, had a glamor that seems almost inconceivable now that they are synonymous with the *opposite* of speed, with delays and mile-long tailbacks. It was as if there were a tacit toll on using the motorway; somehow it was cheaper to take the regular roads – cheaper because slower. (One of my dad's most pointless economies was never to fill up our car with petrol; he always put in just half a tank at a time, so that we seemed always to be stopping for gas.) Doing things slowly was a way, somehow, of saving money. We were always overtaken by everyone. "He's in a hurry," my mum would say as someone whizzed past our sky-blue Vauxhall Victor. I remember wishing that *we* could be in a hurry, just once. Being in a hurry looked like *fun*. It wasn't just driving; everything we did was done slowly. I was always waiting. My parents kept telling me that patience was a virtue. I have, as a consequence, turned into a raging inferno of impatience. If I have matured at all it has been in the style of D. H. Lawrence, who said that when he was young

he had very little patience; now that he was older he had *none at all*. I love hurrying. It still seems like fun. I remember how relaxing it felt when I first went to New York, to be in a place where everyone was in a hurry all the time. And yet, at the same time, the life I have ended up leading has effectively recreated those afternoons when I had no one to play with and nothing to do and so had to come up with something to amuse myself. As a kid this meant drawing or making something; as an adult it means writing things like this. I'm not only used to having, I *need* to have hours and hours of uninterrupted free time if I'm ever to get anything done. And yet, at the same time, I never love the life of the writer more than when I have someone to play with, when I'm down at the park, playing tennis on a Monday – or Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday – afternoon. If you fancy a game, I'm always free.

Our life was completely devoid of culture, both in the selective sense of music, art, and literature, and in the larger sense. There was no community life, none of the remembered richness of working-class life that served as ballast for Raymond Williams and Tony Harrison when they left home and went to university. There was just my mum and dad and me and the television. We bought a record player, but after about a month my dad gave up on buying records (“The Green, Green Grass of Home” by Tom Jones was the last). Sometimes we visited relatives, like my Uncle Harry and Auntie Lean in Shurdington. Harry kept whippets. Their house smelled of dogs and I always ended sneezing because as well as being ill the whole time I was allergic to cats and the fine hair of the whippets. My Auntie Joan lived a few doors down, in the gloomy council house, full of stuffed birds, where she and my dad and my other aunts had grown up. Joan kept poodles and her house smelled even worse than Uncle Harry's. I think these visits were the first things I ever *endured*. I only had one cousin – herself an only child – who was close to my age. The rest, most of whom lived in another part of the country, were all a lot older. My parents were never very social: my mum had been brought up as a Methodist and so did not drink. Occasionally, in the summer, we would drive out to a pub with a garden for chicken-in-the-basket, but my dad never went out on his own to meet friends in a pub. We never went to restaurants. Basically, except for visits, we stayed home and saved money. I loved it in the winter when it got dark early and we locked the doors and drew the curtains and *stayed in*.

So: no brothers, no sisters, just one cousin – and no pets except for the occasional goldfish which expired soon after it was brought home from the fairground in a polythene bag full of water. My dad was dead against pets. He hated dogs because they yapped. He hated cats because they were cats. The lack of pets and siblings had a bad effect on me. Love was coming at me in vast quantities from my parents, but because I was never allowed to have pets, I had no experience – apart from the instinctive love of child for parent – of learning to love or to take care of someone or something more vulnerable and needy than me. (Several girlfriends have said that I am a terrible hugger.

Basically I just stand there, draped like a coat around the person I am supposed to be hugging. At some level I assume that I am the one who needs to be hugged, comforted.)

It was natural, since I didn't have to share my toys with any siblings, that I became a collector. I collected all sorts of cards, Airfix soldiers, and comics. I loved *arranging* my things – whatever they were – and putting them into some kind of order. I still love doing this. I spent much of my time making model airplanes and doing jigsaws: things that you can do on your own. (My mother had a particular way of doing jigsaws: we sorted out the side pieces and made a hollow, unstable frame, then filled in the middle. Our approach to jigsaws was, in other words, methodical, rigorous. Work had entered into every facet of my parents' lives; even leisure activities had about them some of the qualities of labor.) I would like to say that I displayed the single child's customary ability to develop a rich imaginative life, but I don't think I did – unless finding ways to play games intended for two or more players on your own counts as imaginative. In my late thirties I bought a flat in Brighton, on the south coast of England. It was a big place, big enough to accommodate something I'd long wanted: a ping-pong table. The problem was that I knew almost no one in Brighton, and except on weekends when friends from London visited, I had no one to play with. It took me right back to my childhood, that table. In its immense, folded uselessness it symbolized all the afternoons I spent playing games on my own. I played Subbuteo on my own – almost impossible, since you have to flick both the attacking players and control the opposing goalkeeper simultaneously. I played Monopoly on my own. I played Cluedo on my own.

A few years after hitting upon this solitary activity, I discovered another: reading. I had passed the Eleven-plus and gone to Cheltenham Grammar School, where for the first four years I was an indifferent student. Then, at the age of about fifteen, under the influence of my English teacher, I started to do well at school and began to spend more and more time reading. I passed all my O-levels and stayed on for A-levels. During my first year at grammar school we had moved from a terraced house to a semi-detached with three bedrooms. I wonder if I would have had the peace and space to study if I had had brothers and sisters. It's impossible to say, but reading and study filled the vacuum of boredom that had been there for as long as I could remember. But reading created a gap as well as filling one.

When I was trying to decide which A-levels to do, my father said not to bother with history because it was all in the past. He also gave me another piece of advice that I have come particularly to cherish: "Never put anything in writing." From the age of about sixteen on, I found that most of the advice my parents gave me was best ignored. Still, I ended up doing economics instead of history.

It became obvious, early in the lower sixth form, that I would go to university. I would be the first person in my family to do so – I was already the first to be doing A-levels or their equivalent. And then, as the time for the exams approached

and it became evident that, unless I messed up, I would get very high grades, my English teacher advised me to try for Oxford. My parents only knew of Oxford through *University Challenge*. Of course they liked the idea of my going to Oxford, but they made a big fuss about how other parents wouldn't have let their children stay on at school; other children would have had to start bringing money into the house. I hated this because it was stupid and because it was so obviously untrue. Even if they didn't know what Oxford was, they were as excited by the prospect of my going there as I was. We had many arguments, in the course of which I often became furious. During one such argument – I forget what it was about – my father and I became involved in a scuffle. My mum tried to intercede and, in the process, my father accidentally elbowed her in the nose. “That’s me nose gone!” she said, a remark so idiotic that I became incandescent with rage. It is strange and unfair but even now, that rage has never entirely gone away. I am angry at the way my parents were oppressed, but at some level I am angry with them for having internalized their oppression.

In Raymond Williams’s *Border Country*, the autobiographical protagonist tells a friend that every value he has comes only from his father. “Comes only from him.” Many of my values come from my parents: honesty, reliability, resilience: the bedrock values. But there are other qualities I have been attracted to – vivacity, charm, lightheartedness, grace, urbanity, doing things quickly – which had no place in my parents’ world: they were privileges. Also, because my parents had always worked hard – for practically nothing – I never set any store by hard work. My father was very proud of never having been on the dole in his life. During the summer between A-levels and the start of the Oxbridge term, I had a part-time job in a shop, which meant that the pay I received counted against my entitlement to benefit. Effectively I was working for nothing. My father thought it better for me to give up my time to work at this crap job than it was for me to get the same money from the state. It is no exaggeration to say that I hated him for this. My parents’ view of the world was just too simple: it was suited to the Depression but not to the 1970s. I, on the other hand, had the contemporary idea that the world owed me a living.

1. What was the time when the narrator grew up? What about his parents?

2. Obviously, our childhood influences our personality. Figure out the interconnection based on what you have read.

- The parents constantly saved money. —————>
- The boy didn't have anyone to play with. —————>
- Dong things slowly. —————>
- Lack of cultural and social life. —————>
- The boy didn't have any pets. —————>
- The boy didn't have to share his toys. —————>

3. Tell about the boy’s achievements at school.

4. Does the narrator understand and put up with parents’ way of living or is he angry and full of rage?

Be creative

1. The narrator says: “My parents kept telling me that patience was a virtue.” Do you have the same sayings in your native language? Express your attitude towards this idea.

2. “Spare the rod and spoil the child.” Should we take this saying literary? Present your ideas on methods of upbringing.

3. Write an article for a newspaper on the topic: “Government should encourage and support large families”.

4. Psychologists say that an only child grows selfish. Do you think it’s a solid fact? Write some thoughts about that.

Unit 14

Get ready

1. Did you watch the movie “Catch me if you can”? Did you like it? Did you sympathise with the criminal?

2. Study the words.

N.: sleuthing, volatility, scam, fraud, con artist, disguise, hoax, vigilance, rip-off, haste, accomplice.
Adj.: devastating, bespoke, audacious, apprehended, nefarious, prone to, notorious, savvy, insidious, discernible.
V.: overdraw, file, convince, bail, alter, don, forge, impersonate, taxi, dismay.
Set exp.: fraud affidavit, pledge equity.

3. Explain the meaning of the words in English: accomplice, forge, nefarious, fraud affidavit, disguise, savvy, pledge equity, volatility, bespoke.

4. Fill in the appropriate preposition where necessary.

1. The manager told her to file ... a police report.

2. She was more prone ... make mistakes.

3. Mr. Right was convicted as an accomplice ... murder.

4. She sent the letter ... haste and later regretted it.

5. The suspect is now out ... bail.

Work with the text

1. Read the text and consider the tasks below.

Scam Me if You can

By Fr. W. Abagnale

Smart People Get Scammed.

“I just wanted to die,” said Helen Anderson. “I wanted to go to sleep and not wake up, because I was so tired of it never ending and I didn’t know what to do.”

Helen, sixty-four, was a victim of identity theft. She had worked in the operating room of a Seattle hospital and, like many nurses, had developed back problems because of the long hours she spent on her feet and the labor involved in maneuvering and lifting patients. By 2011 her legs had started to hurt so badly that she required back surgery, which prevented her from returning to work. Helen wasn’t worried about the loss of income. She had planned wisely for her retirement, enjoyed a solid credit rating, paid her bills on time, and owned her house outright.

Soon after she’d recovered from surgery, her daughter in Portland, Oregon, started to suffer from health problems. Since Helen was now retired, she had time to travel to see her. She left her home and her dog in the care of her niece, Samantha. Helen asked Samantha to promise not to allow anyone else to stay in the house. She had had a bad experience fifteen years earlier, when the sister of one of her hospital coworkers stayed with her for a week. Using information she had found in Helen’s home, the woman opened a credit card in Helen’s name. After discovering the crime, Helen confronted the woman, who then paid off the debt and closed the account. But the event left an impression on Helen, and she didn’t want any strangers in her house, especially not while she was away.

When Helen returned home from visiting her daughter, she was understandably upset to see another woman staying there. When Helen asked Samantha about the stranger, she explained that the woman, Alice Lipski, was a friend who had had a fight with her boyfriend and needed a place to stay. It would just be for a few days, and Samantha didn’t think Helen would mind. Well, Helen did mind, and asked that Alice be out of the house by the end of the week. She was right to feel uneasy. That feeling intensified when the branch manager of Helen’s credit union called her to tell her someone had charged \$300 on a debit card that Helen had never used before. Now her account was overdrawn.

Helen went to her credit union office to fill out a fraud affidavit, and the lost money was restored. But the problems continued. A few days later, she received another phone call, this one from Wells Fargo. Had she just made \$5,000 in charges on a credit card she’d never used before?

No, she hadn’t. The card had apparently been activated from her home the week before, and the balance had been paid off with one of her own credit union checks. What was happening? Helen went back to her credit union.

While looking over her account, the manager asked, “Did you just pay \$500 from this checking account toward your American Express card bill online?” No, she hadn’t. Helen didn’t pay bills online. The manager told her to file a police report.

This was just the beginning of Helen’s identity nightmare. While Helen was trying to plug up the widening hole in her credit problems, Alice Lipski was methodically *becoming* Helen Anderson. On top of what Alice had stolen from paperwork at the house, she had also found Helen’s mother’s birthday through some basic social media sleuthing and an Internet background check. This information allowed Alice to negotiate the security questions and reactivate a canceled store card from Costco, setting new security answers that only Alice knew. In doing so, she effectively locked Helen out of her own account. She also signed Helen up for a credit-monitoring service. But instead of protecting Helen against ID theft, it gave Alice access to Helen’s complete credit history.

The credit report contained a great deal of information about Helen’s bank and store credit cards. Alice reported each card as lost or stolen and opened new replacement cards, each with a new and unique username and password. And then she started to use them. Next, she had photo IDs made up with her photo but Helen’s info, so she could effectively impersonate Helen in real life, not just online. Then Alice instructed the

U.S. Postal Service to forward Helen’s mail to a post office box. Naturally, Alice used one of Helen’s credit cards to pay the monthly fee. She also had a valid-looking driver’s license made, and she had Helen’s Social Security number, thanks to the new Medicare card Alice had received in the mail. (At the time, Medicare cards still listed Social Security numbers on them.)

It took a while for Helen to notice that she was no longer receiving checks and bills in the mail. And then more calls came in from credit card companies asking about suspicious transactions. “I would call a card company and they would ask for the account number and password, and I couldn’t give them either one,” Helen said. She felt as if she were disappearing. She had to go to banks and stores in person and show them her driver’s license in an effort to convince them she was who she said she was. “I couldn’t prove who I was, because [Alice] could prove it easier than I could,” she said. Helen would cancel cards and reset information when she could, and there would be peace... for a while. But then a whole new set of charges would appear. Helen believes that more than \$30,000 was spent in her name – at stores, restaurants, casinos, gas stations, and other places.

What Helen didn’t know at the time was that Alice was spinning out of control. She was a methamphetamine addict. Law enforcement experts say there is a discernible link between meth addiction and ID theft. But eventually an addict’s drug use escalates, making her more prone to make mistakes. Alice was writing bad checks on other stolen accounts to keep Helen’s accounts from exceeding their limits. After Alice’s boyfriend was arrested, she needed \$10,000 to bail him out of jail. To get it, she drained Helen’s credit union account, along with three other accounts stolen from other people. She also pledged equity in Helen’s

home to spring him from jail. Helen had no idea that her house, which she had lived in for forty years and owned outright, was in jeopardy until she received an angry call from a bail bond company.

“I felt like I was a nonhuman being,” said Helen.

The devastation that Helen felt is often the most damaging aspect of identity theft – or any type of fraud. Even if you can get your money back and restore your credit ratings, what may never leave is the sense of violation that comes with the knowledge that your home, family, and personal information have been compromised. Experts say the effects of fraud on individuals are similar to the psychological aftermath experienced by victims of violent crimes and war, ranging from anxiety to emotional volatility, depression to post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD).

One night, Alice racked up \$2,000 on one of Helen’s accounts on a Macy’s shopping spree. She was high, and in her haste to get out of the store, she left her purse on a chair. That handbag contained a meth pipe and all the tools of Alice’s trade – and proof of her deceit: a tablet computer with information about her victims, fraudulent credit cards, and ten Washington State driver’s licenses in nine different names. Each one had Alice’s picture on it. When she realized she had left her purse behind and went back to retrieve it, it was too late. The police had been called and were already trying to track her down, but she was able to flee the store before they arrived.

Ultimately, it took six weeks for officers to find and arrest Alice. They learned she had accumulated these tools of her trade over the span of a few months, and with the help of a small team of accomplices, including a man named Dino, who crafted fake IDs so authentic-looking they fooled experienced bank tellers, and another named Brian, who had the skills to calculate algorithms used to determine driver’s license numbers, Alice was charged with ten counts of identity theft. She and her colleagues had stolen close to \$1 million from Helen and other victims. Alice was successfully prosecuted but cut a deal that would limit her jail time if she successfully completed drug rehab.

The funds Alice had stolen were restored, because Helen filed the appropriate police reports, but her life will never be the same. Her financial future remains uncertain as she struggles to clean up her damaged credit. After this ordeal, she sold the house that she had called home for forty years and moved in with her elderly mother. Helen is often stymied by the arduous paperwork she needs to fill out to get credit bureaus to correct her record and is fatalistic about the possibility of future fraud. “My information is out there for another scammer to use,” she said. Unfortunately, this will always be the case.

Every year, millions of American consumers – nearly 7 percent of the population – are victims of scams and fraud. Criminals everywhere, from people in your own community to international rings, are looking for opportunities to take advantage of you. In 2017, the number of fraud victims in the United States reached 16.7 million, with \$16.8 billion lost. Victims lose not just money; they can spend hours trying to resolve scams. And worse: scams can alter and ruin lives.

In this book, I reveal the truth behind the methods used by the world's most skillful con artists to steal billions of dollars each year from unsuspecting consumers. And I give you very specific steps to protect yourself and your family.

I'm writing this book now because in my anti-fraud work I see how quickly scams and scammers are advancing. It's frightening. I also see first-hand how devastating fraud can be.

Scam Me If You Can draws on my own expertise working on the front lines to combat fraud. For more than forty-five years, I've worked with, advised, and consulted with the FBI and hundreds of financial institutions, corporations, and government agencies around the world to help them in their fight against fraud. I also serve as the Fraud Watch Network Ambassador for AARP, a nonprofit with thirty-seven million members. But my unusual blend of knowledge and expertise began more than fifty years ago, in an unusual way: I was one of the world's most famous con men.

I became a con artist in 1964, at the age of sixteen, and continued until I was caught and brought to justice in 1969, when I was just twenty-one. In those intervening years, even though I was very young, I was able to don a variety of professional disguises and professions, including airline pilot, doctor, lawyer, sociology professor, FBI agent, and Federal Bureau of Prisons agent. This is the story depicted in my 1980 book *Catch Me If You Can*, which in 2002 became a Steven Spielberg film of the same name, featuring Leonardo DiCaprio as me. (If you watch closely, you'll see me make an appearance as a French cop!) I traveled the world, cashing more than \$2.5 million in forged checks, and as a result I financed a lifestyle that included bespoke suits, luxury cars, and world travel. I dated beautiful women. It was thrilling.

First I assumed the identity of a Pan Am copilot. I created a fake pilot's license and posed as an off-duty pro, allowing me to fly in the cockpit anywhere I wanted for free. (Rest assured, I never actually flew a plane.)

I was pretty audacious. Picture a sixteen-year-old decked out in a Pan Am uniform, impersonating an airline pilot. I was tall, which made me appear older, nicely dressed, and very polite. I knew that certain kinds of people were more apt to come under my spell than others. Pretty young women, older people, and those who felt I represented authority were all good targets. Young women because, well... I liked them and they liked me. Older people were always impressed with a well-spoken and courteous young man. And all sorts of people – airline and airport staff, people in banks and other institutions – respected someone in a pilot's uniform. After all, we trust a pilot to fly a giant machine and get us to our destination safely.

When I became tired of constant travel, I moved to a luxury apartment outside Atlanta, where I assumed the identity of a doctor. I was even hired as a supervising resident at a local hospital. (Again, you can breathe easy: I never practiced medicine on patients.) Next I pretended to be a Harvard-educated lawyer and a Columbia-educated sociology professor. After a while, I decided to return to my pretense as a pilot and went to Europe, where I printed and cashed more fake checks. It was

an elaborate hoax that involved operating my girlfriend's father's massive Heidelberg printing press – one of the fun scenes in the movie. Finally, I was apprehended (a stewardess and former girlfriend recognized my face on a WANTED poster and alerted the authorities) and imprisoned by French police, was extradited to Sweden, and eventually landed in a U.S. prison (although I managed to escape police custody twice, once from a taxiing airliner and once from a federal penitentiary). Eventually, though, I was sent to prison and served four years.

After I was released – still in my twenties – the FBI asked me if I wanted to use my expertise (so to speak) to fight the bad guys. I said yes, believing that devoting myself to fighting fraud was a good way to continue to repay a debt I owed to society. While I am ashamed of what I did as a young man, cheating and stealing and, along the way, deceiving and hurting people, I was grateful for the opportunity to turn myself around. The release of the *Catch Me If You Can* film gave me a wider audience to talk about fraud prevention.

I've now been a security and anti-fraud consultant for more than forty-three years. I have a consulting company, Abagnale & Associates. My fraud prevention programs are used by more than fourteen thousand financial institutions, corporations, and law enforcement agencies. I've met and talked to thousands of everyday people who have been harmed by scams – from small business owners to CEOs, from students to retirees, and everyone in between, people of all ages and from all backgrounds, around the world – hearing their stories and offering advice. This has allowed me to cover a wide variety of scams, investigate where they come from, and find ways to fight back against this worldwide scourge.

I don't want it to happen to anyone else. That's why I wrote this book.

My goal with *Scam Me If You Can* is to arm as many people as I can with the information and tools you need to put a shield between you and the scammers. The book is part of AARP's efforts to educate and arm readers of every age about as many scam techniques and prevention strategies as possible.

Many of the stories I've heard and all the advice I've given is packed into this book. It's such important information to have on hand, because we are living in a unique time. At no other point in history has it been easier to be a con artist – or to be victimized by one. In the past decade, technology has completely transformed the landscape of scams, making them quicker, more global, more anonymous, and more interconnected than ever before. Each week seems to bring new, ever more dismaying headlines about the use of technology for nefarious purposes, whether it's such Orwellian acts as the use of social media to disseminate fraudulent news stories for political purposes during the 2016 election cycle or the widespread use of scams targeting vulnerable veterans. (Sixteen percent of vets lost money to scams between 2012 and 2017, and the number continues to grow.)

The good news is that fraud is preventable. Vigilance is your weapon, and it is always at your disposal. Protection and prevention are your personal responsibility and can be achieved by taking easy, practical steps. *Scam Me If You Can* will

empower you with information and proactive tips and strategies to defend yourself. Even small changes in habits, recommendations for which I provide here, allow you to stay a step ahead of the multitude of illegal schemes bombarding you constantly in a multitude of ways – via your front door, your mailbox, your telephone, and, of course, your electronic devices. Reading this book can make a world of difference in your life.

Who Gets Scammed

Who is likely to experience certain scams? It turns out that demographics – gender, socioeconomic status, age – differ based on the type of scam. The 2011 AARP Foundation National Fraud Victim Study of 723 fraud victims and 1,509 respondents from the general public found that victims of investment fraud, for instance, were more likely than the general population to be male, be married, have some college education, and make \$50,000 or more. Lottery victims were more likely to be single, to have less than a college education, and to be less likely to make \$50,000 or more. Victims of identity theft to obtain prescription drugs were more likely to be female and single, have less than some college education, report an annual income of less than \$50,000, and have a higher average age than the general population.

Are some of us more prone to becoming Victims than others? Yes and no. Research shows you can be vulnerable to a scam whether you're seventy-five or five – yes, children can be victims, too. I've also heard from business executives, doctors, lawyers, and other highly educated individuals who have been victims. So let's take a moment now to examine who gets scammed most often – and why. If you see yourself in any of these categories, you may have to be more vigilant in making yourself unscammable.

Active in more sales situations: Victims tend to be more engaged in the marketplace – whether that is the consumer marketplace (such as shopping or investing in the stock market) or the marketplace of ideas (social media). They are more likely to report attending sales presentations when offered a free meal or hotel stay in return; entering their name in drawings to win a prize; allowing salespeople into their homes to make a presentation; and opening and reading every piece of mail they receive – catalogs, advertising circulars, contests offerings, and promotional come-ons.

Slow to take preventative actions: victims are less likely than the general population to report taking prevention measures such as signing up for the National Do Not Call Registry or checking the references of businesses before hiring them.

Under more stress: we have to be especially cautious in our decision-making during stressful events or when life is putting great demands on us. That's because stress takes up cognitive capacity, which means we may not be thinking about how to defend ourselves against scams. Moreover, when we're under stress, we give more weight to positive outcomes and we tend to discount negative effects of decisions.

So get ready. Today is a brave new world in which *anyone* – regardless of education or intelligence, age, gender, or class – can fall prey to a new, highly sophisticated breed of criminal. No matter how savvy or how old you are, it could be you! It's a sad fact that scams continually evolve and become more insidious and convincing as scammers learn more about ways to thwart the latest anti-fraud and security efforts. So what can you do? Know where you fit into the profile. Be aware of, and guard yourself against, persuasion tactics. Take action to protect yourself. Be skeptical. Know the likely cons, and keep up with the latest scams by signing up for AARP's Fraud Watch Network.

I invite you to join me on this journey to make yourself "scam wise". Share this information with your relatives and friends. There is power in numbers, and an army of vigilant, informed citizens connected through community makes us *all* safer. Working together, we can make a difference and reduce the number of scams. And, more important, we can protect you and your family.

1. How did it happen that Helen Anderson became a victim of a fraud?
2. What financial, legal and psychological aftermath did Helen experience?
3. Give the characteristics of Alice Lipski. What common features unite her with other con artists?
4. How grave is the problem of identity theft in the USA?
5. Does the author of the book have expertise on the issue? Prove your point.
6. In what situations is a person the most vulnerable for scammers' tricks?

Be creative

1. Do you think the problem of scamming is as serious in Belarus as in the USA?

2. Do you know anyone who became a victim of a fraud? How did it happen to them?

3. Have a discussion: "Virtual crimes should be punished as severely as physical crimes".

4. Give your opinion on how to protect elderly citizens from falling prey to scammers.

5. Prepare a speech "Raising awareness of the society about digital crimes is essential and should be addressed urgently."

Unit 15

Get ready

1. Find out what “gaslighting” means. Give some examples of gaslighting in the modern society.

2. Study the words.

N.: binge-eating, gimmick.

Adj.: legit, immense, mortified, omnipresent, immune to, decent, sedentary, groggy.

V.: savor, gear toward, drop off, whip out, resent, opt for, thrive, call out.

Set exp.: hot air, hit-or-miss, give it a shot.

3. Put the words in bold type in the correct sentence.

1. You **opt for** everything, be it a glass of water or a walk in the park.
2. I don't know, but let me **gear toward**.
3. Of course you can always **give** a Western meal **a shot**.
4. Don't be afraid to **savor** someone's inappropriate behavior.
5. I'm going to **call** my new sci-fi show more **out** female viewers.

4. Match the synonyms.

1) decent	a) truly
2) mortified	b) acceptable, satisfactory
3) legit	c) ashamed
4) omnipresent	d) weak
5) groggy	e) ubiquitous
6) immense	f) huge

5. Make sure you know the meaning of the words and collocations below.

Calisthenics, Planned Parenthood, Ragnar race, drop-in fee, Gen Z, refined carbohydrates, status quo.

Work with the text

1. Read the text and consider the tasks below.

Millennials are Killing Diet and Fitness

By C. Fisher

Millennials are killing a \$1 billion diet staple.

Business Insider, September 2016

Millennials more likely to ditch diet mentality.

Food Business News, November 2015

Millennials are killing gyms, too.

New York Post, October 2016

How Millennials Ended the Running Boom.

Wall Street Journal, May 2016

As a marketing professional, I savor the moments when I feel bested by the clear and deliberate manipulations of advertising. If something is in green packaging with leaves on it, I will immediately pick it up and see if it's actually eco-friendly or just greenwashed to appeal to my inner earth goddess. If it's legit, I learn about a new brand. If it's hot air, I place it back on the shelf with a wag of my finger, letting it know it hasn't fooled me. So, when I was scrolling through Facebook one day and saw an advertisement for a weight-loss app for Millennials, I clicked on it. I have a vested interest in all things Millennial, of course.

Turns out the app, called Noom, is a weight-loss app for smartphones that is geared toward overall lifestyle and behavior change, including a food diary and exercise log, similar to most weight loss apps. The difference with Noom, however, is that it also includes coaching, support, tips for handling common weight-loss fears and anxieties, and a method to track binge-eating triggers. They even have a diabetes prevention program.

This chapter isn't an advertisement for Noom. I didn't sign up to try it, so I can't talk about its success. However, I have used a handful of habit and fitness tracking apps over the last decade, including MapMyRun, MyFitnessPal, HabitShare, Aaptiv, Charity Miles, Fitbit, Strava, and My Water (stay hydrated, friends). I've been in online weight-loss groups. I've done the MLM shakes. I've done the home workouts. I've done the diets, including low-fat, low-carb, paleo, gluten-free, and more.

But given the overwhelming media jabs at Millennials for destroying diet and fitness, I can't help but wonder why and how we're doing so.

My Weight-Loss Journey

My weight-loss journey (and, to be totally honest, my fucked-up relationship with food and my immense shame in my body) began when I was a child. I was raised on a steady diet of "You eat like a pig," "No man will want to date you if you eat like that," "You're fat," and my mother's all-time greatest hit, "Okay, it's your body," recited in a singsong voice when my sister or I would ask for a Little Debbie snack or a popsicle.

Food was punishment. Food was reward. Food was a battlefield. We'd be dropped off at the babysitter's with a list of dietary restrictions, including how much meat, dairy, and grains we were to eat each day, which the babysitter

promptly ignored as she directed us to the basement freezer for an ice cream. Our dad, ever the buddy parent, let us eat ice cream for dinner when we weren't living off Tyson teriyaki chicken breasts and Knorr rice sides. Thus, my middle and high school years were plagued with overeating, hiding my consumption of sugar, and generally being the shy but funny, and definitely smart, fat girl in every teenage drama.

Exercise was hit-or-miss as well (which is a fairly accurate representation of kickball, which I hated because I am not a fast person). Throughout my entire public school career, I learned to fake injuries to get out of PE classes. I felt embarrassed to have to try sports in gym, mortified when the teams got picked, and filled with an ongoing sense of dread for any physical activity where people could see me. When running the mile in high school, I commented to a friend that I had nearly thrown up, and she said, "Why? You weren't even running fast." When I actually had a genuine interest in the new field hockey team forming at my school, my mom talked me out of it because she didn't want to spend the money on equipment if I wasn't sure I'd like it (code for if I decided to quit).

As depression and anxiety took hold over the years, my weight ballooned. Finally, in a Planned Parenthood in Akron, Ohio, where I got my annual pelvic exam and birth control prescription because I was broke as hell, the nurse had to ka-chunk that counterweight on the scale over another fifty pounds, confirming that I had topped out at three hundred pounds exactly. I was devastated.

I lost twenty pounds by eating more veggies, drinking more water, and borrowing *Fat Burning Workout for Dummies* from the library. I have watched my weight yo-yo up and down over the intervening decade, but I've also made incredible progress on my lifestyle and am the healthiest I've ever been, despite my BMI.

I eat about 90 percent vegan, save for the occasional honey or (gasp) backyard chicken eggs from local farmers. I focus on whole foods (did you know Oreo cookies are vegan? It's true. Vegan does not equal healthy). I don't stress out about macros. I track my calories, sometimes. I don't love greens, but I am working on learning to enjoy them (or at least eat them without gagging). I drink plenty of water.

And it turns out that I really, really love exercise. I run, I bike, I swim, I lift weights, I do kickboxing. I'm learning calisthenics, and by the time this book is published, I may have finally been able to do one single pull-up.

I've run two half marathons and countless 5k and 10k races. I've done a Ragnar race. This body can work.

And it doesn't need any diet yogurt. Has anyone stopped to consider that food trends change as more research is done on food? It's proven that a low-fat diet is absolute bananas. Low fat typically means full of chemicals, sugar, and salt to get it to taste like not-garbage. Fun yogurt commercials aside (they are soooo good), the market has spoken, and the market says, "Down with shitty low-fat food!"

The Timely Deaths of Diets and Gyms

Why exactly do these industries expect us to keep eating nonsense? When news hit the mainstream media that the sugar industry had influenced sub-par research encouraging people to go low-fat, suddenly society as a whole was looking at fat through new eyes. It turns out fat itself is not the demon it was made out to be. In fact, our bodies need healthy fats to run most effectively. Boo hoo, diet yogurt.

Diets are mostly marketing gimmicks and feel more like advertising and product placement than anything designed to help improve your life. I recently saw a magazine cover advertising a diet that would allow you to drop twenty-two pounds in a week. I joked with the cashier that it must be a diet that includes sawing off your leg.

Millennials, having grown up during an enormous media and technology boom with omnipresent advertising, are largely able to ignore ads and claims – especially if they are unable to substantiate them. Like my tale of giving a green, leafy bottle of kitchen cleaner a once-over to determine its legitimacy, Millennials can simply whip out a trusty smartphone or tablet to quickly research any brand in an instant. Some say that we're immune to advertising, but the fact is that we'll click anything to learn more. We may not end up buying it, but there's a decent chance we'll give it a shot if it's a legitimate product.

However, we are able more and more to ignore body-shaming, miracle-promising products. We are skeptical enough to want research and reviews before trying a magic pill, and we increasingly demand to see real people instead of photoshopped thin bodies. Body positivity goes a long way toward advertising to Millennials. I once bought workout pants off Target's website based solely on the fact that they used an actual plus-sized athlete in their ads. So, we're not actually immune to ads, we just want ads for real things.

As a culture, we're obsessed with weight loss, beach bodies, losing the baby weight, putting plastic wrap around our tummies, and taking pills to promote a higher metabolism. But you don't need a special Low-Carb High-Protein All-Grass-Fed Non-GMO Defatted Peanut Butter granola bar with 100 percent real tree bark to eat healthfully. Despite being raised by diet-crazed mothers who used to Sweat to the Oldies, the Millennials are figuring out that maybe if we just, like, eat some real food and move a little bit, things will work out okay.

Oh, also – we remember Physical Education class. For those of us who weren't super into group fitness in our youth, PE was a nightmare. So, any fitness routine that puts us back in that mental state is a hard thing to overcome, whether it's a weight room or running on a track or participating in a class or even doing a push-up. To this day, I cannot do a push-up without thinking of my ninth-grade push-up test and how I just gave up so I wouldn't have to struggle and feel further embarrassed.

Millennials are indeed working out, but we tend to eschew the traditional gym. When it comes to "killing the gym," the latest trend is a pay-as-you-go studio experience. Those overworked, chronically busy, gotta-hustle Millennials sometimes can't make it to the gym consistently and resent having to pay

a monthly fee or be locked into a contract. Instead, they opt for classes with a drop-in fee they can attend as their schedule allows, or something more flexible that they can pause and pick back up as needed.

Plus, Millennials and the younger Gen Z prefer to spend their money on small businesses and brands rather than large chains, especially as they move up the income ladder and want to make more of an investment in their health than whatever local gym is the cheapest.

Fitness studios offer smaller classes, more individual attention, and a sense of community that Millennials thrive on. We want to feel like individuals, not just a barcode that scans in, pounds out some reps, and then leaves to rinse and repeat the next day. Having to sign up for a class and knowing there will only be eight or ten people in it feels a little more special, and it doesn't leave us feeling embarrassed or worried about hiding in the back of the room. A smaller group feels inherently more welcoming, and the instructors tend to connect on an individual level with participants.

Another popular trend in fitness is on-demand workout streaming services that allow people to work out at home, on their own timetable. Guided workout apps for smartphones are also booming, offering workouts to popular music in a variety of intensities and lengths – perfect for a busy Millennial who needs to get in a quick run on lunch or get into a ten-minute stretch and strength routine in the mornings before work.

The popular boutique experience isn't necessarily cheaper than a gym membership and is sometimes astronomically higher, but for many Millennial adults, it's well worth it to feel like they're making an investment they can control, and which helps their mental health as well.

The Link Between Physical and Mental Health

You know the internet meme with a misty forest, or a pair of laced-up running shoes, emblazoned with the caption, "This is an antidepressant," contrasted with an image of pills that says, "This is shit"? Falsehoods.

Yes, there's obviously a link between physical activity and mental health. Movement makes endorphins. Endorphins make you happy. But if you can't make your own neurotransmitters, store-bought is fine. Research indicates that exercise can indeed benefit those who have clinical depression and anxiety disorders, but it's not going to completely replace medication and therapy for most patients.

According to an article published by the American Psychological Association, moderate exercise typically results in a better mood within five minutes, and research indicates that exercise can also help to reduce the effects of depression on a long-term basis. Additionally, regular exercise has also been shown to reduce anxiety and panic disorders by exposing the body to increased heart rate, perspiration, and stress in a controlled way (exercise) as opposed to an uncontrollable anxiety or panic attack. While these studies and results are promising, there is still much work to be done in identifying the best types of exercise that mental health professionals should recommend as part of ongoing treatment plans (Weir, 2011).

Unfortunately, not everyone who would theoretically benefit from regular exercise is able to do so. People with mobility issues, joint pain, or other physical challenges can't always lace up a pair of shoes and go out for a morning jog. Plus, they're getting really tired of people asking them if they've tried yoga yet. They've probably tried yoga.

There's also the Catch-22 that, while exercise can help improve the symptoms and recovery of depression, anxiety, and other mood disorders, sometimes it's kind of hard to get out the door to go for a walk or hit the gym if you're smack in the middle of a depressive episode. However, this is often the time when exercise would benefit people with depression the most, since just a small amount of exercise can help to boost mood.

The Obesity Epidemic in America

So... what's up with all these overweight Millennials who hate diet yogurt and gym memberships? Let's explore some of the root causes of the so-called obesity epidemic in the United States.

Overall, Americans are eating more processed food, including trans fats, sugar and refined carbohydrates, and artificial dyes, preservatives, and sweeteners. We're moving less and lead a more sedentary lifestyle than previous generations. We're not sleeping as much, which leads to a lack of energy to exercise and prompts us to reach for quick sugar fixes, caffeine all day long, and easy processed foods because honestly, who wants to cook when you're this tired? Have some cereal (oh wait, Business Insider says "Millennials aren't eating cereal because it's too much work").

American society has adopted the trend of immediate gratification. You can order anything you could possibly need online and have it delivered to your door in a matter of days, so we barely have to leave the house. While this is a literal lifesaver for people in poverty or with mobility issues, chronic pain, other disabilities, transportation challenges, etc., the average consumer can simply window-shop at their leisure, accidentally kill hours of their day, and then go to bed groggy from staring at a screen all day, only to have interrupted sleep and Amazon Prime fever dreams. This does not a healthy cycle make.

Speaking of poverty, disability, etc., it's important to address the concept of food deserts and the energy and ability levels required to prepare fresh foods. Not every city or state has access to affordable, fresh, whole foods. Sometimes it's a decision between processed snacks or nothing. While we're at it, let's agree to stop sticking our noses in the business of people who receive food stamps and other benefits, shall we? Additionally, for people with chronic pain or mobility issues, sometimes standing up to cook, chopping vegetables with a knife, or holding a heavy pot of water are simply too painful to bear. We cannot force people to consume a certain way when there is such a vast spectrum of incomes, abilities, and even grocery availability throughout the country.

Convenience Foods of the Future

A chapter on diet and food wouldn't be complete without mentioning the online shopping experience that is food subscription plans. Whether you want complete meals or a sampling of snacks, no matter your dietary restrictions – vegan, paleo, gluten-free, or anything else – there is a subscription service for you. It's not exactly flying cars, but it's safe to say the future has arrived. Now that semi-prepped and packaged meals can be delivered to your door in refrigerated packaging so all you have to do is follow a recipe. Although, I know Meals on Wheels exists, so it's not like meal delivery is a totally new thing. Getting to customize your order is pretty cool, though.

There are also online food shops, like Brandless and Trrive Market, which allow you to shop at a considerable discount because of lower overhead costs than your typical store. Trrive Market also donates a membership to a family in need for each paid membership (about sixty dollars a year, similar to large warehouse stores). If there's one thing Millennials love more than small, local businesses, it's socially conscious brands that offer discounts and convenience.

Until we figure out Replicator technology (think Star Trek, not Stargate), getting a monthly or weekly box of food seems rather futuristic and exciting.

How to Make Sure You're Killing It

Call Out the Status Quo. When you see a magazine cover, an Instagram ad, or even a body-shaming “joke” made by a friend, call it out. We need to silence body shaming as soon as it happens. It doesn't matter if you're a killjoy; someone who has experienced guilt or shame about their body will appreciate the moment it takes you to call out someone's inappropriate behavior. In classic Millennial fashion, tag brands on social media to demand answers about why they photoshop models, how they once again failed to acknowledge Black skin tones in their ads, or why the fat girl models are all in “modest” clothes. Ask questions. Normalize all bodies.

Add A Little BoPo (Body Positivity). Screw the diet mentality and its built-in body shaming. Understand that your body is where you live, and nothing about that is shameful. Celebrate your wins in wellness, whether that means you're excited to lose five pounds or excited to finally have a day where you had the energy to get out of bed and wash a few dishes.

Your brain is part of your body, and it's okay to celebrate a day when you won a battle in your brain. Body positivity is for all parts of you. While we're sprinkling around the self-love, share that newfound confidence with your friends and loved ones, too. Tell them they look great, without congratulating on weight loss.

Eat the Tasty Food. Life is too short to make yourself choke down a salad if you hate raw veggies or eat unseasoned boiled food in the name of losing weight. If it's someone's birthday, have a slice of cake. If you're at a brunch,

it's okay to have an extra glass of that tasty pineapple juice. Food fuels our body, but it can also bring pleasure, and that's okay. Aim to eat mostly plants, whole food carbohydrates, moderate protein, and some healthy fats (avocado, of course!).

Hydrate. Aim to drink water at a rate of half your body weight in ounces per day. If you weigh 180 pounds, drink ninety ounces of water. Sparkling counts. Soda doesn't. Yes, you will pee a lot.

Get Enough Sleep. I'm ranking sleep as more important than exercise for a reason. If you're not getting enough sleep, you will run at a deficit and risk injury due to fatigue during your workouts. Plus, you just feel like crap when you can't sleep. Knock off the screen time one to two hours before bed, and commit to at least six hours a night, though some people may thrive more on up to nine hours. Sleep cycles average around ninety minutes, so aim for either six, seven and a half, or nine full hours of sleep, so you're not waking up in the middle of a cycle. Be in bed by ten thirty.

Move Your Body. Whether it's a good stretch a few times a day, a short bodyweight workout, running, cardio DVDs, or anything else, getting activity during the day helps your overall physical and mental health, and it can also help you avoid paying for a gym membership, since we're killing those now. Even going for a leisurely walk will help boost your mood, even when (or especially when) you just don't feel like going. Regular exercise also helps you develop a healthy sleep cycle.

Find a Buddy. Try searching for local fitness groups, or even large online wellness communities. They have so many members, you're bound to find someone local who wants to have a meal prep party or go for a bike ride around the local trails. I actually found a workout buddy in a Harry Potter-themed running community on Facebook. If meeting strangers from the internet isn't your style, look up local running groups and go meet a whole bunch of strangers at once!

Reduce Caffeine. Gasp! Yes, sadly, caffeine can be to blame for insomnia, restlessness, and funky heart rate. Your morning cup or two are probably fine, but watch out for the midday slump and evening pick-me-up, when you'll be tempted to grab a late cup of something to rouse you.

Evaluate Your Budget. Be real with your finances and figure out how much you can devote to groceries each month. Fresh, organic produce and cute expensive things in mason jars are great, but they aren't necessary to live. Feed yourself and your family, but make sure food isn't taking over your life or your finances.

Focus on Habits. You don't have to change your lifestyle overnight. Focus on building small, healthy habits, like drinking a glass of water before your morning coffee, or snacking on fruit at night instead of a cookie. One of my favorite habits to build is only eating a sweet treat if I made it myself. If I'm in the mood to eat cake, I better also be in the mood to bake it.

Don't Get Hung Up on the Numbers. The scale is the biggest liar you'll ever meet, and this is a book about gaslighting. The scale reports one piece of information: How hard is gravity sucking your mass toward Earth's core?

You could lose weight by going to the moon, because there would be less gravity sucking your mass downward (very scientific, I know). When it comes to measuring your wellness success, don't get hung up on the scale numbers. Take body measurements and photos. Do fitness tests that count how many squats, pushups, and jumping jacks you can do in a minute, and track the results over time. Get your body fat percentage evaluated and track the progress.

Celebrate the Non-Scale Victories. Related to the above point, noticing and acknowledging the non-scale victories has so much power. My boyfriend and I realized at the gym the other week that, even though I'm fat and slow, my endurance running habits have paid off. I was able to out-squat him by over fifty pounds. Girl has legs!

Try Yoga. Really, though. Have you tried yoga?

1. Does the author have a personal story of struggling with overweight?
2. What is the difference in attitude towards extra-weight among Millennials, Boomers and Gen Z?
3. What is an alternative to constant diets?
4. Can we observe a shift in exercising habits nowadays?
5. Prove that doing exercises is helpful not only for physical health.
6. What is correlation between modern lifestyle and obesity?
7. How do you understand the term "immediate gratification"?
8. How does the author assess the influence of online shopping on eating habits?
9. What recommendations does the author give on gaining harmony with yourself?
10. Have you tried yoga? Does it work?

Be creative

1. What is your opinion on body positivity? Is it the sign of ignoring health problems or acceptance of yourself the way you are?

2. How do you take care of your health? What healthy habits do you have for physical and emotional wellness?

3. Agree or disagree: Being successful means being thin. Provide examples from celebrities' lives.

4. Write an essay "Health and good shape cost a lot".

5. Role-play a dialogue between representatives of three generations: Boomers, Millennials and Gen Z about the best lifestyle. Your task is to find a common ground and figure out the compromise.

Unit 16

Get ready

1. What modern trends (fashion, design, lifestyle, cooking, etc.) can you name? Which of them do you follow?

2. Study the words.

N.: abstinence, conviviality, moderation, contentment.

Adj.: sufficient, superfluous, uncluttered.

V.: engender.

3. Insert the missing words from Ex. 2.

1. The issue has ... a considerable amount of debate.
2. A headache the next day seemed a small price to pay for last night's
3. Much of the school day is wasted on ... activities.
4. More people were finding that material things do not bring
5. The program promoted sexual ... for young people.

Work with the text

1. Read the text and consider the tasks below.

What is the Swedish Lagom Lifestyle?

By V. Rashiti

Lagom is a Swedish and Norwegian word meaning “just the right amount”. We know the words like sufficient and average suggest some degree of abstinence, scarcity, or failure, but lagom carries the connotation of appropriateness, almost achieving perfection in terms of balance. And it has become a lifestyle! So read below to see how you can learn from the Swedes.

For a while now, you have probably been reading a lot about the “Hygge” lifestyle. It was a Danish word that implied a quality of cosiness and comfortability, a conviviality that engenders a feeling of contentment or well-being. Well, as of now *lagom* is the new *hygge*. Turns out these words express the right amount of cosiness, happiness and relaxation.

“Not too little. Not too much. Just right.”

Lagom seems to be the latest lifestyle trend of wellness that has come to us from Sweden, telling us what it means to be feeling ‘the right amount’ of things. And of course we want to draw from the experience and thoughts on life, as the Swedes are among the happiest people on earth, according to several studies.

The difference between hygge and lagom lies in the fact that lagom persists more in introspection, with your way of thinking and reflecting on your daily events.

Whereas hygge was all about making cosiness happen, using external means as well – such as candles, lights or scented items. Turns out that lagom is not really something you can decide to do, it's a way of living and thinking while being pleased with what you have right now, appreciating the moment and counting current blessings.

A 2017 Guardian article defines lagom as the following:

“It's about not doing what is unnecessary or superfluous, focusing on what is absolutely essential, knowing when to stop.”

How Can Practicing the Lagom Lifestyle Help you?

If there's one thing we know that characterises us as human beings, it is excess. We can really not get enough of anything.

We have closets full of clothes we never wear, yet, we go crazy over weekend sales and buy more stuff which we never wear. Our urge it to keep wanting more out of everything – food, clothes, materialistic stuff, personal stuff, more emotions, more love, more interesting people and more experiences to fulfill us.

But what we don't understand along the way, especially according to the lagom lifestyle, is that as long as there is a “more” after all of our passions, desires and hopes, we will never really reach fulfillment.

Some may even compare the lagom lifestyle with minimalism, as they are somewhat interrelated. Same as with minimalism, lagom also practices the idea that less is more.

However, you don't have to start throwing your items or clothes away. You should just admit the fact that you have enough and that you are enough!

Of course we know that is easier said than done. It takes so much effort to start changing our thinking patterns, our habits and the way we overthink things.

However, you have to start thinking of ways you can begin to practice lagom, and each of us has our unique ways of self-affirmation.

On her article on the “Eight best lessons learned from living the lagom life”, Rachel Jacoby Zoldan shares some of the things that helped her pursue this sort of lifestyle. These are just a few of the things that worked for her:

1. Keeping your house clean and uncluttered.
2. Making coffee breaks real breaks (apparently, the Swedish are known for their coffee breaks, a social ritual known as fika, which translates to “taking a break for coffee and enjoying a small treat”).
3. Working longer does not equal working harder.
4. Friday nights are best spent in sweats on the couch.
5. Respecting the life-giving power of leftovers.
6. Wearing only black.

Personalising Your List

Now, you may personalise the list, as long as you reflect on the things that make you feel better. I would add reading, and taking long walks, however, I know some people who find bliss in cooking.

So whatever that activity is that makes you appreciate the moment you're in, and allows your chest to inhale and exhale slow-paced breath, you go ahead and do that.

“Living the lagom taught me that life doesn't need to be so damn complicated; that I can say ‘stop’ when I've done enough or taken on enough work without sloppily accepting every assignment and sending back half-assed copy.

“Because I should get to relax and enjoy life's pleasures – living lagom is about enjoying everything in moderation; a healthier, balanced way of thinking.

“Personally, I found that that experimenting with lagom and making subtle changes to your routine will not only bring a sense of equilibrium to your life; it will also bring you a greater feeling of calm and contentment”. – Rachel Jacoby Zoldan.

1. Have you ever been to a Scandinavian country? If not, would you like to?
2. What is *lagom*? Where does the concept come from?
3. What is the difference between *lagom* and *hygge*, another Scandinavian philosophy?
4. Enumerate the rules of the Swedish philosophy? Do you find them basic, trivial, odd or exotic?
5. Can a person make any alterations or is in a strict set of rules?

Be creative

1. Think about the factors that incited the formation of the philosophy. Is it because of geographical location, history or anything else?

2. Personalise the basic principles of lagom for yourself and present it in the form of an essay.

3. Great ambitions vs moderation. What brings happiness and satisfaction? Have a conversation with your partner.

4. Work in mini-groups. Develop the philosophy of harmony from the Belarusian perspective.

Unit 17

Get ready

1. Have you ever misinterpreted someone's intentions? A lot of awkward situations are caused by misconstrued words or actions. Recall an example from real life or literature and share it with the class.

2. Study the words.

N.: emendation, glare, tear-away.

Adj.: amicable, menacing, unwitting.

V.: alert, bear down on, dazzle, fall through, flick on, settle on, slam, snarl up.

3. Insert the missing words from Ex. 2.

1. In spite of their disagreement they parted on ... terms.
2. For a moment she was blinded by the harsh ... of the sun.
3. Unfortunately, trade barriers ... the country's exports.
4. Our plans ... because of lack of money.
5. Four years ago, he was a teenage ... , now he's a major player.
6. Sometimes when something terrible happens, a little switch in your head ... to protect us from having to deal with it.
7. He became an ... accomplice in the crime.
8. Neighbours quickly ... the emergency services.
9. The accident ... the traffic all day.
10. The editor performed one ... after another on the poorly written manuscript.
11. He was ... by the strong sunlight.
12. I heard the door ... behind him.
13. Have you ... a name for the baby yet?
14. At night, the dark streets become

Work with the text

1. Read the text and consider the tasks below.

Never Stop on the Motorway

By J. Archer

Diana had been hoping to get away by 5:00, so she could be at the farm in time for dinner. She tried not to show her true feelings when at 4:37 her deputy, Phil Haskins, presented her with a complex twelve-page document that required the signature of a director before it could be sent out to the client. Haskins didn't hesitate to remind her that they had lost two similar contracts that week.

It was always the same on a Friday. The phones would go quiet in the middle of the afternoon and then, just as she thought she could slip away, an authorization would land on her desk. One glance at this particular document and Diana knew there would be no chance of escaping before 6:00.

The demands of being a single parent as well as a director of a small but thriving City company meant there were few moments left in any day to relax, so when it came to the one weekend in four that James and Caroline spent with her ex-husband, Diana would try to leave the office a little earlier than usual to avoid getting snarled up in the weekend traffic.

She read through the first page slowly and made a couple of emendations, aware that any mistake made hastily on a Friday evening could be regretted in the weeks to come. She glanced at the clock on her desk as she signed the final page of the document. It was just showing 5:51.

Diana gathered up her bag and walked purposefully toward the door, dropping the contract on Phil's desk without bothering to suggest that he have a good weekend. She suspected that the paperwork had been on his desk since 9:00 that morning, but that holding it until 4:37 was his only means of revenge now that she had been made head of department. Once she was safely in the elevator, she pressed the button for the basement garage, calculating that the delay would probably add an extra hour to her journey.

She stepped out of the elevator, walked over to her Audi suburban, unlocked the door, and threw her bag onto the back seat. When she drove out into the street the stream of twilight traffic was just about keeping pace with the pin-striped pedestrians who, like worker ants, were hurrying toward the nearest hole in the ground.

She flicked on the six o'clock news.

As her car crawled round Russell Square, she began to think about the weekend ahead. It had been over a year since John had told her that he had met another woman and wanted a divorce. She still wondered why, after seven years of marriage, she hadn't been more shocked – or at least angry – at his betrayal. Since her appointment as a director, she had to admit they had spent less and less time together. And perhaps she had become anesthetized by the fact that a third of the married couples in Britain were now divorced or separated. Her parents had been unable to hide their disappointment, but then they had been married for forty-two years.

The divorce had been amicable enough, as John, who earned less than she did – one of their problems, perhaps – had given in to most of her demands. She had kept the apartment in Putney, the Audi suburban, and the children, to whom John was allowed access one weekend in four. He would have picked them up from school earlier that afternoon, and, as usual, he'd return them to the apartment in Putney around seven on Sunday evening.

Diana groaned as she came to a halt at yet another red light. In twenty minutes she hadn't covered more than a couple of miles. She smiled and thought about Daniel as the light changed to green.

She and Daniel had majored in economics at Bristol University in the early 1980s, friends but never lovers. Then Daniel met Rachael, who had arrived a year after them, and from that moment he had never looked at another woman. They married the day he graduated, and after they returned from their honeymoon Daniel took over the management of his father's farm in Bedfordshire. Three children had followed in quick succession, and Diana had been proud when she was asked to be godmother to Sophie, the eldest. Daniel and Rachael had now been married for twelve years, and Diana felt confident that they wouldn't be disappointing their parents with any suggestion of a divorce. Although they were convinced that she led an exciting and fulfilling life, Diana often envied their gentle and uncomplicated existence.

She was regularly asked to spend the weekend with them in the country, but for every two or three invitations Daniel issued, she only accepted one – not because she wouldn't have liked to join them more often, but because since her divorce she had no desire to take advantage of their hospitality.

Although she enjoyed her work, it had been a bloody week. The two contracts had fallen through, James had been dropped from the school soccer team, and Caroline had never stopped telling her that her father didn't mind her watching television when she ought to be doing her homework.

Another traffic light changed to red.

It took Diana nearly an hour to travel the seven miles out of the city, and when she reached the first two-lane highway, she glanced up at the A1 sign, more out of habit than to seek guidance, because she knew every yard of the road from her office to the farm. She tried to increase her speed, but it was quite impossible, as both lanes remained obstinately crowded.

“Damn.”

She had forgotten to get them a present. “Damn,” she repeated: Daniel and Rachael always did the giving. She began to wonder if she could pick something up on the way, then remembered there was nothing but service stations between here and the farm. She couldn't turn up with yet another box of chocolates they'd never eat. When she reached the traffic circle that led onto the A1, she managed to push the car over fifty for the first time. She began to relax, allowing her mind to drift.

There was no warning. Although she immediately slammed her foot on the brakes, it was already too late. There was a dull thump from the front bumper, and a slight shudder rocked the car.

A small black creature had shot across her path, and despite her quick reactions, she hadn't been able to avoid hitting it. Diana swung onto the hard shoulder and screeched to a halt, wondering if the animal could possibly have survived. She reversed slowly back to the spot where she thought she had hit it as the traffic roared past her.

And then she saw it, lying on the grass verge – a cat that had crossed the road for the tenth time. She stepped out of the car and walked toward the lifeless body. Suddenly Diana felt sick. She had two cats of her own, and she knew she would never be able to tell the children what she had done. She picked up the dead animal and laid it gently in the ditch by the roadside.

“I’m so sorry,” she said. She gave it one last look before walking back to her car. Ironically, she had chosen the Audi for its safety features.

She climbed back into the car and switched on the ignition. She tried to stop thinking about the cat as she waited for a gap in the traffic large enough to allow her to ease her way back into the slow lane. She eventually succeeded but was still unable to erase the dead cat from her mind.

Diana had accelerated up to fifty again when she suddenly became aware of a pair of headlights shining through her rear windshield. She put up her arm and waved in her rearview mirror, but the lights continued to dazzle her. She slowed down to allow the vehicle to pass, but the driver showed no interest in doing so.

Diana began to wonder if there was something wrong with her car. Was one of her lights not working? Was the exhaust billowing smoke? Was...?

She decided to speed up and put some distance between herself and the vehicle behind, but it remained within a few yards of her bumper. She tried to snatch a look at the driver in her rearview mirror, but it was hard to see much in the harshness of the lights. As her eyes became more accustomed to the glare, she could make out the silhouette of a large black van bearing down on her, and what looked like a young man behind the wheel. He seemed to be waving at her.

Diana slowed down again as she approached the next traffic circle, giving him every chance to overtake her in the outside lane, but once again he didn’t take the opportunity and just sat on her bumper, his headlights still undimmed. She waited for a small gap in the traffic coming from her right. When one appeared she slammed her foot on the accelerator, shot across the roundabout, and sped on up the A1.

She was rid of him at last. She was just beginning to relax and to think about Sophie, who always waited up so that she could read to her, when suddenly those high headlights were glaring through her rear windshield and blinding her once again. If anything, they were even closer to her than before.

She slowed down, he slowed down. She accelerated, he accelerated. She tried to think what she could do next, and began waving frantically at passing motorists as they sped by, but they remained oblivious to her predicament. She tried to think of other ways she might alert someone.

She brushed her hand across her forehead and removed a film of perspiration, thought for a moment, then maneuvered her car into the fast lane. The van swung across after her and hovered so close to her bumper that she became fearful that if she so much as touched her brakes she might unwittingly cause an enormous pileup.

Diana took the car up to ninety, but the van wouldn’t be shaken off. She pushed her foot further down on the accelerator and touched a hundred, but it still remained less than a car’s length behind.

She flicked her headlights onto high, turned on her hazard lights, and blasted her horn at anyone who dared to remain in her path. She could only hope that the police might see her, wave her onto the hard shoulder, and book her

for speeding. A fine would be infinitely preferable to a crash with a young tear-away, she thought, as the Audi suburban passed 110 for the first time in its life. But the black van couldn't be shaken off.

Without warning, she swerved back into the middle lane and took her foot off the accelerator, causing the van to pull up with her, which gave her a chance to look at the driver for the first time. He was wearing a black leather jacket and pointing menacingly at her. She shook her fist at him and accelerated away, but he simply swung across behind her like an Olympic runner determined not to allow his rival to break clear.

And then she remembered, and felt sick for a second time that night. "Oh my God!" she shouted aloud in terror. In a flood, the details of the murder that had taken place on the same road a few months before came rushing back to her. A woman had been raped before having her throat cut with a knife with a serrated edge and dumped in a ditch. For weeks there had been signs posted on the A1 appealing to passing motorists to phone a certain number if they had any information that might assist the police with their investigation. The signs had now disappeared, but the police were still searching for the killer. Diana began to tremble as she remembered their warning to all women drivers: "Never stop on the freeway."

A few seconds later she saw a road sign she knew well. She had reached it far sooner than she had anticipated. In three miles she would have to leave the motorway for the side road that led to the farm. She began to pray that if she took her usual turn, the blackjacketed man would continue up the A1 and she would finally be rid of him.

Diana decided that the time had come for her to speed him on his way. She swung back into the fast lane and once again put her foot down on the accelerator. She reached a hundred miles per hour for the second time as she sped past the two-mile sign. Her body was now covered in sweat, and the speedometer touched 110. She checked her rearview mirror, but he was still right behind her. She would have to pick the exact moment if she was to execute her plan successfully. With a mile to go, she began to look to her left, to be sure her timing would be perfect.

The next signpost showed three diagonal white lines, warning her that she ought to be on the inside lane if she intended to leave the freeway at the next junction. She kept the car in the outside lane at a hundred miles per hour until she spotted a large enough gap. Two white lines appeared by the roadside: Diana knew she would have only one chance to make her escape. As she passed the sign with a single white line on it, she suddenly swung across the road at ninety miles per hour, causing cars in the middle and inside lanes to throw on their brakes and blast out their angry opinions. But Diana didn't care what they thought of her, because she was now traveling down the side road to safety, and the black van was speeding on up the A1.

She laughed out loud with relief. To her right, she could see the steady flow of traffic on the motorway. But then her laugh turned to a scream as she saw the black van cut sharply across the freeway in front of a truck, mount the grass

verge, and career onto the side road, swinging from side to side. It nearly drove over the edge and into a ditch but somehow managed to steady itself, ending up a few yards behind her, its lights once again glaring through her rear windshield.

When she reached the beginning of the side road, Diana turned left in the direction of the farm, frantically trying to work out what she should do next. The nearest town was about twelve miles away on the main road, and the farm was only seven, but five of those miles were down a winding unlit country lane. She checked her gas gauge. It was nearing empty, but there should still be enough in the tank for her to consider either option. There was less than a mile to go before she reached the turn, so she had only a minute in which to make up her mind.

With a hundred yards to go, she settled on the farm. Despite the unlit lane, she knew every twist and turn, and she felt confident that her pursuer wouldn't. Once she reached the farm she could be out of the car and inside the house long before he could catch her. In any case, once he saw the farmhouse, surely he would flee.

The minute was up. Diana touched the brakes and skidded into a country road illuminated only by the moon. Diana banged the palms of her hands on the steering wheel. Had she made the wrong decision? She glanced up at her rearview mirror. Had he given up? Of course he hadn't.

With each bend Diana was able to gain a little time as the van continued to lurch from side to side, unfamiliar with the road, but she never managed a clear break of more than a few seconds. She checked the speedometer. From the turnoff on the main road to the farm was just over five miles, and she must have covered about two by now. She began to watch each tenth of a mile clicking up, terrified at the thought of the van overtaking her and forcing her into the ditch. She stuck determinedly to the center of the road.

Another mile passed, and still he clung to her.

Diana would slow down and then speed up at each familiar bend in the road, making sure the van was never given enough room to pull up with her. She tried to concentrate on what she should do once the farmhouse came into sight. She reckoned that the drive leading up to the house must be about half a mile long. It was full of potholes and bumps that Daniel had often explained he couldn't afford to have repaired. But at least it was only wide enough for one car.

The gate to the driveway was usually left open for her, though on the odd rare occasion Daniel had forgotten, and she'd had to get out of the car and open it for herself. She couldn't risk that tonight. She could only pray that Daniel had remembered to leave the gate open.

She checked her speedometer. A mile to go.

As she swung around the next bend, she could make out the outline of the farmhouse in the distance. She almost screamed with relief when she saw that the lights were on in the downstairs rooms.

She shouted, "Thank God!" then remembered the gate again, and changed her plea to "Dear God, let it be open." She would know what needed to be done as soon as she came around the last bend. "Let it be open, just this once,"

she pleaded. "I'll never ask for anything again, ever." She swung round the final bend only inches ahead of the black van. "Please, please, please." And then she saw the gate.

It was open.

Her clothes were now drenched in sweat. She slowed down and threw the car between the gap and into the bumpy driveway, hitting the gatepost on her right-hand side. The van didn't hesitate to follow her, and was still only inches behind. Diana kept her hand pressed down on the horn as the car bounced and lurched over the mounds and potholes.

Diana began screaming, "Daniel! Daniel!" Two hundred yards ahead of her, the porch light went on.

Her headlights were now shining onto the front of the house, and her hand was still pressed on the horn. With a hundred yards to go, she spotted Daniel coming out of the front door, but she didn't slow down, and neither did the van behind her. With fifty yards to go she began flashing her lights at Daniel. She could now make out the puzzled, anxious expression on his face.

With thirty yards to go she threw on her brakes. The heavy car skidded across the gravel in front of the house, coming to a halt in the flower bed just below the kitchen window. She heard the screech of brakes behind her. The leather-jacketed man, unfamiliar with the terrain, had been unable to react quickly enough, and as soon as his wheels touched the graveled forecourt he began to skid out of control. A second later the van came crashing into the back of her car, slamming it against the wall of the house and shattering the glass in the kitchen window.

Diana leaped out of the car screaming, "Daniel! Get a gun, get a gun!" She pointed back at the van. "That bastard's been chasing me for the last twenty miles!"

The man jumped out of the van and began limping toward them. Diana ran into the house. Daniel followed and grabbed a shotgun. He ran back outside to face the unwelcome visitor, who had come to a halt by the back of Diana's Audi.

Daniel raised the shotgun to his shoulder and stared straight at him. "Don't move or I'll shoot," he said calmly. And then he remembered that the gun wasn't loaded. Diana ducked back out of the house but remained several yards behind him.

"Not me! Not me!" shouted the leather-jacketed youth, as Rachael appeared in the doorway.

"What's going on?" she asked nervously.

"Call the police," was all Daniel said, and his wife quickly disappeared back into the house.

Daniel advanced toward the terrified-looking young man, the gun aimed squarely at his chest.

"Not me! Not me!" he shouted again, pointing at the Audi. "He's in the car!" He quickly turned to face Diana. "I saw him get in when you were parked on the hard shoulder. What else could I have done? You just wouldn't pull over."

Daniel advanced cautiously toward the rear door of the car and ordered the young man to open it slowly, while he kept the gun aimed at his chest.

The youth opened the door and quickly took a pace backward. The three of them stared down at a man crouched on the floor of the car. In his right hand he held a long-bladed knife with a serrated edge. Daniel swung the barrel of the gun down to point at him but said nothing.

The sound of a police siren could just be heard in the distance.

1. Can we say that Diana's life was "exciting and fulfilling", as her friends thought?

2. What relations did Diana have with her colleagues? Explain why.

3. The police warned all the women drivers: "Never stop on the freeway." Is it the best protective measure indeed?

4. At the end of the story, the young man says: "What else could I have done?" Did he really choose the best way to alert Diana?

5. The text is replete with words connected with cars and driving. Write them out and categorize them, e.g., parts of a car, driver's actions, road signs, etc. Use them to describe Diana's driving skills.

Be creative

1. Share your impression of the short story "Never Stop on the Motorway". Can you call it thrilling, surprising, hair-raising, riveting, gripping, tension filled, etc.?

2. One of the critics called this story "the epitome of a fantastic plot twist". Do you agree with this opinion?

3. Some stories really have quite a surprising ending that may turn your perception of the whole situation upside down. Here's an example. Read the story and compare your predictions and expectations (as you start reading it) with the actual state of things. How did your interpretation of the man's behavior change once you had read the story to the end? Did you change your attitude to him as well?

Today, I had the best time of my life with the girl of my dreams. I took her out to lunch, we went to the beach to jetski and had a romantic walk. It was the perfect day. Then, in the evening...

Then, in the evening, I had to go home to my boring wife.

4. Now, trace how your perception of the leather-jacketed youth's behavior was changing while you were reading J. Archer's story. Explain when and why your interpretation of the events changed drastically.

5. Prove that your first impression may be deceptive and explain why it often happens so in real life.

6. Write an essay on the topic "Things are not always what they seem."

Unit 18

Get ready

1. Are you fond of reading fables? Why/Why not? Do you think they are sometimes too old-fashioned, didactic and boring? You definitely know some classic fables (by Aesop, La Fontaine, Krylov), don't you? But do you happen to know any modern ones?

2. Study the words.

N.: captor, fancy, quandary.

Adj.: cunning, dismayed, forlorn, illicit, jaded, phony, sly.

V.: appease, babble, corroborate, induce, nibble, perch, spare, tarry, toss, trot, waddle.

3. Insert the missing words from Ex. 2.

1. We had both become ... , disinterested, and disillusioned.
2. She is ... and manipulative.
3. I was ... at the poor reviews.
4. Journalists often make ... publicity stories.
5. The witness ... what the defendant had said.
6. These measures did not ... shareholders' anger.
7. Mum ... on about how I was ruining my life.
8. She ... herself on the edge of the sofa.
9. Doctors said surgery could ... a heart attack.
10. The government should take measures to stop ... tobacco trade.
11. He started to ... his biscuit.
12. If you want to make it tasty, don't ... the syrup.
13. He ... the paper into the fire.
14. I ... down the steps and out into the street.
15. She took a ... to the young man.
16. The two old ladies ... on the street corner, discussing news.
17. The door jingled and an elderly female customer ... in.
18. The men fought their ... and escaped.
19. A spy used ... means to find out secrets.
20. The once glorious palaces stood empty and
21. It's a tricky philosophical

Work with the text

1. Read the texts and consider the tasks below.

Fables

By J. Thurber

The Fox and the Crow

A crow, perched in a tree with a piece of cheese in his beak, attracted the eye and nose of a fox. "If you can sing as prettily as you sit," said the fox, "then you are the prettiest singer within my scent and sight." The fox had read somewhere, and somewhere, and somewhere else, that praising the voice of a crow with a cheese in his beak would make him drop the cheese and sing. But this is not what happened to this particular crow in this particular case.

"They say you are sly and they say you are crazy," said the crow, having carefully removed the cheese from his beak with the claws of one foot, "but you must be nearsighted as well. Warblers wear gay hats and colored jackets and bright vests, and they are a dollar a hundred. I wear black and I am unique." He began nibbling the cheese, dropping not a single crumb.

"I am sure you are," said the fox, who was neither crazy nor nearsighted, but sly. "I recognize you, now that I look more closely, as the most famed and talented of all birds, and I fain would hear you tell about yourself, but I am hungry and must go."

"Tarry awhile," said the crow quickly, "and share my lunch with me." Whereupon he tossed the cunning fox the lion's share of the cheese, and began to tell about himself. "A ship that sails without a crow's nest sails to doom," he said. "Bars may come and bars may go, but crow bars last forever. I am the pioneer of flight, I am the map maker. Last, but never least, my flight is known to scientists and engineers, geometrists and scholars, as the shortest distance between two points. Any two points," he concluded arrogantly.

"Oh, every two points, I am sure," said the fox. "And thank you for the lion's share of what I know you could not spare." And with this he trotted away into the woods, his appetite appeased, leaving the hungry crow perched forlornly in the tree.

MORAL: 'Twas true in Aesop's time, and La Fontaine's, and now, no one else can praise thee quite so well as thou.

The Bachelor Penguin and the Virtuous Mate

One spring a bachelor penguin's fancy lightly turned, as it did in every season, to thoughts of illicit love. It was this gay seducer's custom to make passes at the more desirable females after their mates had gone down to the sea to fish. He

had found out that all the females in the community made a ritual of rearranging the sitting-room furniture, putting it back where it had been the day before, and they were only too glad to have a strong male help them move the heavier pieces. Their mates had grown less and less interested in housework and more and more addicted to fishing, as time went on. The bachelor penguin proved handy at putting on or taking off screen doors, removing keys wedged in locks meant for other keys, and rescuing the females from other quandaries of their own making. After a few visits, the feathered Don Juan induced the ladies to play Hide-in-the-Dark with him, and Guess Who This Is?, and Webfooty-Webfooty.

As the seasons rolled on, the handsome and well-groomed Casanova became a little jaded by his routine successes with the opposite sex. Then one morning, after the other male penguins had gone to the seashore to fish as usual, Don J. Penguin spied the prettiest female he had ever seen, trying, all by herself, to move a sitting-room sofa back to the spot where it had been the day before. Don gallantly offered to help the matron in distress and she gladly accepted, with a shy look and a faint blush. The next morning the bachelor, who knew how to play his cards, came back and helped the house penguin put on the screen door, and the following day he fixed the broken catch of her necklace, and the day after that he tightened the glass top of her percolator. Each time that he suggested playing Hide-in-the-Dark or Guess Who This Is?, the object of his desire thought of something else for him to fix, or loosen, or tighten, or take off, or put on. After several weeks of this, the amorist began to suspect that he was being taken, and his intended victim corroborated his fears.

“Unless you keep on helping me take things off, and put things on, and pry things loose, and make things tighter,” she told the dismayed collector of broken hearts, “I will tell my mate about your improper advances and your dishonorable intentions.” Don Penguin knew that the clever penguin’s mate was the strongest male in the community, and also had the shortest temper and the least patience. There wasn’t going to be any Hide-in-the-Dark or Guess Who This Is? or Webfooty-Webfooty. And so he spent the rest of his days working for the virtuous and guileful lady of his desire, moving sofas, taking things off and putting things on, loosening this and tightening that, and performing whatever other tasks his fair captor demanded of him. His bow tie became untied, his dinner jacket lost its buttons, his trousers lost their crease, and his eyes lost their dream. He babbled of clocks, and of keys caught in locks, and everybody closed her door when he came waddling down the street except the penguin who had taken him in with a beauty as unattainable as the stars, and a shy look, and a faint blush as phony as a parrot’s laugh. One day her mate, returning early from the sea, caught a glimpse of Don leaving the house, and said, “What did old Droop Feather want?”

“Oh, he washes the windows and waxes the floors and sweeps the chimney,” the female replied. “I believe he had an unhappy love affair.”

MORAL: One man’s mate may sometimes be another man’s prison.

1. In the first story, why wasn't the crow taken in the first time? Why did it believe the sly fox the second time?

2. How does the crow describe his uniqueness? Does he choose the best arguments to prove the point?

3. In the second story, what cunning plan did the bachelor penguin make up? Did it work out as intended? Why?

4. Who is the villain in the story – the bachelor penguin or the object of his desire? Prove your point.

Be creative

1. Share your impression of the two stories and compare them. Which of the two fables did you like more? Explain why.

2. Agree or disagree: Flattery is the best persuasion.

3. Agree or disagree: Every bachelor is a lady's man.

4. The moral of the second story runs: "One man's mate may sometimes be another man's prison." It's a modified variant of the proverb "One man's meat is another man's poison". Explain the moral and suggest your own variant of translating it into Russian.

5. Write an article for a psychology magazine on the topic "Beware flattery. It will get you nowhere."

PART II. EXTENSIVE READING

Unit 1. Culture

Step 1. Raise the issue

1. When you read or hear the word “culture”, what is your first association?

2. “Heta Belarus, dzietka!” started in 2014 as a blog and then became a book about Belarus written by two bloggers Masha and Marta. They were both born in Belarus but then brought up in the Netherlands and the United States. Scan the list of subheadings in the book’s ‘Table of contents’ and answer the questions.

1. What topics are raised in the book?
2. What other issues for exploration and reflection can you add?
3. For whom is the book written: foreigners who are living here, people who are planning to live in Belarus, or Belarusians themselves?

White Russia	Belarusian language	Public transport	Stairs and elevators	Hospitality
Clean and green	Wedding	Service	Ssaboika vs. cafeteria	Everyone is a software engineer

3. Read the book’s annotation. Does it ignite the reader’s interest?

“If words like *Dacha*, *Laznia* and *Ssaboika* pluck at the softest strings of your heart and you know 10 different ways to explain the geographical location of Belarus to a foreigner – you must be a Belarusian and you will surely laugh out loud as you recognize yourself and your countrymen in this book. It will give you a new perspective on many comical, puzzling, yet totally normal social situations in your favourite country.

If you have no idea what we are talking about – then you simply must read “Heta Belarus, dzietka!” and find out why Belarusian men are the luckiest in the world when it comes to women, why Belarus is often spelled incorrectly, how everyone in Belarus became a millionaire, and why you shouldn’t whistle in the house!”

4. In the *Introduction* Masha and Marta view Belarus as foreigners, but they try ‘to understand and explain why things are the way they are’. What point do they make in the following passage?

“The title “Heta Belarus, Dziетка” was born as a typical reaction to people’s comments and questions about Belarus. “WHY do people behind the cash register seem like they are very angry?”, or “WHY is the hot water turned off for two weeks in the summer?” or “WHY do Belarusian women all look like movie stars?” A friend of ours always answered with “Heta Belarus, Dziетка” meaning “That’s Belarus, babe”, just accept it, get used to it and move on. And that is what we did: we not only accepted it but also embraced it! Together with our readers we would like to celebrate this Belarusian uniqueness.”

5. Formulate the topical issue that is going to be raised in the unit.

Step 2. Study the issue

1. Read the excerpts from the book and answer the questions after each part. While reading make up your own list of useful words, collocations and idiomatic expressions from the text.

“Heta Belarus, Dziетка!”

Celebrating Belarusian uniqueness

By Masha Cheriakova and Marta Chernova

(abridged)

White Russia

The French think of Belarusians as “White-skinned Russians”, while the Germans label Belarus simply as “Gas Transit Country”, the Italians prefer the term “Terra Incognita” and Latin Americans refer to it as “Cuba Europea”. But probably the most common stereotype that foreigners hold towards the Belarusians is closely linked to the French version: White-Skinned Russians.

Many foreigners often get confused between Russia and Belarus and think that we are talking about one and the same country, that Belarus is Russia and Russia is Belarus; others just think that Belarus is a place inside Russia.

The cause of much confusion derives from the wrong way the country’s name is translated in many countries, namely ‘White Russia’ instead of the legal name of the Republic of Belarus. Many countries in Europe and beyond make this mistake.

So if it is not White Russia, I hear you think, what is it then?! To keep it short and simple, while ‘Bela’ does mean white, ‘Rus’ has a different geographical and political meaning than Russia. ‘Rus’ refers to Ruthenia, the Eastern Slavic lands that nowadays mostly belong to Belarus and Ukraine. In the modern Belarusian language there is a clear distinction between Ruski (referring to Ruthenia) and Rasiejski (referring to Russia). Therefore, it would be correct to call Belarus “White-Rus” rather than White Russia – or just stick to Belarus.

So be careful when you compare the two countries: they may share the same history, language and gas, but they are two completely different nations!

1. What funny or weird stereotypes concerning Belarus do you know?
2. What amusing or misleading stereotypes concerning other countries can you remember?

Belarusian Language *Some facts about the Belarusian language*

The majority of Belarusians use Russian (not Belarusian) in their daily communication. But don't judge too quickly, as there are some good reasons for this, especially when we look at Belarusian history.

1. Belarusian is an Eastern Slavic language, distinct from Russian and Polish, which are its close relatives. Another close relative of the Belarusian language is Ukrainian with which it shares 84% of its general language structure. Belarusians are generally able to understand Ukrainian.

2. Belarusian has only been the official language of Belarus since 1918. However, its roots go way back, as it is believed that Belarusian was the official language in the Grand Duchy of Lithuania (the largest European state from the fourteenth to sixteenth century, which included parts of present day Belarus, Lithuania and Latvia, Ukraine, Poland and even Russia). After this period, the Belarusian language has mainly been spoken and used sporadically by certain intellectual groups and in the countryside.

3. After the Grand Duchy of Lithuania period, Belarusian has never been a language spoken by the majority of Belarusians.

One of the main reasons for this is because Belarus has been dominated by Poland and Russia (think Tsar period and the Soviet Union) and these states forced their own languages onto the Belarusians.

While Belarusian is studied at most public schools, and the majority of people understand it perfectly, there seems to be limited scope to use it in the country's vastly "Russified" public life, so it is being forgotten. There is even a word for a Belarusian-Russian mix – "Trasyanka" – where you replace words you don't know in Belarusian with Russian ones or vice versa, and it's anything but cool to speak "Trasyanka".

Nevertheless, the current situation of the Belarusian language is promising: where, even 10 years ago, Belarusian-speakers were considered to be either members of the cultural elite or the opposition, "people from the villages", "kolkhoz people" or outcasts (all very unpopular social roles) – now, the language is more and more associated with a cultural revival, a rebirth of Belarusian identity, supported by the state. The desire to speak Belarusian has grown greatly among young people.

Speaking Belarusian is important for the Belarusian identity and many acknowledge this fact. However, it is also a struggle since the Russian language is deeply embedded in the culture and mentality of most Belarusians. Nevertheless, it's very important to keep the language alive – and who better to do this than the Belarusians?

1. Can you speak Belarussian well?
2. How many of your friends and relatives communicate in Belarussian?
3. Where in public medium do you speak or read in Belarussian in public domain: shops, hypermarkets, the metro, billboards, or other places?

Bulba

You can't visit or live in Belarus for long without stumbling across the famous Bulba. 'Bulba' is the Belarussian word for 'potato' and is used more often than the Russian word. It is clearly more a term of affection than a simple noun. Belarussians love Bulba – in every way and every form and it is hard to imagine any meal without them! So much so, that even the neighbouring countries have nicknamed them 'Bulbashi' and Belarus is often referred to as 'Bulbaland'.

To reinforce the love a bit more we dug up some facts: Belarus lead the world in per capita potato consumption and production. On average, Belarussians currently consume 1.7 million tonnes of Bulba per year! That equals 179 kilos of potatoes per Belarussian per year!

The Bulba was used mainly by people living in rural communities, because for those living close to the land, this type of dish made good use of produce that was grown locally. It contains a lot of carbohydrates and therefore suits the cold winters. With its high nutritional value, we are quite sure that the Bulba saved many lives during harsh economic times.

The potato is considered part of a healthy diet, as it is a great source of fiber, vitamins B6 and C, and is low on cholesterol and salt. However, could the potato also be the cause of the rise in body mass index in Belarus because of the way it is prepared: swimming in butter or eaten with a sauce that contains a lot of fat (Machanka, mayonnaise or sour cream)?

1. What dish is this: 'thick potato pancakes'?
2. What are the most famous dishes made from *bulba*?
3. What is the recipe of the favourite dish in your household?

Hospitality

At first Belarussians may appear reserved and suspicious to strangers, but once you've got your ticket into their homes, you'd better prepare for unexpected hospitality. When you visit someone's house, you will almost certainly be offered tea, coffee and sweets(at least!), even if you just stopped by without prior notice. It doesn't matter whether you are hungry or not, you're here now, and you should be properly fed! Also, the host will probably prepare everything themselves.

Belarusian babushkas (grandmas) are especially great examples of this custom. Most grandmas try to feed their grandchildren a lot of food, but Belarusian grandmas seem particularly eager to do so. Every time they see their grandkids they will not hesitate to exclaim how malnourished they look, saying “What have your parents been feeding you? You look so pale! Let me fill you up!”

If you're a foreigner, you will probably soon find yourself invited to join your host at all kinds of local events: taking a tour of their hometown, visiting their country house, and taking part in activities at the banya (bathhouse). Giving you the time of your life will be their highest priority. At some point, you may even be offered a gift, ‘from the bottom of the heart’, and it might even turn out to be the host's favorite screwdriver. To accept or to politely decline this treasure is completely up to you, but bear in mind that the host is honored to have you and wants you to feel his love and therefore, have the very best. And beware if you are not married – you may soon meet all of your host's single relatives! Enjoy it to the fullest, it's Belarus, Babe!

1. What famous phrase does a Belarusian grandma exclaims when guests are at table?
2. What does she say when grandchildren come to visit her?
3. Can you translate the following proverb into English: ‘Госцю трэба дараваць, а гаспадару – памаўчаць.’
4. What does the proverb mean? How does it reflect Belarusian hospitality?

Acceptance

One characteristic that unites most Belarusians is the way they deal with bad news or situations. They tend to accept things the way they are and it's hard to surprise them, even with some really nasty shockers. For example, standing in line for half an hour to buy a train ticket is considered ‘normal’ and when a cashier decides to close her cash desk because she deserves a coffee break, no one will look angry, but will simply move to another cash desk and wait for another 30 minutes.

Showing anger and intolerance are viewed with disapproval and will be greeted with a worried smile, a shrug of the shoulders and a process lasting at least twice as long as the original would have. And you really don't want that to happen now, do you?

This “No-nagging-about-it-BUT-instead-accepting-the-way-things-are” attitude has inspired us to call this project ‘Heta Belarus, Dziertka’, meaning ‘That's Belarus, babe’, just accept it, get used to it and move on.

You can put this ‘Heta Belarus, Dziertka’ strategy into practice, for example, when dealing with bureaucratic stuff. We know that the level of detail, processing and checking involved in the most simple procedures can be mind-blowing, but if you are able to show the utmost patience and civility when coming up against these processes and procedures, YOU WIN. Sometimes it helps to think of it as a test, and when you pass you can treat yourself to a beer, an ice cream or a yellow duck.

So our advice to foreigners is to keep calm and don't get frustrated: admire the view and take some time to think about what you would like to eat for supper. Try to impress them with some Belarusian or Russian words. An attempt to speak the language, however feeble, will generally melt even the coldest bureaucratic hearts (visibly or not).

1. Can we agree that generations of Belarusians have developed defenses to resist every challenge that comes along?
2. Are these defenses still discernable in Belarusians today?
3. What is the possible explanation of Belarusian 'acceptance'?

The Belarusian superwoman

We are astonished by them. They dress up like models, wearing high heels with glamour, are well educated, work full time, come home and take care of the household, and at least 95 % of them can be classified as good cooks.

An interesting, and at the same time, shocking detail, is the gender balance, or better said the gender imbalance, because according to official statistics, in early 2014 Belarus had 4,401,000 men and 5,067,000 women. This has to do with the well-documented fact that Belarusian men tend to die much younger than women. Male life expectancy in Belarus is about 67 years, and for women 10 years longer. Could this vicious evolutionary competition be driving the ladies to perform at their best?

This difference in life expectancy might explain one important aspect of Belarusian culture – the Babulias (= grandmothers) – the caretakers of the family, life and everything else. Their strong will to keep every member of the family properly fed, clothed and happy powers them to keep going on and on! Could it be because of these Belarusian Matriarchs that Belarus has such strong, astute superwomen?

1. Is it easy or difficult to find a match and get married in Belarus?
2. How do young married women with children manage to be good housewives, to work full time and to remain beautiful?
3. How can we interpret a Belarussian proverb: 'Баба ў хаце тры вуглы трымае, а мужчына адзін'?

Everyone is a software engineer

Ask any young Belarusian what they want to be when they grow up. The most frequent response is likely to be a 'software engineer', just like their older brother or sister. The popularity of this profession has developed quite remarkably in recent years. However, it all makes a lot of IT-sense when looking at the past, future and present.

The past reveals that software engineering has been running through Belarusian veins for quite some time. During the Soviet period, Belarus was considered to be “Silicon Valley”, because it used to manufacture over 50% of the USSR’s computers and computer parts. Since the 1960s, Belarus has become a software development hub and is responsible for coining the term “programmnoe obespechenie” or “software” in Russian!

Very many smart boys (and slightly fewer girls) who were really good at math and “informatics” at school, quickly learned how to navigate their way around computers, technology and programming languages during the boom in the 2000s. It came naturally to them, it was almost like a game of chess: solving interesting problems on the fly. It won’t surprise you when we tell you that World of Tanks and Viber are both brilliant Belarusian inventions, and inside every programmer there is the silent hope that maybe, just maybe, he or she will develop a similar ingenious concept.

The future tells us that the IT sector will develop further and further for a couple of good reasons: the first is that you can get rich! Hurray! Someone in their 20s can be earning twice or even three times more than their 50-something, experienced and professionally active parents, just because he knows how to code. The second reason is the foreign trips and foreign payments attached to this profession, which are quite an attractive bonus for almost anyone.

To be or not to be a programmer: that’s almost a no-brainer for the average Belarusian mathlete geek.

1. Why is a ‘software engineer’ such a popular profession?
2. Can you name other attractive professions for Belarussians today?

Superstitions

Superstitions are a part of many cultures and nations, and Belarus is no exception. And although a lot of them go way back and used to have at least some rational basis, most superstitions are now obviously no longer relevant. Yet people adhere to them like sacred commandments. For example, almost every child is careful never to whistle in the house – that blows all your money away! And don’t ever pass things over a threshold – that means instant trouble! Or how about this very special one for the unmarried ladies – don’t sit at the corner of a table, or you won’t be able to get married for at least another 7 years!

Pretty inconvenient to have to keep an eye out for all of these superstitions, huh? But we can reassure you that many Belarusians also find it stressful keeping tabs on them all! You can’t really do much about it: the power of superstitions is passed on from generation to generation and the rules must be followed! The very realization that they have broken some rule can change a person’s mood, and their inspiration and success may abandon them for a while. It’s much safer to just practice the ones that your family or friends have passed on to you, just in case.

But it's not all scary, there are superstitions that give protection and are positive in other ways: one rather typical Belarusian superstition is the well-known Ruchniks – narrow cloths embroidered in red on white – which have long been thought to have protective qualities, like amulets against evil.

Another very commonly used superstition is the ‘sneeze for the truth’. When someone sneezes, they confirm what has just been said. The Belarusians then say “na pravdu” which means ‘that is true’.

1. What scary and protective superstitions circulate among your friends and at home?
2. Do all nations have superstitions?
3. Why are superstitions so powerful?
4. Is it stressful keeping tabs on all of them?

Step 3. Form an opinion

1. Do you know how *Belarus* is spelled in other languages and how it should be spelled correctly? Fill in the table.

Language	How Belarus is spelled	How it should be spelled
German		
Dutch		
French		
Turkish		
Lithuanian		
Icelandic		
The country of your choice		

2. Trace the origin of the name ‘Belarus’ and find out what plausible versions exist.

3. Trace the origin of a foreign country’s name and present a short report in class.

4. Argue that a country’s name must be pronounced and spelled correctly as it is closely connected with its culture and history.

5. Explain what accounts for the fact that the language situation in Belarus is one of the mysteries to a foreigner.

6. Do research on the language situation in other multilingual countries. Make a presentation on the topic “Languages as well as peoples can coexist peacefully on the same territory”.

7. Explore the issue “National cuisine is a pleasure to learn. Besides, it helps you understand the national character better”. Present a report in class.

8. Complete the sentence “Hospitality is”

9. “У госці па беларуску” – ‘to come on a visit the Belarussian way’. Search the Internet and find 4 peculiar Belarussian features of hospitality that foreigners have noticed.

10. Interview a few Belarussian and some foreigners. Find out their opinion about Belarussian women. Present your findings to the group.

11. Make a profile of an average Belarussian. Apart from ‘hospitality’ or ‘acceptance’ mentioned in the book, what other features are typical of our character?

12. Scan the text about a typical American and build a profile of an American in 10 sentences. Compare their features with a Belarussian mindset. Detect differences and similarities.

You Can Always Spot a Typical American

You can easily spot Americans abroad by their toughness. It comes from their sense of individual freedom – their *first* value and belief. Americans realize, however, that individuals must rely on themselves, otherwise they risk to lose their freedom. They must come to both financial and emotional independence from their parents as early as possible, usually by age of 18 or 21. So, self-reliance usually is the *second* trait and moral value supposed to be obligatory to a true American. It designates the ability of succeeding on one’s own. “Pull yourself up by the bootstraps” is their saying as well as “Life is what you make it” and “Actions speak louder than words”.

The *third* national value accounts for their confident and unaffected manners. It's the old belief that everyone in America has equal opportunity to succeed, an equal chance for success. This value is said to be particularly true at the times of settlers' moving west to make a new beginning, from 1600s to 1890s. The differences in wealth between rich and poor were little at that time, so one’s fortune depended only on one’s industry. But if everybody had chance to better his living conditions, then everybody's duty was to try, which led to the overall competition with one another. And up to now people who compete successfully are honoured and called “winners”. Those who do not like to compete and are failures, they are dishonoured and called “losers”.

Here we come to the *fourth* American value – competition. 60 % of the Americans believe competition and desire to win are healthy and desirable. So you can hardly see a person wishing to look incapable or “a loser”. In spite of the fact that society can’t consist only of “winners” the Americans are optimistic. This trait proceeded from a “can-do” spirit of earlier settlers which had to be inventive experimenters and had come to believe that every problem has a solution: a difficult problem can be solved immediately – an impossible one may take a little longer. This “can-do” spirit was for all that strengthened by natural abundance and unmeasured territory. It greatly reduced the conflict between the rich and the poor too. “If at first you don't succeed, try, try again,” they say here. As for the greater American dream “from rags to riches” it is still alive by far! It goes on attracting immigrants from all over the world.

The *fifth* national value is material wealth. Well, wealth but ought to become measure of social status and success in the society which rejected aristocracy with all its privileges. Most Americans believe that wealth is a reward for hard work and that it is possible to have a good standard of living if a person works hard. This conviction is believed to stem from the Protestant religion, which holds that gaining wealth goes along with self-improvement of a person. “God helps those who help themselves,” says the proverb.

The sense of humour is often the most revealing aspect of a culture. Surely, humour has never been valued more highly in any civilization than in this one. Humour is the great reliever of tension the counterbalance to the dash and roar in our fast-paced industrialized life with its whirring machines, traffic snarls and frayed tempers. American humour, in short, confirms the importance of mating and the family, the high status of women and children, the pace and tension of life. Americans carry with them an appearance which is more a result of attitude than of clothing. They love children, animals, gadgets, mother work, excitement, noise, nature, television, shows, comedy, instalment buying, fast motion sports, the flag, Christ, jazz, shapely women and muscular men, crowds, beefsteak, coffee, ice cream, do-it-yourself. There is of course no typical American. But if you added them all together and then divided by 226.000.000 they would look something like what this chapter has tried to portray.

<https://lingualeo.com/id/jungle/you-can-always-spot-a-typical-american-52254>

13. Expand on the topic “A country’s name, language, customs and traditions, and even superstitions are its cultural heritage.” Make a draft of your speech in writing.

14. Form your own opinion on the topic “We can celebrate Belarusian uniqueness”. Write a one-page essay.

Unit 2. Communication

Step 1. Raise the issue

In the book “How to Talk to Anyone, Anytime, Anywhere” America’s best-known master of conversation unveils his secrets for getting the talk flowing smoothly in any situation.

1. Read “About the Author” part and check how many facts about Larry King you know.

About the Author

Larry King (November 1933 – January 2021) was an American television and radio host who gained prominence in 1978 as host of *The Larry King Show*, an all-night nationwide call-in radio program. From 1985 to 2010, he hosted the nightly interview television program *Larry King Live* on CNN, from 2012 to 2020 *Larry King Now* and *Politicking with Larry King*, a weekly political talk show. Over his career, he took over 50,000 interviews in the network’s highest-rated programmes. Larry King also appeared in television series and films, usually playing himself. The Emmy-winning King was dubbed “the most remarkable talk-show host on TV ever” (*TV Guide*) and “master of the mike” (*Time*). Larry King established a \$1 million journalism scholarship at George Washington University’s School of Media and Public Affairs for students from disadvantaged backgrounds.

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

2. What do you think Larry King learned from interviewing more than 50,000 people?

3. Speak about yourself. Discuss your answers with a partner.

1. Do you feel relaxed enough to start a conversation with a stranger at a dinner party?

2. Do you find talking to others uncomfortable or even intimidating?

3. Do you want to know how to overcome these communication challenges?

4. Do you wish to build confidence and improve communication skills?

5. Are you eager to learn about famous talkers and what makes them successful?

6. Do you want to get simple and practical advice how to make communication easier, more successful and enjoyable?

4. What advice must a book on communication include? Tick the appropriate points and complete the list with your own ideas:

1. How to start a conversation.

2. How to choose an appropriate conversation topic for any situation.

3. How to overcome shyness and put other people at ease.
4. The one great question you can ask to enhance your conversation with anyone, anytime, anywhere.
5. What the most successful conversationalists have in common.
6. How to get out of a boring conversation.
7. How to give the best public speech or presentation.
8. How to break bad speech habits.
9. How to use humour in your social and public speeches.
10. How to ace a job interview, run a meeting, or mingle at a cocktail party.
11.
12.

**5. Finish Larry King’s quotation from the book using your guesses:
“Successful people are successful talkers, and”**

6. Formulate the topical issue that is going to be raised in the unit.

Step 2. Study the issue

1. Read the summary of some chapters and answer the questions after each part. While reading compile the list of useful words, phrases and idiomatic expressions from the text.

In *How to Talk to Anyone, Anytime, Anywhere* Larry King, famous around the world as a master of communication, teaches how to become a topnotch conversationalist and interviewer. With this book readers can learn how to communicate with the assurance and ease. The book is an enjoyable read and up to the point. It contains some simple and effective conversation tips. What is even more enjoyable, Larry King is a good storyteller.

“How to Talk to Anyone, Anytime, Anywhere”
The Secrets of Good Communication
By L. King
(abridged)

Introduction: We’ve All Gotta Talk

Although we do a lot of talking every day, there are lots of situations where it can be difficult or where we could do it better. The road to social or professional success is paved with talk. And if you are not a confident talker, the road can be bumpy. That’s why Larry King wrote the book – to make it smoother.

During his career Larry King had conversations with people from Mikhail Gorbachev to Michael Jordan. He regularly gave speeches to groups that ranged from sheriffs to storm-door salespersons. So, he talked for a living for thirty-seven years on his radio and TV shows. And in the pages he shares what he has learned about how to talk whether you are speaking to one person or a hundred.

Larry King admits that talk is one of the greatest pleasures of life, something he always has loved to do. His recollections: he is seven, he grows up in Brooklyn and one of his first memories is standing on the corner of Eighty-sixth street announcing the makes of cars driving by. His pals call him “the Mouthpiece”. He has been talking ever since.

Although he enjoys talking, he knows why people can be uncomfortable with this – the fear of saying the wrong thing or saying the right thing in the wrong way. As one great wit once said: “Better to remain silent and be thought a fool than to speak and to remove all doubt” (Abraham Lincoln). When you are talking to a stranger, or to a lot of people at once, this fear is magnified.

King’s book helps people take away that fear. After reading it, anyone will be able to approach any conversation with confidence. Having studied it thoroughly you’ll know how to get your message across effectively, you’ll be talking better and enjoying it more.

The chapters are crammed with tips and real-life examples that cover talking in a variety of situations, from your cousin’s wedding to a speech to the PTA.

Talking is the most essential form of human communication. That distinguishes us as a species.

1. To what extent should we develop our skills to become the best talkers we can be?

The Basics of Successful Communication

In Chapter 1 Larry King describes honesty, the right attitude, interest in other person and openness about yourself as the fundamentals you have to understand first.

“Talking is like playing golf, driving a car, or owning a store – the more you do it, the better you get at it, and the more fun you have doing it.

I have been fortunate to have achieved a certain level of success in talking. It’s true that talking has come naturally to me, but even those who have a natural ability for something have to work to develop it. That’s what turns a talent into a skill.” He draws a nice example about Luciano Pavarotti, who was born with a wonderful voice, but who still took singing lessons. Larry King confesses that he has a natural ability, and inclination, to talk. But he had plenty moments when talk didn’t come easy.

Later he shares a very nice story about his “inauspicious debut”. It is a famous story of his first morning in broadcasting. It happened at a small radio station in Miami Beach in 1957. He had been there three weeks, hanging around, hoping to break into his dream world of radio. The station’s general manager, Marshall Simmonds, told Larry that he liked his voice, but he didn’t have any openings. That didn’t discourage the beginner who was willing to take his chances, and he told the manager so.

At that time Larry lived with his uncle Jack and his wife in a small apartment within walking distance of the station while waiting for his big break. He didn't have any money, just his uncle's roof over his head for shelter. He went to the station every day, watching the disk jockeys on the air, the newscasters reporting the news, and the sportscasters giving the sports results.

He watched in silent fascination as he saw stories come over the AP and UPI wires for the first time. Suddenly, after three weeks the morning deejay quit and Larry was called into the manager's office and told that he got the job, that he would be on from nine until noon Monday through Friday. In the afternoon he would be doing newscasts and sportscasts until getting off at five o'clock.

"My dream had come true! I didn't sleep that whole weekend. I kept rehearsing things to say on the air. By eight-thirty on my first morning, I was a basket case. I was drinking coffee and water for the dryness in my mouth and throat. I had the record with my theme song, Les Elgart's "Swinging Down the Lane", with me, ready to cue it up on the turntable as soon as I went into the studio. In the meantime I was getting more nervous by the minute.

Then Marshall Simmonds called me into the office to wish me good luck. After I thanked him he asked, "What name are you going to use?"

I said, "What are you talking about?"

"Well, you can't use Larry Zeiger. It's ethnic. People won't be able to spell it or remember it. You need a better name. You're not going to use Larry Zeiger."

He had the Miami Herald open on his desk. There was a full-page ad for King's wholesale Liquors. Marshall looked down and said simply, "How about Larry King?"

"Okay."

"Fine. That will be your name – Larry King. You'll host *The Larry King Show*."

A cute story about the origin of the famous broadcaster's name, isn't it?

So, Larry is sitting in the studio with "*Swinging Down the Lane*" cued up, ready to broadcast to a waiting world. As his own engineer he started the theme. The music comes on. Then he fades the music down ready to talk but nothing comes out. He is too nervous. So, he raised the music again. Still no words coming out of his mouth. That happened three times. Larry remembers saying to himself that he was a street gabber but he wasn't ready to do this professionally. That he would love this line of work but wasn't ready for it. He thought he didn't have the to the control room and bellowed five words, loud and clear: "This is a *communications* business!"

In that instant Larry leaned forward towards the mike and said his first words as a broadcaster:

"Good morning. This is my first day ever on the radio. I've always wanted to be on the air. I've been practicing all weekend. Fifteen minutes ago they gave me my new name. I've had a theme song ready to play. But my mouth is dry. I'm nervous. And the general manager just kicked open the door and said, "This is a *communications* business."

Being able to say at least something gave Larry the confidence to go on, and the rest of the show went well. That was the beginning of his career in talking. He was never nervous on the radio.

1. What did Larry learn that day?
2. What are the fundamentals of successful communication?

Honesty

A person recently asked me: “Suppose you were walking down the hall at MBC News and someone grabbed you, sat down in a chair in a studio, shoved some papers , and said, ‘Brokaw’s sick. You’re on.’ And the light came on. What would you do”

I told them I’d be absolutely honest. I’d look into the camera and say, “I was walking down the hall here at NBC when someone grabbed me, handed me these papers and said, ‘Brokaw’s sick. You’re on.’”

When I do that, immediately the whole audience knows I’ve never done news, I don’t know what’s coming,, I’m reading something that’s strange to me, I don’t know which camera to look at – now the viewers are all in my boat. We’re going through together. They know they’ve been honest with them, and that I’m going to give them my best effort.

I’ve successfully communicated to them not only what I’m doing, but the dilemma I’m in, and now I’m in a much better position with them than I would have been if I had tried to fake it. Conversely, if I’m on top of the world and everything is great and I am able to communicate this to my audience, I have them with me for the same reason – I am making them a part of my experience.

1. Do you think this strategy – “honesty” – always works well?
2. Have you ever been in a similar situation?

The Rest of the Formula for Success

The right attitude – the *will* to talk even when it might not be comfortable at first – is another basic ingredient for becoming a better talker. After that fiasco on the radio in Miami, Larry King formed that attitude. When he managed to survive that case of “mike fright”, he made the commitment to himself that he was going to do two things:

1. He was going to keep right on talking.
2. He was going to improve his ability to talk by walking at it hard.

“What did I do? Everything. I hosted the morning show. I did the weather. I filled in as the afternoon sports reporter. The business report. I anchored the news. I gave speeches. If somebody called in sick or wanted to take a day off, I volunteered to work a double shift. I grabbed every opportunity I could to do as much talking on the air as possible. My objective was to be on the air and to be a success at it, so I told myself I was doing just what Ted Williams did when he felt it was necessary – I was taking extra batting practice.

You can take batting practice as a talker, too. In addition to consulting books and, now, videos on how to talk, there’s a lot you can do yourself. You can talk out loud to yourself around your house or apartment. I do. Not often, I hasten to add, but sometimes. I live alone, so from time to time I’ll say a few words off the cuff or try out something I might want to use later in a speech or on one of my shows.

There's no reason for me to feel embarrassed about it because there's nobody else around anyhow. You can do the same thing even if you don't live alone. You can go into a room by yourself, or into the basement, or use the time when you're driving your car. And then you can practice simply talking better.

You can also stand in front of a mirror and talk to the image. This is a common technique, especially for people trying to improve their ability as public speakers. But it works as for everyday conversation, too. And it helps you to train yourself to make good eye-to-eye contact because you're automatically looking at the image across from you, your reflection in the mirror.

Don't send for the man in the white jacket and the net to come and get me when I tell you this next technique – talking to your dog, or to your cat, or your bird, or your goldfish. Pet talk is a great way to practice talking to others – and you don't have to worry about being talked back to or getting interrupted.

Besides the willingness to work on it, you need at least two other ingredients to be a good conversationalist: a sincere *interest in the other person* and an *openness* to them about yourself."

Larry King respects everyone in his shows – from presidents and Hall of Fame athletes to Kermit the Frog and Miss Piggy or the Muppets. It's apparent to viewers of his nightly talk shows on CNN that he is really interested in his guests. He makes sure to look them right in the eye. (The failure to do this the downfall of many people). Then he leans forward and asks them questions about themselves.

Larry King quotes Will Roger who once said: "Everybody is ignorant, only on different subjects." It's worth remembering this whether you're talking to one person on your way to work or to a TV guest in front of an audience of ten million people. The corollary of this is that everybody is an expert on *something*. Everybody's got at least one subject they love to talk about.

Larry Kind advises that you should always respect that expertise. Then your interlocuters will listen more attentively as you talk.

The remaining ingredient in Larry's formula of success is an openness about yourself while you are talking about the others. Remember King's candor with his audience when he developed that severe case of mike fright his first morning on the air? The golden rule – 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you' – applies to conversation, too. "You should be as open and honest with your conversational partners as you'd want them to be with you."

This doesn't mean you should talk about yourself all the time or divulge personal secrets. At the same time you should be willing to reveal the kind of information that you'd ask of another person. Telling people what your background is, what your likes and dislikes are, is part of the give and take of conversation. It's we get to know people.

Then Larry King interestingly describes his "openness" in conversation. "Anybody I've ever talked to for more than a few minutes knows at least two things about me: 1) I'm from Brooklyn, and 2) I'm Jewish.

How come they know that about me? Because I share my background with everyone I come in contact with. It's a part of me, deep inside. And I'm proud both of being Jewish and of coming from Brooklyn. So, many of my conversations are dotted with references by me to my background. I enjoy sharing it with people.

“If I were a stutterer, I would share that with the person I’m talking to. “It’s n-n-nice to m-m-meet you. M-m-my name is Larry King. I have this problem of s-s-stuttering, but I’m happy to talk to you.”

Now you’ve gotten your condition out in the open. You don’t have to be afraid to talk to the other person, because you’ve just shared your situation, which they would find out immediately anyhow? And you’ve been up front about it, so there is no pretense. The conversation takes on a freedom that will enable both of you to enjoy it more. It won’t cure stuttering, but it will help you be a better talker, while also winning the respect of the person you’ve started talking to.

Then King gives an excellent example from his work experience.

“I had a guest on my TV show in Florida who was born with a cleft palate and spoke in a way that was not at all easy to understand. But he was delighted to be on my show and talk about myself. He was a multimillionaire despite what some would consider a handicap. Guess what he did do become a multimillionaire? He was a salesman. But he approached anyone he was talking to with no pretense and no attempt to hide the obvious – that he “talked funny.” He became successful because he adjusted to his situation and helped others to do the same.”

1. What do you think is the remaining part of Larry King’s formula of success?

Step 3. Form an opinion

1. Write a bullet summary of Larry King’s rules of successful conversation.

2. Analyze the readers’ reviews of Larry King’s book. Comment on them.

A. Larry is Awesome! I didn't know much about Larry before I read this book, but now I have complete respect and admiration for him. I plan to be doing a lot of socializing and speaking in my career I'm building. I found this book to be a great foundation for raising my self-confidence and making public speaking to be not such a big deal. You'll not only learn some effective techniques for both social and professional speaking, but you'll get to go through how he felt inside when he first started out and then how he grew to become an even stronger speaker. Can you imagine yourself not feeling any fear at all when it comes to talking on live air with a celebrity or politician? (*Gabrielle Schaefer*).

B. Nice tips for better communication. I will be honest, I only read this book because a friend recommended it to me. I personally don't think I struggle talking to people, but more so to enjoy it. I thought I knew everything there was to talking to anyone, anywhere, anytime. Larry King's book didn't necessarily prove me wrong, but it has definitely equipped me with even more tips and tricks to communicating better in all sorts of environments. The book itself is an easy read and I enjoyed it for the most part, but being a person who does not really indulge in the lives of celebrities, I found it hard to connect with the reading at times. Otherwise I would say it's a good read (*Angelika*).

C. I've read a number of books on communication and this was my second time around with Larry He doesn't introduce any earth-shattering new techniques but it serves as a great primer or review (*Jay R.*).

D. Surprisingly heart-warming and candid book! His accounts are anecdotal, but I suspect there is deep psychological methodology applied by Larry in all of them. It made me think "I'm not alone in finding it hard to strike up a conversation" that in itself is confidence boosting. I'm trying to put Larry's recommendations into action. There is a caveat in all of Larry's recommendations, however. American culture lends itself to all of Larry's thoughts and social application. Some of his advice appeals to one's humanity, but can such hold out in the face of cultural pressure? What if your culture tells you it's wrong to speak to strangers? The book is certainly worth a good read, even if it just helps one appreciate the hard work Larry poured into his success (*V. Ago*).

E. Not a useful book at all! He states the obvious, offers no substantive material for use by the reader, and basically just talks about how great he thinks he is the whole book (*Amazon customer*).

3. Some readers assess the success of Larry King's book as 'overestimated'. Do you agree?

4. Choose a topic, search the Internet, find useful tips on talking in a variety of situations and make a 3-minute presentation in class.

<i>Common problems</i>	<i>Social Talk</i>	<i>Business talk</i>	<i>Trendy talk</i>
The first rule of conversation	Talking in informal social settings	Business talk. Business basics	Fashionable words, catchphrases and clichés
Breaking the ice (openers)	Talk between sexes	Job interviews: selling yourself	How to break bad speech habits
Fail-safe ways of getting out of a conversation	Cocktail parties, small dinners, family gatherings from weddings to funerals	Talking while delivering a presentation	Inflated words, 'nothing' words, missing words
Bogy language, eye contact	What to say when you meet a celebrity	Talking to your subordinates	Can diction and vocabulary affect how well you communicate?
Is anything taboo anymore?		Talking to the boss	How to talk clearly and effectively
			Political correctness
			Fashionable words, catchphrases and clichés

5. Form groups of 3 students. Interview 6-8 other students, friends, family members and teachers. Ask them the following questions. Summarize your findings and present the results in class.

1. Should people avoid pompous language and talk in simple, clear, everyday terms?
2. Is there some 'secret' knowledge that makes a person a good public speaker?
3. What three things do the best talkers have in common?
4. Do keys to being a successful public speaker exist?

6. Watch the video "Public speaking and presentation" following the link <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sX3qavbaV3s>. Note down the main points. Write your script for a radio broadcast "English with experts" with 5 pieces of advice and examples.

7. Watch the video "Система Станиславского для оратора" following the link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?app=desktop&v=1nP4DAqd41o>. Write an entry for a popular Internet blog in which you recap the 3 main principles adding 3-4 details in English (10-12 sentences).

8. Suggest your solution to the problem "How to overcome communication challenges."

9. Write a guide for students "5 Secrets of Effective Communication".

10. Choose a speaker on 'TED talks' that you appreciate. Watch and analyze what makes the audience listen to them attentively. Choose examples from his/her speech and illustrate how 5 secrets from your guide work in real life.

11. Read more on the issues under study, form an opinion and write a one-page essay on one of the following topics:

1. "Better communication skills lead to a fuller social life and a more successful career"
2. "Let's worry about communicating, not about impressing people with your speech."
3. "Mass communication spawns "trendy talk": fashionable words, catchphrases and clichés."
4. "The art of obfuscation: talking a lot but not really saying much."

Unit 3. Knowledge

Step 1. Raise the issue

1. Translate the following speculation on the topic “Reading in the modern world” into English. What ideas do you agree with? What points are disputable?

Чтение в современном мире

Почему чтение не популярно сегодня? Подростки стараются проводить свободное время со своими мобильными телефонами. Они могут сидеть в чатах, играть, переписываться, но они не читают.

Мы часто можем слышать, что наши министры образования относят кризис чтения к методам обучения. В своих выступлениях они называют преподавание слишком архаичным или слишком современным.

По моему мнению, эти методы не имеют никакого отношения к нежеланию подростков читать. Чтение – это деятельность, которой можно заниматься только в тишине и уединении. Я думаю, что именно эта причина объясняет сегодня проблемы с чтением среди подростков.

Все, что мы можем увидеть в мире, теперь наполнено шумом. Если послушать музыку мы можем вместе, то читать вместе не получится. Мы можем читать только в одиночку. Это даже бóльшее удовольствие, когда мы обнаруживаем книгу, над которой мы можем поразмыслить, оставшись наедине с собой. И только после этого мы будем готовы поделиться своими мыслями с остальными, если захотим это сделать.

Но уединение и тишина являются роскошью в нашем суетном мире.

Вот почему, к сожалению, чтение не может стать хобби для подростков.

<https://www.memorysecrets.ru/english-texts/chtenie-v-sovremennom-mire-reading-in-the-modern-world.html>

2. Speak about yourself. Discuss your answers with a groupmate.

1. When did you discover that reading is engaging?
2. Do you remember your first book and your first visit to the library?
3. Do you remember it with a warm feeling or as nightmare?
4. What do you prefer to read: fiction or nonfiction?
5. What do your friends like to read? Are they avid readers?
6. How often do you discuss books, films or stories together?
7. What do you tell your friends who are math or history buffs when they ask why they should read fiction?
8. What do you tell your friends who try to persuade you that all books will become electronic very soon?
9. How often do you think about the question: what and how to read?
10. What do you advise when you want to engage a younger brother or sister into reading?

11. How are reading and self-education connected?
12. What is self-education in your opinion?
13. What do you think about the nature and use of reading?
14. Why can't we simply claim that the use of reading is self-explanatory?

2. Read 'About the Author' part and check how many facts about Neil Gaiman you know.

About the Author

Neil Richard MacKinnon Gaiman was born 10 November 1960 in Hampshire, UK, and now lives in the United States near Minneapolis. This British writer earned critical praise and popular success with richly imagined fantasy tales that frequently featured a darkly humorous tone.

He is an English author of short fiction, novels, comic books, graphic novels, nonfiction, audio theatre, and films. His works include the comic book series *The Sandman* and novels *Stardust*, *American Gods*, *Coraline*, and *The Graveyard Book*. He has won numerous awards, including the Hugo, Nebula, and Bram Stoker awards, as well as the Newbery and Carnegie medals. He is the first author to win both the Newbery and the Carnegie medals for the same work, *The Graveyard Book* (2008). In 2013, *The Ocean at the End of the Lane* was voted 'Book of the Year' in the British National Book Awards.

In January 2019 the novelist, comics author, and screenwriter opened up about revisiting his collaboration with Terry Pratchett.

3. Formulate the topical issue that is going to be raised in the unit.

Step 2. Study the issue

1. Read the lecture and answer the questions after the text. While reading make up the list of useful words, collocations and idiomatic expressions from the text.

'Why our future depends on libraries, reading and daydreaming'

A lecture explaining why using our imaginations, and providing for others to use theirs, is an obligation for all citizens

by Neil Gaiman
(abridged)

I am going to be talking to you about reading. I'm going to tell you that libraries are important. I'm going to suggest that reading fiction, that reading for pleasure, is one of the most important things one can do. I'm going to make an impassioned plea for people to understand what libraries and librarians are, and to preserve both of these things.

And I am biased, obviously and enormously: I'm an author, often an author of fiction. I write for children and for adults. For about 30 years I have been earning my living through my words, mostly by making things up and writing them down. It is obviously in my interest for people to read, for them to read fiction, for libraries and librarians to exist and help foster a love of reading and places in which reading can occur.

So, I'm biased as a writer. But I am much, much more biased as a reader. And I am even more biased as a British citizen.

And I'm here giving this talk tonight, under the auspices of the Reading Agency: a charity whose mission is to give everyone an equal chance in life by helping people become confident and enthusiastic readers. Which supports literacy programmes, and libraries and individuals and nakedly and wantonly encourages the act of reading. Because, they tell us, everything changes when we read.

And it's that change, and that act of reading that I'm here to talk about tonight. I want to talk about what reading does. What it's good for.

I was once in New York, and I listened to a talk about the building of private prisons – a huge growth industry in America. The prison industry needs to plan its future growth – how many cells are they going to need? How many prisoners are there going to be, 15 years from now? And they found they could predict it very easily, using a pretty simple algorithm, based on asking what percentage of 10 and 11-year-olds couldn't read. And certainly couldn't read for pleasure.

It's not one to one: you can't say that a literate society has no criminality. But there are very real correlations. And I think some of those correlations, the simplest, come from something very simple. Literate people read fiction.

Fiction has two uses. Firstly, it's a gateway drug to reading. The drive to know what happens next, to want to turn the page, the need to keep going, even if it's hard, because someone's in trouble and you have to know how it's all going to end. That's a very real drive. And it forces you to learn new words, to think new thoughts, to keep going. To discover that reading per se is pleasurable. Once you learn that, you're on the road to reading everything. And reading is key. There were noises made briefly, a few years ago, about the idea that we were living in a post-literate world, in which the ability to make sense out of written words was somehow redundant, but those days are gone: words are more important than they ever were; we navigate the world with words, and as the world slips onto the web, we need to follow, to communicate and to comprehend what we are reading. People who cannot understand each other cannot exchange ideas, cannot communicate, and translation programmes only go so far.

The simplest way to make sure that we raise literate children is to teach them to read, and to show them that reading is a pleasurable activity. And that means, at its simplest, finding books that they enjoy, giving them access to those books, and letting them read them.

I don't think there is such a thing as a bad book for children. Every now and again it becomes fashionable among some adults to point at a subset of children's books, a genre, perhaps, or an author, and to declare them bad books, books that children should be stopped from reading. I've seen it happen over and over; Enid Blyton was declared a bad author, so was RL Stine, so were dozens of others. Comics have been decried as fostering illiteracy.

It's tosh. It's snobbery and it's foolishness. There are no bad authors for children, that children like and want to read and seek out, because every child is different. They can find the stories they need to, and they bring themselves to stories. A hackneyed, worn-out idea isn't hackneyed and worn out to them. This is the first time the child has encountered it. Do not discourage children from reading because you feel they are reading the wrong thing. Fiction you do not like is a route to other books you may prefer. And not everyone has the same taste as you.

Well-meaning adults can easily destroy a child's love of reading: stop them reading what they enjoy, or give them worthy-but-dull books that you like, the 21st-century equivalents of Victorian "improving" literature. You'll wind up with a generation convinced that reading is uncool and worse, unpleasant.

We need our children to get onto the reading ladder: anything that they enjoy reading will move them up, rung by rung, into literacy. Also, do not do what this author did when his 11-year-old daughter was into RL Stine, which is to go and get a copy of Stephen King's *Carrie*, saying if you liked those you'll love this! Holly read nothing but safe stories of settlers on prairies for the rest of her teenage years, and still glares at me when Stephen King's name is mentioned.

And the second thing fiction does is to build empathy. When you watch TV or see a film, you are looking at things happening to other people. Prose fiction is something you build up from 26 letters and a handful of punctuation marks, and you, and you alone, using your imagination, create a world and people it and look out through other eyes. You get to feel things, visit places and worlds you would never otherwise know. You learn that everyone else out there is a me, as well. You're being someone else, and when you return to your own world, you're going to be slightly changed.

Empathy is a tool for building people into groups, for allowing us to function as more than self-obsessed individuals.

You're also finding out something as you read vitally important for making your way in the world. And it's this: The world doesn't have to be like this. Things can be different.

I was in China in 2007, at the first party-approved science fiction and fantasy convention in Chinese history. And at one point I took a top official aside and asked him Why? SF had been disapproved of for a long time. What had changed?

It's simple, he told me. The Chinese were brilliant at making things if other people brought them the plans. But they did not innovate and they did not invent. They did not imagine. So they sent a delegation to the US, to Apple, to Microsoft,

to Google, and they asked the people there who were inventing the future about themselves. And they found that all of them had read science fiction when they were boys or girls.

Fiction can show you a different world. It can take you somewhere you've never been. Once you've visited other worlds, like those who ate fairy fruit, you can never be entirely content with the world that you grew up in. Discontent is a good thing: discontented people can modify and improve their worlds, leave them better, leave them different.

Fiction opens a door, shows the sunlight outside, gives you a place to go where you are in control, are with people you want to be with (and books are real places, make no mistake about that); and more importantly, during your escape, books can also give you knowledge about the world and your predicament, give you weapons, give you armour: real things you can take back into your prison. Skills and knowledge and tools you can use to escape for real.

Another way to destroy a child's love of reading, of course, is to make sure there are no books of any kind around. And to give them nowhere to read those books. I was lucky. I had an excellent local library growing up. I had the kind of parents who could be persuaded to drop me off in the library on their way to work in summer holidays, and the kind of librarians who did not mind a small, unaccompanied boy heading back into the children's library every morning and working his way through the card catalogue, looking for books with ghosts or magic or rockets in them, looking for vampires or detectives or witches or wonders. And when I had finished reading the children's' library I began on the adult books.

They were good librarians. They liked books and they liked the books being read. They taught me how to order books from other libraries on inter-library loans. They had no snobbery about anything I read. They just seemed to like that there was this wide-eyed little boy who loved to read, and would talk to me about the books I was reading, they would find me other books in a series, they would help. They treated me as another reader – nothing less or more – which meant they treated me with respect. I was not used to being treated with respect as an eight-year-old.

Literacy is more important than ever it was, in this world of text and email, a world of written information. We need to read and write, we need global citizens who can read comfortably, comprehend what they are reading, understand nuance, and make themselves understood.

Our children and our grandchildren are less literate and less numerate than we are. They are less able to navigate the world, to understand it to solve problems. They can be more easily lied to and misled, will be less able to change the world in which they find themselves, be less employable. All of these things. And as a country, England will fall behind other developed nations because it will lack a skilled workforce.

Books are the way that we communicate with the dead. The way that we learn lessons from those who are no longer with us, that humanity has built on itself, progressed, made knowledge incremental rather than something that has to be relearned, over and over. There are tales that are older than most countries, tales that have long outlasted the cultures and the buildings in which they were first told.

I think we have responsibilities to the future. Responsibilities and obligations to children, to the adults those children will become, to the world they will find themselves inhabiting. All of us – as readers, as writers, as citizens – have obligations. I thought I'd try and spell out some of these obligations here.

I believe we have an obligation to read for pleasure, in private and in public places. If we read for pleasure, if others see us reading, then we learn, we exercise our imaginations. We show others that reading is a good thing.

We have an obligation to read aloud to our children. To read them things they enjoy. To read to them stories we are already tired of. To do the voices, to make it interesting, and not to stop reading to them just because they learn to read to themselves. Use reading-aloud time as bonding time, as time when no phones are being checked, when the distractions of the world are put aside.

We have an obligation to use the language. To push ourselves: to find out what words mean and how to deploy them, to communicate clearly, to say what we mean. We must not to attempt to freeze language, or to pretend it is a dead thing that must be revered, but we should use it as a living thing, that flows, that borrows words, that allows meanings and pronunciations to change with time.

We all – adults and children, writers and readers – have an obligation to daydream. We have an obligation to imagine. It is easy to pretend that nobody can change anything, that we are in a world in which society is huge and the individual is less than nothing: an atom in a wall, a grain of rice in a rice field. But the truth is, individuals change their world over and over, individuals make the future, and they do it by imagining that things can be different.

Look around you: I mean it. Pause, for a moment and look around the room that you are in. I'm going to point out something so obvious that it tends to be forgotten. It's this: that everything you can see, including the walls, was, at some point, imagined. Someone decided it was easier to sit on a chair than on the ground and imagined the chair. Someone had to imagine a way that I could talk to you in London right now without us all getting rained on. This room and the things in it, and all the other things in this building, this city, exist because, over and over and over, people imagined things.

We have an obligation to make things beautiful. Not to leave the world uglier than we found it, not to empty the oceans, not to leave our problems for the next generation. We have an obligation to clean up after ourselves, and not leave our children with a world we've shortsightedly messed up, shortchanged, and crippled.

We have an obligation to tell our politicians what we want, to vote against politicians of whatever party who do not understand the value of reading in creating worthwhile citizens, who do not want to act to preserve and protect knowledge and encourage literacy. This is not a matter of party politics. This is a matter of common humanity.

Albert Einstein was asked once how we could make our children intelligent. His reply was both simple and wise. “If you want your children to be intelligent,” he said, “read them fairy tales. If you want them to be more intelligent, read them more fairy tales.” He understood the value of reading, and of imagining. I hope we can give our children a world in which they will read, and be read to, and imagine, and understand.

<https://www.theguardian.com/books/2013/oct/15/neil-gaiman-future-libraries-reading-daydreaming>

1. Into how many parts can you divide the lecture?
2. What are the possible headings for each part?
3. What uses does fiction have?
4. What arguments in favour of reading does Neil Gaiman bring forward?
5. Why does Neil Gaiman say that he is biased?

Step 3. Form an opinion

1. Find interesting information about Neil Gaiman and his books and present it in class.

2. Find interesting information about your favourite writer and his/her books and prove that they are worth reading

3. Find information about writers who have been awarded the Nobel Prize for literature or any other famous literary prize-winners and present it in class.

4. Compare the following quotations about reading and express your opinion.

1. “Time spent reading, like time spent loving, increases our lifetime” (*Daniel Pennac*).

2. “The man who doesn’t read good books has no advantage over the person who can’t read” (*Mark Twain*).

3. “Don’t just teach your children to read. Teach them to question what they read. Teach them to question everything” (*George Carlin*).

4. “If you want your children to be intelligent, read them fairy tales. If you want them to be more intelligent, read them more fairy tales” (*Albert Einstein*).

5. “There are worse crimes than burning books. One of them is not reading them” (*Ray Bradbury*).

5. Scan the famous ‘Joseph Brodsky’s List of 83 Books You Should Read to Have an Intelligent Conversation’ that he compiled for his college students (at <https://www.openculture.com/2013/11/joseph-brodskys-reading-list-for-having-an-intelligent-conversation.html>). How many of these books have you read?

6. Read Bill Gates' ideas about education. Choose the most reasonable ones and expand them.

7. Write a composition on the topic "Nature and use of reading in the modern world."

8. Write an argumentative essay on the topic "Why our future depends on libraries, reading and daydreaming."

Unit 4. People

Step 1. Raise the issue

1. When you hear "a great person" what is your first association?

2. Identify the people in the pictures.



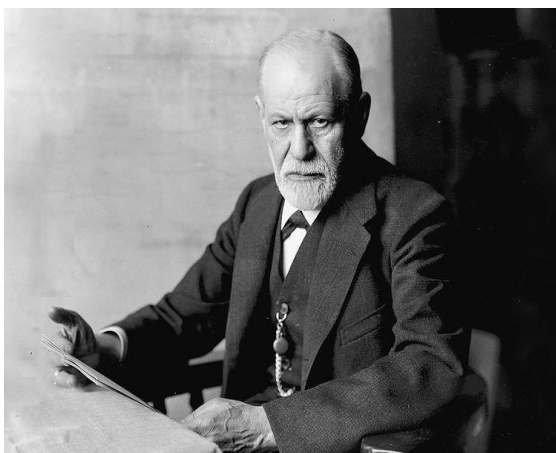
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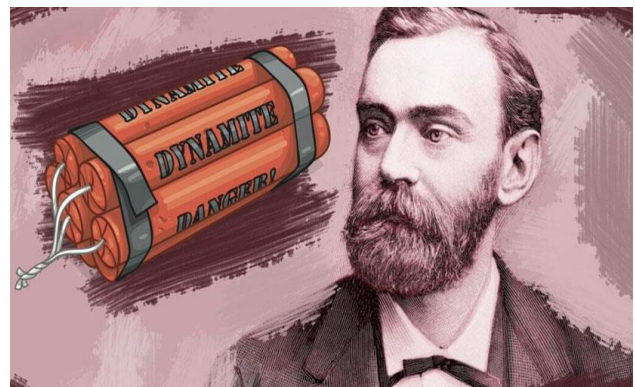
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9

3. Do the following proper names ‘ring a bell’ to you? Cristiano Ronaldo, Jeff Bezos, Dalai Lama, Ivan Michurin, Jacque Fresco, Kim Kardashyan, Queen Elizabeth II, Lionel Messi, Carl Fabergé, Bel Kaufman, Christian Dior, Novak Djoković, Yves Pires, Donald Trump, Konrad Lorenz, Elon Musk, Sergei Dovlatov.

4. Sort out the names above into different categories. In what areas are these people world-famous?

5. Outstanding people have great biographies. Read two of them and guess the names.

A. Born in 1874 – died in 1929.

- an Austrian scientist and pediatrician best known for his contributions to the fields of bacteriology and immunology;
- born in Vienna, studied theology at the University of Innsbruck;
- became a doctor of medicine in 1900; started practicing at the Children's Clinic in Vienna;
- in 1906 noticed that patients who had previously received injections of smallpox vaccine had quicker, more severe reactions to a second injection;
- coined the word allergy (from the Greek ‘allos’ meaning “other” and ‘ergon’ meaning “work”) to describe this hypersensitivity reaction;

- Charles Mantoux expanded upon that doctor's ideas and the Mantoux test, in which tuberculin is injected into the skin, became a diagnostic test for tuberculosis in 1907';

- full name: Clemens Peter Freiherr von Pirquet von Cesenatico de Merdaga;
- on 28 February 1929 committed suicide with potassium cyanide.

B. Born in 1926

- had little expectation of succeeding to the throne until her uncle, King Edward VIII, abdicated in 1936;

- at the age of 25 was called upon to assume the throne, beginning a reign, that has spanned the better part of a century;

- in 1947 joined the Auxiliary Territorial Service to help in the war effort in 1945;

- trained side-by-side with other British women to be an expert driver and mechanic;

- married a handsome young naval officer, Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten, a distant cousin whom she met when she was just 13;

- the coronation ceremony was the first to be broadcast live on television;

- the mother, known as the Queen Mother, died at Royal Lodge on March 30th at the age of 101;

- maintains close contact with the prime minister, with whom she has a weekly audience when she is in London, and acts as host to visiting heads of state;

- the only British monarch to ever celebrate her Sapphire Jubilee, on February 6, 2017.

3. Speak about yourself. Discuss the questions with a partner.

1. Who can become an icon for a child, for a teenager, for an adult?
2. At what age did you begin to collect posters, badges, images of your cult figure?
3. How fast can a person become popular and increase the number of followers?
4. Who are role models for you?
5. Why do people need role models and heroes?
6. Have you personally ever enjoyed the feeling of "great publicity and fame"?
7. What contributions of a person let him or her enter the 'golden fund of humanity'?
8. Whom would you recommend for a book "100 geniuses of the 21-st century"?

Step 2. Study the issue

1. Read the texts and answer the questions. While reading make up your own list of useful words, collocations and idiomatic expressions from the texts.

Irina Aleksandrovna Antonova

The grande dame of the Russian art scene

A person who lived through the Lenin, Stalin, Brezhnev, Gorbachev, Yeltsin eras; a person of history who was born in the same year when the USSR was formed.

She made the Pushkin museum a museum with international reputation, world-class museum, a legendary museum where the largest museums of the world strive to bring their expositions.

Irina Aleksandrovna Antonova (1922-2020) was a Soviet and Russian art historian, former director of the Pushkin Museum and the longest-serving director of any major museum to date. In her directorial stint from 1961 to 2013, I. Antonova was responsible for bringing the works of major artists to Soviet and Russian audiences.



Irina Aleksandrovna Antonova came to work at Moscow's renowned Pushkin Museum the year the second world war ended. She built herself up to director, brought the Mona Lisa to the Soviet Union and outlasted every leader from Stalin to Yeltsin to become the doyenne of Russia's art world.

A native Muscovite, I. Antonova graduated from Moscow State University in 1945. She took up employment at the Pushkin Museum that same year, with no intention of building a career there. As she put it, "When I first came to the museum, I was not going to stay here for long. These walls are made of stone, and I've always been short of air here. How was I supposed to live in this stone house for the rest of my life?" Yet stay she did, after being promoted to museum director six years later. She was responsible for organizing major exhibitions which brought to Moscow the works of Picasso, Matisse, and more.

Since 1961 I. Antonova initiated and organised major international exhibitions, including 'Russia – Italy', 'Moscow – Paris. 1900-1930', 'Moscow – Berlin. 1900 –1995', 'Treasures of Troy from the excavations of Heinrich Schliemann' (1996), 'Picasso' (2010) and many others. It was Irina Antonova who brought El Greco, Titian, Rafael, Modigliani and Turner into Russia. Visitors meekly stood in long lines to see "La Gioconda" by Da Vinci for the first time with their own eyes.

Antonova has been lauded both domestically and abroad for her contributions to the academic fields of museum science and art history, and for her tireless work to preserve Russia's artistic heritage. In 2013 she was appointed chief curator of the state museums of Russia. Among her many awards and decorations are the 'Order of Arts and Letters' (France), the 'Order of Merit of the Italian Republic', the 'Order of Merit for the Fatherland', the State Prize of the Russian Federation. She held the ceremonial title of President of the Pushkin Museum, and remained a vocal figure in the Russian arts scene.

For a number of years she taught at the Art History Department of Moscow State University, at the Institute of Cinematography and at the Institute of Oriental Languages in Paris.

In her numerous interviews and public lectures, speaking brilliant "old school" Russian, I. Antonova contemplates the future of museum work and modern culture and answers questions: What helped the young graduate of Moscow state University to become its director? How on the ruins of a building destroyed by the bombing was a museum complex, not inferior to the Louvre, Prado and the Hermitage, constructed? Who helped Irina Aleksandrovna to bring the *Mona Lisa*, the painting that was restricted to travel abroad, to Moscow? Who restored the collection of the Dresden Gallery after the war? How was the State Museum of New Western Art created? How to create the perfect museum? What is happening with museum institutions now? What is their socio-cultural role? How can you find a place for culture within yourself?

<https://russkiymir.ru/en/news/128306/>

<https://www.theguardian.com/world/2013/jul/01/irina-antonova-pushkin-museum-putin>
<https://www.themoscowtimes.com/2020/03/20/on-this-day-in-1922-irina-antonova-was-born-a69701>

Irina Antonova, in person:

- Главная задача человека – не угробить себя.
- Сейчас любой дурак может привезти на выставку все, что захочет, хоть кучку дерьма (такое, кстати, уже бывало), и положить перед картиной великого мастера вот, мол, какой он смелый. Но мы предпочитаем убрать за ним. Потому что это не есть современное искусство.
- Кончилось создание прекрасного – разве вы не замечаете? Возникло антиискусство. Я констатирую это без отрицательных знаков: искусство трансформировалось во что-то другое. И скоро этому продукту придумают название.
- Ко мне часто подходят простые люди и просят объяснить им «Черный квадрат». «Неужели вы сами не понимаете? – спрашиваю я. – Это полное отрицание. Малевич говорит нам: ребята, пошли домой, все закончилось.» – «Но ведь что-то там брезжит?» Я отвечаю: «Ничего не брезжит! Это черный квадрат, полное ничто. Малевич показал нам, где точка.»

- Люди не нуждаются в подлинниках, их удовлетворяют репродукции. “А зачем мне Лувр? Я все это видел в интернете.” Это удручает.

- Я думаю, скоро человек выйдет на какой-то иной уровень создания искусства. Но пока мне не хватает воображения, чтобы понять, каким это искусство будет.

- К концу жизни меня волнует только одно: что будет дальше.

- Я знаю одно: жизнь – это необыкновенный дар.

https://vk.com/wall11872156_2295

Elon Musk (SpaceX and Tesla founder, 41)

“That’s one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind”

(*Neil Armstrong*).

TIME presents its annual list of the 100 most influential people in the world, from artists and leaders to pioneers, titans and icons. – The 2013 *TIME* 100.

About 52 years ago, NASA took one giant leap for mankind – they have successfully landed a man on the moon. This time, Elon Musk, the CEO of SpaceX wasn’t even born yet. Fast forward to 2021, NASA sent people into space on the 27th of May. However, at this time, the astronauts won’t be cruising to *The International Space Station* on a NASA rocket. They did it on *SpaceX’s Dragon 2* capsule on a Falcon 9 rocket. This and other similar instances begs the question, how is *SpaceX*, a privately held company with barely 18 years of experience crushing a government-funded NASA with 62 years of experience and groundbreaking achievements under its belt in terms of innovation?

Amazing Facts About Elon Musk You Probably Didn’t Know

By Ob Paradox

August 21, 2021

Despite how popular Musk has become in pop culture, there are still many people who don’t know about him but that’s about to change. In this article, we’ll share with you some surprising facts about the SpaceX CEO that you probably didn’t know about, so let’s dive into the action.

1. Elon Musk appeared in Many TV Shows.

- *Tony Stark* of the MCU (*Marvel Cinematic Universe*) was inspired by Elon Musk. It is no coincidence that Elon Musk is often called the Tony Stark of real life. They have similarities because the MCU portrayal of Tony Stark was actually modeled after none other than Elon Musk.

- Did you know that parts of *Iron Man 2* were shot at SpaceX Headquarters in California? And then Elon Musk made a very brief cameo in a scene in the film where he says something to Tony Stark about an electric jet.

- In an episode of *The Simpsons*, Elon Musk appeared as himself in an episode titled *Musk That Fell to Earth*. In the episode, the producers make fun of the billionaire's ideas and inventions. Later in 2015, Musk appeared on *The Big Bang Theory*, where he appeared as himself in Soup Kitchen alongside Wolowitz.

2. Musk used to run a nightclub so that he could pay his rent.

- While still studying at the University of Pennsylvania, Musk and his roommate Adeo Ressi decided to rent a large house and convert it into a nightclub because there was not even a small house to live. According to *Vogue*, the house could hold over a thousand people. When the party was going crazy Elon was nowhere to be found. And as soon as Ressi knocked on his door, Elon would be there playing a video game.

- Elon Musk was bullied a lot as a child and apparently he was hospitalized after a fight with his bullies. He was so calm and introspective than his peers could yell at him and jump right next to him and he didn't even notice.

- This tendency to zone out his parents actually ordered tests to see if he was deaf. It turned out that Elon was not deaf, he was only daydreaming and imagining problems and how to solve them. His mother Maya Musk: "It goes into his mind and then you see that he is in another world and he still does it. <...> I know he's designing a new rocket or something."

- There were other signs of his talent as well. At the age of nine, Elon read *The Encyclopedia of Britannica*, which usually takes an adult several years to complete.

3. He plans to give away most of his wealth.

- Elon Musk is currently one of the most innovative leaders in the world. And for many years he has been a frequent name in Forbes' list of the world's richest people. He is also ready to donate most of his wealth to charity as he has signed the pledge to give half of his wealth to philanthropic causes.

4. He has been married three times and has seven children.

5. Elon Musk's salary at Tesla is just one dollar.

- It looks like he is actually paid a dollar in Tesla. And it's not his monthly but his annual salary. It doesn't mean that CEO doesn't make any money from the electric car companies. He makes the bulk of his money from stocks. But it's worth noting that there was a point in time when the CEO struggled to make ends meet at university and had to survive by buying hot dogs and oranges in bulk. Apparently, he had only one dollar a day at the time.



- He was an introverted child and was busy learning something every moment he spent inside the house. Elon Musk taught himself to read and code computer programming languages. In fact, at the young age of 12, he sold the code for a video game he made for \$500 to a computer magazine. The video game was named Blaster and is inspired by space and science fiction. Even though it wasn't a huge hit back, it showed just how much young Elon loved space and advanced technology.

6. At one time, he wanted to sell Tesla.

- Tesla is successful and is worth billions of dollars today but it wasn't always like this. In 2013 it appeared that the company was destined for failure and even Elon Musk, who is known for being quite optimistic, saw no reason for the company to continue. Thinking that his best option was to sell with a bargain and cash out immediately. Elon Musk approached Larry Page, CEO of Alphabet, offering him to buy Tesla for \$11 billion. The deal failed and it is safe to assume that now Elon Musk is very happy.

7. He dropped out of Stanford University.

- Bill Gates, Mark Zuckerberg, Richard Branson, Larry Ellison, and Steve Jobs have two major things in common. First, they are all billionaires, and second, each of them dropped out of college. Just like these people, Elon Musk also dropped out of university.

- Musk initially earned degrees in physics and economics from Pennsylvania. And then he got his Ph.D. in Applied Physics at Stanford University. But after just two days he left Stanford to start an internet startup.

- He started Zip2 Corporation with his brother Kimball Musk. The company was responsible for providing licensed online city guides to newspaper publishers. He sold the company to Compaq for \$300 million in 1999, four years after founding the startup.

8. Tesla could have been called Faraday.

- The electric car company Tesla was named after a Serbian American inventor, scientist, and engineer Nikola Tesla. Many consider him one of the greatest scientists in history. Despite Nikola Tesla's brilliance, he did not receive the praise he deserved in his lifetime. Something that Tesla experienced as a company as well.

- When Elon Musk first started making electric cars, no one believed the car would go mainstream. In fact, only a few investors were willing to invest their money in the company, but that was not the only problem with the company. Elon Musk had a very difficult time securing the rights to the Tesla name just before the name was approved. He said that if he had not got the rights to Tesla, he would have named the company after British scientist Michael Faraday.

<https://complexob7.com/amazing-facts-about-elon-musk-you-probably-didnt-know/>

Architecture superstar Zaha Hadid and the end of a bright future

Known as “Queen of the curves”, Zaha Hadid for some people may come across as just another starchitect who produced eye-catching forms. However, there are many unexpected and bizarre aspects about this pioneering architect in her career, her academic life, and even her personal life that go beyond the limit of concrete and steel.

What is Zaha Hadid known for?

Labeled as “The Lady Gaga of Architecture”, Hadid’s infatuation with the design was not only limited to architecture. As a matter of fact, her line of shoes was where she could let out all her creative juices without being restrained by the limitations of architectural design. One of her famous shoe designs was known as “the flame”. The pair of heels reflected a Zaha-like futuristic appeal reminiscent of parametric forms.



What did Zaha Hadid study?

You would think that an architect like Hadid would have always considered the architecture career as her true calling. However, this was not the case for Hadid. Being a rebel since she was young, Hadid changed her major from Mathematics to architecture, which she obviously never regretted. Afterward, she moved to London in 1972 to attend the Architectural Association (AA) School where she received her Diploma Prize in 1977. Her interest in geometry greatly influenced her digital architectural forms and neo-futuristic designs.

Zaha Hadid Buildings

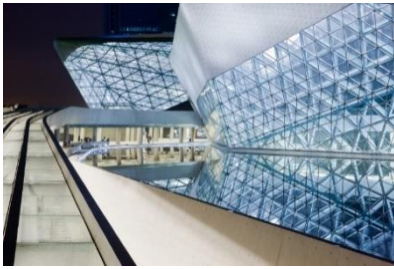
The late architect is the founder of the leading firm Zaha Hadid Architects which has designed 950 projects in 44 countries. Initially founded in 1980 with only five employees, the London-based firm has now over 427 staff members working on its many projects. Hadid’s first project – *Vitra Fire Station* in Germany, was constructed in 1994, while her latest project was the *One Thousand Museum* which is currently under construction and will be ready by the end of 2018.

Here we highlight 10 unusual and unpredictable noteworthy facts that you might not know about the Iraqi-British architect.

List of 10 Unpredictable Facts About Zaha Hadid

1. She designed almost 1000 projects. “You really have to have a goal. The goalposts might shift, but you should have a goal. Know what it is you want to find out” (*Zaha Hadid*).

2. She had a very successful line of shoe designs.

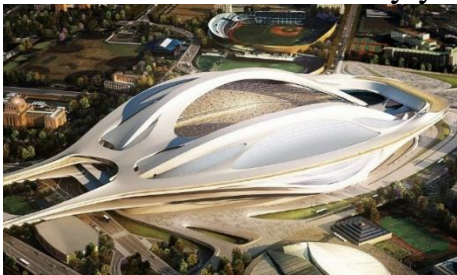


3. Her career might have ended in 1995. “It would have become the most radical and compelling building in Britain, but an alliance of narrow-minded politicians, peevish commentators and assorted dullards holding the Lottery purse strings ensured it was never built” (*The Guardian*, on the Cardiff Bay Theatre).

Did you know that Zaha Hadid did not only face criticism and rejection but was actually about to lose her career? Causing an outrage in the UK and in the world of architecture, Hadid’s Cardiff Bay commission known as the “Millennium Project” was canceled after being selected as a winning entry in an international competition. Surprisingly, her proposal was rejected three days before Christmas in 1995.

What’s even more shocking, is that 16 years later after this proposal had been rejected, Hadid’s design came to life in China. Yes, the same plans were used in the famous Guangzhou Opera house which many people idolize today. Opened to the public in 2010, the beautifully-constructed Guangzhou Opera House has added cultural value to the Chinese city which is about 5 times the size of Wales.

4. She won an award every year since 2000.



Hadid’s consistency and determination were key aspects of her success. Unprecedented to any architect, she won an award every year since the year 2000. The visionary *Pritzker Prize* winner had even received up to 12 awards in one year which is a record-breaker.

Despite her previous architectural tragedy in Wales, Hadid did also receive the UK’s most prestigious architectural award, the *Stirling Prize* for two consecutive years in 2010 and 2011 by the Royal Institute of British [RIBA].

5. She lives in a conventional non-curved home. “There are 360 degrees so why stick to one?”

Contrary to popular belief, not all architects live in homes that relate to their signature design approach. For example, Hadid lived on a top floor of a rather conventional building, and her home looked like an ordinary orthogonal-shaped house on the outside. When she was asked about it, she simply said, “It is not my project.”

However, coming to her home's interior, it can be called nothing but extraordinary. The signature Zaha Hadid's organic forms are reflected in her furniture pieces, paintings, and smooth mesh-like sculptures.

6. She studied mathematics at the American University of Beirut.



“You have to really believe not only in yourself; you have to believe that the world is actually worth your sacrifices.”

What is even more striking is that after graduating in 1977, she worked at the Office of Metropolitan Architecture, founded by the pioneer Dutch architect Rem Koolhaas. Later on, Hadid opened an office of her own in 1980, which we all now know as *Zaha Hadid Architects*.

7. Zaha Hadid was never married nor had children. “If you want an easy life don't be an architect” (*Zaha Hadid*). Yet she denied sacrificing family life to her career. “I think that in life you don't need too much; you need friends, you need to do what you like doing.”

8. She was ranked among the top 100 powerful women. “We don't deal with normative ideas and we don't make nice little buildings.” Hadid was not only celebrated for her architecture works and shoe designs but also as a powerful businesswoman. Known as the first female Arab architect to win the *Pritzker Prize*, she never settled for ordinary. Against all odds, she managed to become a pioneering female role model in an industry which many people thought to be dominated by males. She was also titled *Veuve Clicquot Business Woman of the Year*.

The aspiring architect was one of her kind as she was listed as number 69 on Forbes' *World's 100 Most Powerful Women* list in 2008. Additionally, *The Time 100* list featured Zaha Hadid among the influential thinkers of the year 2010.

9. She attended a Catholic school. “The Muslim and Jewish girls could go out to play when the other girls went to chapel.” (*Zaha Hadid to Newsweek Magazine*).

Born in Iraq to a Muslim family, Hadid attended a Catholic school and said that it was religiously diverse. However, the family had to leave Iraq after the Iran war and the Saddam Hussein conflicts, which was always a painful issue for Hadid. Little did she know, she was about to become one of the most influential architects in the world.

10. She was a very successful teacher at Harvard.



Iraqi architect Zaha Hadid in her London office, UK, circa 1985

“Architecture is really about well-being. I think that people want to feel good in a space. On the other hand, it’s about shelter, but it’s also about pleasure” (*Z. Hadid*).

Hadid was quite active in the academic field and led a fruitful teaching career. She taught at the Harvard Graduate School of Design, the University of Illinois at Chicago’s School of Architecture, and the Hochschule für Bildende Künste, Hamburg. That is in addition to giving lectures in many other universities and institutions.

“I really believe in the idea of the future. Good education is so important. We do need to look at the way people are taught” (*Zaha Hadid*).

<https://www.arch2o.com/10-unpredictable-facts-never-knew-zaha-hadid/>

1. What do these three persons have in common?
2. What distinguishing features do they have?
3. What factors make them prominent and high-powered personalities?

Step 3. Form an opinion

1. Find interesting information about a person whom you consider to be a genius or a role model and make a presentation about them in class.

2. Search the Internet and find out what prestigious contests and prizes exist to celebrate and mark out ‘men and women of the year (century)’ in various spheres of human activity. Have you heard about *ArtPrize*, *Nobel prize*, *Pulitzer prize* or *Mishlen star*? Make a presentation about one of them in class.

3. Form an opinion and compile a “Guide for experts to nominate “100 living geniuses” taking into account 5 essential factors.”

4. *Forbes* regularly publish lists of the richest and most influential people of the world showing their ratings. *Guinness World Records*, known from its inception in 1955 until 1999 as *The Guinness Book of Record*, published annually, lists world records both of human achievements and the extremes of the natural world. Open media sources (the ‘*Guardian*’, the ‘*Times*’) survey public opinion, choose their geniuses by awarding scores out of 10 to each

entrant against a number of factors, rank the lists in order of genius and present a resulting shortlist of “100 living geniuses” to a broad audience. What criteria account for their acclamation as the world's greatest living geniuses?”

5. Watch Steve Job’s success motivational speech (at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Tuw8hxrFBH8>). What three lessons does it teach us?

6. Listen to an interview given by Kobe Bryant known in the basketball world as ‘*Black Mamba*’ (at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VSceuiPBpxY>). What is ‘the mindset of a winner’?”

7. Form an opinion and write a one-page essay on the topic “Great minds are a beacon for mankind”.

8. Write a fairy tale “My future breakthrough in life”. Imagine a terrific ending!

Unit 5. Art

Step 1. Raise the issue

1. When you hear the word “art” what is your first association?
2. Identify the images in the picture.



3. Read the following excerpt about the general concept of art. Define “art” and “arts” and explain the difference between them.

Art is a diverse range of (and products of) human activities involving creative imagination to express technical proficiency, beauty, emotional power, or conceptual ideas.

There is no generally agreed definition of what constitutes art, and ideas have changed over time. The three classical branches of visual art are painting, sculpture, and architecture. Theatre, dance, and other performing arts, as well as literature, music, film and other media such as interactive media, are included in a broader definition of the arts. Until the 17th century, *art* referred to any skill or mastery and was not differentiated from crafts or sciences. In modern usage after the 17th century, where aesthetic considerations are paramount, the fine arts are separated and distinguished from acquired skills in general, such as the decorative or applied arts.

The nature of art and related concepts, such as creativity and interpretation, are explored in a branch of philosophy known as aesthetics. The resulting artworks are studied in the professional fields of art criticism and the history of art.

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Art>

4. Do the following proper names ‘ring a bell’ to you?

Sotbi, Van Gough, MoMA, Michelangelo, Vogue, Uffizi, Helen Gardner, the Musée du Louvre, Roden, Met Gala, Christie’s, Salvador Dali, Acropolis, Mark Shagall, Prado, Alexander Isachev, Hermitage, Cy Twombly, the Getty center, Marina Abramović, Andy Warhol, Royal College of Art, Zaha Hadid.

5. Sort out the proper names above into 3 different categories, e.g., people, places, related issues (books, journals, critique, events), etc. What other famous names can you add to each list?

6. Speak about yourself. Discuss your answers with a partner.

1. When and how did your first encounter with art happen?
2. What forms of art are you familiar with?
3. What works of art mesmerize you most of all?
4. What museums or art galleries do you like to visit?
5. What operas, ballets, films, fashion contests do you like to watch?

7. What do the following art terms mean? Check your understanding. Fill in the table. In case of difficulty consult any English Language dictionary or online ‘Glossary of Art Terms’ at https://www.moma.org/learn/moma_learning/glossary/.

Terms	Definition
fine arts (the arts)	
visual arts	
literary arts	
applied arts	
performing arts	
public art	
contemporary art	
artist	
artiste	

7. Formulate the topical issue that is going to be raised in the unit.

Step 2. Study the issue

1. Read the text and answer the questions below. While reading make up your own list of useful words, collocations and idiomatic expressions from the text.

What is Art?

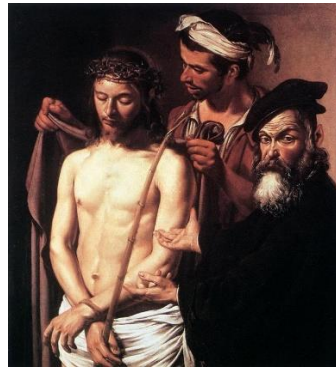
Art is a highly diverse range of human activities engaged in creating visual, auditory, or performed artifacts – artworks – that express the author’s imaginative or technical skill, and are intended to be appreciated for their beauty or emotional power.

The oldest documented forms of art are visual arts, which include images or objects in fields like painting, sculpture, printmaking, photography, and other visual media. Architecture is often included as one of the visual arts; however, like the decorative arts, it involves the creation of objects where the practical considerations of use are essential, in a way that they usually are not in another visual art, like a painting.

Art may be characterized in terms of mimesis (its representation of reality), expression, communication of emotion, or other qualities. Though the definition of what constitutes art is disputed and has changed over time, general descriptions center on the idea of imaginative or technical skill stemming from human agency and creation. When it comes to visually identifying a work of art, there is no single set of values or aesthetic traits. A Baroque painting will not necessarily share much with a contemporary performance piece, but they are both considered art.

Despite the seemingly indefinable nature of art, there have always existed certain formal guidelines for its aesthetic judgment and analysis. Formalism is a concept in art theory in which an artwork’s artistic value is determined solely by its form, or how it is made. Formalism evaluates works on a purely visual level, considering medium and compositional elements as opposed to any reference to realism, context, or content.

Art is often examined through the interaction of the *principles* and *elements* of art. The principles of art include *movement, unity, harmony, variety, balance, contrast, proportion* and *pattern*. The elements include *texture, form, space, shape, color, value* and *line*. The various interactions between the elements and principles of art help artists to organize sensorially pleasing works of art while also giving viewers a framework within which to analyze and discuss aesthetic ideas.

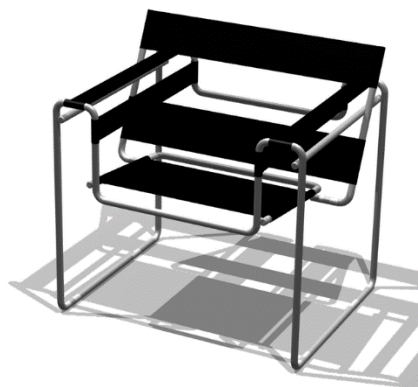


Ecce Homo, Caravaggio, 1605. This is an example of a baroque painting.

What Does Art Do?

A fundamental purpose common to most art forms is the underlying intention to appeal to, and connect with, human emotion. However, the term is incredibly broad and is broken up into numerous sub-categories that lead to utilitarian, decorative, therapeutic, communicative, and intellectual ends. In its broadest form, art may be considered an exploration of the human condition, or a product of the human experience.

The decorative arts add aesthetic and design values to everyday objects, such as a glass or a chair, transforming them from a mere utilitarian object to something aesthetically beautiful. Entire schools of thought exist based on the concepts of design theory intended for the physical world.



Bauhaus chair by Marcel Breuer. The decorative arts add aesthetic and design values to everyday objects.

Art can function therapeutically as well, an idea that is explored in art therapy. While definitions and practices vary, art therapy is generally understood as a form of therapy that uses art media as its primary mode of communication. It is a relatively young discipline, first introduced around the mid-20th century.

Historically, the fine arts were meant to appeal to the human intellect, though currently there are no true boundaries. Typically, fine art movements have reacted to each other both intellectually and aesthetically throughout the ages. With the introduction of conceptual art and postmodern theory, practically anything can be termed art. In general terms, the fine arts represent an exploration of the human condition and the attempt to experience a deeper understanding of life.

What Does Art Mean?

The meaning of art is often culturally specific, shared among the members of a given society and dependent upon cultural context. The purpose of works of art may be to communicate political, spiritual or philosophical ideas, to create a sense of beauty (see aesthetics), to explore the nature of perception, for pleasure, or to generate strong emotions. Its purpose may also be seemingly nonexistent.

The nature of art has been described by philosopher Richard Wollheim as “one of the most elusive of the traditional problems of human culture.” It has been defined as a vehicle for the expression or communication of emotions and ideas, a means for exploring and appreciating formal elements for their own sake, and as mimesis or representation. More recently, thinkers influenced by Martin Heidegger have interpreted art as the means by which a community develops for itself a medium for self-expression and interpretation.



Helen Frankenthaler, 1956. A photograph of the American artist Helen Frankenthaler in her studio in 1956.

Art, in its broadest sense, is a form of communication. It means whatever the artist intends it to mean, and this meaning is shaped by the materials, techniques, and forms it makes use of, as well as the ideas and feelings it creates in its viewers. Art is an act of expressing feelings, thoughts, and observations.

What Makes Art Beautiful?

What makes art beautiful is a complicated concept, since beauty is subjective and can change based on context. However, there is a basic human instinct, or internal appreciation, for harmony, balance, and rhythm which can be defined as beauty. Beauty in terms of art usually refers to an interaction between line, color, texture, sound, shape, motion, and size that is pleasing to the senses.

Aesthetic Art

Aesthetics is the branch of philosophy that deals with the nature and appreciation of art, beauty, and taste. Aesthetics is central to any exploration of art. The word “aesthetic” is derived from the Greek “aisthetikos,” meaning “esthetic, sensitive, or sentient.” In practice, aesthetic judgment refers to the sensory contemplation or appreciation of an object (not necessarily a work of art), while artistic judgment refers to the recognition, appreciation, or criticism of a work of art.

Numerous philosophers have attempted to tackle the concept of beauty and art. For Immanuel Kant, the aesthetic experience of beauty is a judgment of a subjective, but common, human truth. He argued that all people should agree that a rose is beautiful if it indeed is. There are many common conceptions of beauty; for example, Michelangelo’s paintings in the Sistine Chapel are widely recognized as beautiful works of art. However, Kant believes beauty cannot be reduced to any basic set of characteristics or features.

For Arthur Schopenhauer, aesthetic contemplation of beauty is the freest and most pure that intellect can be. He believes that only in terms of aesthetics do we contemplate perfection of form without any kind of worldly agenda.



Michelangelo, *The Creation of Adam*, The Sistine Chapel, 1508–1512

Beauty in art can be difficult to put into words due to a seeming lack of accurate language. An aesthetic judgment cannot be an empirical judgment but must instead be processed on a more intuitive level.

Art and Human Emotion

Sometimes beauty is not the artist’s ultimate goal. Art is often intended to appeal to, and connect with, human emotion. Artists may express something so that their audience is stimulated in some way – creating feelings, religious faith, curiosity, interest, identification with a group, memories, thoughts, or creativity. For example, performance art often does not aim to please the audience but instead evokes feelings, reactions, conversations, or questions from the viewer. In these cases, aesthetics may be an irrelevant measure of “beautiful” art.

Who Is an Artist?

An artist is a person who is involved in the wide range of activities that are related to creating art. The word has transformed over time and context, but the modern understanding of the term denotes that, ultimately, an artist is anyone who calls him/herself an artist.

In ancient Greece and Rome, there was no word for “artist.” The Greek word “*techne*” is the closest that exists to “art” and means “mastery of any art or craft.” From the Latin “*tecnicus*” derives the English words “technique”, “technology” and “technical”. From these words we can denote the ancient standard of equating art with manual labor or craft.

Each of the nine muses of ancient Greece oversaw a different field of human creation. The creation of poetry and music was considered to be divinely inspired and was therefore held in high esteem. However, there was no muse identified with the painting and sculpture; ancient Greek culture held these art forms in low social regard, considering work of this sort to be more along the lines of manual labor.

During the Middle Ages, the word “*artista*” referred to something resembling “craftsman,” or student of the arts. The first division into “major” and “minor” arts dates back to the 1400s with the work of Leon Battista Alberti, which focused on the importance of the intellectual skills of the artist rather than the manual skills of a craftsman. The European academies of the 16th century formally solidified the gap between the fine and the applied arts, which exists in varying degrees to this day. Generally speaking, the applied arts apply design and aesthetics to objects of everyday use, while the fine arts serve as intellectual stimulation.

Currently, the term “artist” typically refers to anyone who is engaged in an activity that is deemed to be an art form. However, the questions of what is art and who is an artist are not easily answered. The idea of defining art today is far more difficult than it has ever been. After the exhibition during the Pop Art movement of Andy Warhol’s Brillo Box and Campbell’s Soup Cans, the questions of “what is art?” and “who is an artist?” entered a more conceptual realm. Anything can, in fact, be art, and the term remains constantly evolving.



Andy Warhol, *Campbell's Soup Cans*, 1962. Andy Warhol's *Campbell's Soup Cans* have come to be representative of the Pop Art movement.

<https://courses.lumenlearning.com/boundless-arthistory/chapter/what-is-art/>

1. What is art?
2. What does art do?
3. What does art mean?
4. What makes art beautiful?
5. What are the functions of art?
6. Who is an artist?

3. How profound is your knowledge of art? Match the names of various trends of art and their definitions.

Trend	Definition
1. Pop Art	a) It is an art movement of the late 20th and early 21st centuries, characterized by extreme simplicity of form and a literal, objective approach. It is an attempt to explore the essential elements of an art form. It has alternatively been called "neo-geometric" or "neo-geo" art. Other terms include: Neo-Conceptualism, Neo-Op, Neo-Pop, New Abstraction, and Smart Art.
2. Performance Art	b) A type of art and literature in which a painter, writer, etc. connects unrelated images and objects in a strange dreamlike way. Artists paint illogical scenes creating strange creatures from everyday objects and developing painting techniques that allowed the unconscious to express itself.
3. Street art	c) It is a time-based art form that typically features a live presentation to an audience or to onlookers (as on a street) and draws on such arts as acting, poetry, music, dance, and painting.
4. Impressionism	d) A form of modern art which shows common objects from everyday life, such as advertisements, articles found around the house rather than the usual subjects of art.
5. Surrealism	e) A form of art for which the idea (or concept) behind the work is more important than the finished art object. An artist uses whatever materials and whatever form is most appropriate to putting their idea across – this could be anything from a performance to a written description
6. Conceptual art	f) It spans multiple forms: digital painting and illustration, photography and sculpture, 3D graphics, game art, interactive installations and many others. Numerous digital pieces are united by one feature: all of them are done by means of computer, smartphone or other gadgets. Also called multimedia or new media.
7. Expressionism	g) A 19th-century art movement characterized by relatively small, thin, yet visible brush strokes, open composition, emphasis on accurate depiction of light in its changing qualities, ordinary subject matter, inclusion of movement and unusual visual angles.
8. Neo-minimalism	h) A modernist movement, initially in poetry and painting, originating in Northern Europe around the beginning of the 20th century. It spanned various fields: art, literature, music, theatre and architecture. An artist seeks to express feelings and evoke moods and ideas rather than describe objects and experiences.
9. Digital art	i) Visual art created in public locations, usually unsanctioned artwork executed outside of the context of traditional art venues. Other terms for this type of art can be “urban art”, “guerrilla art”, “independent public art”, and “neo-graffiti”.

4. Identify the trends in art shown in the pictures.





9



10

From WikiArt – visual art encyclopedia

Step 3. Form an opinion

1. Write three things you know and three things you want to know about modern art.

2. Find information about a famous artist (painter, sculptor, musician, designer, architect, actor, etc.), work of art or form of art and make a presentation in class.

3. Recollect famous books or films portraying a renowned genius in arts.

4. Express your opinion for a class debate: ‘Art must be controlled and financed by the state’ *versus* ‘Art must be supported, developed and promoted by private companies, personal art collectors and patrons’.

5. Read an article “The Lost Leonardo ... and the Whims of Billionaires”. It is an interview with the ‘*Lost Leonardo*’ director Andreas Koefoed that raises a question: ‘Are you into art or are you into the art that billionaires want you to be?’ (<https://whynow.co.uk/read/the-lost-leonardo-and-the-whims-of-billionaires/>). Form an opinion on the topic. Discuss it with groupmates.

6. Write a review for a popular magazine of a modern art exhibition you have recently visited. It is well-known that many National Centers for Contemporary Art in the 21-st century focus on the art projects existing at the intersection of theater, cinema, contemporary choreography, visual arts, music and design. Is it?

7. Generate an opinion and present your point of view on the issue “In the near future I can predict the emergence of new fantastic forms of art”. Watch 1337#art – the art installation by media artist Refic Anagona, generated by algorithms of AI on the basis of millions of graphic images on ‘t.me/1337’ channel. Watch 1337#technology – random images synthesized into a single videostream by a neural network algorithm on ‘t.me/1337’ channel.

8. Write a one-page essay on the topic “Is modern art really an art?”

Part III. Individual reading

How to Work With a Book of Your Choice. A Useful Algorithm

Your task is to read one fiction book of your choice per semester. So you've read the book, okay. Not a big deal, anyway.

But what's next? Where do you get started when it comes to writing a report or making a presentation based on the material of the book?

Here's the plan.

1. Review the context behind the book. Authors write from the viewpoint of their education, geography and history. If you're evaluating a contemporary author, you could read or listen to interviews with them. If you're evaluating an older book, read the author's biography. This can give you insight into the author's perspective and bias, as well as tell you what you will need to comment on.

2. Identify the book's key idea (i.e. message). Every book contains a single controlling idea that sums up what it's about and what the author wants to tell their readers in the first place. It is usually some universal statement about the human condition, society or life.

Now, establish the story's main themes. Themes are big ideas that the author comments on throughout the story. Common themes are good vs. evil, human nature, human rights, feminism, war, education, friendship, love, anger, death, family problems, etc. Most books deal with multiple themes, some more obvious than others.

3. Write a summary (gist, annotation). Where do the events take place? What happened to the key characters?

When you get ready with your project, you probably won't include a summary because your readers are familiar with the work. But if they aren't, give a brief summary to orient them.

4. Consider the setting of the story. Note that the setting is made up of several factors: time and place, weather, social conditions, etc. Explain, what role the setting plays in the story. Is it an important part of the plot or is it just a backdrop against which the action takes place? Does the story take place in the present, past or future? How does the time period affect the language and atmosphere of the story?

5. Describe the plot, i.e. highlight the most important events in the story. The plot is typically organized around a certain pattern which includes a problem, a climax, and a resolution.

Start with the problem identification. The plot usually hinges on some major problem, often a conflict between characters or an obstacle that must be overcome. How would you describe the main conflict of the story? A conflict is a struggle between opposing forces. Conflicts may be internal (the character suffers inwardly) or external (i.e. caused by the surroundings or environment the characters find

themselves in). Sometimes a character is in conflict with their own values, conscience, or thoughts. Or a character may be in conflict with other characters, God, society, nature, technology or even their own destiny.

Identify the climax. It is the high point of the action, when the conflict or problem could either be resolved or cause a character's downfall. Next, comment on the resolution, when the conflict or problem is solved and normal condition or a new order is restored. Finally, consider the structure of the plot. Is it linear, chronological or does it move back and forth?

6. Who is the narrator of the story, i.e., whose eyes is the story being told through? Is the story written in the first person or in a detached third person? If it is the first case, is the narrator the main character? If it is the second case, is the story written in an "all-knowing" third person who can reveal what all the characters are thinking and doing?

7. Describe the characters. Characters are the driving force behind stories, both major characters and minor ones, and authors use them to broadcast their most important messages. You don't have to analyze every character, just pick out several important ones to consider.

Books typically have a main character (the protagonist), a villain (the antagonist), and an assortment of secondary characters. While reading, think about why the characters do what they do and what this says about them and their beliefs. Note: Although the antagonist is called the villain, there is not always a good guy and a bad guy in a story.

Now explain, how the characters are described through dialogue, physical appearance, thoughts and feelings, interaction. What qualities stand out? How do they develop by the end of the story?

8. Search for literary devices. Various literary devices convey meaning or create a mood. They usually help to identify key points and their contribution to the author's overall meaning. The following are examples of common literary devices.

- Allusion. An indirect reference to another artistic work or person, event, or place (real or fictitious). The author makes an allusion with the intention that the well-known object will create an association with the new object in the reader's mind.

- Foreshadowing. The use of hints or clues to suggest what will happen later in a literary work.

- Irony. An implied discrepancy between what is said and what is meant.

- Symbolism. The use of an object or action to mean something more than its literal meaning. E.g., objects, people or other elements of the story may represent subjective concepts, like greed, wisdom, etc. Note: Symbolism can be tricky because sometimes, as the saying goes: "A cigar is just a cigar."

9. Identify any figurative language. Figurative language is a way that the author uses words to mean more than one thing. Some of the most common ways to do this are through metaphor, simile or personification. Metaphor

describes an object or action in a way that isn't literally true, but helps explain an idea. Simile is to compare something using the words "like" or "as". Personification is using human qualities to describe inanimate things.

10. Reflect on your emotional reaction after reading the story. Which parts of the book moved you most? Point out the characters that you liked best or least and support your arguments. When did you feel most engaged with the characters?

11. If you were to recommend this book to someone, who do you think might be interested in reading it? Explain why they should read it.

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Учебное издание

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Лешко Наталья Васильевна
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Практикум по культуре речевого общения
Аспект «Чтение»

Ответственный за выпуск *М. Ю. Крылович*
Компьютерный набор *М. Ю. Крылович, Т. А. Сысоева*
Редактор *О. С. Забродская, Л. А. Каштанова*

Компьютерная верстка *Е. А. Запеко*

Подписано в печать 18.11.2022. Формат 60x84 1/16. Бумага офсетная. Гарнитура Таймс. Ризография. Усл. печ. л. 10,23. Уч.-изд. л. 12,38. Тираж 200 экз. Заказ 55.

Издатель и полиграфическое исполнение: учреждение образования «Минский государственный лингвистический университет». Свидетельство о государственной регистрации издателя, изготовителя, распространителя печатных изданий от 02.06.2017 г. № 3/1499. ЛП № 02330/458 от 20.07.2020 г.

Адрес: ул. Захарова, 21, 220034, г. Минск