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**ПРАКТИКУМ ПО КУЛЬТУРЕ  
РЕЧЕВОГО ОБЩЕНИЯ**

**Учебно-методическое пособие  
для студентов-лингвистов 3, 4 курсов**

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## UNIT 1

### Some hints

#### Stylistic devices you can come across while you are working with the texts

**Metaphor** – is a figure of speech containing an implicit, indirect or hidden comparison applied to an object or action to which it is not literally applicable. In other words, a similarity of two conflicting or different entities is made based on single or certain common characteristics.

**Analogy** – an umbrella term, similar to the definition of comparison referring to any comparison that explores the similarities or differences between two things.

**Juxtaposition** – placing two concepts, characters, ideas, etc., near each other so that the reader can make comparisons between them and perhaps contrasts them as well.

**Simile** – comparing two things with the conjunction “like” or “as,” such as “*My love was like an ocean.*”

**Pun** – using comparison to creative cognitive links in a humorous way, for example, “*I’m glad I know sign language, it’s pretty handy.*”

**Allegory** – an extended metaphor that carries throughout an entire piece of literature that compares the situation in the story to a real-life situation.

**An idiom** – is a phrase or an expression that has a figurative, or sometimes literal meaning. Categorized as formulaic language, an idiom’s figurative meaning is different from the literal meaning.

#### Three techniques for recognizing the meanings of new words:

**By context** – when you watch the context.

**By dictionary reference** – you look up in the dictionary paying attention to the pronunciation, etymology, meanings.

**By word analysis** – you take into consideration the etymology of the word and segment it into parts, seeing the original meaning of each part.

**Pragmatic transformations are involved:**

**Explication** – the completion of background knowledge by adding information.

**Generalization** – substitution of the lexical unit for some broader meaning.

**Functional analog** – substitution of the realia for the word of the target language. **Description** – explanation of the realia.

**Emphatic construction or neutralization** – the increase or decrease of the emotional background of the text.

### Text 1

“Mary sometimes heard people say: “I can’t bear to be alone”. She could never understand this. All her life she had need the benison of occasional solitude, and now she needed it more than ever. If she could not be with the man she loved, then she would rather be by herself.

She had thought she could be alone in the little house in Marguerite Street, but London seemed to be still full of people who felt that they must ring up or drop in at all hours to cheer her loneliness. She could imagine wives saying to their husbands: “My dear, we must do something for poor Mary. The servants have had a lot to do lately, and it’ll mean using a bit of butter I was keeping, but it can’t be helped”. Then they would reach for telephone and say to her:

“Now I shall be very hurt indeed if don’t remember that you can come to us whenever you like. Which day will you dine next week? Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday...”

So she and Bingo had come down to Little Creek End for a long week-end of solitude. Nobody here but herself and the dog and a thousand memories of the week-ends when there had been two people and a dog in the lonely cottage on the Essex marshes.

“You’re mad,” her mother had said, “to rush off to that desolate spot. Far better come and stay with Gerald and me if you’re feeling low. You’ll only brood down there. They had quite a row about it. Her mother did not understand that she wanted to brood; she did not want distraction. She wanted to fill the waiting time with thoughts of him, and to keep oneself aloof, as if she were holding herself in trust until he returned.

People were kind and friendly and amusing, but they thought that companionship and conversation were synonymous, and some of them had voices that jarred in your head. There was a lot to be said for dogs. They understand without telling you so, and they were always pleasing to look at, awake or asleep, like Bingo. He slept now, with little whistling snores, in his basket at the side of the fire, his stubby legs and one whiskery eyebrow twitching to the fitful tempo of his dreams. At the other side, with a cup of coffee on the arm of her deep chair, Mary lay relaxed, her silk dressing-gown slipping off the crossed knees, one slipper dangling from the swinging toe. Beyond the inconstant firelight and the beam of the oil lamp at her side, the rest of the room was in shadow; not the sort of shadow that makes you keep looking over your shoulder, but a quiet, withdrawn friendliness, as if the unseen objects were waiting until they were needed again. Beyond the room, the night was lashing itself to an impotent fury of wind and rain. Mary thought how strange it was to think that only a few inches of wall separated the placid cosiness of the sitting-room from the howling, streaming darkness. Houses were very defiant things.

She had had her supper on a tray in front of the fire, reading while she ate, and her book now lay open on her lap, but she found her gaze more often drawn to the flame that leaped from the glowing foundation of the fire to lick round the black, unburnt coal above. Tomorrow, she thought, I’ll dry some of those logs in the outhouse and have a wood fire. She twisted her finger idly in a strand of hair, lifting it from the long, dark bob that hung loosely almost to her shoulders. It was ages since she had been to a hairdresser and had it properly set. There didn’t seem any point these days in doing anything more than just not looking a mess.

She was small and thin and very pale, with long deep set eyes and a mouth that drooped a little sadly in repose, but could grin from ear to ear like a boy.

She glanced at the clock on the wall that was made like a blue and white china plate. In London, at this time, she would just about be hurrying into the hall at the shop of the letter-box to see whether there was a square, white envelope with "RECEIVED FROM B.M SHIP" stamped across the corner".

### Vocabulary

1. **occasional solitude** – being alone from time to time
2. **loneliness** – a feeling of social disconnectedness in which a person wishes that he or she had better social relationships
3. **to rush off** – уехать, сорваться куда-либо
4. **a desolate spot** – a lonely spot; the place where people lived in the past
5. **to feel low** – to be depressed; in low spirits; to be very sad
6. **to brood** – to think about something without noticing what is happening around you
7. **distraction** – something that gets your attention
8. **to keep oneself aloof** – not to connect with people; to stay away from everybody
9. **to drop in at** – to call casually as a visitor
10. **to reach for something** – to take, to touch something
11. **to hold one's trust** – to try to keep your trust in your soul for further events
12. **a benison** – syn. Blessing
13. **solitude** – the state of being uninhabitable
14. **to jar** – to make someone feel shocked
15. **stubby** – having a nature of suggesting a shortness
16. **to beam** – not a steady light
17. **placid** – calm
18. **defiant** – not to obey the rules

## Tasks

I. Read the text and find nouns, verbs and adjectives. Group these word forms into separate columns.

II. Give synonyms or explanations in English to the following.

1. to bear
2. to need the benison of occasional solitude
3. to be rather by oneself
4. to ring up
5. to drop at
6. to have a row about something
7. to use bit of butter somebody is keeping
8. to be hurt indeed
9. to be mad
10. to rush off to the desolate spot
11. to feel low
12. to brood
13. to keep sb. aloof
14. to hold sb. in trust
15. a desolate spot
16. deep-set eyes
17. to jar in the head
18. pleasing to look at
19. whistling snores
20. to slip off
21. to dangle from
22. to look over
23. to lash
24. an impotent fury
25. a streaming darkness
26. defiant things

### Answer the questions.

1. How did Mary finally understand the phrase "*I can't bear to be alone*"?

2. Why did all the neighbors and even servants want to help her? What did the author want to say to us by describing it?
3. Why did Mary and her mother have quite a row?
4. What did Mary want when she was leaving London?
5. Choose the description of Bingo in the text.
6. Explain Mary's words "*There was a lot to be said for dogs*".
7. Choose the passage and explain the words "*Houses were very defiant things*".
8. Give the authors description of Mary's mood and thoughts when she was alone at home.
9. What did Mary think about the shadow that night?

**IV. Find the following words in the text and translate them with the help of any of techniques for word-meaning recognition:**

benison

solitude

loneliness

a telephone

a thousand

desolate

to understand

distraction

to keep aloof

to return

companionship

inconstant

firelight

conversation

synonymous

awake

without

defiant

a foundation

to strand

a shoulder

hairstylist

to receive

across

**V. Work in groups. Try to define the age of the people by their saying in the following parts of the text. Prove your ideas and compare with other groups.**

- a) “Now I shall be very hurt indeed if don’t remember that you can come to us whenever you like. Which day will you dine next week? Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday...”
- b) People were kind and friendly and amusing, but they thought that companionship and conversation were synonymous, and some of them had voices that jarred in your head.
- c) There was a lot to be said for dogs. They understand without telling you so, and they were always pleasing to look at, awake or asleep, like Bingo.
- d) Mary thought how strange it was to think that only a few inches of wall separated the placid cosiness of the sitting-room from the howling, streaming darkness. Houses were very defiant things.

**VI. Translate the sentences. What translation transformations can you use?**

- a) She had thought she could be alone in the little house in Marguerite Street, but London seemed to be still full of people who felt that they must ring up or drop in at all hours to cheer her loneliness.
- b) She could imagine wives saying to their husbands.
- c) Then they would reach for telephone and say to her.
- d) So she and Bingo had come down to Little Creek End for a long week-end of solitude.
- e) Her mother did not understand that she wanted to brood; she did not want distraction.
- f) He slept now, with little whistling snores, in his basket at the side of the fire, his stubby legs and one whiskery eyebrow twitching to the fitful tempo of his dreams.

- g) Beyond the room, the night was lashing itself to an impotent fury of wind and rain.
- h) It was ages since she had been to a hairdresser and had it properly set.

## VII. Comment upon the choice of the words.

- a) I can't *bear* to be alone ( why not *endure* or *stand*)
- b) All her life she had needed the *benison* of occasional solitude (why not *blessing* or *relief*)
- c) ...at all hours to cheer her *loneliness* (why not *desolation* or *isolation*)
- d) Which day will you *dine* next week? (why not *to have dinner*)
- e) Her mother didn't understand that she wanted *to brood* (why not *to be obsessed* or *to be nervous*)
- f) ...and one whiskey eyebrow twitching to the *fitful* tempo of his dreams (why not *gusty* or *impulsive*)
- g) Beyond the *inconstant* firelight... (why not *unsteady* or *impermanent*)
- h) ...inches of wall separated the *placid* cosiness of the sitting room (why not *calm* or *quite*)
- i) ... and mouth that dropped a little sadly in *repose*... (why not *easiness* or *naturalness*)
- j) *Received* from B.M. Ship (why not *achieved*, *attained* or *gained*)

## UNIT 2

### Text 2

Supposing there were one to-night? She would have to wait until Tuesday to see it. There was nobody to forward it to her, because she had given Doris the week-end to go and visit her family at Dalston East.

In her mind she could see the letter quite clearly, lying crookedly, very white against the dark mat just inside the front door. The more she thought about it, the more certain she was that it was there. It was tantalizing to have to wait; she should have thought of this before. And supposing there was anything important?

Sitting up, she shut her book and put it on the table. I'll ring up Angela, she thought, and ask her to look in tomorrow and see if there's anything. She knows where the back-door key's hidden, under the flower-pot. It may be silly, but I really can't wait for that letter. There might be something in it, too, that he wants answered straight away.

She pushed herself out of the chair with an effort. She was stiff from the long, wet walk that she and Bingo had taken that afternoon, before the storm had blown itself up to this gale. Bingo opened one eye and thumped his tail as he picked up that lamp and walked through to the other part of the room, under the framework of beams where there had once been a wall. It was cold away from the fire. The telephone was on the table by the window, and she picked it up, she could hear the gusty spatter of rain on the glass, and the moan of the wind that had come all the way across the marsh to howl about her house.

The telephone was dead.

"Hullo...Hullo..." She clicked the receiver rest, but no peevish female interrupted her knitting to say, accusingly: "Weatherby. Number please?" No buzzing. Just silence. The gale must have brought the lines down. Damn. She walked back thinking, her slippers clacking loosely on the wooden floor. Stepping over Bingo, she sat down again, biting

her finger, pushing back her hair, and then leaned back, with her legs stuck out in front of her, and her chin on her chest, frowning. It didn't really matter, and there could hardly be a letter from him so soon after the last, but it was annoying. To-morrow morning she would walk down to the crossroads and catch the bus into the village and telephone from there. That would be just as good, because nothing could have been forwarded to-night in any case. She relaxed with a sigh and picked up her book again. That was what she would do to-morrow. I hope it's fine to-morrow, she thought.

When the blue and white plate struck nine with its gentle note, Mary automatically stretched out a hand and switched on the wireless. I ought to get that crackling seen to, she thought, hearing the first words without listening to them. But it's such a –

“The Admiralty regrets to announce that the British destroyer Phantom struck a mine and sank early in the morning. A number of survivors were taken on board by two merchant ships that answered her S O S, but it is feared that three out of seven officers and twenty of the crew have lost their lives. The next-of-kin of the missing men have been informed. The Phantom, which was launched in 1927, was a thirteen-hundred-ton destroyer of the X Class...”

Mary stretched out her hand again and switched it off, and when the words ceased, there was nothing to show that they had ever been uttered. She was sitting in the yellow spotlight of the table lamp, with the half-empty coffee cup balanced on the arm of her chair. The fire was still leaping, orange and yellow, with little spurts of flame hissing out of the corners of the coal; Bingo was still lying with his legs in a galloping position, his head screwed sideways and one ear standing straight upwards; the blue and white clock was still ticking. Nothing had changed, yet nothing was the same. In a lull in the storm there was a hush on the air, as if the room were waiting, holding its breath, to see how Mary would take it. While she sat there, with the chill realization creeping over her, she kept saying to herself, with less and less conviction: “It isn't true, it isn't true.”

Next-of-kin have been informed. So there might be something lying on the mat inside the front door; but not a white envelope – a yellow one, and she had got to wait until morning to know. Unreasonably, unfairly, the thought came into her head: Well, now Mummy will be able to say “I told you so”. I was mad to come here.

### Vocabulary

1. **to blow up** – to suddenly become very angry, a sudden argument
2. **to thump** – to hit something and cause a noise
3. **to spatter** – to drop small drops of liquid, etc. on a surface, or (of liquid) to fall, especially noisily, in small drops
4. **peevish** – easily annoyed
5. **clack** – a short sharp noise made by two hard objects being hit together
6. **to leap** – to make a large jump or sudden movement, usually from one place to another
7. **to screw** – to tighten the muscles of your face or part of your face into a particular expression, especially one of disapproval or pain
8. **unfairly** – not treating people in an equal way, or not morally right

### Tasks

- I. **Read and explain the following italicized words and give their Russian equivalents.**
  1. There was nobody **to forward** it to her.
  2. It was **tantalizing** to have to wait.
  3. He wants answered **straight away**.
  4. She **pushed herself out** of the chair **with an effort**.
  5. **Framework of beams**.
  6. She could hear the **gusty spatter** of rain on the glass.
  7. All the way **across the marsh to howl about her house**.
  8. The telephone **was dead**.
  9. **Peevish female**.
  10. **Weather-by**.

11. Mary automatically **stretched out a hand** and **switched on the wireless**.
12. **To struck a mine**.
13. **Yellow spotlight** of the table lamp.
14. **Arm of the chair**.
15. Little spurts of flame **hissing out** of corners of the coal.
16. **Galloping position**.
17. **Hush on the air**.
18. **Next-of-kin** have been informed.
19. **I was mad** to come here.

**II. Match the word with a definition.**

WORDS		DEFINITIONS
1.	crookedly	a very strong wind
2.	to be stiff	to hit something and cause a noise
3.	gale	not forming a straight line, or having many bends
4.	to thump	suggesting that you think someone has done something bad
5.	moan	to stop something
6.	accusingly	if you or part of your body is stiff, your muscles hurt when you move them
7.	to cease	a strong opinion or belief, a feeling of being certain about something
8.	conviction	not fair or acceptable
9.	unreasonably	a long low sound of pain, suffering, or another strong emotion

**III. Give definitions to the following.**

- |                 |                   |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| 1. missing men  | 5. merchant ship  |
| 2. to walk down | 6. to launch      |
| 3. gentle note  | 7. to hold breath |
| 4. destroyer    | 8. mat            |

#### IV. Give antonyms.

1. to catch the bus
2. to relax
3. to switch on
4. to regret
5. to sink
6. to lose life
7. the front door
8. to pick up
9. to bring down
10. to tantalize

#### V. Give a written translation to the following.

1. The more she thought about it, the more certain she was that it was there.
2. I'll ring up Angela and ask her to look in tomorrow.
3. That would be just as good, because nothing could have forwarded to-night in any case.
4. I ought to get that crackling seen to, the thought, hearing the first words without listening to them.

#### VI. Check your articles and prepositions.

Mary stretched \_\_\_ her hand again and switched it \_\_\_\_, and when \_\_\_ words ceased, there was nothing to show that they had been ever uttered. She was sitting \_\_\_ \_\_\_ yellow spotlight of \_\_\_ table lamp, with half-empty coffee cup balanced \_\_\_ \_\_\_ arm of the chair. The fire was still leaping, orange and yellow, with the little spurts of flame hissing \_\_\_ \_\_\_ corners \_\_\_ \_\_\_ coal; Bingo was still lying \_\_\_ his legs \_\_\_ \_\_\_ galloping position, his head screwed sideways and one ear standing straight upwards; \_\_\_ blue and white clock was still ticking. Nothing had changed, yet nothing was \_\_\_ same. \_\_\_ \_\_\_ lull \_\_\_ \_\_\_ storm there was \_\_\_ hush on \_\_\_ air, as if \_\_\_ room were

waiting, holding its breath, to see how Mary would take it. While she sat there, with \_\_\_ chill realization creeping over her, she kept saying to herself, with less and less conviction: "It's not true, it's not true."

**VII. Give several types of translation to the sentences, set the dominants and key words and find the most adequate ones. Prove your choice.**

1. In her mind she could see the letter quite clearly, lying crookedly, very white against the dark mat just inside the front door.
2. She pushed herself out of the chair with an effort. She was stiff from the long, wet walk that she and Bingo had taken that afternoon, before the storm had blown itself up to this gale.
3. The gale must have brought the lines down.
4. To-morrow morning she would walk down to the crossroads and catch the bus into the village and telephone from there.
5. She relaxed with a sigh and picked up her book again.
6. A number of survivors were taken on board by two merchant ships that answered her S O S, but it is feared that three out of seven officers and twenty of the crew have lost their lives.
7. She was sitting in the yellow spotlight of the table lamp, with the half-empty coffee cup balanced on the arm of her chair.
8. In a lull in the storm there was a hush on the air, as if the room were waiting, holding its breath, to see how Mary would take it.
9. So there might be something lying on the mat inside the front door; but not a white envelope—a yellow one, and she had got to wait until morning to know.
10. Find equivalents of the given sentences. Make a back translation. Analyze probable mistakes:
11. Supposing there were one to-night? She would have to wait until Tuesday to see it. There was nobody to forward it to her, because

she had given Doris the week-end to go and visit her family at Dalston East.

12. There might be something in it, too, that he wants answered straight away.
13. The telephone was on the table by the window, and she picked it up, she could hear the gusty spatter of rain on the glass, and the moan of the wind that had come all the way across the marsh to howl about her house.
14. I ought to get that crackling seen to, she thought, hearing the first words without listening to them.
15. Mary stretched out her hand again and switched it off, and when the words ceased, there was nothing to show that they had ever been uttered.
16. The fire was still leaping, orange and yellow, with little spurts of flame hissing out of the corners of the coal; Bingo was still lying with his legs in a galloping position, his head screwed sideways and one ear standing straight upwards; the blue and white clock was still ticking.

**VIII. Work in groups. Make up and practice a short situation using the following words and word combinations.**

to be certain

tantalizing

to answer straight away

gale

to thump a tail

under the framework

to be mad

a spatter of rain in the a glass

moan of the wind

accusingly

to bring down

cross roads

wireless

to regret to announce

survivors

to cease

to hiss out

hush on the air

a chill realization

to creep over

a conviction

next-of-kin

## UNIT 3

### Text 3

It was funny that she didn't feel anything like crying. She felt quite calm, except for the thick thudding beat of her heart. She could actually see it pounding under the thin silk of her dressing-gown.

"Bingo", she said, "Bingo, something ghastly's happened." The little dog hopped out of his basket, shook himself, yawned, stretched, and pattered after her as she went to the front door. A swirl of wind and rain hit her in the face as she opened it and peered out into the wild blackness. She shut the door hopelessly, shivering. Her impulsive idea had been to walk to the village and knock somebody up with a telephone – ring up Angela, the Admiralty, anybody. But she would never get there in this storm; it was more than five miles. She would never even find her way. Even if she did, she would have to go to a strange house; she would have to explain; there might even be somebody in the room with her when she telephoned.

The clatter and crash of a tile falling from the kitchen roof into the yard deepened her despair. It was a wild storm. She had got to wait. To wait – and try not to think. She went back again to the other part of the room. Perhaps if she sat down again and picked up her book, everything would be all right again. Time would click back, and she would find that it had never happened.

But this couldn't have happened to her – not to her. Tragedies happened to other people, not to oneself. Four officers were saved, and, of course, he was one of them. "I'm lucky, I always have been." Hadn't he said that in the Casino at Cannes that lovely night when – was it only last May? It might have been another life.

Oh love, we two shall go no longer to lands of summer across the sea.

Not to think, that was the only way. She busied herself carrying out the coffee to the little stone-floored kitchen, lighting another lamp, fetching the kettle from the side of the fire, and washing up her supper things. It was cold out there, so she went and got her coat to put on over her dressing-gown. In the cupboard where her camel-hair coat was hanging there was a pair of huge rubber boots, a battered old yachting cap, and a shapeless, oil-stained pair of grey flannel trousers. She shut the door with a quick, frightened movement, and went back to the washing up, trying to keep her mind on details like what time she would have to start in the morning to catch the early bus, and whom she would ring up.

When she had been finished, she didn't want to sit by the fire any more. She would go up to the room with the uneven floor and the yellow chintz curtains, and lie down in bed where it would be warm and soft and dark, and wait for the morning.

“Come on, Bingo.” She tipped the basket and spilled out the little Cairn sleepily resentful. “Come on, you can sleep in my bed to-night.” When she had filled her hot bottle, and cleaned her teeth and brushed her hair – just like ordinary nights – she turned out the light and crept in between the clean-smelling sheets, feeling very small. She lay on her back under the low ceiling, with the war, weight of the dog on her feet, staring into the darkness with wide-opened eyes, fighting the thought that had been forcing away ever since the apologetic voice on the wireless had shattered her security. The thought that perhaps, never again, never again...

She could not let herself think of that, not of the future. The past, the certain past, was the thing to hold on to. It was safer to look back than forward. While she lay and waited, watching the vague, agitated shape of the curtain at the mercy of the half-open window, hearing the wind and rain, and the barking of a foolish dog across the marsh, she thought of the things that had gone, the years that led up to this evening – the crisis of her life. All the trivial, momentous, exciting, everyday things that had gone to make the girl who lay in the linen-scented darkness waiting to hear whether her husband were alive or dead.

## Vocabulary

1. **to pound** – to hit or beat repeatedly with a lot of force, or to crush something by hitting it repeatedly
2. **to patter** – to make the sound of a lot of things gently and repeatedly hitting a surface
3. **to peer out** – to look carefully or with difficulty
4. **to deepen** – to become more strongly felt or experienced, or to make something this way, to make something increase or become more serious
5. **dress-gown** – a loose piece of clothing like a coat, worn informally inside the house, especially before getting dressed in the morning or after getting undressed in the evening
6. **to ring up** – to make a phone call to someone
7. **resentful** – when you feel angry because you have been forced to accept someone or something that you do not like
8. **to force away** – to make something happen or make someone do something difficult, unpleasant, or unusual, especially by threatening or not offering the possibility of choice
9. **momentous** – very important because of effects on future events

## Tasks

- I. **Read and explain the italicized phrases and give their Russian equivalents.**
  1. It was funny that she didn't **feel like crying**.
  2. Bingo, something **ghastly's** happened.
  3. She shut the door **hopelessly, shivering**.
  4. **The clatter and crash** of a tile falling from the kitchen roof into the yard **deepened her despair**.
  5. It was a **wild storm**.
  6. Time would **click back**.
  7. A battered old yachting cap.
  8. She shut the door with a **quick, frightened movement**.

9. **Sleepily resentful.**
10. She turned out the light and crept in between the clean-smelling sheets, **feeling very small.**
11. **Fighting the thought** that she had been **forcing away** ever since the **apologetic voice** on the wireless **had shattered her security.**
12. **Certain past** was the thing **to hold on to.**
13. **The linen-scented** darkness.

**II. Match the word with a definition.**

WORDS		DEFINITIONS
1.	to spill out	to look for a long time with the eyes wide open, especially when surprised, frightened, or thinking
2.	ceiling	ground near a lake, a river, or the sea that often floods and is always wet
3.	to stare	a thin, usually square or rectangular piece of baked clay, plastic, etc. used for covering roofs, floors, walls, etc.
4.	marsh	to flow or fall out of a container
5.	trivial	to jump on one foot or to move about in this way; jumping leave some place
6.	tile	the inside surface of a room that you can see when you look above you
7.	to hop out	to go to another place to get something or someone and bring it, him, or her back
8.	to fetch	having little value or importance

**III. Give definitions to the following.**

to yawn

to stretch

a swirl of wind and rain

to peer out

impulsive idea

to carry out

a camel-hair coat

oil-stained pair of grey

flannel trousers

an uneven floor

to tip the basket

**IV. Give antonyms to the following.**

a hot bottle	to stretch
to brush hair	to knock up
to turn out the light	to busy oneself
wide-opened eyes	to wash up
apologetic voice	to put on

**V. Make a written translation of the following.**

1. She felt calm, except for the thick thudding beat of her heart.
2. She could actually see it pounding under the thin silk of her dressing-gown.
3. A swirl of a wind and rain hit her in the face as she opened it and peered out into the wild blackness
4. She busied herself carrying out the coffee to the little stone-floored kitchen, lighting another lamp, fetching the kettle from the side of the fire, and washing up her supper things.

**VI. Check your articles and prepositions.**

She could not let herself think of that, not of \_\_\_ future. \_\_\_ past, \_\_\_ certain past, was \_\_\_ thing to hold \_\_\_ to. It was safer to look back than forward. While she lay and waited, watching \_\_\_ vague, agitated shape \_\_\_ \_\_\_ curtain at \_\_\_ mercy of \_\_\_ half-open window, hearing \_\_\_ wind and rain, and \_\_\_ barking \_\_\_ a foolish dog across \_\_\_ marsh, she thought of \_\_\_ things that had gone, \_\_\_ years that led \_\_\_ to this evening – \_\_\_ crisis \_\_\_ her life. All \_\_\_ trivial, momentous, exciting, everyday things that had gone to make \_\_\_ girl who lay in \_\_\_ linen-scented darkness waiting to hear whether her husband were alive or dead.

**VII. Instead of the substituted italicized words insert the right ones. Don't compare with the text. Compare your choice with the other students'.**

- a) It was funny that she didn't feel anything like **sobbing**.
- b) The little dog **jumped out** of his basket, shook himself, yawned, stretched, and pattered after her as she went to the **back** door.
- c) Her **rash** idea had been to walk to the village and knock somebody up with a telephone – ring up Angela, the Admiralty, anybody.
- d) Even if she did, she would have to go to an **unknown place**; she would have to explain; there might even be somebody in the *house* with her when she telephoned.
- e) **Sad events** happened to other people, not to oneself.
- f) Oh love, we two shall go no longer to lands of **autumn** across *the lake*.
- g) She **made** herself carrying out the coffee to the little stone-floored kitchen, lighting another lamp, **taking** the kettle from the side of the fire, and washing up her supper **plates**.
- h) She shut the door with a quick, movement **of fear**, and went back to the washing up, trying to keep her **thoughts** on details like what time she would have **to go** in the morning *to take* the early bus, and whom she **would call**.
- i) She tipped the basket and spilled out the little Cairn sleepily **an-grily**.
- j) Come on, you can **dream** in my **place right now**.
- k) *All not serious*, **historic**, exciting, everyday things that had gone to make the girl who lay in the linen-scented darkness waiting to hear whether her **hubby** were alive or dead.

**VII. Find sentences in the text containing phrases and word combinations. Translate them into Russian, give appropriate synonyms and antonyms.**

**VIII. Complete the given phrases recollecting the text or making your own sentences.**

- a) She felt quite calm, except for ...
- b) A swirl of wind and rain hit her in the face as she ...
- c) But she would never ...
- d) It was more than five miles...
- e) She would never even ...
- f) Perhaps is she...
- g) Hadn't he said that ...
- h) It was cold out there, so she ...
- i) When she had been finished, she ...
- j) When she had filled her hot bottle, and ...
- k) She lay on her back under ...
- l) The thought that ...
- m) She could not let herself ...
- n) Think of that, ...
- o) While she lay and waited, ...

## UNIT 4

### Text 4

It was the smell of clean sheets that reminded Mary of what, when she was a child, she called the Charbury Smell. It was the first thing you noticed as you went in at the front door of Charbury; an indefinable pot-pourri of all the fragrant things in the house— roses, wood-smoke, polished floors, bread, and lavender-kept old-linen. You were only conscious of it when you first came down from London. Once you had been there some time, it became a part of your country self, like the ragamuffin clothes you wore, and the grazes on your knees, and walking on Saturdays to the sound of the gardeners sweeping the gravel drive with brooms.

Sometimes when she was in London, at school, or in the flat near Olympia where she lived with her mother and Uncle Geoffrey, she would get a whiff of something that would bring the Charbury Smell to her imagination, and the whole of her small being would ache with nostalgia, and her eyes would fill with tears of longing for the holidays and the low, grey Elizabethan house in Somerset that was just the right size – large enough for everything except grandeur.

For Mary, everything at Charbury was unquestionably perfect. Even the most unlikable cousins were acceptable because they were there. Without analyzing the charm of the place, she was deeply conscious of enchantment, and it was with a shock of pitying surprise that she realized, in later years, that the grown-ups had missed the paradise which children found so easily.

“Oh, terrible,” her mother told her, “the family rows we had. There was always somebody being offended and creating an atmosphere, and then everyone had to go about apologizing to everyone else and saying: “No, no, it was my fault.”

“But what a waste of time,” Mary said incredulously. “I never realized all this was going on. Not all the time, surely?”

“Oh, no, of course not. We had a lot of fun, really. It was a heavenly place, wasn't it? But, somehow, you know how it is, there was always someone who wanted to make plans for the day at breakfast-time, and someone else who wanted to do things on the spur of the moment, and wanted everyone else to do them with him, and by the time we'd all settled what we're going to do, it would be lunch-time, so we couldn't do it anyway. You were lucky, you children. You didn't know anything about the servants always giving notice because they had nowhere to go on their half-day, and Aunt Mavis discovering that the drains were bad, and raising a typhoid scare, and Uncle Lionel always complaining that the shooting was so poor, and telling your grandfather that his gamekeeper was a poacher – why, I even heard him say that he was thankful when Grandpa got rid of the place!”

Even when Mary heard all this, long after the Charbury had been sold, none of it could spoil the perfect memory that stayed with her thought the years, glorified, almost to legend, because it was a time that could never come again.

Charbury House belonged to Mary's grandparents, whose second son, George Shannon, had been Mary's father. Mary could not remember him, for he was killed in the hand-to-hand fighting at Thiepval, in 1916, when she was a year old. The photograph which her mother had given her to hang over her bed showed her a very young man in uniform with a round face and light curly hair, and the smile on his mouth repeated in his eyes. It looked like a face that was made for smiling, Mary thought, and she had told her mother this one night when she came to tuck her up, and Mrs. Shannon had turned out the light and gone out of the room very quickly, as if she were cross about something. She never talked to Mary about her father, but Mary used to study the photograph intently and often, kneeling up on the pillow to get view of it, for it was very interesting to have a father who was dead. She never thought of it as sad, until she went to the genteel pri-

vate school in the Cromwell Road. Miss Carson, the Head Mistress, and asked her about her father, and when Mary said proudly, "He was killed in the War," Miss Carson had made a clicking noise with her teeth and had taken her into the study, which was full of ferns and palms and bamboo furniture that you could hardly breathe. There Miss Carson, who smelt of bread-and-butter, and taken Mary on to her lap and stroked her hair and told her that it was very, very sad to have no Daddy, but she must be a brave girl and not to cry for him, as he had made the supreme sacrifice, which made Mary burst into tears and sob heart-brokenly into Miss Carson's modesty front. After this, she could hardly bear to look at her father's picture any more, for he had become one of the things, of which there were many, that made her cry. Although she had no idea what they meant, the two words "supreme sacrifice" seemed to her the saddest in the world. She never told her mother when she was crying because of this; she pretended it was for one of the other things, like seeing the picture in Peter Pan of Wendy on the ground with the arrow in her breast, or not being allowed to see Uncle Geoffrey shave.

Geoffrey Payne was Mrs. Shannon's elder brother. When he came back from the Army of Occupation to take up the frail threads of his stage career, he had moved into his sister's flat, somehow or other, never moved out. He specialized in "Silly Ass" parts, which were booming in the early twenties, and chiefly because of his appearance, he had a certain success. He had a face like an egg, that slithered backwards at the forehead and chin, an inconsequential nose, and front teeth that pushed themselves forward at the expense of his lower jaw. He was for ever beginning to grow a sandy moustache, and for ever shaving it off before it had a chance to be more than an embryo. On the stage, and frequently off it, he wore a monocle, in alternate eyes, high collars, bow ties, and suits that called attention to their pattern rather than their cut. He was amiable, in a passive way, and was quite genuine in his often-expressed wish that he could earn more so that his sister should not have to work.

## Vocabulary

1. **indefinable** – impossible to clearly describe or explain
2. **linen** – strong cloth made from the fibres of the flax plant
3. **broom** – a brush with a long handle, used for cleaning the floor
4. **to ache** – to have a continuous pain that is unpleasant but not very strong
5. **unquestionably** – obvious and impossible to doubt
6. **to glorify** – to describe or represent something in a way that makes it seem better or more important than it really is
7. **lap** – the top surface of the upper part of the legs of a person who is sitting down
8. **thread** – a long, thin line of something such as light or smoke, a continuous raised line, such as the one that goes around the outside of a screw or bolt or the inside of a hole, clothes
9. **chiefly** – mainly
10. **inconsequential** – not important

## Tasks

### I. Read and explain the following italicized words and give their Russian equivalents.

1. You **were** only **conscious of** it when you first came down from London.
2. Like the **ragamuffin clothes** you wore.
3. She would **get a whiff** of something that...
4. The whole of her small being would **ache with nostalgia**.
5. She was deeply **conscious of enchantment**.
6. It was **a heavenly place**, wasn't it?
7. **The spur of the moment**.
8. You didn't know anything about the servants **always giving notice**.
9. Memory, **glorified**, almost **to legend**.
10. **Hand-to-hand** fighting.

11. **The smile** on this mouth **repeated in his eyes**.
12. **Kneeling up** on the pillow **to get a good view of it**.
13. Miss Carson had made **a clicking noise** with her teeth.
14. He had made the **supreme sacrifice**.
15. To sob **heart-brokenly**.
16. He had a face **like an egg**.
17. **Sandy moustache**.

## II. Match the word with a definition.

WORDS		DEFINITIONS
1.	amiable	the quality of not talking about or not trying to make people notice your abilities and achievements
2.	frail	to accept, tolerate, or endure something, especially something unpleasant
3.	to boom	not wanting or not able to believe something, and usually showing this
4.	modesty	not proud
5.	to bear	alcohol
6.	to tuck up	a person whose job is to take care of wild animals and birds that are kept especially for hunting
7.	drains	to increase or become successful and produce a lot of money very quickly; to make a very deep and loud hollow sound
8.	incredulously	weak or unhealthy, or easily damaged, broken, or harmed
9.	game keeper	someone who catches and kills animals illegally
10.	poacher	to make someone comfortable in bed, especially a child, by arranging the covers around them

### III. Give definitions to the following.

to get rid of something	embryo
hand-to-hand fighting	alternate eyes
to tuck somebody up	to call attention
genteel private school	in a passive way
to shave off	often-expressed wish

### IV. Give antonyms to the following.

clean sheets	old linen
to remind	to graze on knees
indefinable	to fill with tears
fragrant things	everything except grandeur
wood-smoke	family rows

### V. Give a written translation to the following.

1. An indefinable pot-pourri of all the fragrant things in the house.
2. Without analyzing the charm of the place, she was deeply conscious of enchantment, and it was with a shock of pitying surprise that she realized, in later years, that the grown-ups had missed the paradise which the children found so easy.
3. It looked like a face that was made for smiling, Mary thought.
4. Mary used to study the photograph intently and often, kneeling up on the pillows to get a good view of it.

### VI. Check your articles and prepositions.

Sometimes when she was \_\_\_\_ London, \_\_\_\_ school, or in \_\_\_\_ flat near Olympia where she lived \_\_\_\_ her mother and Uncle Geoffrey, she would get \_\_\_\_ whiff of something that would bring the Charbury Smell to her imagination, and \_\_\_\_ whole of her small being would ache \_\_\_\_ nostalgia, and her eyes would fill \_\_\_\_ tears \_\_\_\_ longing for \_\_\_\_ holidays and \_\_\_\_ low, grey Elizabethan house \_\_\_\_ Somerset that was just \_\_\_\_ right size – large enough for everything except grandeur.

**VII. Make up a short situation using the following words.  
Try to express the main idea of the text. Compare your point  
of view with the other students’.**

clean sheets	a typhoid scare
Charbury smell	a poacher
indefinable pot-pourri	hand-to-hand
fragrant things	to tuck up
conscious	to turn out
ragamuffin clothes	a pillow
gardeners	intently
brooms	bamboo furniture
to get a whiff	bread and butter
imagination	a brave girl
nostalgia	heart-brokenly
unquestionably perfect	the saddest
deeply conscious of enchantment	the Army of Occupation
grown-ups	a monocle
easily	frequently
atmosphere	amiable
to apologize	quite genuine
incredulously	

**VIII. Comment on the choice of the words by the author.**

lavender-kept old-linen	clicking noise
polished floors	to stroke hair
grazes on knees	supreme sacrifice
a gravel drive	to burst into tears
to fill with tears	a modesty front
unlikable cousins	frail threads
to be acceptable	a stage career
to miss the paradise	an inconsequential nose
a heavenly place	a sandy moustache
on the spur of the moment	alternate eyes
a perfect memory	an often-expressed wish
curly hair	an embryo
full of ferns	

**IX. Complete the extract using the appropriate tense and the following verbs.**

*to carry; to shut; to hang; to try; to start; to want; to push oneself out; to pick up (2) ; to walk; to be; to come; to ask; to know; to ring up (2); to take; to blow oneself up.*

Sitting up, she ..... her book and put it on the table. I ..... Angela, she thought, and ..... her to look in tomorrow and see if there's anything. She ..... where the back-door key's hidden, under the flower-pot. It may be silly, but I really can't wait for that letter. There might be something in it, too, that he ..... answered straight away.

She ..... of the chair with an effort. She was stiff from the long, wet walk that she and Bingo ..... that afternoon, before the storm ..... to this gale. Bingo opened one eye and thumped his tail as he ..... that lamp and ..... through to the other part of the room, under the framework of beams where there ..... a wall. It was cold away from the fire. The telephone was on the table by the window, and she ....., she could hear the gusty spatter of rain on the glass, and the moan of the wind that ..... all the way across the marsh to howl about her house.

Not to think, that was the only way. She busied herself ..... out the coffee to the little stone-floored kitchen, lighting another lamp, fetching the kettle from the side of the fire, and washing up her supper things. It was cold out there, so she went and got her coat to put on over her dressing-gown. In the cupboard where her camel-hair coat ..... there was a pair of huge rubber boots, a battered old yachting cap, and a shapeless, oil-stained pair of grey flannel trousers. She shut the door with a quick, frightened movement, and went back to the washing up, ..... to keep her mind on details like what time she ..... in the morning to catch the early bus, and whom she .....

## UNIT 5

### Text 5

“I wouldn’t stop working if you were earning five hundred a week,” Mrs. Shannon would say. “I like it. What on earth should I do all day—“ And she would laugh and click her fingers for him to throw her a cigarette.

When Mary’s father died Mrs. Shannon had gratefully refused the offer of an allowance from his parents, who owned the famous “Shannon’s Restaurant” in Trafalgar Square. Her own parents could not help her, but she wanted to be independent, she said, and earn a living for herself and Mary. By the time Mary was eight years old she had established a secure niche for herself in a prosperous but stagnant dress-shop, which she abandoned in exasperation one day to bluff her way into the job of teaching dress-making at a large Domestic Science College in South Kensington. Mary heard all about this later on. At the time she accepted the fact that her mother “went to work” just as she went to school, and she was deeply surprised when she first discovered that all mothers did not leave home in the morning and return in the evening. Mrs. Shannon was free for nearly the whole of Mary’s holidays, which, in company with most of the rest of the Shannon family, they always spent together at Charbury House.

There they were, the mother and daughter, at Paddington Station on the Thursday before Easter, threading their way through the mad-deningly loitering crowds, with only three minutes to catch the ten-thirty to Taunton. At a first glance they might have looked alike, for they were both small and dark and pale, but they were not really alike at all. Mary, at the age of eleven, was a shrimp of a child with no natural colour, so that people said triumphantly, she looked delicate. When she grinned she looked like a gnome, with her narrow chin and little pointed ears that were uncovered by her hair. It was drawn back behind them, and fastened with a slide in the nape of her neck

before it fell tidily, half-way down her back, Mary's hair had an elusive tinge of chestnut, whereas her mother's was almost blue-black, and Mrs Shannon's eyes were much darker than Mary's, and small and round like energetic buttons. Her head and face were disproportionally small, hardly larger than the child's, but the delicate line of her jaw was square, and her lip straight following the line of her chin, while Mary's chin was pointed, and her big mouth matched none of the contours of her face. "You'll have to grow to your mouth," Grandpa always said.

They pushed their way on to the platform, and ran alongside the train where porters were already slamming doors and people poking their heads out of the windows one last good-bye.

"In here, in here," May kept saying, tugging at her mother as they passed half-full third class carriages, and every minute she thought the train would start; she could see the guard standing by the luggage van, with his whistle even now at his lips. Mrs. Shannon was always convinced that she would find something better farther up; when she went on a picnic she was always seeing "the perfect spot" just beyond the place where everyone had settled. At last to Mary's relief, the came up to the guard, and he said: "Better get in, lady, if you're going," and raised the arm that held the flag, so in the end they had to bundle over the very next carriage, which was full of glaring people. It was not a corridor train, so they had to stay there, and the people had to shift along the seats to make room.

By dint of saying that Mary might be sick if she didn't sit by the window, Mrs. Shannon secured her a corner seat, and as she sat down herself, in the middle of the opposite side she sent Mary a triumphant wink. Mary smiled back, but reservedly, for although it would have been agony for her not to look out of the window, she could not approve of her mother's tactics of making a nuisance of herself until she got what she wanted. Mary, being shy, saw everything in terms of herself. It was not what people would think of her mother that concerned her, but what they would think of Mary in connection with her.

There were five other people in the carriage; three unexciting women, who did not seem to belong to each other, a youngish, ugly man, who evidently belonged to one of them, because he only grunted when she spoke to him, and, in the corner opposite Mary, a comfortably fat old man, with an overblown white moustache, who looked as though he might dress up as Father Christmas for his grandchildren. They were already settled into the apathy a journey induces in some people, but Mrs. Shannon could unwillfully stir up the most sluggish atmosphere. Even when she was sitting still, which was not often, there was still about her the sense of alertness that accompanied her wherever she went, as if she were living at high pitch. Before they got to Ealing, her eye was on the window, where the steam was already forming, and you could almost see the thoughts moving in her brain.

“May I?” She got up and stepped over the old gentleman’s feet to get to the window. “Just an inch – it’s dreadfully hot in here, isn’t it?” She looked round enquiringly at the other people, who didn’t care one way or the other. All they wanted was to be allowed to read their papers in peace. Mary drew her legs out of her mother’s way, and went on looking out of the window her chin on her hand.

“OH, dear, could you help me? I’m afraid it’s stuck – “The old gentleman prepared to be slightly irritated, but she turned on him such a dazzling flash of smile that he immediately felt twenty years younger, and chivalrous into the bargain. He pulled and panted at the window, and eventually sent it crashing all the way down. He and Mrs. Shannon sat down quite pleased with one another, and started a conversation. One of the nondescript women shivered ostentatiously, and her husband made the motions of turning up his collar, without taking his eyes off his paper. A large smut blew on to Mary’s nose and settled there. She could see it out of the corner of her eye, looming enormous, and she kept squinting at it as she gazed out of the window at the things that went by so fast, they made you squint, anyway.

“Perhaps that is a little too far,” said Mrs. Shannon, getting up again. She wrestled with the strap with a frail impotence that put the old gentleman on his feet once more, and by the time they had got it fixed

to her satisfaction the train was roaring through Slough Station with the glorious disregard of an express. The woman in the crochet hat, who sat next to Mrs. Shannon, cunningly offered her some magazines, and for a while there was peace.

### Vocabulary

1. **gratefully** – showing or expressing thanks, especially to another person
2. **to establish** – to start a company or organization that will continue for a long time
3. **to abandon** – to leave a place, thing, or person, usually for ever
4. **exasperation** – the feeling of being annoyed, especially because you can do nothing to solve a problem
5. **delicate** – needing careful treatment, especially because easily damaged
6. **to fasten** – to (cause something to) become firmly fixed together, or in position, or closed
7. **chestnut** – a large, brown nut that grows on a sweet chestnut tree, often cooked and eaten hot
8. **to match** – to be as good as someone or something else
9. **to slam** – to (cause to) move against a hard surface with force and usually a loud noise
10. **to bundle** – to push or put someone or something somewhere quickly and roughly
11. **alertness** – quick to see, understand, and act in a particular situation
12. **bargain** – an agreement between two people or groups in which each promises to do something in exchange for something else
13. **to wrestle** – to fight with someone (especially as a sport) by holding them and trying to throw them to the ground
14. **a strap** – a narrow piece of leather or other strong material used for fastening something or giving support
15. **disregard** – the fact of showing no care or respect for something

## Tasks

### I. Read and explain the italicized phrases, give Russian equivalents.

1. **What on earth** should I do all day?
2. Mrs. Shannon had **gratefully refused** the offer of **an allowance** from his parents.
3. **Threatening their way** through the crowds.
4. Mary was **a shrimp of a child**.
5. Mary's hair had an **elusive tinge** of chestnut.
6. Mary, being shy, saw everything **in terms of herself**.
7. **In connection** with her.
8. Three **unexciting** women.
9. There was still about her **the sense of alertness**.
10. She got up and **stepped over** the old gentleman's feet to get to the window.
11. **Slightly irritated**.
12. **A dazzling flash** of smile.
13. **Without taking** his eyes off his paper.

### II. Match the word with a definition.

WORDS		DEFINITIONS
1.	apathy	to cause an unpleasant emotion or problem to begin or grow
2.	to induce	to go with someone or to be provided or exist at the same time as something
3.	to stir smth. up	(of someone's behaviour) always wanting to learn new things, or (of someone's expression) wanting to know something
4.	sluggish	to breathe quickly and loudly through your mouth, usually because you have been doing something very energetic
5.	to accompany	dirt or ash ( powder left when something has burned) that makes a mark on something

WORDS		DEFINITIONS
6.	enquiringly	to look at something or someone for a long time, especially in surprise or admiration, or because you are thinking about something else
7.	chivalrous	very ordinary, or having no interesting or exciting features or qualities
8.	to pant	a narrow piece of leather or other strong material used for fastening something or giving support
9.	nondescript	behaviour that shows no interest or energy and shows that someone is unwilling to take action, especially over something important
10.	ostentatiously	to appear as a large, often frightening or unclear shape or object
11.	smut	to partly close your eyes in order to see more clearly
12.	to loom	the quality or skill of being clever at planning something so you get what you want, especially by tricking other people
13.	to gaze out	to persuade someone to do something
14.	to squint	too obviously showing your money, possessions, or power, in an attempt to make other people notice and admire you
15.	strap	polite, honest, fair, and kind towards women
16.	cunningly	moving or operating more slowly than usual and with less energy or power

### III. Give definitions to the following.

- |                               |                                   |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. to click fingers           | 8. maddeningly loitering crowds   |
| 2. to own the Restaurant      | 9. to look delicate               |
| 3. a secure niche             | 10. little pointed ears           |
| 4. prosperous                 | 11. slide in the nape of her neck |
| 5. to abandon in exasperation | 12. energetic buttons             |
| 6. to bluff her way           |                                   |
| 7. “event to work”            |                                   |

**IV. Give antonyms to the following.**

- |                       |                             |
|-----------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. disproportionately | 6. to bundle into           |
| 2. delicate line      | 7. to shift along the seats |
| 3. so slam the door   | 8. to belong                |
| 4. to poke head       | 9. to grunt                 |
| 5. to be convinced    | 10. to dress up             |

**V. Give a written translation to the following.**

1. By the time Mary was 8 years old she had established a secure niche for herself in a prosperous but stagnant dress-shop.
2. When she grinned she looked like a gnome, with her narrow chin and little pointed ears that were uncovered by her hair.
3. They were already settled into the apathy a journey induces in some people, but Mrs. Shannon could unwillfully stir up the most sluggish atmosphere.
4. She looked round enquiringly at the other people, who didn't care the way or the other.
5. One of the nondescript women shivered ostentatiously, and her husband made the motions of turning up his collar without taking his eyes off his paper.
6. The woman in the crochet hat, who sat next to Mrs. Shannon, cunningly offered her some magazines, and for a while there was peace.

**VI. Check your articles and prepositions.**

By dint \_\_\_\_ saying that Mary might be sick if she didn't sit by \_\_\_\_ window, Mrs. Shannon secured her \_\_\_\_ corner seat, and as she sat down herself, in \_\_\_\_ middle of \_\_\_\_ opposite side she sent Mary \_\_\_\_ triumphant wink. Mary smiled back, but reservedly, for although it would have been agony for her not to look out \_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_ window,

she could not approve of her mother's tactics \_\_\_\_ making \_\_\_\_ nuisance of herself until she got what she wanted. Mary, being shy, saw everything in terms of herself. It was not what people would think \_\_\_\_\_ her mother that concerned her, but what they would think of Mary in connection \_\_\_\_ her.

**VII. What transformations from the field of pragmatics can be used in the translation of the following sentences?**

- a) When Mary's father died Mrs. Shannon had gratefully refused the offer of an allowance from his parents, who owned the famous "Shannon's Restaurant" in Trafalgar Square.
- b) By the time Mary was eight years old she had established a secure niche for herself in a prosperous but stagnant dress-shop, which she abandoned in exasperation one day to bluff her way into the job of teaching dress-making at a large Domestic Science College in South Kensington.
- c) At the time she accepted the fact that her mother "went to work" just as she went to school, and she was deeply surprised when she first discovered that all mothers did not leave home in the morning and return in the evening.
- d) It was drawn back behind them, and fastened with a slide in the nape of her neck before it fell tidily, half-way down her back, Mary's hair had an elusive tinge of chestnut, whereas her mother's was almost blue-black, and Mrs. Shannon's eyes were much darker than Mary's, and small and round like energetic buttons.
- e) Her head and face were disproportionately small, hardly larger than the child's, but the delicate line of her jaw was square, and her lip straight following the line of her chin, while Mary's chin was pointed, and her big mouth matched none of the contours of her face.
- f) Mrs. Shannon was always convinced that she would find something better farther up; when she went on a picnic she was always

seeing “the perfect spot” just beyond the place where everyone had settled.

- g) Mary smiled back, but reservedly, for although it would have been agony for her not to look out of the window, she could not approve of her mother’s tactics of making a nuisance of herself until she got what she wanted.
- h) There were five other people in the carriage; three unexciting women, who did not seem to belong to each other, a youngish, ugly man, who evidently belonged to one of them, because he only grunted when she spoke to him, and, in the corner opposite Mary, a comfortably fat old man, with an overblown white moustache, who looked as though he might dress up as Father Christmas for his grandchildren.
- i) The old gentleman prepared to be slightly irritated, but she turned on him such a dazzling flash of smile that he immediately felt twenty years younger, and chivalrous into the bargain.
- j) She could see it out of the corner of her eye, looming enormous, and she kept squinting at it as she gazed out of the window at the things that went by so fast, they made you squint, anyway.
- k) She wrestled with the strap with a frail impotence that put the old gentleman on his feet once more, and by the time they had got it fixed to her satisfaction the train was roaring through Slough Station with the glorious disregard of an express.

### **VIII. Explain the usage of the article.**

- a) There they were, the mother and daughter, at Paddington Station on the Thursday before Easter, threading their way through the maddeningly loitering crowds, with only three minutes to catch the ten-thirty to Taunton.
- b) At last to Mary’s relief, he came up to the guard, and he said: “Better get in, lady, if you’re going,” and raised the arm that held

the flag, so in the end they had to bundle over the very next carriage, which was full of glaring people.

- c) It was not a corridor train, so they had to stay there, and the people had to shift along the seats to make room.
- d) They were already settled into the apathy a journey induces in some people, but Mrs. Shannon could unwillingly stir up the most sluggish atmosphere.
- e) He pulled and panted at the window, and eventually sent it crashing all the way down.
- f) The woman in the crochet hat, who sat next to Mrs. Shannon, cunningly offered her some magazines, and for a while there was peace.

**IX. Work in pairs. Complete or start the following phrases. Make up your own sentences. Try to recollect the idea of the text.**

- a) I would not stop working if you were ...
- b) ... , she said, and earn a living for herself and Mary.
- c) At a first glance they might have ...
- d) ... , with her narrow chin and little pointed ears that were ...
- e) They pushed their way on to the ...
- f) ... , she could see the guard standing by the luggage van, ...
- g) By dint of saying that ...
- h) ... in terms of herself.
- i) ... in connection with her.
- j) Even when she was still, ...
- k) She looked round enquiringly at the ...
- l) ... looking out of the window her chin on her hand.
- m) ... , and started a conversation.
- n) A large smut blew on to ..

## UNIT 6

### Text 6

Mary was only half aware of what went on in the carriage. She was used to her mother's restlessness, and she was busy looking out of the window and thrilling herself inside with the thought that nothing now short of a train accident – she touched the wood of the door quickly – could stop her going to Charbury. She could still almost cry when she thought of that dreadful time last holidays when she had got measles, a week before the end of term. She had held out desperately with a temperature of a hundred and three, with watering eyes and a head that felt six times its normal size, until she had finally fainted during the geography lesson, and not all the glory that this, and being taken home wrapped in blankets in a taxi, had given her among her school-fellows, could make up for one minute of the time that she missed at Charbury.

Then there had been the time when her other grandparents, Mrs. Shannon's mother and father, who lived in damp defeat in a half-shut-up house in Dulwich, had wrecked the Easter holidays. Grandfather had elected to have a stroke on the very day before they were supposed to be going to Somerset. All the cases were packed, and the fortnight's supply of birdseed for the love-birds bought for Uncle Geoffrey, who otherwise could not be trusted to spend money on them, but they had to stay in London. Grandfather had taken a week to die, and afterwards there were countless arrangements to make and Mrs. Shannon had had to go and stay down at Clarice Hill, melancholy house. There had been nobody to take Mary down to Charbury, for all the cousins and aunts had already gone. She had been furious, and had cried herself dry and kicked the furniture, and said a lot of bitter outrageous things to Mrs. Duckett, the daily woman, who, although deaf, provided the satisfaction of an audience that the amount of solitary storming could give.

Mary was inclined to take every disappointment as a personal affront, a sort of, “Why should this happen to me?” attitude, to which Uncle Geoffrey’s infuriating answer was: “Why not?”

All that was in the past, and grandfather’s death ancient history by now, and this time they really were off. Mary sat with her comic paper unopened in her lap and watched the doll’s houses of the suburbs give place to the green, the thrilling green of the real country, with the changing shapes of the fields, and the cows that stared as Mary rushed by like a queen on the way to her kingdom. A cindery bank rose abruptly between her and the view, and, growing incongruously on the sooty cutting, there were primroses! Starry clusters of them, inviting her to linger there and smell their faint clean fragrance, but the train cared nothing for such glimpses, and rocked importantly on towards the magnet of the West Country.

Now the bank dropped sharply away and revealed the beginning of a town, where before there had been fields. Row upon row of grey slate roofs, parallel lines of wheeling perspective, heralded the approach of a station, but the engine, with its eye on a further goal, seemed to increase, rather than slacken speed, as signal-boxes, trucks, the eyeless walls of brick sheds loomed into view, roared at the train and fell behind. The slope and level of the platform ran alongside, and pale, gaping faces, mackintoshes, the moon-face of a clock had one ephemeral moment of existence as the train rushed through, trailing its scream behind it like banner. More roofs whisked by, with a glimpse of a stout, aproned figure or a flaunting line of washing, and then where was a huddle of factories, and three gasometers with the morning sun glinting on their curving tops. The bank rose up, spangled again with the primroses, and when it sank, Mary knew she could settle down to an hour or more’s scarcely interrupted greenness. She sat with her dangling legs not quite reaching the floor, elbow on the arm-rest, occasionally leaning her forehead against the smutty window-pane, drugged with the train’s thumping rhythm and the endless succession of delights that raced past her eyes. Each field, each little copse and hall-concealed farmhouse looked like a place

in which you could quite happily spend the rest of your days. The telegraph wires soared into the air, to be pulled down regularly by each pole, only to rise again in their endless, futile endeavor to climb out of sight before the next pole. Behind her, Mary was vaguely conscious of the noises in the carriage; the ripple and rumble of talk between her mother and the old gentleman, and the occasional crackle as the woman in the crochet hat turned the page of her newspaper, clearing her throat each time with a short, dry sound, as if she were stating an uninteresting fact.

Mary knew the landmarks all the way down. Here came a familiar bank with giant letters marked mysteriously on it in stones. It was a very long cutting, but just as she thought, as always, that it would never end, they plunged with a shriek and rush into the clattering gloom of a tunnel, and someone was treading on her feet, trying to shut the window. She knew the exact length of this tunnel, and she knew what she would see the moment they were out of it. You had to look quickly or you would miss it, and she kept rubbing her window so that it could not steam over. That ghost of a light appeared on the wall of the tunnel, grew, brightened, became day-lit brick for a moment, and then with a sudden lifting of the concentrated noise, and a dazzle of sunlight, they were out – and there it was! The standing white horse, the Westbury horse, that stood on the hillside so close to the train that you got a distorted, elongated view of it as you squinted upward. Mary liked it far better than the other white horse nearer London, that trotted away by itself in a detached manner, miles and miles from the railway. It was friendly of this one to be so near, and it was a landmark that meant only three-quarters of an hour to Taunton.

Presently the train began to slow down. “Frome”, said the younger man in the carriage – the first thing he’d said since Paddington. Fancy not knowing that it was pronounced Froome, thought Mary pityingly, especially as he seemed to be getting out there. He and his wife began to pull suitcases and umbrellas down from the rack on the people’s heads, and the old gentleman was evidently getting out too, for he fished out a hold-all from under the seat between his legs. At Frome,

Mrs. Shannon kept him standing on the platform, while she thought of a few more things to say to him, and then they exchanged cards, and, by the time train drew out, they had promised each other a reunion, undeterred by the distance between West Kensington and Somerset.

### Vocabulary

1. **restlessness** – unwilling or unable to stay still or to be quiet and calm, because you are worried or bored
2. **desperately** – extremely or very much
3. **to wrap** – to cover or surround something with paper, cloth, or other material
4. **fortnight** – a period of two weeks
5. **outrageous** – shocking and morally unacceptable
6. **abruptly** – sudden and unexpected, and often unpleasant
7. **perspective** – a particular way of considering something
8. **to herald** – to be a sign that something important, and often good, is starting to happen, or to make something publicly known, especially by celebrating or praising it
9. **to whisk** – to take something or someone somewhere else suddenly and quickly
10. **delights** – (something or someone that gives) great pleasure, satisfaction, or happiness, the pleasures of something
11. **copse** – a small group of trees
12. **to plunge** – to (cause someone or something to) move or fall suddenly and often a long way forward, down, or into something
13. **to rub** – to press or be pressed against something with a circular or up-and-down repeated movement
14. **to steam** – to move by steam power, if glass or something with a glass or similar surface steams up, it becomes covered with a thin layer of water caused by steam touching it, and if you steam it up, you cause this to happen
15. **to elongate** – to become or make something become longer, and often thinner

## Tasks

### I. Read and explain the following and give Russian equivalents.

1. Mary **was half aware of** what went on.
2. She was busy **thrilling herself** inside with the thought that...
3. She had **held out desperately** with...
4. She had finally **fainted**.
5. Grandfather **had elected to have a stroke**.
6. And afterwards there were **countless arrangements to make**.
7. **Trying vainly** to make.
8. She had been **furious**.
9. **To provide satisfaction** of an audience.
10. Mary **was inclined** to take.
11. A cindery bank **rose abruptly** between her and the view.
12. Now the bank **dropped sharply away**.
13. **The slope and level** of the platform **ran alongside**.
14. The bank rose up, **spangled again with primroses**.
15. The telegraph wires **soared into the air**.
16. Mary was **vaguely conscious** of the noises.
17. That trotted away by itself **in a detached manner**.
18. The train began **to slow down**.
19. **Fancy not knowing**.
20. They promised reunion, undeterred by the distance.

### II. Consult the dictionary and transcribe the following words from the text.

restlessness	melancholy	gasometer
measles	outrageous	an elbow
desperately	affront	futile
a blanket	incongruously	endeavor
wrecked	herald	distorted
vainly	ephemeral	elongated
to abandon		

### III. Give definitions to the following.

a carriage	mackintoshes
a rack	to spangle
to draw out	a pole
undeterred	dreadful time
fragrance	love-birds
to reveal	to cry dry
to slacken speed	personal affront

### IV. Give antonyms to the following.

to held out	growing incongruously
to faint	to care
glory	to drop away
defeat	to increase
vainly	flaunting line
to be deaf	to interrupt
solitary	occasional crackle
infuriating	

### V. Check your articles and prepositions.

Presently \_\_\_\_ train began to slow down. “Frome”, said \_\_\_\_ younger man in \_\_\_\_ carriage – \_\_\_\_ first thing he’d said since Paddington. Fancy not knowing that it was pronounced Froome, thought Mary pityingly, especially as he seemed to be getting out there. He and his wife began to pull suitcases and umbrellas \_\_\_\_ from the rack on \_\_\_\_ people’s heads, and \_\_\_\_ old gentleman was evidently getting \_\_\_\_ too, for he fished \_\_\_\_ a hold-all from under \_\_\_\_ seat between his legs. At Frome, Mrs. Shannon kept him standing on \_\_\_\_ platform, while she thought of \_\_\_\_ few more things to say to him, and then they exchanged cards, and, by \_\_\_\_ time train drew out, they had promised each other \_\_\_\_ reunion, undeterred by \_\_\_\_ distance between West Kensington and Somerset.

**VI. Make a pre-translation analysis according to the scheme.**

- Define the type of the text: dominants and invariants.
- Define the recipient of the text.
- Define the source of the target text.
- Define conventionality of the text (stamps, clichés, set expressions).
- Define types of information.
- Define the external information of the text.
- Define the communicative task of the text.
- Make a translation, define the unity of translation: word, word-combination, sentence, text.

**VII. Read the text below. Use the word given in capitals in the 2<sup>nd</sup> column to form a word that fits in the gap in the same line.**

<p>Now the bank dropped _____ away and revealed the beginning of a town, where before there had been fields. Row upon row of grey slate roofs, parallel lines of wheeling perspective, _____ the approach of a station, but the engine, with its eye on a further goal, _____ to increase, rather than slacken speed, as signal-boxes, trucks, the eyeless walls of brick sheds loomed into view, _____ at the train and fell behind. The slope and level of the platform ran alongside, and pale, gaping _____, mackintoshes, the moon-face of a clock had one ephemeral moment of _____ as the train rushed through, trailing its scream behind it like banner. More roofs whisked by, with a glimpse of a stout, aproned _____ or a _____ line of washing, and then where was a huddle of factories, and three gasometers with the morning sun _____ on their curving tops. The bank rose up, spangled again with the primroses, and when it sank, Mary knew she could settle down to an hour or more's scarcely _____ greenness. She sat with her _____ legs not quite reaching the floor, elbow on the arm-rest, occasionally leaning her forehead against the smutty window-pane, drugged with the train's _____ rhythm and the endless succession of _____ that raced past her eyes. Each field, each little copse and hall-concealed farmhouse looked like a _____ in which you could quite happily spend the rest of your days.</p>	<p>sharp heraldic seeming roaring facing exist figuring flaunted glance interruption dangle thump delightful placing endearing consciously rippled cleared dried</p>
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The telegraph wires soared into the air, to be pulled down regularly by each pole, only to rise again in their endless, futile ____ to climb out of sight before the next pole. Behind her, Mary was vaguely _____ of the noises in the carriage; the _____ and rumble of talk between her mother and the old gentleman, and the occasional crackle as the woman in the crochet hat turned the page of her newspaper, _____ her throat each time with a short, _____ sound, as if she were stating an uninteresting fact.	
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### VIII. Read the text below. Fill in the gaps.

Mary knew the \_\_\_\_ all the way down. Here came a \_\_\_\_ bank with giant letters marked \_\_\_\_\_ on it in stones. It was a very long cutting, but just as she thought, as always, that it would never end, they \_\_\_\_\_ with a shriek and rush into the clattering gloom of a tunnel, and someone was treading on her feet, trying to shut the window. She knew the exact length of this \_\_\_\_\_, and she knew what she would see the moment they were out of it. You had to look quickly or you would \_\_\_\_ it, and she kept rubbing her window so that it could not \_\_\_\_ over. That ghost of a light \_\_\_\_ on the wall of the tunnel, grew, \_\_\_\_\_, became day-lit brick for a moment, and then with a sudden \_\_\_\_\_ of the concentrated noise, and a dazzle of sunlight, they were out – and there it was! The \_\_\_\_\_ white horse, the Westbury horse, that stood on the hillside so close to the train that you got a distorted, \_\_\_\_\_ view of it as you squinted upward. Mary liked it far better than the other white horse nearer London, that trotted away by itself in a \_\_\_\_ manner, miles and miles from the railway. It was \_\_\_\_\_ of this one to be so near, and it was a landmark that meant only three-quarters of an hour to \_\_\_\_\_.

Presently the train began to slow down. “Frome”, said the \_\_\_\_ man in the carriage – the first thing he’d said since Paddington. \_\_\_\_\_ not knowing that it was pronounced Froome, thought Mary pityingly, especially as he seemed to be getting out there. He and his wife began to pull \_\_\_\_ and umbrellas down from the rack on the people’s heads,

and the old gentleman was evidently \_\_\_\_\_ out too, for he fished out a hold-all from under the seat between his \_\_\_\_\_. At Frome, Mrs Shannon kept him \_\_\_\_\_ on the platform, while she thought of a few more things to say to him, and then they \_\_\_\_\_ cards, and, by the time train drew out, they had \_\_\_\_\_ each other a reunion, \_\_\_\_\_ by the distance between West Kensington and Somerset.

## UNIT 7

### Text 7

Now Mary was able to put her feet up on the opposite seat, for her dangling legs were getting fidgety, and it seemed hardly any time at all before her mother was saying: "Better be putting your hat on, darling," and beginning to make the commotion of departure. Mary saw with a thrill the first outlying houses of the town go flying by as she seemed to have been sitting. She jammed it on the back of her head, with the elastic under her chin, and put on her fawn woolly gloves. Then she felt politely dressed and sat demurely with her hands in her lap, and her inside tense with excitement.

The train began to slacken speed gradually, gradually, until it finally hissed to a standstill alongside the unsophisticated activity of the down platform at Taunton. Mrs. Shannon was still dusting herself off and pulling and poking her short hair into place under the brim of her round felt hat so Mary opened the door and hopped on to the platform, her legs feeling almost as stiff and unfamiliar as they did when she got down from her pony. She stood waiting for her mother, sniffing the sweet, clean country air like a little dog, rejoicing to hear again the soft Somerset blur of an old porter's: "Mind yewer backs!" Everything moved at a much slower tempo here. Even the train had lost the impatience that had sent it snorting out of Paddington right on time, and seemed content to linger here while things were unhurriedly put in and out of the gaping holes in its side. Mary and her mother went along to see that their luggage was taken off, for once it had been amiably left to go all by itself to Penzance. To Mary's secret relief, Mrs Shannon did not discover that she had left her gloves in the carriage until after the train had gone, so Mary could not be asked to go back and face an unhelpful carriage in search of them.

There was nearly an hour before the little single-line train would start for Yarde, so they always had lunch in the station buffet while they

waited. Mrs. Shannon had, at one time or another, hopefully tried all the food on the counter and had reached the conclusion that biscuits and milk chocolate and a cup of tea were the most harmless. Mary always had a large sausage roll, a ham sandwich, two doughnuts, and a stone bottle of warm ginger-beer which came back afterwards down her nose. It was fun, this lunch. Mary had a passion for tradition, and for keeping time-honored customs year after year. Her mother used to laugh at her, and say she was a “regular old die-hard, just like Grandpa”, because her birthday and Christmas treats always had to be the same, and things like getting into bed a particular way, and walking to school on the same side of the road, were sacred. As grown-ups went Mary found her mother the most entertaining company. Mrs Shannon knew nothing about the bright patronage that some people use on children; she said to them, as she did to grown-ups, whatever came into her head and, as a comedian, she was a wild success. Her mimicry always tickled Mary, and sometimes at the flat she and Uncle Geoffrey would roll hysterically about on the floor when her mother was being funny.

“Excited, Puss-cat?” she asked, as Mary came back to the table with her second bottle of ginger-beer. “I wonder if Denys is down yet,” she added casually. “Aunt Mavis said she wasn’t certain whether they were going this week or next.”

Mary blushed, as she always did if anyone caught her unawares with Denys’ name, and took a long and gassy draught to recover her poise. Denys was her cousin, two years older than herself, who could do everything, not only miles better than she could, but quite marvelously. He and Mary were engaged.

Although Mary had not confined in her, the romance had not passed Mrs Shannon by, and she could not resist a little occasional covert probing.

He’s going to Eton the term after next, you know. Bates says he’ll eat his hat if he doesn’t get into the cricket team, said Mary, looking over the top of her glass with awe, for the words of Bates, the head gardener, who had once been twelfth man for Somerset, fell from his lips as pearls.

## Vocabulary

1. **fidgety** – continuous, small movements that annoy other people
2. **to tense** – If you or your muscles tense, your muscles become stiff and tight because you are frightened or nervous, or are preparing yourself to do something
3. **unhelpful** – not improving a difficult situation
4. **a counter** – a long, flat, narrow surface or table in a shop, bank, restaurant, etc. at which people are served
5. **mimicry** – the way to copy the way in which a particular person usually speaks and moves, usually in order to make people laugh
6. **to roll about** – to move somewhere easily and without sudden movements
7. **to awe** – to cause someone to feel awe

## Tasks

### I. Read and explain the following and give Russian equivalents.

1. For her dangling legs were **getting fidgety**.
2. And beginning to make the **commotion of departure**.
3. She **jammed** it on to the back of her head.
4. Then she left **politely dressed**.
5. The train began **to slacken speed gradually**.
6. Mrs. Shannon was still **dusting herself off**.
7. **Mind yewer backs!**
8. For once it had been **amiably** left.
9. Mary had a passion for keeping time honored customs.
10. **Regular old die-hard**.
11. Mrs. Shannon knew nothing about the **bright patronage**.
12. Her **mimicry** always **tickled** Mary.
13. If anyone **caught her unawares** with Denys' name.
14. He and Mary **were engaged**.
15. **Fell from his lips as pearls**.

**II. Consult the dictionary and transcribe the following words from the text.**

fidgety	a buffet
a commotion	biscuits
a departure	a doughnut
a cartwheel	a patronage
demurely	hysterically
to blur	to poise
content	to covert
amiably	awe

**III. Give definitions to the following.**

a pearl	to face
to resist	carriage
marvelously	to hiss
wild success	unsophisticated activity
to roll about	to rejoice
single-line train	to linger

**IV. Give antonyms to the following.**

to dangle legs	to sit demurely
to put the hat on	to hop on
to make the commotion	gaping holes
to jam	a relief

**V. Check your articles and prepositions.**

Now Mary was able to put her feet up on \_\_\_\_ opposite seat, for her dangling legs were getting fidgety, and it seemed hardly any time at all before her mother was saying: "Better be putting your hat on, darling," and beginning to make \_\_\_\_ commotion of departure. Mary saw \_\_\_\_\_ thrill the first outlying houses of \_\_\_\_ town go flying by as she seemed to have been sitting. She jammed it \_\_\_\_\_ back of her head, with \_\_\_\_ elastic under her chin, and put on her fawn woolly gloves. Then she felt politely dressed, and sat demurely \_\_\_\_ her hands in her lap, and her inside tense \_\_\_\_\_ excitement.

**VI. In the box there are some adjectives which are commonly used. Categorize them under the headings in the table:**

opposed	woolly	polite	demure	unsophisticated	unfamiliar
clean	sweet	unhelpful	single-line	harmless	fun
particular	sacred	wild	excited	little	same

positive	negative	neutral
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**VII. Sentences from *a* to *j* are from the text. Match them in the appropriate order (1 – 10).**

- a) Now Mary was able to put her feet up on the opposite seat, for her dangling legs were getting fidgety, and it seemed hardly any time at all before her mother was saying: “Better be putting your hat on, darling,” and beginning to make the commotion of departure.
- b) Mary saw with a thrill the first outlying houses of the town go flying by as she seemed to have been sitting.
- c) She jammed it on the back of her head, with the elastic under her chin, and put on her fawn woolly gloves.
- d) Mrs. Shannon was still dusting herself off and pulling and poking her short hair into place under the brim of her round felt hat so Mary opened the door and hopped on to the platform, her legs feeling almost as stiff and unfamiliar as they did when she got down from her pony.
- e) Mary and her mother went along to see that their luggage was taken off, for once it had been amiably left to go all by itself to Penzance.
- f) Mary always had a large sausage roll, a ham sandwich, two doughnuts, and a stone bottle of warm ginger-beer which came back afterwards down her nose.
- g) Her mother used to laugh at her, and say she was a “regular old die-hard, just like Grandpa”, because her birthday and Christ-

mas treats always had to be the same, and things like getting into bed a particular way, and walking to school on the same side of the road, were sacred.

- h) Her mimicry always tickled Mary, and sometimes at the flat she and Uncle Geoffrey would roll hysterically about on the floor when her mother was being funny.
- i) Mary blushed, as she always did if anyone caught her unawares with Denys' name, and took a long and gassy draught to recover her poise.
- j) Bates says he'll eat his hat if he doesn't get into the cricket team, said Mary, looking over the top of her glass with awe, for the words of Bates, the head gardener, who had once been twelfth man for Somerset, fell from his lips as pearls.

**VIII. Insert the words in the blanks in the sentences.**

sniffing	conclusion	comedian	yewer	single-line	passion
	cricket team	time-honored	commotion	entertaining	
harmless	marvelously	awe	pearls	dangling	amiably
unsophisticated	rejoicing				

- a) Now Mary was able to put her feet up on the opposite seat, for her \_\_\_\_\_ legs were getting fidgety, and it seemed hardly any time at all before her mother was saying: "Better be putting your hat on, darling," and beginning to make the \_\_\_\_\_ of departure.
- b) The train began to slacken speed gradually, gradually, until it finally hissed to a standstill alongside the \_\_\_\_\_ activity of the down platform at Taunton.
- c) She stood waiting for her mother, \_\_\_\_\_ the sweet, clean country air like a little dog, \_\_\_\_\_ to hear again the soft Somerset blur of an old porter's: "Mind \_\_\_\_\_ backs!"

- d) Mary and her mother went along to see that their luggage was taken off, for once it had been \_\_\_\_\_ left to go all by itself to Penzance.
- e) There was nearly an hour before the little \_\_\_\_\_ train would start for Yarde, so they always had lunch in the station buffet while they waited.
- f) Mrs. Shannon had, at one time or another, hopefully tried all the food on the counter and had reached the \_\_\_\_\_ that biscuits and milk chocolate and a cup of tea were the most \_\_\_\_\_.
- g) It was fun, this lunch. Mary had a \_\_\_\_\_ for tradition, and for keeping \_\_\_\_\_ customs year after year.
- h) As grown-ups went Mary found her mother the most \_\_\_\_\_ company.
- i) Mrs. Shannon knew nothing about the bright patronage that some people use on children; she said to them, as she did to grown-ups, whatever came into her head and, as a \_\_\_\_\_, she was a wild success.
- j) Denys was her cousin, two years older than herself, who could do everything, not only miles better than she could, but quite \_\_\_\_\_.
- k) Bates says he'll eat his hat if he doesn't get into the \_\_\_\_\_, said Mary, looking over the top of her glass with \_\_\_\_\_, for the words of Bates, the head gardener, who had once been twelfth man for Somerset, fell from his lips as \_\_\_\_\_.

## UNIT 8

### Text 8

Then you'll be able to go to Lord's in a fluffy dress and a big, floppy hat, and watch him play in the Eton and Harrow match. But not," added Mrs Shannon, while Mary was contemplating this pleasing picture, "not with a large black smut on the side of your nose." She fished in her bag for her handkerchief and licked a corner of it. "Here, hold still while I clean you up," she said, the tip of her tongue protruding ever so slightly as she applied herself with concentrated delicacy to her child's nose. Mary was struck anew by the problem of why other people's spit smelt different to one's own. It was one of the great unsolved mysteries of life that a grown-up seemed able to explain; like why water running out a basin should always swirl the same way.

When they had finished their lunch, they wandered out on the almost empty platform and walked along in the sun to the end, where it sloped down to the cinders of the track, and before they turned back, Mary put a foot, pretending, for the benefit of the man at the points, that she was going to brave the forbidden territory. The air was full of pleasant, lazy sounds: leisurely rhythm of their footsteps on the stone, birds singing in the elm trees at the other side of the line, a dog barking from the cottage, and the desultory clang of milk churns as a man lined up the empties for the Yarde train. Mrs Shannon sat down on a bench that said: "Pattison's, the Sheep Dip," and lit a cigarette, and Mary climbed into the neat little cattle-pen and pretended she was a horse, which meant standing quite still and feeling like a horse inside, without any outward pantomime.

When the little Yarde train pattered in with its engine at the back, she got in at once, although it would not go for a quarter of an hour, or even longer, if the driver felt like holding it up for a friend. There were only two carriages, with seats along the sides, like in the Tube, and the passengers that trickled in were very different from those

on the London train. There was a farmer with a beard and leggings and a waistcoat hanging open over his collarless shirt; country women in best straw hats with roses; a man in a tweed suit and cap, with lovely black-and-white spaniel with sad eyes.

“Funny,” said Mrs. Shannon, squirming to look out of the window, “there’s generally someone we know on this train.” As she spoke, Mrs. Cotterell heaved abroad in magnifying tweeds and a hard felt hat with a pheasant’s feather. Mrs. Cotterell lived in a red house on a hill above Yarde, and she sometimes came over to Charbury to tea, bringing her little boy for a “romp with the children”. He was called “Bubbles”, and he wore corduroy knickers and silk shirts, and had to be allowed to do what he wanted, and always be given the best tricycle, otherwise he cried and ran to the grown-ups.

Mrs. Cotterell came and sat beside them and said: “And how is Margaret?” to Mary, and then began to tell a long story of how she had been into Taunton to interview a cook, “because my wonderful Mrs. Ellis has turned out to be a snake in the grass. When I tell you,” Mrs. Cotterell lowered her voice, scandalized, “of the intrigue that went on at the back door: conspiring with the tradesmen to cheat me on the bills – “With a creak and a lurch, the train began to move out of the station, and Mary knelt on the seat to look out of the window, while outraged fragments of Mrs. Cotterell’s story reached her from time to time – “Goodness knows how long this has been going on” – encouraged by sympathetic noises from Mrs. Shannon.

Yarde was only about fourteen miles from Taunton, but the “Umpty train”, as it was called in the family, took more than half an hour over it, winding its unflustered way through fields and over high-banked lanes, adapting itself to the contours of the country-side, making detours round little hills instead of cutting its way ruthlessly through them, as the main line would have done. Mary knew every yard of the way; each halt they stopped at, with the Somerset voices sounding very clear in the sudden silence, was a milestone. As they got nearer Yarde, the scenery was more than just familiar to her because

she had seen it so often from the train. There were places where she had actually been herself, and would go again. She had often ridden as far as that gill with the clump of trees on top – there was a glimpse of the road which you took if you went to Taunton by car – here a wood where they had stood for hours and seen the sun come up, when Uncle Tim had taken her and Denys cub-hunting. The excitement that had been mounting in her all the way down from London was intensified almost to bursting-point as the train idled into Yarde Station, and jumping out, she saw the same red geraniums in the station-master's garden, the old porter Jacob, with three dead ducks in one hand and a dog-basket in the other, and, crowning joy of all, Linney, large and square and smiling, waiting by the weighting machine for them in his dark green uniform, a grin like a slice of melon cutting his face half. She rushed at him and he staved off her exuberance with his hands in the big, brown leather gauntlets, with half an eye on Mrs. Shannon descending from the train.

“Well, Miss Mary, aren't you ever going to grow tall?” he asked, as he always did, and she made the stock joke, which never failed to amuse: “Not till you grow thin!”

“You're a terror, you are,” he said, shaking his head and grinning more broadly than ever as she skipped along beside him to the luggage van, peppering him with questions about the dogs, the horses, her mustard-and-cress garden, and his wife's swollen feet.

Mrs. Shannon and Mrs. Cotterell at last tore themselves loose from each other in the station yard. Mrs. Cotterell drove away top-heavily in a governess cart, and Linney put Mary and her mother and the luggage and a drum of artificial manure that had come on the train into the old green Lancia that was used for the station.

I left Mrs. Ritchie in the town, “m”, said Linney, as he stuffed his bulk into the front seat. “We've to pick her up at the Lib'ry.”

“All right”, said Mrs. Shannon. “Denys is down, then,” she said unnecessarily to Mary, smiling to see her grinning away to herself in the corner of the car.

Mavis Ritchie was waiting outside “Stationers, J.G. Ingledeew, News-agents,” standing on the pavement by the revolving postcard stand, whose pictures of trains and views and fat-legged toddle’s saying: “I’s missin’ ‘oo” had not been changed within memory. She was always ready and waiting too early. Ever since her husband had forgotten her at a wedding and taken the car home without her, she was always expecting to be forgotten, even by people who could not conceivably have had too much champagne.

### Vocabulary

1. **handkerchief** – a square piece of cloth or paper used for cleaning the nose or drying the eyes when they are wet with tears
2. **to apply** – to request something, usually officially, especially in writing or by sending in a form
3. **to swirl** – to (cause to) move quickly with a twisting, circular movement
4. **cinder** – a small piece of partly burned coal or wood
5. **a track** – a path or rough road that is made of soil rather than having a surface covered with stone or other material
6. **to brave** – to deal with an unpleasant or difficult situation
7. **an engine** – something that provides power, often economic power, for other things
8. **to potter** – to move around without hurrying, and in a relaxed and pleasant way
9. **to squirm** – to move from side to side in an awkward way because of nervousness, embarrassment, or pain
10. **knickers** – a piece of underwear worn by women and girls covering the area between the waist and the tops of the legs
11. **to conspire** – to plan secretly with other people to do something bad, illegal, or against someone’s wishes
12. **to adapt** – to change something to suit different conditions or uses
13. **ruthlessly** – not thinking or worrying about any pain caused to others; cruel

14. **to stave off** – to stop something bad from happening, or to keep an unwanted situation or person away, usually temporarily
15. **exuberance** – (especially of people and their behaviour) very energetic
16. **conceivably** – possible to imagine or to believe

### Tasks

#### I. Read and explain the following and give Russian equivalents.

1. To go to Lord's in a **fluffy dress**.
2. While Mary was **contemplating this pleasing picture**.
3. She **fished** in her bag for her handkerchief.
4. Mary **was struck anew**.
5. They **wandered out** on the empty platform.
6. She was going **to brave the forbidden territory**.
7. Mary climbed into the **neat little cattle-pen**.
8. "Funny", said Mrs. Shannon, **squirming to look out** of the window.
9. **To romp** with the children.
10. Encouraged by **sympathetic noises**.
11. As they got nearer Yarde, **the scenery was more than just familiar**.
12. Was intensified to **bursting point**.
13. **To pepper** with questions.
14. A drum of **artificial manure** that had come on.
15. Denys **is down**.
16. Had not been changed **within memory**.

**II. Consult the dictionary and transcribe the following words from the text.**

contemplating	scandalized
handkerchief	intrigue
to wander	detours
rhythm	geraniums
desultory	exuberance
leggings	gauntlets
waistcoat	descending
squirming	conceivably
a corduroy	

**III. Give definitions out of the word to the following.**

a fluffy dress	outward
a floppy hat	elm trees
smut	to potter in
to clean up	collarless shirt
to protrude	to heave
delicacy	a tricycle
a basin	to cheat
to slop down	unflustered way
to pretend	to cut way through
desultory clang	

**IV. Give antonyms to the following.**

cub-hunting	to descend
to mount	to grow tall
to intensify	to amuse
to idle into	to fail to do smth

**V. Check your articles and prepositions.**

Mrs. Shannon and Mrs. Cotterell at last tore themselves loose from each other in \_\_\_ station yard. Mrs. Cotterell drove away top-heavily in \_\_\_\_\_ governess cart, and Linney put Mary and her mother and \_\_\_\_\_ luggage and \_\_\_\_\_ drum of artificial manure that had come \_\_\_ train into \_\_\_ old green Lancia that was used for \_\_\_ station.

I left Mrs. Ritchie \_\_\_\_\_ town, “m”, said Linney, as he stuffed his bulk into \_\_\_\_\_ front seat. “We’ve to pick her up \_\_\_\_\_ Lib’ry.”

**VI. Match the words from the text to the phrases with the appropriate meaning.**

floppy	to stick out from a place or a surface
to contemplate	a small piece of ASH or partly burned coal, wood, etc. that is no longer burning but may still be hot
to protrude	not having been solved
delicacy	a woman employed to teach the children of a rich family in their home and to live with them
unsolved	to move around a lot making small twisting movements, because you are nervous, uncomfortable, etc.
basin	to feel great embarrassment or shame
to swirl	a type of strong soft cotton cloth with a pattern of raised parallel lines on it, used for making clothes
cinders	increasing, often in a manner that causes or expresses anxiety
leisurely	to come or go down from a higher to a lower level
desultory	a metal glove worn as part of a suit of armour by soldiers in the Middle Ages; a strong glove with a wide covering for the wrist, used for example when driving
to trickle	without hurrying
collarless	to make something bigger, louder or stronger
to squirm	the quality of being full of energy, excitement and happiness without any need; in a way that is not needed or is more than is needed hanging or falling loosely; not hard and stiff
magnifying	to think about whether you should do something, or how you should do something
corduroy	a large round bowl for holding liquids or (in British English) for preparing foods in; the amount of liquid, etc. in a basin
conspiring	
ruthlessly	
milestone	
mounting	
exuberance	
gauntlet	
to descend	
governess	
unnecessarily	

	going from one thing to another, without a definite plan and without enthusiasm
	to move around quickly in a circle; to make something do this
	to flow, or to make something flow, slowly in a thin stream
	to secretly plan with other people to do something illegal or harmful
	with no collar
	in a hard and cruel way; in a determined way, without caring if you hurt other people
	the quality of being full of energy, excitement and happiness
	a very important stage or event in the development of something

**VII. Insert the correct article from the box to each sentence.**

a      an      the
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- a) She fished in her bag for her handkerchief and licked \_\_\_\_\_ corner of it.
- b) Mary was struck anew by \_\_\_\_\_ problem of why other people's spit smelt different to one's own.
- c) It was one of \_\_\_\_\_ great unsolved mysteries of life that \_\_\_\_\_ grown-up seemed able to explain; like why water running out \_\_\_\_\_ basin should always swirl \_\_\_\_\_ same way.

When \_ little Yarde train potted in with its engine at \_\_\_\_\_ back, she got in at once, although it would not go for \_\_\_\_\_ quarter of \_\_\_\_\_ hour, or even longer, if \_\_\_\_\_ driver felt like holding it up for \_\_\_\_\_ friend.

There was \_\_\_\_\_ farmer with \_\_\_\_\_ beard and leggings and \_\_\_\_\_ waistcoat hanging open over his collarless shirt; country women in best straw hats with roses; \_\_\_\_\_ man

in \_\_\_\_\_ tweed suit and cap, with lovely black-and-white spaniel with sad eyes.

- d) Mary knew every yard of \_\_\_\_\_ way; each halt they stopped at, with \_\_\_\_\_ Somerset voices sounding very clear in \_\_\_\_\_ sudden silence, was \_\_\_\_\_ milestone.

\_\_\_\_\_ excitement that had been mounting in her all \_\_\_\_\_ way down from London was intensified almost to bursting-point as \_\_\_\_\_ train idled into Yarde Station, and jumping out, she saw \_\_\_\_\_ same red geraniums in \_\_\_\_\_ station-master's garden, \_\_\_\_\_ old porter Jacob, with three dead ducks in one hand and \_\_\_\_\_ dog-basket in \_\_\_\_\_ other, and, crowning joy of all, Linney, large and square and smiling, waiting by \_\_\_\_\_ weighting machine for them in his dark green uniform, \_\_\_\_\_ grin like \_\_\_\_\_ slice of melon cutting his face half.

- e) She rushed at him and he staved off her exuberance with his hands in \_\_\_\_\_ big, brown leather gauntlets, with half \_\_\_\_\_ eye on Mrs Shannon descending from \_\_\_\_\_ train.
- f) Ever since her husband had forgotten her at \_\_\_\_\_ wedding and taken \_\_\_\_\_ car home without her, she was always expecting to be forgotten, even by people who could but conceivably have had too much champagne.

**VIII. Work with your partner. Complete the sentences with prepositions from the box.**

with at up to out on with to for in from of at in for with for along with out on in over by from
---

- a) When they had finished their lunch, they wandered \_\_\_\_\_ the almost empty platform and walked along \_\_\_\_\_ the sun to the end, where it sloped down \_\_\_\_\_ the cinders of the track, and before they turned back, Mary \_\_\_\_\_ a foot, pretending, \_\_\_\_\_ the benefit of the man \_\_\_\_\_ the points, that she was going to brave the forbidden territory.

- b) When the little Yarde train pattered \_\_\_\_\_ its engine at the back, she got in \_\_\_\_\_ once, although it would not go \_\_\_\_\_ a quarter of an hour, or even longer, if the driver felt like holding it \_\_\_\_\_ for a friend.
- c) There were only two carriages, with seats along the sides, like \_\_\_\_\_ the Tube, and the passengers that trickled in were very different \_\_\_\_\_ those \_\_\_\_\_ the London train.
- d) There was a farmer \_\_\_\_\_ a beard and leggings and a waistcoat hanging open \_\_\_\_\_ his collarless shirt; country women in best straw hats with roses; a man \_\_\_\_\_ a tweed suit and cap, \_\_\_\_\_ lovely black-and-white spaniel \_\_\_\_\_ sad eyes.
- e) Mary knew every yard \_\_\_\_\_ the way; each halt they stopped \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_ the Somerset voices sounding very clear \_\_\_\_\_ the sudden silence, was a milestone.
- f) As they got nearer Yarde, the scenery was more than just familiar \_\_\_\_\_ her because she had seen it so often from the train.
- g) The excitement that had been mounting in her all the way down \_\_\_\_\_ London was intensified almost to bursting-point as the train idled into Yarde Station, and jumping \_\_\_\_\_, she saw the same red geraniums in the station-master's garden, the old porter Jacob, with three dead ducks in one hand and a dog-basket in the other, and, crowning joy of all, Linney, large and square and smiling, waiting \_\_\_\_\_ the weighting machine \_\_\_\_\_ them in his dark green uniform, a grin like a slice of melon cutting his face half.
- h) Mrs. Shannon and Mrs. Cotterell at last tore themselves loose \_\_\_\_\_ each other in the station yard.
- i) Mrs. Cotterell drove away top-heavily in a governess cart, and Linney put Mary and her mother and the luggage and a drum of artificial manure that had come on the train into the old green Lancia that was used \_\_\_\_\_ the station.

**IX. Here is an extract from the text. Correct the tenses using appropriate ones.**

The train **had begun** to slacken speed gradually, gradually, until it finally **had been hissing** to a standstill alongside the unsophisticated activity of the down platform at Taunton. Mrs. Shannon **had been** still dusting herself off and pulling and poking her short hair into place under the brim of her round felt hat so Mary **had been opening** the door and hopped on to the platform, her legs feeling almost as stiff and unfamiliar as they did when she got down from her pony. She **had been standing** waiting for her mother, sniffing the sweet, clean country air like a little dog, rejoicing to hear again the soft Somerset blur of an old porter's: "Mind yewer backs!" Everything **had been moving** at a much slower tempo here. Even the train **had been having** lost the impatience that had sent it snorting out of Paddington right on time, and seemed content to linger here while things were unhurriedly put in and out of the gaping holes in its side. Mary and her mother **had been going** along to see that their luggage was taken off, for once it **had been amiably left** to go all by itself to Penzance. To Mary's secret relief, Mrs. Shannon did not discover that she **had been losing** her gloves in the carriage until after the train had gone, so Mary could not be asked to go back and face an unhelpful carriage in search of them.

## UNIT 9

### Text 9

She was Mary father's sister, the eldest of the Shannon family, a tall, pigeon-breasted woman, of whom in her late thirties people said, not "What a good-looking woman", but "She must have been pretty as a girl". A little rice-powder was all she would put on her face, and she lay awake at nights wondering whether she dared have her hair bobbed. She strove earnestly with life, but was constantly perplexed by it. One of her favorite remarks was: "Thank goodness I've got a sense of humour".

"Hullo, Lily my dear! And Mary – you haven't cut her hair yet, I see." Linney stowed her into the car, and she leant over to give Mary a damp, breathy kiss.

"How long have you been down?" asked Mrs. Shannon, as Linney turned in the main street and started off down the hill.

"Oh, only a few days. Such a nuisance having to change my library book already, but the girl had given me one that she said was very amusing, and, my dear, it was not at all – you know. Very..." Mary, looking across to see what on earth she was talking about, saw her screw up her face as if she smelt something bad.

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Shannon, "what was it called?"

"Something about Youth. Morning Youth, or some name like that".

"Oh, Noontide Youth, you mean," said Mrs. Shannon, refraining from mentioning that she had read and enjoyed it. Mavis would blind herself to the beauty of the Song of Solomon because it was "Not Quite". "Tell me the news," she went on. "Who's at Charbury? Anyone besides the family? How are they all, and are the daffs. out yet? I met that appalling Cotterell woman in the train. There's not a thing I don't know about her domestic arrangements or the tickle in little "Bubbles" throat. How's Mother?"

“She seems quite well in herself, you know, but I don’t like the sound of that cough of hers,” said Mavis, sitting well forward and hanging on to the strap at the side of the car. “I get very worried about her.”

“But she’s had that cough for ages, hasn’t she, poor darling?”

“That’s just it. Dr. Munroe says it’s chronic, but that’s only another way of saying he doesn’t know how to cure it. It’s too hard, you know. If it were loose, one wouldn’t attach any importance to it, but it breaks my heart to see her sitting there cough, cough, cough, and she’s so good about everything”. She sighed. “I don’t know what Father would do without her, but I often wonder if it won’t be a merciful release when she –“

“She’s very happy”, said Mrs. Shannon shortly, and changed the subject. “Is Winifred there?”

“Poor Winifred. Yes, she’ back again. That trip she took wasn’t success. She and that friend of hers seem to have had a quarrel, and they came home separately, but she wouldn’t say much about it. She ought never to have gone, of course.

“Who else is down?”

“Well, all my young people, of course. Ivy came by car this morning. Tim’s at sea, as you know. Lionel and Grace with their two –“

“Three, you mean.” Mrs. Shannon laughed, and Aunt Mavis puckered her mouth and said, “Pas devant les autres,” and frowned, first at Linney’s broad, unconscious back, and then towards Mary.

Mary was singing to herself the song that the children always sang on the road between Yarde and Charbury. It went to the time of “The Keel Row”, repeated over and over again, as each stage of the journey was greeted with a monotonous chant of “Here comes the tar road the tar road the tar road, there goes the tar road, te dum te dum te dum. Here comes the ruin house, the ruin house, the ruin house, here comes the corner where mademoiselle was sick.” A relic of the thrilling day when a French governess that Denys and Sarah had had cried: “Stop the car! Stop the car! Il faut – il faut – “and fled, handkerchief

to mouth, into the hedge. On went the car, swishing between the high hedges over the lanes still wet from yesterday's rain, and on went the song, past the honeysuckle hedge, the chicken farm, the cross-roads where Linney slowed down and always gave two methodical hoots.

### Vocabulary

1. **bob** – a women's hairstyle with the hair cut to neck length all around the head
2. **earnestly** – serious and determined, especially too serious and unable to find your own actions funny
3. **to lean** – to (cause to) slope in one direction, or to move the top part of the body in a particular direction
4. **to start off** – to begin to happen or to make something begin to happen
5. **merciful** – someone who is merciful is willing to be kind to and forgive people who are in their power
6. **release** – the act of flowing out from somewhere
7. **to swish** – to (cause to) move quickly through the air making a soft sound

### Tasks

#### I. Read and answer the questions.

1. What did Mary see for the first time when she came in London?
2. What was the name of the car they went on?
3. What did she mean speaking "I've missing"?
4. Describe the people whom she met first?
5. What did she feel when she arrived the station?
6. When Mary came up to Lenny what was his respond?
7. The favorite joke of them and what did they mean?
8. Find the confirmation in the text that Linney was absent-minded, odd
9. Choose information about Mary and Ritchie
10. Find from the text Mary's favorite remarks. What were her thoughts?
11. Why did the author use stylistically strong verbs, what did she want to say?

**II. Give an attributive meaning and translation.**

to mount	conceivably
to stave off	to strive
to descend	to perplex
to skip	to stow
to pepper	to screw up
to stuff	to refrain
to be down	a damp breathy kiss

**III. Find metaphors in the following, give a relevant explanation.**

pigeon-breasted  
red geraniums  
old grin Lancia  
brown leather gauntlets  
dark green uniform

**IV. What did the author want to show by these expressions?  
What emotions did she want to show?**

1. You haven't cut your hair yet.
2. Aren't you ever going to grow tall?
3. She was always expecting to be forgotten
4. She must have been very pretty as a girl
5. Whether she dared have her hair cut

**V. What did the author want to say by the expressions below?**

1. "Thank goodness I've got a sense of humor."
2. "Such a nuisance having..."

**VI. Here you have definitions of the words from the box. Find the right word for every definition.**

earnestly	perplexed	refrain	arrangements	strap
merciful	release	separately	monotonous	handkerchief
honeysuckle	methodical			

- a) to stop yourself from doing something, especially something that you want to do
- b) done in a careful and logical way
- c) (of an event) seeming to be lucky, especially because it brings an end to somebody's problems or suffering
- d) a climbing plant with white, yellow or pink flowers with a sweet smell
- e) never changing and therefore boring
- f) in a very serious and sincere way
- g) as a separate person or thing; not together
- h) confused and anxious because you are unable to understand something; showing this
- i) a plan or preparation that you make so that something can happen
- j) to let somebody/something come out of a place where they have been kept or trapped
- k) a strip of leather, cloth or other material that is used to fasten something, keep something in place, carry something or hold onto something
- l) a small piece of material or paper that you use for blowing your nose, etc.

**VII. Work in groups. Explain what is meant in the sentences.**

- a) She was Mary's father sister, the eldest of the Shannon family, a tall, **pigeon-breasted** woman, of whom in her late thirties people said, not "What a good-looking woman", but "She must have been **pretty as a girl**".
- b) Such **a nuisance** having to change my library book already, but the girl had given me one that she said was very **amusing**, and, my dear, it was not at all – you know.
- c) There's not a thing I don't know about her **domestic arrangements** or the **tickle** in little "Bubbles" throat.
- d) If it were loose, one **wouldn't attach any importance to it**, but it breaks my heart to see her **sitting there cough, cough, cough**, and she's so good about everything.

- e) She and that friend of hers seem to have had a quarrel, and **they came home separately**, but she wouldn't say much about it.
- f) **A relic of the thrilling day** when a French governess that Denys and Sarah had had cried: "Stop the car! Stop the car! Il faut – il faut – **and fled, handkerchief to mouth, into the hedge.**
- g) On went the car, **swishing between the high hedges** over the lanes still wet from yesterday's rain, and on went the song, **past the honeysuckle hedge**, the chicken farm, the cross-roads where Linney slowed down and always.

**VIII. Underline the correct alternatives. Work with your partner.**

- a) A little rice-powder was all she would put on her face, and she lay awake at nights wondering whether she *challenged* \ *defianced* \ *carteled* \ *defied* \ *taunted* \ *dared* have her hair bobbed.
- b) She strove *seriously* \ *sincerely* \ *soberly* \ *earnestly* \ *thoughtfully* with life, but was constantly perplexed by it.
- c) Mary, looking across to see what on earth she was talking about, saw her screw up her face as if she smelt something *atrocious* \ *awful* \ *bad*.
- d) Dr. Munroe says it's *chronic* \ *incessant* \ *never-ending*, but that's only another way of saying he doesn't know how to cure it.
- e) Mary was singing to herself the song that the children always sang on the *boulevard* \ *road* \ *lane* between Yarde and Charbury.
- f) A *relic* \ *antique* \ *antiquity* \ *artifact* of the thrilling day when a French governess that Denys and Sarah had had cried.
- g) On went the car, swishing between the high *fence* \ *shrubbery* \ *hedges* \ *barrier* over the lanes still wet from yesterday's rain, and on went the song, past the honeysuckle hedge, the chicken farm, the cross-roads where Linney slowed down and always gave two *organized* \ *methodical* \ *systematic* hoots.

## UNIT 10

### Text 10

“Here comes the steep hill, the steep hill, the steep hill,” and at the bottom was the ford, which went by the exciting name of Red Flood, and through which, when there were no grown-ups in the car, Linney would not crawl, but would go with a fine splash that doused the windscreen and made the children shriek.

At last Mary got to: “Here comes the Av’ nue that leads to Charbury House”, and the car, with her mother and Aunt Mavis still chatting as if nothing exciting were happening, turns up past the triangular bank, where the weather-streaked notice-board, at the foot of the little knot of fir trees, said “Charbury House. Private”. Linney had to change down, for though the gradient was slight, the Lancia was old, and they hummed between the bramble hedges and the elms which roofed the avenue thinly here and there. Beyond the hedge on the right Mary could see the pale lime trees and the darker shapes of oaks and chestnuts, standing among the folds and little hollows of the park. At the top of the hill they turned through grey, stone gate-post with iron gates standing open, and there, at last, was the house. It was long and low, with twisting chimneys and irregular gables, and pale grey walls smudged by massing creepers. The drive ran short and straight to the front porch, and Mary had barely time to get a rapturous glimpse of the daffodils on the bank beyond the bordering lawn, before Linney had crunched round to a stop on the gravel space before the front door, and she was out of the car and running, running – round in circles on the lawn, anywhere – she just knew, like a puppy, that she had to run.

“Mary! Mary! The grass is wet!” called Aunt Mavis, and even her mother said: “Hi! You come back and change your clothes before I let you loose!” Mary came back, panting, and followed them through the front door and onto the warm, sweet welcome of the Charbury Smell.

## Vocabulary

1. **to attach some importance** – to fasten or join one thing to another
2. **irregular gable** – a pediment in not right position-
3. **to crawl** – to move slowly
4. **to be greeted with** – to be meted with smth.
5. **a relic of the day** – smth. concealed, secret
6. **a splash** – to make (someone or something) wet with large drops of water or another liquid
7. **to douse** – to plunge into water
8. **windscreen** – a screen that protects against the wind
9. **to hum up** – to make a low continuous sound
10. **a gable** – a section of a building's outside wall that is shaped like a triangle and that is formed by two sections of the roof sloping down
11. **a chestnut** – a type of tree that produces large, sweet nuts that can be eaten
12. **a lime-tree** – a type of tree
13. **gate-post** – the post to which a gate is hung or the one against which it closes
14. **honeysuckle** – a type of shrub that has bright, colorful flowers
15. **to let smb. loose** – to say finally good-bye
16. **an elm** – a tall shade tree with spreading branches
17. **to roof** – the cover or top of a building, vehicle, trees
18. **to quarrel** – verbal conflict
19. **bramble hedge** – a rough bush or vine that usually has sharp thorns on its branches

## Tasks

### I. Read and answer the questions.

1. Why and what was breaking Mavis' heart?
2. Why was Mavis so sure that doctor didn't know how to cure their mother?

3. Why did Mrs. Shannon begin laughing during their discussion who was at Charbury?
4. By what each stage of the journey was greeted?
5. Why did a French governess that Denys and Sara had stop the car?
6. What were aunt Mavis and Mrs. Shannon doing when they passed the bank?
7. Describe Mavis' feelings about her mother after speaking with the doctor?
8. Why shouldn't Winifred go on a trip?
9. Describe what Mary was doing while governess was running from the car?
10. Describe Linney's actions if there weren't grown-ups in the car?
11. Describe the place when governess was running from the car?
12. What did they pass when they finally came to Charbury?
13. Describe the road they passed.
14. Why did Mary have barely time to get a rapturous glimpse, and what she wanted to look at?
15. Why did aunt Mavis call Mary to change her clothes?
16. Describe the atmosphere of the House she came in.

**II. Translate the following and explain why the author used these strong expressions?**

to attach any importance

to be down

unconscious back

chant

thrilling day

to change down

rapturous glimpse

### III. Explain and translate the following.

a tar road

swishing between high hedges

unconscious back

a merciful release

twisting chimneys

to let smb. loose

here and there

to pucker smb's mouth

a steep hill

to slow down

a hoot

to be at sea

the ruin house

to change down

the gradient is slight

a rapturous glimpse

bordering lawn

to crunch round to a stop on the gravel space

to be out of the car

a monotonous chant

a weather-streaked notice board

## UNIT 11

### Text 11

The hall at Charbury was the most lived-in room of the house. You came into it through the narrow lobby where that hats and coats and walking-sticks were, and the big oak chest, stuffy and camphor-smelling inside and crammed with rugs, cushions, croquet mallets, broken rackets and anything anyone cared to put there. Beyond the heavy inner door, which was propped open by a stump of fir-trunk with a brass ring in the top, the hall spread out square on either side, with the wide, shallow staircase opposite. In the middle of the room a round oak table held a great bowl of flowers, rearranged each day by the plump hand of Mrs Wilcox, the housekeeper. A small tree burned in the wide, stone fire-place, and before it there was a cushioned fender on which short-skirted women perching displayed a great deal of leg. There was a window-seat too, looking out on to the drive, and a careless gathering of sofas and armchairs, whose springs were at the perfect stage of comfort – hall-way between newness and decadence.

On one of these sofas in front of the fire Mary's grandfather lay fast asleep, the swell of his stomach rising and falling, the broad folds of his face puffing in and out to his gentle snores.

"Ssh! Don't wake him suddenly!" said Aunt Mavis in a piercing whisper that made her father wake with a start, sitting up with his mouth open and the grey fringe of hair round his bald crown stand on end. "Wha – what?" he stammered, still lost for a moment in the vacuum between sleep and walking. "Why Lily, my dear!" he said, blinking, "you quite startled me. I had an extra glass of port at lunch, so I stole a little nap to sleep it off". He kissed his daughter-in-law and stood up, shirt and fat – not gross, but comfortably egg-shaped – the compromise between plus-fours and knickerbockers that he favored for country wear making his legs look even shorter than they were.

“Well, well, well, and how’s my Poppet?” he said, his smile deepening the creases of his face as he bent to kiss Mary. Although he was clean-shaven, a hoary patch of stubble where his cut-throat razor had failed to negotiate a furrow grieved into her chin as she hugged him. She loved him exceedingly. He was the sort of person you could confide in; he was safe, and friendly and cheerful, and laboriously and sarcastically witty. He always smelt so nice and clean, of Palmolive soap and the lavender stuff he rubbed into his head to make the hair grow.

“Run up and change, Mary”, said her mother, “and then you can go out. Here’s Violet coming to take care up for you.”

Mary always had the same room, on the top floor of the house, up a little extra flight of stairs that had a door at the bottom of them. Her room was called “The Cabin”, because it was so small that the furniture had had to be built in round the walls, and the bed had always drawers underneath it like a bunk. It was right under the window, and she could sit up in the morning and see the sparkling greenness of the terraced lawns that stretched away from the side of the house as far as the park, with the clipped yew hedges on one side, and the beginning of the beech-wood on the other. Sometimes, if she woke in the middle of the night with the cool, dark air blowing on her face, she would sit up and see the lawns lying stone-clear in the moonlight, and hear the frogs croaking from the water garden in the wood. Everything in her room was white, and there was a blue rug on the floor, and over the dressing-table a picture of a cornfield, with a bright yellow, solid-looking wedge of standing corn that was being cut two horses, one brown and the other white as the clouds that raced over the blue sky above him.

It was good to be back and see the bed made up ready with crisp, clean sheets, and the room so neat and tidy, although it would be a shambles before long, for these was always so much to go outside that there was no time for putting things away. Whenever she came into her room in the day-time, it was only to rush in to fetch a jersey, or to dab hastily

at her hair with a brush before lunch, before she rushed out again, determined not to waste time, terrified that something would start without her. She scrambled into her country clothes – a blue shirt, grey flannel shorts, held up by a boy’s snake-buckle belt, gym shoes, and an ancient scarlet prep-school blazer with a stag’s head on the pocket, that Denys had bequeathed to her. She flipped her long hair free of the collar with the back of her hand, and ran along the passage and down the little staircase, but instead of going down by way of the hall, she went down the back-stairs, and landed with a jump and a clatter on the red stone passage outside the kitchen door.

### Vocabulary

1. **a lobby** – the room into which the main entrance door opens
2. **to cram** – to force things into a small place
3. **to prop** – to put smth. somewhere so that it’s supported on or against smth.
4. **newness** – the quality of being recently created or smth. that is on the first stage of explanation
5. **decadence** – some things that have been used for a long time before
6. **to stammer** – to pause a lot and repeat sounds because of a speech problem or because you are nervous
7. **to blink** – to open and close both of your eyes quickly
8. **gross** – unpleasant, very big man
9. **a crease** – a line on cloth or smth. else
10. **to negotiate** – to successfully move around, through or past smth.
11. **a drawer** – a container like a box without a lid that is part of a piece of furniture and that slides in and out
12. **jersey** – a piece of clothing which covers the top of your body and is pulled on over your head
13. **to bequeath** – to formally arrange and give someone smth. after you die

## Tasks

### I. Read and answer the questions.

1. Why was the hall at Charbury the most lived-in room?
2. What can people do sitting on a window-seat?
3. What was wrong with sofas and armchairs?
4. What did grandfather make waking suddenly?
5. How did he look like?
6. What happened when Mary hugged her grandfather?
7. Remember the name of Mary's room and why was it called so?
8. What made the room look more attractive?
9. Describe what she saw when she came in the House?
10. What happened with the inner door of Charbury House?
11. Describe how grandfather looked while he was sleeping?
12. What was wrong with the sofas and armchairs in the room?
13. What did aunt Mavis do to destroy the atmosphere?
14. What did grandfather wake up so suddenly? Why was he startled?
15. Describe how he looked like when he was waken up?
16. What clothes did grandfather love most of all?
17. Describe Mary's and grandfather's meeting.
18. Tell about Mary's going to her room. What did she think and see while approaching the room?
19. What was the most beautiful in her room?
20. Why did Mary say that all her bed would be a shambles?
21. How did she look like when she came back?
22. How did she leave her room?

### II. Explain the following and give synonyms.

a lived-in room

a cushioned fender

a shallow staircase

a piecing whisper

a plump hand

to wake with a start

to stand on end  
to favour  
a cut-throat razor  
crisp sheets  
to take up

an extra flight of stairs  
to scramble into  
a prep-school blazer  
to flip  
a swell

**III. What is meant in the following sentences and phrases? Give a good Russian translation.**

1. the door was propped open by a stump of fir-trunk
2. cushioned fender on which short-skirted women piecing displayed a great deal of leg
3. springs were at the perfect stage of perfect
4. the broad folds of his face puffing in and out to his gentle snores
5. the grey fringe of hair round his bald crown stands on end
6. I stole a little nap to sleep it off
7. comfortably egg-shaped
8. fail to negotiate
9. laboriously and unsarcastically witty
10. to have drawers underneath
11. the terraced lawns stretched away
12. the lawns lying stone-clear in the moonlight
13. a solid-looking wedge of standing corn
14. be a shambles before long
15. to rush in to fetch a jersey
16. to dab hastily at her hair with a brush
17. to land with a jump and clatter

## UNIT 12

### Text 12

“Well, I never!” said Mrs. Linney, teetering out on her swollen feet, her hands huge with a coating of dough. “Here she is, turned up again like a bad penny. Do ‘ee want a scone, then, lovely? With the floury scone hot from the oven, crammed into her mouth all at once, Mary went along the flagged passage, out of the back door, and stood for a moment, munching irresolute. Where would we find him? There were so many places he might be: the stables, the pine-wood, the kitchen garden, the cricket-field, the Play House – where should she look first? She decided to try the stables, for even if they were not there, Tom might know where her cousins were. She turned to the left, and going up the hill to the stable yard, found Tom in a loose-box, gravely pulling hairs out of the tail of Chuck, the big brown hunter. Her grandfather kept three horses, two to ride and one to drive in the dog-cart, and there were three hairy ponies for the children running loose in the Park.

“If yew’re looking for Master Denys,” said Tom, accompanying each word with a tweak at the tail of the wincing Chuck, ‘e come up here ‘bout half an ago, botherin’ me for a bit o’ rope – going to ‘ang someone, ‘e said. I dunno where ‘e’s to now.”

“Oh, thanks awfully,” said Mary, and flew back down the stable hill. If there was a hanging going on, it was probably where most tortures or capital punishment were staged, in the Play House, the big bare wooden shed with the sand-pit that Grandpa had built in the beech-wood, so that the children could make all the noise and mess they wanted, well away from the house. At the bottom of the hill, where it joined the gravel drive coming round from the front of the house, she branched off into the corner of the wood, along the hard, beaten track where clumps of moss like velvet clung to the foot of the trees. As she came into the clearing where the Play House stood, she heard a shrill

feminine shriek and a shout of triumph in a boy's husky, breaking voice. Denys!

Had Mavis Ritchie been able to see the sight that met Mary's eyes as she clicked up the latch of the door, she would have fainted dead away. Her daughter Sarah was being hanged. She was a heavy girl, the same age, but twice the size of Mary, with vacant brown eyes like a cow, and a solid, but untrustworthy nature. She would read people's diaries and sneak to the nurses without the smallest compunction. At the moment she was standing with her feet straddled over the open trap-door that was used for sweeping away sand into the hollow space under the floor of the hut, and round her neck was a looped rope, the other end of which was slung over a beam in the roof. Hanging on to the end of the rope, a sack over his head with a hole cut in the front, out of which his little robin's eyes sparkled with excitement, was Michael Shannon, the eight-year-old son of Mary's Uncle Lionel. His elder sister Margaret, who, with her sticking-out teeth and tin spectacles and damp, clumsy hands, was always relegated to the duller roles of any game, was earnestly holding up a volume of the Children's Encyclopedia, out of which Denys, with his shirt hanging over his trousers, was reading the burial service.

Mary entered casually, almost as if she had only stepped outside for a moment, and was immediately absorbed, just as casually and naturally, into the game.

"Hullo, Maria!" said Denys. "Come on, you can be hang-man. Take that sack off, young Michael, and let Mary have a go. You can be a sorrowing relation. Here, take my hanky." He chucked a dirty, crumpled rag over to the little boy, who was struggling out of the sack, resentful, but obedient, because Denys' word was law in everything. It was a good game. It consisted in a gloating denunciation of the prisoner's crimes, a short prayer from Denys in a very good imitation of the Yarde parson, and then, after a final gabble of "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust, so you shall be hanged by the neck until you are dead—" the long-suffering Sarah had to drop down through the trap-door making gurgling noises, while Mary kept the rope tight enough so that, although Sarah's feet were on the ground, she was almost hanging.

## Vocabulary

1. **to teeter** – to move in an unsteady way back and forth or from side to side
2. **irresolute** – not certain about what to do
3. **a kitchen garden** – the place where there're vegetables
4. **to tweak** – to change slightly in order to improve it
5. **a torture** – the act of causing severe physical pain as a form of punishment or as a way to force someone
6. **capital punishment** – a punishment of death
7. **gravel** – a small piece of rock
8. **vacant** – not filled, used; showing no indication of what someone is thinking, feeling
9. **to sneak** – to move quietly and secretly
10. **to relegate** – to give smth. to another person or group
11. **resentful** – having or showing a feeling about someone or smth. unfair
12. **to struggle** – to try very hard to do, to move with difficulty or great effort
13. **denunciation** – an act of a public condemnation, a public statement

## Tasks

1. Read and answer the questions
2. Why was Mary standing irresolute when she left Mrs. Linney?
3. What did she decide to do first while looking for Denys?
4. What did her grandfather keep in his house?
5. Why did Denys come to Tom?
6. Where did all fortunes or capital punishments take place?
7. Where did Mary go to find Denys? Describe this place.
8. What did she see when she came into the Play House?
9. Why was the Play House called so?
10. What would aunt Mavis do if she saw what Mary watched when she came into the Play House?

11. What was Sarah doing?
12. Describe Sarah's character.
13. How could you describe Sarah's appearance?
14. Who was the man near her? Describe his appearance.
15. What did Margaret hold in her hands?
16. What did Denys suggest to Mary?
17. Describe Mrs. Linney's appearance when she was speaking to Mary.
18. Describe what Mary was doing when she left her?
19. Whom and what was she thinking about?
20. Describe Tom's appearance when Mary found him.
21. How could you describe Tom's character?
22. What was Tom doing when Mary came up to him?
23. Explain, what the play house was famous for?
24. Describe Mary's way to this house.
25. Speak on Mary's actions when she saw what was happening in the Play House.
26. How did Sarah look like? Describe her appearance.
27. Describe Sarah's character.
28. What Michael suggested to Mary?
29. Explain who was Michael?
30. Describe the appearance of the boy who was standing near Mary in the Play House.

**II. Explain the following phrases and give synonyms and a good Russian translation.**

to teeter out	irresolute
a bad penny	the stables
a floury scone	the kitchen garden
to cram into	a loose box
a flagged passage	to pull out
to munch	to run loose

to flow back down the hill  
a gravel drive  
to come round  
to branch off  
a beaten track  
a feminine shriek  
to faint dead away  
a vacant brown eyes

an untrustworthy nature  
to straddle over  
a hollow space  
a looped rope  
to hang out over smth.  
a sorrowing relation  
a long-suffering

### **III. Explain why the author used these strong expressions above?**

### **IV. Give a good literary Russian translation of the following.**

1. She was teetering out on the swollen feet.
2. Hands huge with coating of dough.
3. like a bad penny
4. the floury scone
5. gravely pulling out
6. with a tweak at the tail of the wincing Chuck
7. to branch off into the corner of the wood
8. beaten track where clumps of moss like velvet clung to the foot of the trees
9. to sneak the nurses
10. to stand with feet straddled over the open trap-door
11. to slung over a beam in the roof
12. sticking out teeth
13. she was relegated the duller roles
14. he was struggling out of the sack
15. a gloating denunciation
16. a final gabble
17. "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."
18. to keep the rope tight enough

## UNIT 13

### Text 13

The Richie nurse, coming to fetch the children for tea, arrived on the forth repetition of the scene and gave a shriek which made Mary loosen her hold on the rope, causing Sarah suddenly unsupported, to fall on to her knees striking her chin hard on the edge of the hole. Her suety face contorted, and she began to cry, climbing out of the trap-door howling unintelligible words of complaint. The others stood about, dashed. It had spoilt the whole thing.

“There now, you see”, said Nurse triumphantly, “that sort of naughtiness always ends in crying.” She was an old-fashioned Nanny, shaped like a cottage loaf, with a grey moustache and a mole with three long hair growing out of it, and she was a mine of all the stock nursery sayings like: “Curiosity killed a cat,” “Don’t care was made to care,” and “There’s no such word as can’t”.

“Come along in to tea the lot of you and mind you wash your hands,” she said, starting back to the house leading Sarah, who was still wailing dismally.

“Come on, Maria, let’s go around by the back path,” said Denys, tucking his shirt back into his shorts.

“I’ll come too!” said Michael brightly. “No you jolly well won’t,” said Denys, “you go back with Margaret. Go on, buzz off.”

He bundled him down the steps outside the hut and, with a smack on his behind, sent him trotting angrily off after the dawdling figure of his sister, turning back every few steps to shake a puny fist, for he was a tough, peppery little boy.

Denys laughed. The adoration of his cousins and his superiority as their eldest had made him sublimely arrogant. He was vice-captain

of his preparatory school, captain of cricket and boxing, and the hero of the small fry. Grown-ups suffered his bumptiousness by saying to each other: “Well, never mind, he’ll have it knocked out of him in his first term at Public School”, making no attempt to prepare him for the shock that was in store for him. Mary, unwittingly made it worse, for she bolstered up his conceit by her blind devotion. She thought he was God, and didn’t care how he treated her, and was delirious with her gratitude when, strictly in private, he was nice to her, and allowed her to be engaged with him.

He was exceptionally good-looking boy – a younger, softer edition of his father. He had the same dark eyes with innocently long, curling lashes that should have been inherited by Sarah; the same infectious smile and the eagerness to laugh at anything for the sake of laughing, and the same combination of naturally brown skin and very white teeth. His black hair grew in a widow’s peak like his father’s, though as yet not so pronounced. Guy Ritchie was a man who radiated charm as naturally as perspiration from every pore, and his son Denys looked like growing into the same “Damn good chap” to men and “My dear, who is that attractive man?” to women at parties.

Denys grabbed hold Mary’s hand, and together they jumped out of the hut and raced round the back away from the others, along a path that brought them out on the lower of the three terraced lawns. Mary stopped, looking towards the ha-ha wall that dropped the smooth clipped lawn into the long uneven grass of the Park.

“Shall we go and see the ponies?” she suggested, yearning particularly to see the little grey “Mouse”, who was as good as her own, because no one else ever rode him.

“No,” said the boy, tugging her the other way. “Who wants to see the old ponies? I rode this morning. I jumped, by the way – a tree trunk – at least that high”. He held his hand flat at distance from the ground that indicated a larger tree than any in England. “Tom said I sat down to it like a good ‘un. You must try to-morrow. Tell you what –“he said, suddenly struck by an idea, “I dare you to jump off

the ha-ha! We'll go and see the ponies before tea if you do", he added magnanimously. "Come on", he pulled her to the edge of the wall, "I dare you, Maria!"

The drop was about fifteen feet, and the usual method of descending to the park was by stepping-stones which stuck out of the wall at intervals. None of the children except Denys had ever jumped it, and he had only done it last holidays because his father had made him. The mere thought of it made Mary feel sick and dizzy. She stood at the top of the wall, staring with the widening eyes at the park below, a green abyss of thistles and stones and cow-pats. A dare was a dare, especially if it came from Denys.

She turned to him pleadingly. "You go first, then I'll do it."

### Vocabulary

1. **unsupported** – not proved
2. **to contort** – to twist into an unusual appearance or shape
3. **climb out** – go out from somewhere
4. **old-fashioned** – of, relating to, or characteristic of a past era
5. **a stock** – a supply of something that is available for use
6. **to wail** – to make a loud, long cry of sadness or pain
7. **dawdling** – to move or act too slowly, to move lackadaisically
8. **conceit** – too much pride in your own worth or goodness
9. **unherited** – smth. that was not given from the relatives
10. **eagerness** – very excited and interested
11. **pore** – points in your skin
12. **the hut** – a small and simple house or building
13. **dizzy** – mentally confused

### Tasks

#### I. Read and answer the questions.

1. What happened with Sarah when the Ritchie nurse came to the play House?

2. Why did the Ritchie nurse come there?
3. Explain why Sarah was crying words of complaint?
4. How could you describe the nurse?
5. What was Sarah still doing when they finally went away?
6. Whom Denys didn't let go with them?
7. How did this person go away?
8. Who was Denys?
9. How did grown-ups suffer at schools?
10. How did Denys look like?
11. Who was Guy Ritchie? How could you describe him?
12. Where did Denys and Mary go from the Play House?
13. Where did Mary suggest going to?
14. Why did Mary feel sick and dizzy?
15. Tell what Mary did when the Ritchie nurse come to the Play House?
16. Describe, what happened with Sarah then?
17. Describe Sarah's appearance.
18. Describe the nurse's appearance.
19. Why was Sarah wailing dismally?
20. Describe Denys' actions after the Ritchie nurse coming.
21. What did Mary think about Denys?
22. Describe Denys' appearance.
23. What was in his appearance exactly like his father had?
24. Where did Mary and Denys go? Describe the place and their way
25. What did Mary want to see when they were leaving the Play House?
26. What did "ha-ha" mean?
27. What did they decide to do?
28. Describe what was the usual method of descending the park.

**II. Explain the following and give Russian synonyms and a literary Russian translation.**

to fetch	conceit
to give a shriek	a blind devotion
a suety face	to be delirious
an intelligible words	to be engaged
naughtiness	a softer edition
a cottage loaf	an infectious smile
to wail dismally	a naturally brown skin
a back path	a widow's peak
to bundle smb. down	to year
a puny fist	to tug smth. the other way
an adoration	to struck by an idea
a superiority	to dare
sublimely arrogant	to jump off
a small fry	stepping-stones
bumptiousness	to feel sick and dizzy
to knock out	a green abyss
unwittingly	a cow-pat
to bolster up	

**II. Give a literary Russian translation to the following.**

1. ...which made Mary loosen her hold on the rope.
2. Her suety face contorted.
3. The others stood about, dashed.
4. That sort of naughtiness always ends in crying.
5. Shaped like a cottage loaf
6. Curiosity killed a cat.
7. Don't care was made to care.
8. There's no such word as can't.
9. No jolly well won't.
10. Go on, buzz off.
11. Sent him trotting angrily off after the dawdling figure of his sister.

12. He was a tough, peppery little boy
13. Made him sublimely arrogant
14. Well, never mind
15. For she bolstered up his conceit by her blind devotion
16. He was delirious with gratitude when, strictly in private, he was nice to her, and allowed her to be engaged to him
17. A younger, soft edition of his father
18. Innocently long curling lashes

**III. Look through the text and select the means of expressing the state of the speaker. Give your own point of view to each controversial idea.**

## UNIT 14

### Text 14

“All right,” he poised himself on the edge rolling up his sleeves for no better reason than the effective gesture gave him confidence, and jumped springily like a cat landing on all fours, cursing at thistle that pricked his hand. Mary took a deep breath. It didn’t make the jump any easier now that he had gone – it merely gave it a despairing inevitability. She shut her eyes, heard Denys’ voice below beginning to chant, “Cowardly, cowardly custard,” and launched herself into space. Her inside rushed upwards as her body dropped down and then, with a jar that stung the soles of her feet, she landed, lost her balance, lurched forward, and fell at full length. When she sat up, she was dazed by mortifying enraging pain of the smack in her face.

“Are you all right?” Denys was squatting beside her. “Oh, Maria,” he said aghast, and she saw his face go quite white, “you’re bleeding!” She put up her hand and stared at the sticky red smear on the palm when she lowered it. “Where is it?” she asked. “I can’t feel a particular place hurting.”

“You’ve gashed your forehead,” said Denys, peering at her with a horrified fascination. “It’s colossally deep. It’s sort of white inside – I say! I think you’ve cut yourself to the bone!” Mary felt sick, but rather thrilled. It was pretty important to cut yourself to the bone. She could not feel any acute pain yet – only the bruished ache where her whole face had hit the ground, and it was gratifying to have something to show for that. Denys rose sublimely to the occasion, Mary’s heart nearly burst with loving him, as with his dark eyes troubled and serious, he tore a strip off the bottom of his shirt and bound it untidily round her head. He looked at her.

“The blood is coming through –“He sounded rather scared. “We’d better get back.” He stood up squared his shoulders. “Shall I carry you?”

“No”, said Mary, to his relief, “I’m all right”. He helped her up, and then went before her up the steps in the wall, turning to give a hand. They walked up to the house, she leaning on his arm, pushing up the bandage as it kept slipping over her eyes. She was beginning to feel a more localized pain in her forehead now, a sharp, cold ache, as if someone were holding a block of ice there.

“Grown-ups or nurses?” asked Denys as they reached the drive, with Mary straggling to keep back the tears that were rising with the growing pain.

“Nurses”, they said unanimously, as being the lesser of the two hysterias and they stepped on to the little stone terrace, and went through the French windows into the nursery.

They were all at tea. Nanny Ritchie opened her mouth to say: “All behind like the cow’s tail”, but at the sight of Mary, with tears and blood running together down her face, she gave a faint scream in which were mingled shock, solicitude and automatic reproof and bustled towards her.

“Mary’s cut herself to the bone”, said Denys, and Sarah and Michael and Margaret stared, thrilled, and Denys’ baby sister, Julia, began to make an infuriated commotion in her high chair. Margaret and Michael’s nurse joined Nanny, as she unwound the blood-soaked strip of shirt, and together they tut-tutted and argued as to what should be done.

“Let me take her up straight away, it’s really a nasty cut”, said the younger nurse, but although Nanny had been told over and over again by Mary’s mother that she could take responsibility for the child as if she were one of own charges, she was far too righteous for that.

“No, Nurse,” she said, making a button-hole of her lips, “that’s not right. It’s our duty to take her to the mother she shall go, just as she is. Come along, my lamb.” Mary was weeping freely now, with uncontrollable sobs as much of fright as of pain, and Nanny took her by the arm and led her through into the hall, with Denys running ahead.

He burst in on the circle of chairs and sofas round the fire, where the grown-ups were having tea, crying excitedly: “Mary’s cut herself to the bone! Mary’s cut herself to the bone!”

He got his effect. The commotion which sprang up was turned by the sight of Mary into pandemonium. She was dimly aware of female figures rushing at her, examining, exclaiming, and the startled face of her mother, before Uncle Guy picked her up in his arms and carried her howling up the stairs.

### Vocabulary

1. **to cut to the bone** – to cut the body that your bones are seen
2. **to push up** – to use force to move (someone or something)
3. **a shock** – an emotion condition
4. **a scream** – some kind of yelling
5. **commotion** – a noisy activity
6. **spring up** – to jump like a cat
7. **to howl** – to make a long, loud cry, that sounds sad

### Tasks

#### I. Answer the questions.

1. What gave confidence to Denys?
2. What happened when he jumped from the wall and already was on the ground?
3. Why was Mary so nervous?
4. What happened to Mary when she jumped from the wall?
5. What did Mary hurt?
6. What did she feel after being hurt?
7. What did Denys do when he saw that Mary was bleeding?
8. What gave Denys a relief?
9. Where did he decide to go and why?
10. What was Mary trying to do as they reached the drive?
11. What was the saying when nanny Ritchie saw Mary?

12. What did nanny Ritchie do later?
13. Who was Julia and what were her actions in nanny's room?
14. What was the last nanny's decision concerning what to do with Mary?
15. Why was Mary said to go straight to her mother?
16. What was Denys doing during all what was happening to Mary in the house?
17. Why and what was Mary dimly aware of?
18. Who took her upstairs?
19. Describe Denys when he was ready to jump.
20. Describe Mary after Denys's jump.
21. What did Denys begin telling when Mary was doubting to jump?
22. What gave merely a despairing inevitability to Mary?
23. How did Mary land from the wall?
24. Describe Mary's appearance when Denys came up to her after the jump.
25. What were Mary's feelings after jumping?
26. With what and why Mary's heart burst?
27. What were Denys' actions when he saw blood?
28. What kind of ache did Mary feel?
29. What did Denys suggest to Mary?
30. What was Mary doing when they walked up to the house?
31. Describe what ache she felt in this case?
32. Why was Mary struggling to keep back her tears?
33. What was the lesser of two hysterias and what does it mean?
34. What mixed in a faint scream of nanny Ritche?
35. Why were all nurses arguing when they saw Mary's head?
36. Where was Mary said to go? Describe her appearance at this moment.
37. Describe Mary's mother out of the nurses arguing.
38. What effect did Denys get telling about everything?

**II. Explain the following and give synonyms where possible without using a dictionary.**

to roll up	a nasty cut
to curse	own charges
a thistle to launch into space	to take responsibility
to bound round	uncontrollable sobs
blood is running down	pandemonium
to make an infuriated commotion	

**IV. Give a good Russian translation to the following.**

to poise oneself on the edge  
to jump springly like a cat  
to be dazed by mortifying enraging pain  
to peer at smb.  
horrified fascination  
blood is coming through  
to square the shoulders  
to lean on smb's arm  
a sharp, cold ache  
grown-ups  
to struggle to keep back the tears  
the lesser of two hysterias  
a French window  
to unwind the blood-soaked strip of shirt  
tut-tut  
to argue as to what should be done  
to take up straight away  
to tell over again  
to be far too righteous for smth.

a button hole  
 dimly aware  
 to turn by the sight of Mary into pandemonium  
 to pick smb. up

**IV. Match the definition with the word.**

WORDS	DEFINITIONS
to rush upwards	to run to smb. very quickly
to loose balance	very high ache
to lurch forward	keen pain
enraging pain	to pick up smth.
acute pain	not to stay steady on the ground
brushed pain	a criticism or blame
to help smb up	to move loafing
to push up	to cry intensively and free
reproof	easy pain
to weep freely	to help smb to stand up

**V. Give definitions to following.**

to squat beside smb  
 to peer at smb  
 to rise sublimely  
 to slip over  
 localized pain  
 unanimously  
 solicitude  
 to bustle towards smt  
 a lamb

## UNIT 15

### Text 15

As they went, she heard, through the din behind her, Uncle Lionel says: “It’s deep, but it’d nowhere near the bone, you silly young idiot,” and the anguished disappointment of Denys: “But I saw the bone – I saw it, I tell you!”

\*

Doctor Munroe put a couple of stitches in Mary’s forehead and promised her no more than a tiny scar –“That’s very important to young ladies, you know. Ha, ha!” and as far as she was concerned, apart from a certain amount of pain and one or two agonizing nights when her mother had had to sing to her and give her aspirin, the accident hardly affected her. She was soon allowed to career about and ride and play cricket and do anything she liked with a large cross of sticking plaster sitting drunkenly over the left eye. Denys’ chivalrous behavior had added to his glory, as well as to the charm of her wound. She was undyingly grateful to him for having been there when she did it.

Among the grown-ups, however, life was not so simple. Although she was unaware of it at the time, Mary learned afterwards that there had been a first-class row between her mother and Aunt Mavis, as to whose child’s fault it was. It was only one of the periodic eruptions of the acknowledged antipathy that had simmered between them ever since Lily, a dressmaker’s daughter, had presumed to hook Mavis’ brother George at the unguarded age of twenty-two. Lily was not averse to a good row occasionally. It was an outlet for her energy, and it kept her from stagnating, she said. She had once waged a six month’s feud with a butcher in Kensington High Street, which had been conducted entirely on postcards, like some people splay chess, and there was a permanent vendetta between her and the Postmaster-General, who had the unfair advantage of not having to pay for his stamps.

When things got too dull at Charbury she would deliberately bait Mavis, or her brother-in-law Lionel. There was the time when she said: “Women and children first!” as she stood aside to let Lionel’s wife precede her ponderously through the dining-room door, and shocked Lionel to the depths of his spinsterish soul. Mary’s mother retailing all this to her years later, had out forward the theory that whenever one of the children was about to be born, Lionel spent hours of Grace’s labour looking under every gooseberry bush in the fruit cage. To Mary, at the age of eleven, her Uncle Lionel was just rather a bore. In later years, she discovered that he was a crashing bore.

Like Guy, he was in the family business – “Shannon’s Restaurant”, in Northumberland Avenue. He divided his life into compartments, office, home, holidays, social. He pursued with a German thoroughness any sport that was offered at Charbury, and would never discuss business down there. He was an uxorious husband and a conscientious father, but any parental jocity he may have had in the home withered like an autumn leaf as he approached the office above the banqueting-rooms of the restaurant in Trafalgar Square.

He had a harrow head and a thin, pale nose on which he wore pince-nez attached to one ear by a sliver chain. His body was small-boned, like a chicken, and already at thirty-six, he had a dry, used-up look, as if he had never been young. His wife, Grace, was small and plump and comfortably domestic. She would far rather darn socks than read a book, and seemed to take a delight in being so stupid that she had to refer to her husband in everything. She worshipped Lionel with almost unwholesome devotion.

Margaret had inherited this sticky trait from her mother, but did not confine it to her father. She was always flinging herself on people, clinging round their necks with limp reptilian arms, and saying, “Auntay” or “Un-kerl, I want to speak chuoy. D’you like me?” If she got a snub she would creep away and commune with her conscience, which more than life-size, when she had no sins of her own to fret over, she would fret over somebody else’s. She would be a “good woman” when she grew up, you could see it coming miles away.

One Saturday afternoon the five children were all up in the Swing Tree, a huge old elm in the park, which had, above the branch that held the swing, any amount of convenient and fascinating angles to perch in.

### Vocabulary:

1. **disappointment** – the state or feeling of being sad
2. **a scar** – a mark or indentation resulting from damage or wear
3. **agonizing** – very mentally or physically painful
4. **a row** – the result of arguing with people
5. **to stagnate** – to stop developing, progressing, moving
6. **a darn** – to mend with interclassing stitches
7. **to refer**– to send to a particular people, place
8. **to swing** – to move backward and forward or from side to side while hanging from smth.
9. **to wage** – to practice a war
10. **eruptions** – outburst of emotions

### Tasks

#### I. Read and answer the questions.

1. How did Denys take Uncle's Lionel words about Mary?
2. What was very important for ladies?
3. After what did the accident hardly affect Mary?
4. What was she given to do free very soon?
5. Describe the appearance when Mary got already better
6. Why was Mary undyingly grateful to Denys?
7. What happened between Mary's mother and aunt Mavis?
8. How could you describe the accident between Mary's mother and aunt Mavis?
9. What kept Lily from stagnating?
10. Where did the permanent vendetta take place?
11. Why did Mary bait Mavis? How was it going on?
12. What shocked Lionel?

13. How could you describe Uncle Lionel as a father according to Mary's mother?
14. What was Mary's attitude to Lionel, when she was a child?
15. How did Mary behave with the people around?
16. What happened on one Saturday near a huge elm tree?
17. Where did Mary hear about Uncle Lionel from?
18. What did Denys feel when he heard his speech?
19. What did the doctor do on the 1st visit?
20. Did the accident affect Mary hard? Why?
21. What did she begin doing when she got better?
22. How did Mary look after the doctor's treatment? Describe.
23. What was Denys doing for Mary?
24. What was the quarrel between aunt Mavis and Mary's mother?
25. What did Mary do when she got dull at Charbury?
26. According to Mary's mother retail the information about Lionel and his wife.

## II. Match the definitions with the units.

WORDS	DEFINITIONS
deliberately	to try to get or do (something) over a period of time
to precede	to move slowly with the body close to the ground
to pursue	to think about or discuss something very carefully in order to make a decision
darn	to climb
to commune	a quantity of something
to creep away	to do or say something before (something)
to perch in	to communicate with someone or something
amount	a place that has been darned <a sweater full of darns>

### III. Give a good Russian translation.

nowhere near the bone	to deliberately bait
the anguished disappointment	rather a bore
to put a couple of stitches	a crashing bore
agonizing nights	a conscientious father
to career about	an autumn leaf
a large cross	a used-up look
a sticking plaster	comfortably domestic
to be unaware	to fling on
a first class row	to fret over sb.
periodic	limb reptilian arms
a permanent vendetta	a darn

### IV. Explain the following and give a good Russian translation and synonyms.

a din	to be about to be born
a tiny scar	a gooseberry bush
to be concerned	a German thoroughness
to sit drunkenly	parental jocosity
a chivalrous behavior	a small-boned
undyingly grateful	darn socks
to presume to hook	to confine to smb.
the unguarded age	to get a snub
to be not averse	to be all up
a six month's feud	convenient and fascinating
the unfair advantage	angles
a spinsterish soul	

### V. Give definitions to the words.

grown-ups	life-size
to presume	conscientious
to hook	limp
an outlet	an amount
feud	an unguarded age
a spinsterish soul	to creep away
to retail	to commune

to get a snap  
to wither  
vendetta

to purch  
to flut over

**VI. Complete the sentences using the verbs in the box in appropriate tenses.**

*In 1-10 use:*

to inherit; to gash; to pronounce; to cut; to be (x2); to grow; to peer; to radiate; to look
---

*In 11-17 use:*

to feel; to be; to hit; to show; to burst; to tear; to look
---

He (1) ..... exceptionally good-looking boy – a younger, softer edition of his father. He had the same dark eyes with innocently long, curling lashes that should (2) ..... by Sarah; the same infectious smile and the eagerness to laugh at anything for the sake of laughing, and the same combination of naturally brown skin and very white teeth. His black hair (3) ..... in a widow's peak like his father's, though as yet not so (4) ..... . Guy Ritchie (5) ..... a man who (6) ..... charm as naturally as perspiration from every pore, and his son Denys (7) ..... like growing into the same "Damn good chap" to men and "My dear, who is that attractive man?" to women at parties.

"You (8) ..... your forehead," said Denys, (9) ..... at her with a horrified fascination. "It's colossally deep. It's sort of white inside – I say! I think you (10) ..... yourself to the bone!" Mary (11) ..... sick, but rather thrilled. It (12) ..... pretty important to cut yourself to the bone. She could not feel any acute pain yet – only the bruised ache where her whole face (13) ..... the ground, and it was gratifying to have something (14) ..... for that. Denys rose sublimely to the occasion, Mary's heart nearly (15) ..... with loving him, as with his dark eyes troubled and serious, he (16) ..... a strip off the bottom of his shirt and bound it untidily round her head. He (17) ..... at her.

## UNIT 16

### Text 16

Margaret always had to be hauled up the lowest stretch before the branches began, though all the others, even little Michael, could shin up it alone. They each had their special swats. Denys sat at the top, of course, so high up that he swore he would gasp, “Gosh, I nearly feel then!” to remind the others lower down how dangerous it was up there. Underneath him, with his gym shoe dangling almost in her eye, Mary sat on a smoothly curving branch, with her back against the tree trunk. From here, she looked out through the bright green, early summer leaves, right over the park to the farm across the Avenue, and over the sweeping ploughed field beyond, and the green folds and hidden valleys beyond that, as far as the cement works’ chimney and the glimpse of roofs that was Yarde. Below her, to the left, she could see the broad back of the grazing Mouse.

She had ridden him that morning, all the way to Lymchurch, with Tom on Buck, and Denys on the old polo pony, Warrior, who “pulled like a train” as Tom said, so that even Denys could not always hold him. She and Denys had had a race and Mouse had galloped really fast – like a racehorse – with his little legs thudding away in an ecstatic rhythm of speed, and his grey shoulder moving strongly below her, darkening with sweat. It had been glorious, exhilarating, and when they pulled up, she and Denys had waited with shining eyes and scarlet cheeks, for the long-legged Buck to come cantering leisurely up behind them.

“Fair terrors to go, yew are”, said Tom. The sun had been shining, and the larks singing, high up and she and Denys had sung as they trotted along the road for home radiant in the intimacy of a shared joy. Then she had been enormously hungry for lunch, and there had been roast mutton and treacle tart.

Life was perfect. She was more than just content up here in the moving green of the Swing Tree, with the idle chatter, and feeble,

excruciating jokes passing up and down among the branches – she was actively happy.

To-morrow was Sunday and it was the custom at Charbury on this day for one of the children to lunch in the dining-room; a treat that was coveted more for the food than the company.

“It’s my turn to lunch in the dining-room to-morrow”, Mary announced.

“No”, Margaret’s voice came floating up from a safe, uncomfortable seat lower down, “it’s mine.”

“Oh, dash you,” said Mary. “Is it really her turn, Denys?”

The oracle considered. “Must be,” he said judicially. “She comes after Michael, and he was there last week, weren’t you, young Mike?”

“Yes, I was. We had chocolate soufflé and I had two colossal helpings and an extra go of cream when no one was looking.”

“Mrs. Linney told me they’re having creamed spinach to-morrow, too,” moaned Mary. “You are lucky old sow, Maggie.”

Margaret like Joan of Arc, suddenly heard the Voices. She looked upward, her spectacles glinting through the leaves. “I’ll let you have my turn, if you really want it, Mary”, she said exaltedly.

“Gosh, no, you can’t do that”, said Mary, “it’s your turn.”

“I don’t care”, said Margaret, hanging on to a branch for fear she should be transported straight heaven, “I wish you to go in my place. If you don’t go, I shan’t either – there!”

“Well, all right”, said Mary ungraciously. “I don’t mind”.

She knew Margaret adored lunching in the dining-room as much as others did. There was something sickening and shaming about the blatant, uncalled-for sacrifice that tainted the prospect of going in her stead. When Margaret grew up, she cast herself passionately and indiscriminately into good works, so overpoweringly charitable that everything she did was plastered all over with the label, “Charity”.

Mary forgot about it a moment later, when she spied two figures and a pram on the path below. “Look – Nurses!” she said, tweaking Denys’ foot. “Oh, cheers!” he said, “let’s let ‘em have it”.

Letting them have it was the screamingly funny game of hurling insults from the safety of the tree on to the two bonneted heads as they passed beneath.

### Vocabulary

1. **a chimney** – a hollow structure that allows the smoke from a fire inside a building to escape to the air outside
2. **to graze** – to cause animals to eat grass
3. **to curve** – to form a curve, or move in the shape of a curve
4. **to gallop** – (of a horse) to run fast so that all four feet come off the ground together in each act of forward movement, or (of a person) to ride a horse that is running in this way
5. **exhilarating** – making you feel very excited and happy
6. **to covet** – to want to have something very much, especially something that belongs to someone else
7. **an oracle** – someone who knows a lot about a subject and can give good advice
8. **to glint** – to produce small, bright flashes of light reflected from a surface

### Tasks

I. Read and find the key information in every passage.

II. Give synonyms to the following words.

to be hauled up

to skin up

to high up

to be up

to look out

hidden valleys

to gallop

to thud away

to pull up

to covet

to float up

to say judicially

to moan

to look upward

to sacrifice

to grow up

to spy

screamingly

to chant

**III. Give antonyms to the following words.**

to stretch	to trot along
to sit at the top	to consider
to dangle	spinach
green folds	to glint
grazing Mouse	to say exaltingly
to hold somebody	to be transported
to move strongly	ungraciously
to darken with sweat	to pass beneath

**IV. Give definition out of a word**

to swear	to trot along
to gasp	to pass up
smoothly curving branch	an old sow
to have a race	to glint through
ecstatic rhythm	blatant
scarlet cheeks	overpoweringly
to canter leisurely up	to plaster

**V. Consult the dictionary and transcribe the following words from the text.**

ploughed	judicially
to thud away	soufflé
ecstatic rhythm	c'lossal
exhilarating	spinach
leisurely	ungraciously
treacle tart	indiscriminately
idle	charitable
excruciating	to plaster
to covet	

## UNIT 17

### Text 17

“Margaret’s nurse has a mousta-ache”, chanted Denys. “And when she bends, the bones in her cor-sets creak,” replied Mary in the tones of the Anthem. “Don’t be so ridiculous, don’t, says Nanny”, came from Sarah, and Michael shouted excitedly nearly falling out of the tree: “And she has a mole on her face – a mole, a mole, an old mole!” The tree shook with giggles, but the nurses knew that as they couldn’t climb trees, the only thing to do was to ignore the children – until later.

“It’s not right,” said Nanny to Nurse Shannon, as they passed out of sight, pursued by cries of: “Nanny says “didn’t ought”, and she didn’t ought to say “didn’t ought”.” “It’s not right that I shouldn’t report this – for the children’s own sakes.”

It was Granny who spoke to them about it in the end. Every night before they went to bed, the children went in turn to say good night to their grandmother, and she would give them each a chocolate from the inexhaustible tin beside her bed. Sarah had once saved her chocolates up, night by night, and when she had hoarded enough to have an orgy, she found they had all gone stale.

When she had had her milk and biscuits in the nursery and before her mother came up in the evening dress to tuck her into bed, Mary went down the little staircase in her blue dressing-gown and slippers and along the soft carpeted passage to her grandmother’s room. She put her ear to the door to see if there was anyone there, for Granny liked to see them alone, but there was no sound except Granny’s cough. Mary knocked, and entering on the gentle “Come in!” went straight up to the big bed under the window.

Mrs. Shannon had not walked for twenty-six years. Just before her last child was born, she had stumbled over her little pet dog, and had

fallen heavily, breaking her hip. The child, Winifred, was born prematurely, with a slight affection of the brain, and later, tuberculosis had developed in the mother's hip and spread. Mary accepted it naturally that her grandmother lived in bed, or in the wheel-chair, or in the wicker armchair with a high back like a Punch and Judy show, that stood in the hall in winter, and was taken into the summer-house if it was hot. Granny had no legs, she thought, and boasted of it to the girls at school.

On the foot of the bed lay a Skye terrier, a descendant of one that had caused her mistress's fall, for though at the time Herbert Shannon had wanted to have the dog destroyed, his wife said, "No, no, it wasn't Sukie's fault," and loved the dog all the more.

"Well, my darling," she said, as Mary said down on the chair by the bed, "tell me about your day. I didn't see you at tea-time, because Taggie wouldn't let me come down, the ogre". She made a grimace. Taggie was Nurse Mac-Taggart, who looked after her, and carried her about in her brawny arms like a baby.

Mary told her all about the ride, reliving it in her enthusiasm. She loved telling things to her grandmother, and hearing her say, "Yes, yes, I can see it!" when she managed to describe something as it really had been. Granny was always so quick to understand – not like most grown-ups who seemed deliberately to get hold of the wrong end of the stick. She would interrupt sometimes with, "And then, I suppose, he said – " and would make some apt remark that showed that she grasped the point exactly. When Mary had finished about her ride, instead of saying, as even grandfather had done: "We'll have to get you a bigger pony soon, young woman," Granny said: "What a wonderful pony Mouse must be. I'll get Taggy to push me down the park to-morrow, if it's fine, and you shall show him off to me."

After they had compared notes about respective lunches, Granny said casually, looking down and flicking something off her bed jacket: "And then, I suppose, you – er – sat in the Swing Tree, did you?"

“Yes, we all did, and Margaret was awfully soppy, like she is, you know, and then the nurses came under with Julia, and we –“ She stopped herself, prudently, just in time.

“Never mind”, said Granny, “I saw you with my telescope and heard you with my magic ear-trumpet. Darling,” she said, taking Mary’s hand, “it was rather a rude thing to do, wasn’t it; surely you knew that?”

“Well, in a way, I suppose it was, Granny, but it’s so jolly funny.” Mary looked up, hopefully; Granny was generally on the side of a joke.

“Wouldn’t it have been funnier still if it had been a joke everyone could have laughed at – the nurses, too? Remember what Queen Victoria said when the courtier was impertinent?”

“We are not amused.”

“There you are. Nanny wasn’t amused either. She and Queen Victoria, they both knew that to be well-mannered is one of the most important things in the world. That’s why Victoria was a great lady and so many people loved her – because she was gracious, my Mary. You’re such a dear little shrimp. I want everyone to love you... And they will.” She pulled Mary towards her. “Now, then, first a hug, and then a choc, and then you’re off to bed!”

### Vocabulary

1. **to chant** – to repeat or sing a word or phrase continuously
2. **inexhaustible** – existing in very great amounts that will never be finished
3. **to stumble over** – to step awkwardly while walking or running and fall or begin to fall
4. **to boast** – to speak too proudly or happily about what you have done or what you own
5. **to be soppy** – showing or feeling too much of emotions such as love or sympathy, rather than being reasonable or practical
6. **prudently** – careful and avoiding risks

## Tasks

**I. Read and find the key information in every passage.**

**II. Give synonyms to the following words.**

to chart	inexhaustible
creak	to hoard
to reply	orgy
ridiculous	to go stale
excitedly	to tuck into bed
to fall out	to knock
a mole	to stumble over
giggles	prematurely
to ignore	slight affection
to pursue	to boast
to pass out	

**III. Give antonyms to the following words.**

a descendant	to grasp
to destroy	to push down
ogre	respective lunches
to make a grimace	to flick off
brawny arms	to be soppy
to relive	prudently
enthusiasm	ear-trumpet
deliberately	idly funny
apt remark	

**IV. Give definition out of a word.**

To laugh at	To be well-mannered
Courtier	To be gracious
To be impertinent	Little shrimp
To be amused	

**V. Consult the dictionary and transcribe the following words from the text.**

moustache  
anthem  
ridiculous  
excitedly  
to pursue  
inexhaustible  
orgy  
biscuits  
to stumble over  
prematurely

tuberculosis  
to boast  
a descendant  
enthusiasm  
deliberately  
prudently  
ear-trumpet  
courtier  
impertinent

## UNIT 18

### Text 18

The cab drew up with a squeak, and Mary and her mother feel out on to the pavement, stiff and weary after a journey that had seemed longer and dirtier and more tiring because it was the journey home. As she entered the “Flats 20-40” door of Clifford Court, Olympia, Mary was greeted by a smell that was as familiar as the Charbury Smell, but instead of inhaling it gladly, she wrinkled her nose. It was a mixture of the porter’s cigarettes, the electricity smell of the slow, clanging lift, and the announcement, that drifted through the letter-box of the ground floor flat on the right, that its occupants existed solely on brussels sprouts.

The potty young porter put down his paper-backed copy of “Her Pride was her Barrier”, and rose sulkily from his chair to take them up to the fourth floor. Uncle Geoffrey opened the door of No. 37, and said at once: “Well! It’s good to have you back. I’ve been lonely as Hell”. He was wearing his Paisley dressing-gown over an old shirt and trousers, and was smoothing back his sleek hair in that familiar gesture of his, as if he were determined to make the top of his head even flatter than it already was. It was nice to have someone welcome you, thought Mary, but once she got over the first pleasure of greeting him and the love-birds, and feeling that all her possessions were to hand, she felt flat and miserable and suddenly desolate.

“Supper’s ready as soon as you are”, Uncle Geoffrey told them, “so buck up and wash, Little Tich, because I’m off to the theatre in half an hour”. Mary didn’t feel hungry. She stayed by the love-birds’ cage in the window, running her nail along the bars, her underlip trembling, as she thought that this time yesterday she and Denys had been crouching in the damp warm cave under a laurel bush, hiding from Nanny, who was calling them through the dusk to come and have their baths.

“Go along, darling,” said Mrs. Shannon, rearranging ornaments and photographs on the mantelpiece. “I do wish you wouldn’t dawdle so.” Mary slouched out of the sitting-room and went across the passage to her own room on the right of the front door. It was stuffy and cold at the same time from disuse, and did not look as though it cared whether she was back or not. To anyone who had not known the charm of The Cabin, it was a nice enough little room. There was a chest-of-drawers, a wardrobe, a book-case on the bedside table and a lot of pictures on the wall, framed or stuck up with drawings-pins. The woolly rug on the floor was rather thin, and only covered a small area of the brown linoleum, but there was a cheerful, multi-coloured striped counterpane and curtains to match, that had been bought by the yard at Pontings’ sale. Mrs Duckett had evidently given the room “a good turn out”, which Uncle Geoffrey said reminded him of Cascara, for Mary’s collection of dolls and woolly animals had been put away in a drawer and most of the books in the book-case were upside down.

She went over to the window and looked despondently out at the darkening view, which consisted of the grey brick of the flats across the courtyard well, and mostly bathroom or kitchen windows, with here and there a milk bottle on the sill or a dishcloth hanging out. She took off her hat and coat and hung them in the cupboard, where her blue alpaca school dress reminded her smugly that the day after to-morrow was the beginning of term.

### Vocabulary

1. **to draw up** – to prepare something, usually something official, in writing; to move a chair near to someone or something
2. **to wrinkle** – if skin or material wrinkles, or if something wrinkles it, it gets small lines or folds in it
3. **sulkily** – to be silent and refuse to smile or be pleasant to people because you are angry about something that they have done
4. **possession** – something that you own or that you are carrying with you at a particular time

5. **to buck up** – to become happier or more positive or to make someone happier or more positive
6. **to slouch out** – to stand, sit, or walk with the shoulders hanging forward and the head bent slightly over so that you look tired and bored
7. **smugly** – in a way that shows too much satisfaction or confidence

## Tasks

### I. Read and find the key information in every passage.

### II. Give synonyms to the following words.

a cab	to wrinkle nose
with a squeak	to drift through
to fell out	solely
journey home	spotty potter
to be greeted	sulkily
to inhale	to be determined

### III. Give antonyms to the following words.

to welcome	to crouch
to hand	to rearrange
to feel miserable	to slouch out
to feel desolate	disuse
to buck up	to put away

### IV. Give definition out of a word.

to be upside down	a mixture
to look despondently	ground floor
to take off	occupants
smugly	to be lonely as Hell
the beginning of the term	

**V. Consult the dictionary and transcribe the following words from the text.**

pavement

tiring

inhaling

to wrinkle

announcement

Brussels sprouts

determined

desolate

crouching

laurel bush

to slouch out

despondently

alpaca

## UNIT 19

### Text 19

Her mother called her, and, at the second call, she went along to the dining-room without washing any of the train grime off her hands. She felt dead tired. Uncle Geoffrey and her mother were having macaroni cheese and bottled beer, and for Mary, there was cocoa, a boiled egg, and bread and butter. It was rather chilly in the dining room. At Charbury now, she would be sitting on a stool in front of the high nursery fire-guard, with both hands round a mug of hot, sugary milk, and a plate of petit beurre and squashed fly biscuits on her knee. Mary took a sip of cocoa, and put down the cup, as she had a sudden vision of Granny's room as it would look if she were going to say good night. She saw the peacock pattern of the drawn curtains, the log fire, the flowers everywhere, and the wide expanse of green carpet that you sank into as you crossed it to get to the bed where Granny lay in a nest of pillows in her little quilted bed jacket that matches her eiderdown.

When she broke the top of her egg in the neat, clever way that Uncle Geoffrey had taught her, the egg ran out, watery and underdone, just how she didn't like it. The other two were chatting away nineteen to the dozen, and they didn't notice Mary begin to cry, and sit dabbling blindly at the egg with her spoon, big tears rolling down her face on to the plate.

Her mother glanced her way. "Mary! Why didn't you wash your hands? They've got half the train on them. Oh, darling, what's the matter now?" she cried as Mary's tears burst forth, and she dropped her spoon and buried her face in her grimy hands.

"Overtired," said Mrs. Shannon to her brother, as she rose and came round the table to Mary, and he said: "The West Kensington Blues. Too much Charbury methinks."

“Come on now,” said Mrs. Shannon, helping Mary out of her chair, “let’s get you into bed. You can skip your supper for to-night. Come along, you’ll feel like a queen in the morning.”

Sure enough, when she was tucked up in bed, with teddy bear that went everywhere with her, she felt better, and she woke after a twelve hours’ sleep, she felt better still. She soon settled quite happily into the London routine, and was too busy looking forward to the summer holidays to come, to look back and mourn the holiday that was past.

Mary was to have one more year at Manton House, the unambitious school in Cromwell Road, and then, if she could pass the entrance examination she was going to a big public day school in Kensington. Her grandfather was going to pay fees, although she didn’t know this at the time. All she knew was that her mother had looked up one day from her end-of-term reports from Manton House, and said: “No, darling, you’re not the sort that gets scholarships, I’m afraid. If you’re going to St. Martin’s – and I would like you to – we’ll just have to pocket our pride”.

Mary didn’t mind at all about not being clever. Some of the girls at Manton House were, as Mrs Linney said of Aunt Winifred, “not quite the thing”, and Cicely Barnard couldn’t even write her own name and was not allowed to lock the door of the lavatory. Mary had read, however, in the prospectus of St. Martin’s, about the “extensive curriculum of sport”, and had seen pictures of girls with legs like sausages hurling themselves about with lacrosse sticks, and this made her a little apprehensive. The games at Manton House consisted of hockey or cricket according to season, twice a week in Kensington Gardens, in charge of a red-faced, ginger-haired young woman with a pea-whistle, called Miss Treadwell. Mary was captain of cricket – the only distinction she ever gained. It was played with a soft ball, and Mary, who had had hours of coaching from Denys and Bates in the nets on the cricket field at Charbury, might have been playing a different game to the others, who mostly favored the one-handed, governess style of futile swiping. She could even bowl Miss Treadwell

out, and then everyone would hop about on one leg and cry, “Well played, Mary! I say!” The education at Manton House was spasmodic, for some of the mistresses were qualified teachers, and others were fitted only for raffia work and lamp-shade painting, and were quite out of their depth when confronted with questions that were not answerable from textbooks.

### Vocabulary

1. **grime** – a layer of dirt on skin or on a building
2. **stool** – a seat without any support for the back or arms
3. **to squash** – to crush something into a flat shape
4. **quilted** – a decorative cover for a bed
5. **eiderdown** – a thick covering for the top of a bed, filled with soft feathers or warm material
6. **to burst forth** – to feel a strong emotion, or strong wish to do something
7. **methinks** – old use or humorous for I think
8. **to pocket** – to take something for yourself, especially dishonestly, to hide
9. **apprehensive** – feeling worried about something that you are going to do or that is going to happen
10. **spasmodic** – happening suddenly for short periods of time and not in a regular way

### Tasks

#### I. Read and answer the questions.

1. What feeling did Mary have when she was at home having met Uncle Geoffrey already?
2. What happened to Mary, when her mother and Uncle Geoffrey were chatting in the dining room?
3. How did her mother act when she felt into crying?
4. What did her mother suppose was the reason of feeling into crying?
5. When did Mary feel finally better?
6. What the situation did she have with her studying?

7. What kinds of games did they have at school and how did Mary concern with it?
8. How can you characterize teachers at school?
9. Describe Mary's appearance when she was at home after the trip.
10. Tell, what did Mary like more during dinner at home?
11. How could you characterize her mother out of the passage when she didn't pay attention to her crying?
12. Describe the place where Mary was preparing for bed.
13. What conclusion did she make after the 12-hour sleep?
14. What did her family say concerning her study at school?

## II. Give a literary translation.

to feel dead tired	end of term reports
a sudden vision	ginger-haired
quilted bed jacket	a woman with a pee-whistle
to burst forth	to gain a destination
to pocket somebody's pride	to have hours of coaching from somebody
not quite a thing	to favor the one-handed governess style of swiping
to skip one's supper	to bowl out
to be tucked up in bed	to hop about
the unambitious school	to confront with something
a public day school	
to pay the fees	

## III. Explain the following.

to wash any of the train grime off  
 a wide expanse of something  
 to sit dabbling blindly at the egg  
 to be overtired  
 not quite a thing extensive curriculum of sport  
 lacrosse sticks  
 in charge of something  
 governess style of futile swiping

**IV. Find equivalents for the following in the text.**

- to call again
- a wagon's dirt
- stitch ornamentally
- short lightweight-jacket
- dirty arms
- to leave out secretly
- a test to be admitted to an educational building
- to hide feelings to be expected
- pointless swinging movement

**V. Match words with definitions.**

WORDS		DEFINITIONS
1.	spasmodic	a large or great extent of something
2.	raffia work	to hide the front part of head
3.	expansive of something	happening suddenly for short periods of time and not in a regular way
4.	eiderdown	a great course offered by an educational institution
5.	to bury the face	under the dare of something
6.	to mourn	to create something from material that looks like string
7.	extensive curriculum	in the game of cricket, to make someone have to leave the cricket field by hitting the wicket (= three vertical sticks) behind them with the ball
8.	in charge of something	a soft lightweight-clothing fabric, a thick covering for the top of a bed, filled with soft feathers or warm material
9.	to bowl out	to feel or express great sadness, especially because of someone's death

## UNIT 20

### Text 19

By the great good luck the English mistress happened to be an inspired old lady with snow-white hair and a gold chain pencil that snapped on and off her taffeta bosom on a coiled spring. She managed to infect the children with some of her own enthusiasm for the poems and books she taught them, and instead of setting them essays to write about “What I did in the holidays”, or “My pets”, encouraged them to write adventure or fairy-stories, or anything they liked. Mary got so intrigued by this that she bought penny note-books and began to fill them, put of school hours, with stories of blood and crime and reckless passion that never got finished, but were tremendously exciting to start.

Her birthday treat that summer was to go to a matinee of Uncle Geoffrey’s new play – Young Gentlemen of Oxford. She sat with her mother in the front row of the dress circle, on the tenterhooks lest Uncle Geoffrey should forget his words or make a fool of himself, and at the same time, thrilling with pride to think that it was her uncle upon the stage, that everyone was laughing at and enjoying, and in the intervals she talked about him loudly, so that people should know. The heroine was called Renee Aimee, and Mary thought she was beautiful. She sang and danced and said things like: “Darling, I loved you the very first moment I saw you,” and was kissed by nearly all the young gentlemen, including Uncle Geoffrey, and altogether had such a romantic time that she put an idea into Mary’s head. She would write a play that she and her cousins could act at Charbury in the holidays, and the grown-ups would come and watch it. She never doubted that.

After the play, when he had changed and taken off his make-up, Uncle Geoffrey joined them at tea at the Criterion. Mary was almost shy of him at first, remembering him as Lord Footle, the rich young nincompoop, but it was soon clear that he was no one but Uncle Geoffrey,

with nicotine fingers and a passion for anchovy sandwiches. At tea, Mary was moved by happiness, excitement, and a quantity of chocolate éclairs to confide her great idea to them.

“By Jove”, said Uncle Geoffrey, who had played the same sort of part for so long that he sometimes lapsed into his stage language, “what a topping idea. What’s the plot?”

“Oh – er,” said Mary, who had not actually got further than visualizing herself as the starry-eyed heroine called Chloe, “it’s going to be about a princess – and prince – and they fall in love, and get thwarted, and come together in the end, of course. There’ll be some killings, too – “she broke off as ideas began to form deliciously in her imagination.

\*

On the evenings when she had no home-work, and at the week-ends, Mary wrote her play. Uncle Geoffrey turned about to be a great help. She had not let him have a look in at first, but once or twice, when she had been stuck and had appealed to him for help, he had responded brilliantly.

One hot Saturday in July, Mrs. Shannon, striking and chic in a white linen dress with red buttons, with a white turban on her short glossy hair, went off to a river picnic organized by Uncle Guy. Uncle Geoffrey had been invited as well, but he had said, lying on the sofa and fanning himself with a newspaper: “Too something hot. Count me out, Lil,” and added: “Honestly, your rich relations scare me. I always feel they want me to go home and change my tie.” He was resting in the theatrical as well as the physical sense, for the Young Gentlemen of Oxford had finished their pranks, and unemployment always made him more inert than ever.

Mrs. Duckett went home after lunch, so Mary got tea for both of them, and had a heart-breaking time trying to cut wafer-thin bread and butter with a blunt knife and a crumbly loaf. In the end they had doorsteps and black treacle and got sticky about the chin. When, feeling very

domesticated, she had cleared away and done a little sketchy washing-up, she fetched her limp red note-book out of her under-clothes drawer, and went back to the sitting-room, where Uncle Geoffrey, in khali linen trousers and a stripped sports shirt was trying to master the ukulele from a self-tutor.

### Vocabulary

1. **to snap** – to cause something that is thin to break suddenly and quickly with a cracking sound
2. **to infect** – to pass a disease to a person, animal, or plant
3. **tremendously** – extremely; very much
4. **tenterhook** – worried or nervous about something that is going to happen
5. **nincompoop** – a silly or stupid person
6. **to get thwarted** – to stop something from happening or someone from doing something
7. **crumbly** – breaking easily into small pieces

### Tasks

#### I. Read and answer the question.

1. How could you describe the old mistress in Mary's school?
2. What has she managed to do with children that gave Mary an inspiration to act?
3. How could you describe the atmosphere during performance at Uncle Geoffrey's play?
4. What did attract Mary most of all at the play?
5. What did Mary feel toward Uncle Geoffrey after the play at tea?
6. About what did Mary start dreaming?
7. Describe what was an unusual thing at school.
8. What did Mary do during her free time when she was out of school?

9. What did Uncle Geoffrey feel during the play?
10. Describe Uncle Geoffrey. What were his usual habits?
11. What did uncle Geoffrey use to do most of the time after the play?
12. What ideas did Mary decide to tell Uncle Geoffrey?

**II. Give a literary translation of the following.**

by great luck.  
 an inspired old lady.  
 to snap on and off her taffeta bosom.  
 reckless passion  
 the rich young nincompoop  
 stage language  
 the starry-eyed heroine  
 to get thwarted

**III. Explain the following.**

1. with snow-white hair and a gold chain pencil that snapped on and off her taffeta bosom
2. to inflict with enthusiasm for something
3. first row of the dress circle
4. on tenterhooks list uncle Geoffrey should forget his word
5. a passion for anchovy sandwiches
6. to lapse into stage language

**IV. Find equivalents in the text.**

1. Золотой карандаш на цепочке, которая пристегивалась к пружинке на груди ее кофточки из тафты.
2. На тот случай, если забудет слова.
3. Богатый, молодой, но бесхарактерный человек.
4. О Боже!
5. Когда долго играл, он забывался и переключался на сценический язык.

V. Complete each sentence (b) so that it has a similar meaning with the sentence (a). Use a verb related to the italicized word in the appropriate tense.

1. (a) To anyone who had not known *the charm* of The Cabin, it was a nice enough little room.  
(b) The Cabin .....
2. (a) There was a chest-of-drawers, a wardrobe, a book-case on the bedside table and a lot of pictures *on the wall*, framed or stuck up with drawings-pins.  
(b) Framed or stuck up with drawings-pins, .....
3. (a) The woolly rug on the floor was rather thin, and only covered *a small area of the brown linoleum*, but there was a cheerful, multi-coloured striped counterpane and curtains to match, that had been bought by the yard at Pontings' sale.  
(b) Covering .....
4. (a) Mary did not *mind* at all about not being clever.  
(b) She .....
5. (a) Some of the girl at Manton House were, as Mrs. Linney said of Aunt Winifred, "*not quite the thing*", and Cicely Barnard couldn't even write her own name and was not allowed to lock the door of the lavatory.  
(b) Cicely Barnard.....
6. (a) Mary had read, however, *in the prospectus of St. Martin's*, about the "extensive curriculum of sport", and had seen pictures of girls with legs like sausages hurling themselves about with lacrosse sticks, and this made her a little apprehensive.  
(b) She .....
7. (a) *The games* at Manton House consisted of hockey or cricket according to season, twice a week in Kensington Gardens,

in charge of a red-faced, ginger-haired young woman with a pea-whistle, called Miss Treadwell.

(b) Ginger-haired young woman .....

8. (a) Mary was captain of cricket – the only *distinction* she ever gained.

(b) Being .....

## UNIT 21

### Text 21

He could already play the Swanee Whistle, but though that was enough for the lady in the next door flat, it was apparently not enough for him. Mary sat at the table by the window in her short-sleeved cotton frock, with the window open at the bottom, letting in any air that was to be had, and the stray noises of the Hammersmith Road. For a while, the only sounds in the room were the slow, plaintive strains of Uncle Geoffrey trying to master “Ukulele Lady” and Mary’s deep sighs as she sucked her pencil, bit her nails, tucked imaginary wisps of hair behind her ears, and wound her legs round the rungs of her chair. She was having trouble with her abduction scene.

“Look here, Uncle Geoff”, she said eventually, “he’s got her in the castle”.

“Who – the prince? Are they married yet? You can’t have them together in the castle if they’re not. Think of your Aunt Mavis... Maybe she’ll cry...”

“No, silly, not the prince. Sir Egbert of Corsica. He’s kidnapped her, you know, and he’s pressing her for her hand, under pain of death, while all the time she knows Prince Frederico is galloping to her rescue.”

“I see, so she’s playing for time, good situation, that. How far’ve you got? What’s the villain said to her – anything outrageous?”

“Not much yet. They’ve had dinner – we’ll have to have real food, I think, don’t you? – and then the butler (that’ll be Margaret of course), comes in with the part, and Sir Egbert says: “Will you wine with me?” Shall I read you as far as I’ve got from there?”

“Rather.” He began to strum softly.

Sir Egbert: “Will you wine with me?”

Chloe: “Charmed.”

Sir Egbert: “This is the rarest vintage of Oporto, red as your tempting lips.”

Chloe: “This is a ne lipstick I have on – Houbigant”.

Sir Egbert (softly): “So much beauty!” (“I got that out of a book, Uncle Geoff, but I don’t think it matters, do you?”

“Not a bit. You’re not the first one to do that. Go on, it’s stunning.”

“Well, that’s as far as I’ve got. I can’t make Frederico arrive yet, because he’s got a hundred miles to come, and he didn’t start till just before dinner. He sneaked out of the house while his father and mother were dressing for dinner. They don’t approve of the match, you see.”

“Oh”. Uncle Geoffrey pondered. “What was the last line again?”

“So much beauty.”

“Oh, yes. Well, obviously, her reply to that is: “Ah, flatterer.”

“Oh, that’s lovely, and then he says: “Not flattery, but the naked truth.” She began to write furiously.

“Not. Just “the truth” will do.” Uncle Geoffrey struck a chord. “I turn faint,” he said suddenly, in a high falsetto, “the wine! The port wine! You have drugged me!” (Clasps hand to throat.) “Listen,” he sat up excitedly, to look over his shoulder at Mary, who sat with her pencil poised. “Here’s the idea. He’s drugged her, and while she is unconscious, he’ll get the clergyman to come in and marry them, so that when she wakes up, she’s his wife, willy-nilly – those are his very words, in a soliloquy.”

“Yes, but if she’s unconscious, she wouldn’t be able to say: “I do.”

“Sir Egbert is a ventriloquist, of course. I say, this is good. She swoons, you see, and as she falls, the handkerchief flutters out of the window – you will have to throw it, of course – and catches on to a bit of ivy –“

“And Frederico sees it,” gabbled Mary, “and climbs up the wall and comes in at the window with the handkerchief between his teeth.” She could already see Denys doing it. “It’s marvelous. Don’t tell me any more. I don’t want it to be all by you.” She began to scribble rapidly. “How do you spell nuptials?”

At six o’clock, Uncle Geoffrey yawned, dropped his ukulele on the floor, stretched his arms above his head, and said: “I think I’ll just go across the road for a quick one. My thirst in this heat is phenomenal.”

Mary waved a hand at him without looking up from her writing, and by the time he got back, she was sitting flushed, disheveled and triumphant, leaning backwards in her chair and blowing out her cheeks. “I’ve finished!” she called out, as soon as she heard the front door slam. “I’ve finished the whole play.”

### Vocabulary

1. **apparently** – used to say you have read or been told something although you are not certain it is true
2. **plaintive** – used to describe something that sounds slightly sad
3. **abduction** – the act of making a person go somewhere with you, especially using threats or violence
4. **to kidnap** – to take a person away illegally by force, usually in order to demand money in exchange for releasing them
5. **rescue** – the act of helping someone out of a dangerous or unpleasant situation
6. **villain** – something or someone considered harmful or dangerous
7. **outrageous** – used to describe something or someone that is shocking because they are unusual or strange

8. **to strum** – to move your fingers across the strings of a guitar or similar instrument
9. **to ponder** – to think carefully about something, especially for a noticeable length of time
10. **flattery** – the act of praising someone, often in a way that is not sincere, because you want something from them
11. **clergyman** – a man who is a member of the clergy
12. **willy-nilly** – if something happens willy-nilly, it happens even if the people who are involved do not want it to happen
13. **soliloquy** – a speech in a play that the character speaks to himself or herself or to the people watching rather than to the other characters
14. **to scribble** – to write or draw something quickly or carelessly
15. **nuptial** – belonging or relating to a marriage or to the state of being married

## **Tasks**

### **I. Read and answer the questions.**

1. How could you characterize the atmosphere when Uncle Geoffrey started to play Swanee whistle?
2. What did Mary feel when she heard him playing Swanee whistle?
3. What did she decide to tell Uncle Geoffrey?
4. What was his suggestion to it?
5. What happened at 6 o'clock?
6. Why was Mary so excited?
7. Describe ukulele. What is it?
8. Describe the room Mary was sitting near the window.
9. Why Mary was so concentrated?
10. What happened to Mary's play?
11. What was Uncle Geoffrey doing while she was writing?
12. What happened after returning from walking?

**II. Give a literary translation to the following.**

1. A short sleeved cotton frock
2. The stray noises of the Hammersmith Road
3. plaintive strains
4. under the pain of death
5. to gallop to rescue
6. to approve of the match
7. to drug sbd
8. my thirst in this heat is phenomenal

**III. Explain the following.**

1. Sound were the slow, plaintive strains of...
2. He's kidnapped her, he's pressing her for her hand.
3. Will you wine with me?

**IV. Check your articles and prepositions.**

Mary waved \_\_\_\_\_ hand \_\_\_\_\_ him without looking up from her writing, and by \_\_\_\_\_ time he got back, she was sitting flushed, disheveled and triumphant, leaning backwards \_\_\_\_\_ her chair and blowing \_\_\_\_\_ her cheeks. "I've finished!" she called \_\_\_\_\_, as soon as he heard \_\_\_\_\_ front door slam. "I've finished \_\_\_\_\_ whole play."

## UNIT 22

### Text 22

“Look, here’s the last line: “Darling, I loved you the very first moment I saw you.” Curtain.” She looked up at him searchingly, to see whether he recognized the crib from Young Gentlemen of Oxford, but if he did he gave no sign.

“Well done, you clever little Tich! By Jove, that’s marvelous! And what do you think’s happened to your old uncle?” He waved an envelope at her. “Here is a letter from my agent to say I start rehearsals next week in – “He struck an attitude – “Monte Carlo Nights!”

“I say, don’t you think this calls for a celebration? How about you and me going on the razzle? Come on, I’ll take you up to the West End and give you the biggest dinner you’ve ever had in your life. Mummy won’t mind. Wait a sec,” as Mary got down from her chair and began to do a solemn little excited dance on the hearthrug, “let’s see if I’ve got enough money”. He dived into his pocket and actually pulled out some notes. “Hooray, look at this! I’ve forgotten Roddy paid me what he owed me, bless his heart. We’ll go in a taxi. Don’t bother to put on anything fancy – get a coat, and I don’t even think you need wash as it’s a celebration. You’d better brush your hair though, you look like Lilian Gish.” Mary shot off to her room, and emerged a few seconds later sleek, with her blue coat over her cotton dress. Uncle Geoffrey was in the bathroom, putting more sticky stuff on his hair, and sagging at the knees to see himself in the glass while he smarmed it down. Then he added an orange tie to his sports shirt, a blue tweed jacket over that, and they were off.

Mary wished it had not been the porter’s day off, so that he could have seen them hailing a taxi.

“Where are we going, Uncle Geoff?” she asked, perching well forward to watch the streets go by.

“Where would you like to go?”

“The Ritz,” ventured Mary, and was not quite sure after she had said whether it was a restaurant or a theater.

Behind her, Uncle Geoffrey laughed. “That comes of having a grandfather in the restaurant business. And we won’t go to Shannon’s, either,” he added, “even though we might get something off the bill there, because it’s not the place for the likes of us.

### Vocabulary

1. **searchingly** – intended to find out the often hidden truth about something
2. **to razzle** – enjoying yourself, visiting bars and dancing, etc.
3. **solemn** – serious and without any humour
4. **to owe** – to need to pay or give something to someone because they have lent money to you, or in exchange for something they have done for you
5. **to emerge** – to appear by coming out of something or out from behind something

### Tasks

#### I. Read and translate the sentence and find the key information.

1. Darling, I loved you the very first moment I saw you.
2. Well done, you clever little Titch!
3. Mary got down from her chair and began to do solemn little excited dance on the hearthrug.
4. Mary shot off to her room, and emerged a few seconds later.
5. It’s not the place for the likes of us.

#### II. Describe what is meant by the following.

- |                                       |                        |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. to perch well forward              | 4. to venture          |
| 2. to watch the streets go by day off | 5. to put sticky stuff |
| 3. to hail a taxi                     | 6. to sag at the knees |

**III. Give antonyms to the following.**

1. to razzle
2. searchingly
3. the crib
4. to wave
5. marvelous
6. rehearsals
7. to pull out

**IV. Consult the dictionary and transcribe the following words from the text.**

1. rehearsals
2. solemn
3. hooray
4. to owe
5. so smarm down
6. to hail
7. to venture

**V. Give synonyms to the following.**

1. business
2. the bill
3. to be sure
4. to perch forward
5. to add
6. to mind
7. to give sign

## UNIT 23

### Text 23

It's for blokes who don't care what they pay so long as they know they're eating the best, or who don't care that they eat so long as they're paying a snob price. No, I'll tell you where we'll go – the Café Royal. Ever been there?" Mary shook her head, wide-eyed. "Good spot. Bound to be someone there I know, too," he added with a hint of optimism. Mary hoped not. It was much more fun being on their own; with Uncle Geoffrey's friends, you never knew whether they were laughing at you or not.

It was not yet dark by the time they reached Piccadilly, but already the electric signs were brilliant in the waning light.

"Look, a Tom Max film!" called out Mary, on her knees by this time, on the prickly mat. "Could we, after dinner perhaps – not if you don't want to, of course – but could we...?"

"You bet we could. We'll have our blow-out first, and then I'll take you to the flickers and hold your hand when the lights go down. How's that?" The cab swung round to the door of the Café Royal and Mary jumped out eagerly under the arm of the huge commissionaire. Inside, she felt smaller than usual, and would have liked to take Uncle Geoffrey's arm, but refrained. She had not been to many restaurants in her life, except Shannon's, which was different, because she always went with Grandpa who belonged there, and Lyons' Corner House, which was different, too, because it was so full of people that there was no chance of being noticed. She followed Uncle Geoffrey as he walked into the restaurant with elaborate nonchalance. It was hotter than ever in here, and the air was thick with talk and clatter and smoke, and a glorious smell of good. They had to walk right through the room to get to their table, and Mary felt as if everyone's eyes were going through her like rivets. She wished she had worn her best coat. Once

Uncle Geoffrey stopped to speak to a man who was eating spaghetti, and Mary was left hovering behind him, trying to look as though she was not there. It gave her an uncomfortable, itchy feeling to be standing when everyone else was sitting down. At last they reached the haven of a red-plush sofa, the table was pushed in over their knees, and Mary could view the room with more equanimity. The waiter did some impressive flourishing with table napkins, and a final flourish conjured a menu before them, on which there seemed to be printed every dish in the world.

“What’ve you got?” Uncle Geoffrey screwed in his monocle and looked up at the waiter, his underlip non-existent.

“What would you like, Tich?” He turned to Mary and flipped the back of his hand down the long page, “it’s all yours.”

“Tomato soup,” said Mary, putting her finger on it. “Oh –“ She looked at him doubtfully, and whispered: “It’s a shilling. Is that too much?”

He laughed at her. “I told you – we’re dining out regardless to–night. But tomato soup in this weather –“

“Oh, yes, please. It’s cooling really.”

“O.K. You’re going to eat it. One tomato soup then, to start with, and I’ll toy with hors d’œuvres.” They took a long time to choose the rest of the meal, but finally, after a great deal of struggle, and changing of Mary’s mind, they fixed on salmon mayonnaise, braised kidneys with peas and mashed potatoes, and the expectation of an ice to follow. It was difficult to know quite where to fix in sardines on toast. “Perhaps at the end,” said the waiter. Raised his eyebrows, bowed, and withdrew.

Uncle Geoffrey took out a bandana handkerchief and mopped his face. “That’s got that settled, thank God. The smallest effort this weather makes me sweat like a pig.” He put in his eyeglass again into the other eye and turned to Mary.

“Will you wine with me, Princess Chloe?” She thought he was excruciating.

“I don’t know, Sir Egbert,” she said through her giggles.

“Champagne, Burgundy, Rum Punch, Apollinaris – ask and you shall receive.”

“C-could I have cider, d’you think?”

“Why not? You’ll probably get drunk as a lord on it in this heat.” He had a long, frosted glass of golden beer, lowered it at one draught, and promptly ordered another. “Ah, that’s better,” he said, setting down the half-empty glass, and looking about him with revived interest. “Look at this stunning woman over there,” he said, as Mary lowered her spoon into the creamy depths of her soup. “She’s got everything.” He sighed and gazed dreamily across the room, with a sardine drooping from his lifted fork. Mary looked, but couldn’t see that the woman had anything special except scarlet lips in a dead white face, and a huge hat with a veil, so she went back to her soup.

“I’ll tell you something, Tich,” said Uncle Geoffrey beginning on his Russian salad, “if I wasn’t so darn lazy I believe I’d get married. But is it worth the effort, one asks oneself.”

“Have you got a best girl, then, Uncle Geoff?”

“Hundreds – but not one, that’s the trouble. These things need concentration. Maybe I’ll marry you.”

“I’m so sorry.” Marry looked up at him and smiled. “I’m already engaged.”

“Well, well, well! These bright young things... Get on with your food,” he said suddenly, and “don’t talk tripe.”

Mary ploughed her way happily through the dinner and drank two glasses of cider that produced a faint buzzing in her head. “Anything

more?” said Uncle Geoffrey rather apprehensively, as she chased the last fragment of ice round the cup with her spoon.

“No, thanks,” she sighed contentedly. “I’m F.U.T.B.T”

“What on earth’s that?”

“Full up to back teeth, of course. Are we going to the cinema?”

He called for his bill, winced slightly when he saw it, but slapped down a couple of notes as if it were not more than a bus fare. Mary was horrified. “One pound ten! Did it really cost that?” He snapped his fingers airily. “A mere bagatelle. Now if I’d taken you to the Ritz –“

“You are decent, Uncle Geoff. Thanks awfully. Shall we go to the cinema now?” She let out a reef in the belt of her dress and put on her coat. As they were walking through the tables at the other end of the room where the starched table-cloth gave place to marble tops and the company deteriorated accordingly, there was a shout of “Percy!” from somewhere on their right. Uncle Geoffrey, surprisingly, spun round. A fat man with little eyes in a white flabby face was waving at him. “Come on over and have a drink, old boy!” Mary followed Uncle Geoffrey over to the table where the fat man was sitting with two girls, a man with semi-circular fringe of beard, and a lot of bottles.

“My, my!” said the fat man, as they came up. “Who’s the girl friend? Catching ‘em young, Percy?” Everyone laughed, and Uncle Geoffrey said: “Keep it clean, Uncle, for God’s sake. This is my sister’s kid. Mary, meet Uncle Joe, and this is Babs, and this is Raymond with the face fungus, and this is exceptionally beautiful lady in the red hat goes by the name Wanda. Chaps, this is Mary. She’s just turned out to be an infant prodigy, so we’re celebrating.”

They all, especially the girl called Wanda, who had short, bright yellow hair slicked forward into a curl on each cheek, and a heavily powdered snub nose, were very friendly and paid a lot of attention to Mary at first. They sat her down between Uncle Geoffrey and Raymond, and gave her some ginger ale to drink, and she asked her

questions about her play and said: “But, my dear, I think that’s too marvelous!” They wouldn’t believe she was more than eight years old, and what was she doing with an uncle like Percy? Mary felt quite a success, partly due to the fact that the cider was still buzzing in her head, but after a bit they began to talk among themselves, unintelligible stuff about people with names like Dezzzy and Marge, and forgot her existence.

She pulled at Uncle Geoffrey’s sleeve. “What about the cinema?” she whispered.

“What? Oh, yes – yes, all right, Tich. In a sec.” Je turned away from her again. He was drinking whisky and soda, and talking earnestly to Wanda on his other side. Mary could not hear what he was saying, but once Wanda said, “Why, Percy!” and slapped him slightly on the hand.

Mary drummed her heels on the chair, sighed, took a drink of ginger ale, and after a few minutes, tried again. He didn’t hear her at this time, and she didn’t like to try any more. “You’re rather a darling, aren’t you?” he was saying to Wanda, his front teeth nearly coming out of his head. Mary turned to Raymond, who was holding a glass of beer up to his chin and thoughtfully wetting his beard, while he listened to Babs, who wore a green beret over her haggard face, and talked with a fluctuating American accent.

“So when I got there,” she was saying, “I said to him: “Well, Mr Hammerstein, you can take it or leave it,” I said. “Either I say all my lines, or I don’t say one.” And I turned on my heel, and did that! – to him,” she clicked her fingers under the Uncle’s blob of a nose.

“You didn’t, Babs?” said Raymond, raising his head, his beard crested with foam.

“No – “she suddenly laughed. “What the hell d’you take me for? But wouldn’t it have been swell if I had? Hullo, honey,” she said suddenly seeing Mary watching them. “Bored?”

“No, not at all, thank you. Could you tell me the time, please?”

“Half-past nine,” said Raymond, shooting a hairy wrist out of his pea-green jacket. “Your bed-time, huh?” he said Babs, and Uncle said: “And Percy’s too, by the look of it,” and shook all over with wheezy laughter.

“Shut up, Uncle,” said Babs. “Hey!” she threw the cap of a beer bottle across the table, “come up for air, you love-birds, and do something about your offspring.”

“It’s all right, really, thank you – “Mary was saying.

She would rather be disappointed about the cinema than have everyone making a thing of it. Uncle Geoffrey turned round to her, and Wanda leaned across him and gushed a little.

“Oh, Lord, I’ve forgotten – I promised to take the kid to the flickers,” he said. Wanda pouted and sat back. “Tell you what,” said Uncle Geoffrey, his face brightening, “You’re a big girl, how about going by yourself? Here’s ten bob, then you can take a taxi home afterwards. I feel like making a night of myself. What about it?”

### Vocabulary

1. **snob** – a person who respects and likes only people who are of a high social class, and/or a person who has extremely high standards who is not satisfied by the things that ordinary people like
2. **hint** – something that you say or do that shows what you think or want, usually in a way that is not direct
3. **wane** – to become weaker in strength or influence
4. **wagerly** – wanting very much to do or have something, especially something interesting or enjoyable
5. **to refrain** – to avoid doing or stop yourself from doing something
6. **to revive** – to come or bring something back to life, health, existence, or use

7. **to buzz** – to make a continuous, low sound such as the one a bee makes, to be busy and full of energy
8. **to drum** – to hit a surface regularly and make a sound like a drum, or to make something do this

## **Tasks**

### **I. Read and find key information in every passage.**

### **II. Answer the questions.**

1. What was Mary's first impression after entering the restaurant?
2. How could you describe the waiter of the restaurant?
3. What did Mary think about, what did she care most of all being in such a restaurant?
4. How could you describe the weather outside out of the passage?
5. What did they start to copy sitting at the table?
6. What did Uncle Geoffrey do to be very attractive?
7. How could you describe the atmosphere at the end of their having meal?
8. How could you describe the waiter's actions?
9. Describe how Uncle Geoffrey looked like?
10. Describe Uncle Geoffrey's thoughts about marriage.
11. What was the atmosphere around people that were familiar to Uncle Geoffrey?
12. What happened when the cider buzzed in her head?
13. What was the only thing Mary wanted?
14. What has Mary noticed in Wanda?
15. What did Wanda care about that night?
16. Who is Wanda?
17. How did all guests treat Mary when she asked the time?
18. What didn't Mary want that night to be noticed?
19. What was Uncle Geoffrey's attitude to Mary and his promise at the end of the party?

20. Describe the atmosphere of the other end of the room.
21. How did Wanda look like?
22. Describe Mary's feeling when Uncle Geoffrey forgot about her existence.
23. Describe Mary's mood when everybody started talking to her with some disdain, scorn.

### **III. Explain and translate the following.**

1. to view with more equanimity
2. to do impressive flourishing with table napkins
3. to lean back with a faint air of ennui
4. to say through the giggles
5. to get drunk as a lord
6. to look about with a revived interest
7. to gaze dreamingly
8. to be darn lazy
9. to talk tripe
10. to chase the last fragment of ice round the cup with her spoon
11. full up to back teeth
12. starched table-cloths
13. to turn out to be an infant prodigy
14. to drum heels on the chair
15. front teeth nearly coming out of the head
16. a wheezy laughter
17. to make a thing of something
18. to take to the flickers

#### IV. Match words with the definitions.

WORDS		DEFINITIONS
1.	equanimity	to use a cloth to remove sweat from the face, to use a mop to wash something
2.	ennui	quickly, without delay, or at the arranged time
3.	to mop	a calm mental state, especially after a shock or disappointment or in a difficult situation
4.	giggles	not able to be understood
5.	promptly	a situation in which a light is sometimes bright and sometimes weak
6.	to chase	serious and determined, especially too serious and unable to find your own actions funny
7.	unintelligible	to make a high, rough noise while breathing because of some breathing difficulty
8.	earnestly	to hurry after someone or something in order to catch him, her, or it
9.	wheezy	a feeling of being bored and mentally tired caused by having nothing interesting or exciting to do
10.	flickers	to laugh repeatedly in a quiet but uncontrolled way, often at something silly or rude or when you are nervous

## UNIT 24

### Text 24

“Well, for heaven’s sake, Percy,” began Babs, but Mary took the ten shillings, enchanted. She had never been to a cinema, and hardly ever in a cab by herself. Here was adventure. She took off the sleepiness that had been threatening her ever since dinner, and began to get up.

“Thanks, awfully, Uncle Geoff, that’ll do marvelously. Can I go now?”

“We’ll take her along, shall we, Geoffrey?” said Wanda, wetting a finger and arranging bits of her face in a minute mirror. She got her feet back into her shoes, collected a large patent-leather handbag and a pair of tasseled gloves and stood up. “Come along, then, Ducky,” she said. “I’ll take your hand.”

Mary drew away, so Wanda gave the hand to Uncle Geoffrey instead. The other three said good-bye to Mary and “don’t do anything I wouldn’t do”, and “write a part for me in your next play,” and she giggled and stood on one leg.

“Hop it,” said Uncle Geoffrey, and the three of them went together. Outside, it was hot, breathless night, with the first stars riding high in a greenish sky. It was good to be in the open air again.

“Thank you for a lovely dinner,” said Mary politely, as they waited on an island in the middle of the road. “Aren’t you a lucky girl,” said Wanda, on Geoffrey’s other arm, “to have an uncle who takes you out? No one ever did that to me when I was a little girl.” She laughed like a neighing horse.

“Sweetheart, you’re only a little girl now, aren’t you?” replied Uncle Geoffrey, and looking at his face, glistening with perspiration in the light of the lamp above, Mary thought he looked very silly.

They walked the few yards to the cinema, and Mary was eager to leave them and go into the brightly-lit exciting foyer. Uncle Geoffrey was seized with a last-minute anxiety as he saw that besides the Tom Mix film there was Leatrice Joy in Eve's leaves.

He studied the photographs with deep interest, changing his monocle from eye to eye. "Eve's Leaves," he said wistfully, turning to Wanda. "Look, here, don't you think we ought to go in with her?"

"Oh, no," pouted Wanda, who was as keen to get away as Mary was for them to go.

"Well, look here, Tich," said Uncle Geoffrey. "If you see anything you think you shouldn't, go under the seat. Sure you'll be all right?" He hovered on the pavement, with Wanda clinging to him like a growth. "Give the commissionaire a tanner to get you a taxi afterwards, and for God's sake see you're home before your mother. She said she'd be late. Got your key?"

"Yes, yes, to everything. Good- bye-ee!" Mary aimed a kiss at him before she turns to go, and then Wanda aimed a kiss at her that smelt of the lavender cachous that Mrs Duckett took for her breath. At last she was inside and walking importantly up to the pay-box.

Leatrice Joy was half-way through her cloche hat vamping act when Mary wriggled into her seat past furious knees, and she made no attempt to follow or understand the film; it was soppy, anyway. Figures mouthed and did hurried things in a permanent rainstorm, and Mary just sat back and felt emancipated.

At last it was Tom Mix, and Mary perched forward, tense, with her seat half tipping up. Although she was hardly aware of the presences that peopled the mysterious, breathing darkness all round, the thrill of being on her own among them intensified the spell of the screen. There was no one to recall her to earth by reading the sub-titles, or explaining in a penetrating whisper something that she had already understood. No one to whom she had to turn dutifully and say:

“I’m enjoying it, aren’t you?” She was one with the dashing, miraculous cowboy. When he rode on his white horse, Tony she rode with him on Mouse. Together they bent low to avoid the noiseless shorts of the pursuers, together they thundered up to the wooden saloon, vaulted from the saddle and swaggered in among the bad men with spurs clinking. The rain that had fallen on Leatrice Joy fell also on Arizona, but Mary did not even notice it.

### Vocabulary

1. **minute mirror** – very small, tiny mirror
2. **to seize** – to take something quickly and keep or hold it
3. **foyer** – a large open area just inside the entrance of a public building such as a theatre or a hotel, where people can wait and meet each other
4. **perspiration** – polite word for sweat (= a clear liquid passing through the skin)
5. **wistfully** – sad and thinking about something that is impossible or in the past
6. **dashing** – attractive in a confident, exciting, and stylish way

### Tasks

- I. **Read and translate the sentences to find the key information.**
  1. Well, for the heaven’s sake Percy.
  2. She shook off the sleepiness that had been threatening her ever since dinner, and began to get up.
  3. She got her feet back into her shoes, collected a large patent-leather handbag and a pair of tasseled gloves and stood up.
  4. They walked the few yards to the cinema, and Mary was eager to leave them and go into brightly-lit, exciting foyer.
  5. At last she was inside and walking importantly up to the pay box.
  6. Figures mouthed and did hurried things in a permanent rainstorm, and Mary just sat back and felt emancipated.

**II. Describe what is meant by the word.**

1. enchanted
2. hardly ever
3. to threaten
4. marvelously
5. patent-leather handbag
6. to giggle
7. breathless night
8. greenish sky
9. to glisten

**III. Give antonyms to the following.**

1. ought to go
2. to be keen
3. to get away
4. to go under seat
5. vamping act
6. to wriggle
7. to feel emancipated
8. permanent rainstorm
9. penetrating whisper
10. miraculous cowboy
11. to thunder up

**IV. Consult the dictionary and transcribe the following words from the text.**

- |                 |                   |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| 1. threatening  | 7. to hover       |
| 2. gloves       | 8. commissionaire |
| 3. an island    | 9. cachous        |
| 4. politely     | 10. to vault      |
| 5. perspiration | 11. to swagger    |
| 6. a foyer      | 12. to saddle     |

**V. Give synonyms to the following.**

- |                    |                  |
|--------------------|------------------|
| 1. sleepiness      | 6. cloche        |
| 2. thanks awfully  | 7. vamping act   |
| 3. to wet a finger | 8. to thunder up |
| 4. to giggle       | 9. to fall       |
| 5. neighing horse  | 10. to notice    |

**VI. The events mentioned in the text are listed below. Write the order in which the events are mentioned and then the order in which they occurred (or were thought to occur). Compare the two lists and consider the usage of tenses.**

***For example:*** *The front door of the flats was still open, but the porter was not there and neither was the lift, not did it answer to Mary's finger on the button. Wearily, she climbed the four flights, hailing herself up by the banister, and stuck out her tongue as she passed the lift, slumbering on the third floor, too late to be any help. Had she had gloves when she started out? She certainly hadn't now, but if they were lost, they were lost, she thought, fiddling her key into the lock.*

<i>Events</i>	<i>Order events are mentioned in text</i>	<i>Order of events</i>
<i>Was still open</i>	<i>1</i>	<i>2</i>
<i>Fiddling her key</i>	<i>10</i>	<i>10</i>
<i>She hadn't now</i>	<i>8</i>	<i>9</i>
<i>Stuck out</i>	<i>4</i>	<i>5</i>
<i>Were lost</i>	<i>9</i>	<i>8</i>
<i>Had gloves</i>	<i>6</i>	<i>7</i>
<i>Started out</i>	<i>7</i>	<i>6</i>
<i>She climbed</i>	<i>3</i>	<i>3</i>
<i>Passed the lift</i>	<i>5</i>	<i>4</i>
<i>Was not there</i>	<i>2</i>	<i>1</i>

At last it was Tom Mix, and Mary *perched forward*, tense, with her seat half tipping up. Although she *was* hardly *aware* of the presences that *peopled* the mysterious, breathing darkness all round, the thrill of *being* on her own among them intensified the spell of the screen. There was no one to recall her to earth by reading the sub-titles, or explaining in a penetrating whisper something that she *had already understood*. No one to whom she had to turn dutifully and say: "I'm enjoying it, aren't you?" She was one with the dashing, miraculous cowboy. When *he rode on* his white horse, Tony she rode with him on Mouse. Together they bent low to avoid the noiseless shorts of the pursuers, together *they thundered up* to the wooden saloon, vaulted from the saddle and swaggered in among the bad men with spurs clinking. The rain that *had fallen* on Leatrice Joy fell also on Arizona, but Mary *did not* even notice it.

Events	Order events are mentioned in text	Order of events
perched forward...	1	2
was aware...	2	
peopled...		
of being...		
she had already understood...		
when he rode on...		
they thundered up..		
had fallen...		1
Mary did not notice...		

## UNIT 25

### Text 25

When it was over, she stood through “God Save the King” in a trance, sighed deeply and went out into the night. She had never been out so late before. She stood on the pavement and watches the cars and taxis, and the crowds of happy, noisy people going by, some arm-in-arm, a party of men singing an inane, raucous song. It must be rather fun, after all, to be a grown-up. She didn’t feel a bit tired. If she were grown-up, she would probably be going to dance at a night-club. The thought conjured up unnamable, fascinating visions of debauchery. She yawned, and stepped quickly backwards as a large, unsteady man knocked her and said: “Look where you’re bleeding well going!” She suddenly decided what she would do: she would put off the moment of getting home, and also save money, by going home in the Underground. Her mother was always talking about the economy and how pleased Uncle Geoffrey would be when she handed him back his ten shillings all but half a crown and four: pence!

She felt complacently virtuous as she stood in the lift, watching the ridges of the shaft slide upwards as she descended into the bowels of the earth. She knew which way to go, and where she had to change, for she had often travelled this way after a shopping expedition or a treat. A few people looked at her, and some smiled, and one or two said something disapproving to their companions, but she felt completely self-possessed. She had a feeling of calmness, almost of dignity, that she had never had when she was not alone. With other people one was a complete entity by oneself. She sat and looked at her dim, flattering reflection in the opposite window, with the lights and wires of the tunnel rushing by behind it, and tried sleepily to remember Tony’s tricks that she contemplated teaching Mouse. “Earl’s Cou-urt!” bawled a voice, and Mary shot to her feet and struggled to slide open the heavy doors, in a sudden panic that the train would go on before she could get out. She might be whirled away to some unknown,

sinister destination, like the awful story of the girl who got locked in the carriage, and had to go round and round the Inner Circle, passing and repassing the station where she wanted to get out, until they finally found her, stark, staring mad, with all her hair torn out by the roots.

She had to wait a long time for the next train, and she sat down on a bench and thought of her bed, and how good she was not to have taken the taxi home. She could hear Uncle Geoffrey's, "By Jove, some niece!" when she proudly handed him his money. She yawned again, vastly, and listened to the measured beat of a man's footsteps walking up and down, up and down, in the unreal silence of the platform. The clock showed her it was nearly midnight. At last, far away, a faint murmur grew, swelled to a roar, and became a rattling, banging dragon that rocked out of darkness with blue sparks flying from the live rails, and stopped with a jarring shriek. Mary got into the train as it was beginning to make the high, juggle-juggle-juggle noise that it always made at Earl's Court, and after a senseless wait, it started at last. At Addison Road, she stumbled on to the platform, handed her ticket to a collector who looked as if he thought people are mad to be out of their beds at this hour from choice, and climbed the steps into the street more dead than alive. She had only a little way walk, and she could see the vast barrack of Clifford Court brooding before her, unwelcoming but welcome. She hoped her mother would be in already to greet her. She could visualize her surprise at seeing her come home alone, her praise, and her eagerness to hear about the evening and to discuss her own, for they both knew that half the piquancy of enjoyment lay in the retailing of it afterwards.

The front door of the flats was still open, but the porter was not there and neither was the lift, not did it answer to Mary's finger on the button. Wearily, she climbed the four flights, hailing herself up by the banister, and stuck out her tongue as she passed the lift, slumbering on the third floor, too late to be any help. Had she had gloves when she started out? She certainly hadn't now, but if they were lost, they were lost, she thought, fiddling her key into the lock.

## Vocabulary

1. **to conjure** – to make something appear by magic, or as if by magic
2. **to please** – to make someone feel happy or satisfied, or to give someone pleasure
3. **complacently** – feeling so satisfied with your own abilities or situation that you feel you do not need to try any harder
4. **entity** – something that exists apart from other things, having its own independent existence
5. **faint** – not strong or clear; slight
6. **murmur** – the sound of something being said very quietly
7. **to swell** – to become larger and rounder than usual; to (cause to) increase in size or amount
8. **to retail** – to sell goods to the public in shops, on the internet, etc.
9. **to fiddle** – to act dishonestly in order to get something for yourself, or to change something dishonestly, especially to your advantage

## Tasks

### I. Read and translate the sentences to find the key information.

1. It must be rather fun, after all, to be a grown-up.
2. The thought conjured up unnamable, fascinating visions of debauchery.
3. Look where you're bleeding well going.
4. With other people one was only an unconsidered fragment of the company.
5. She must be whirl away to some unknown, sinister destination.
6. By Jove, some niece!
7. At last, far away, a faint murmur grew, swelled to a roar, and became a banging dragon that rocked out of darkness with blue sparks flying from the rails.

**II. Describe what is meant by the word.**

1. in a trance
2. noisy people
3. arm-in-arm
4. an inane, raucous song
5. fascinating vision
6. feel virtuous
7. the ridges of the shaft slide upwards
8. shopping expedition
9. self-possessed
10. unconsidered

**III. Give antonyms to the following.**

1. flattering reflection
2. tricks
3. to contemplate
4. to bawl
5. to whirl
6. sinister destination
7. staring mad
8. to yawn
9. murmur
10. to rock out

**IV. Consult the dictionary and transcribe the following words from the text.**

1. inane
2. raucous
3. to conjure
4. fascinating
5. virtuous
6. complacently
7. jarring
8. to stumble
9. the last barrack

10. visualize
11. piquancy
12. to howl
13. a banister
14. to slumber
15. to fiddle

**V. Give synonyms to the following.**

1. juggle noise
2. senseless noise
3. unwelcoming
4. to praise
5. piquancy
6. enjoyment
7. to retail
8. to slumber
9. to start out
10. to fiddle

**VI. Complete each sentence (b) so that it has a similar meaning to sentence (a). Use the verb related to the italicized word in the appropriate tense. Give alternatives where possible.**

1. a) When it was over, she stood through “God Save the King” in a trance, *sighed* deeply and went out into the night.  
 b) Having *sighed* deeply, through “God Save the King” in a trance, she stood, she went out into the night when it was over.
2. a) She suddenly decided what she *would do*: she would put off the moment of getting home, and also save money, by going home in the Underground.  
 b) She .....
3. a) Her mother was always talking about the economy and how pleased Uncle Geoffrey would be when she *handed* him back his ten shillings all but half a crown and four: pence!

- b) When she .....
4. a) She might be whirled away to some unknown, sinister destination, like the awful story of the girl who got locked in the carriage, and had to go round and round the Inner Circle, passing and re-passing the station where she wanted to get out, until they finally found her, stark, staring mad, with all her hair *torn out* by the roots.
- b) With her hair.....
5. a) She could visualize her surprise at seeing her come home alone, her praise, and her eagerness to hear about the evening and to discuss her own, for they both knew that half the piquancy of enjoyment *lay* in the retailing of it afterwards.
- b) Half of piquancy of enjoyment .....
6. a) Had she had gloves when she *started out*?
- b) She .....
7. a) She certainly hadn't now, but if they were lost, they were lost, she *thought, fiddling* her key into the lock.
- b) She .....

**VIII. If necessary, correct or improve the italicized verbs.**

“Well, for heaven’s sake, Percy,” began Babs, but Mary (1) *took* the ten shillings, enchanted.

“Thanks, awfully, Uncle Geoff, that (2) *is going to* do marvelously. Can I go now?”

“We (3) *are going to* take her along, shall we, Geoffrey?” said Wanda, wetting a finger and arranging bits of her face in a minute mirror.

“Thank you for a lovely dinner,” said Mary politely, as they (4) *waited* on an island in the middle of the road.

“(5) *Will not you be* a lucky girl,” said Wanda, on Geoffrey’s other arm, “to have an uncle who (6) *takes* you out? No one ever (7) *have been doing* that to me when I was a little girl.” She laughed like a neighing horse.

“Sweetheart, (8) *you’re* only a little girl now, aren’t you?” replied Uncle Geoffrey, and looking at his face, glistening with perspiration in the light of the lamp above, Mary thought he (9) *would be looking* very silly.

## REFERENCES

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### ПРАКТИКУМ ПО КУЛЬТУРЕ РЕЧЕВОГО ОБЩЕНИЯ

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