МИНИСТЕРСТВО ПРОСВЕЩЕНИЯ РОССИЙСКОЙ ФЕДЕРАЦИИ
Федеральное государственное автономное образовательное учреждение высшего образования
«ГОСУДАРСТВЕННЫЙ УНИВЕРСИТЕТ ПРОСВЕЩЕНИЯ»
(ГОСУДАРСТВЕННЫЙ УНИВЕРСИТЕТ ПРОСВЕЩЕНИЯ)

Кафедра иностранных языков

УТВЕРЖДЕН
на заседании кафедры иностранных языков
Протокол от « 04 » апреля 2024 г., № 10

Зав. кафедрой Сарычева Л.В.

ФОНД ОЦЕНОЧНЫХ СРЕДСТВ

по дисциплине (модулю)
«Иностранный язык» (английский язык)

Направление подготовки: 44.03.05 Педагогическое образование (с двумя профилями подготовки)

Профиль:

Русский язык и литература

Мытищи
2024

Содержание

1.Перечень компетенций с указанием этапов их формирования в процессе освоения образовательной программы

Код и наименование компетенции	Этапы формирования

УК-4. Способен осуществлять деловую коммуникацию в устной и письменной формах на государственном языке Российской Федерации и иностранном (ых) языке (ах).	1. Работа на учебных занятиях 2. Самостоятельная работа

Описание показателей и критериев оценивания компетенций на различных этапах их формирования, описание шкал оценивания

Оцениваемые компетенции	Уровень сформированности	Этап формирования	Описание показателей	Критерии оценивания	Шкала оценивания
УК-4 Способен осуществлять деловую коммуникацию в устной и письменной формах на государственном языке Российской Федерации и иностранном языке	Пороговый	1.Работа на учебных занятиях 2.Самостоятельная работа	**Знать**: • основные фонетические (базовые фонетические стандарты иностранного языка), лексические (наиболее распространенные языковые средства для реализации коммуникативной функции и общеупотребительные речевые единицы), грамматические (основные понятия в области морфологии и синтаксические структуры иностранного языка), стилистические особенности изучаемого языка и его отличия от родного языка; • принципы организации материала в основных двуязычных областях и структуру словарной статьи, алгоритмы самостоятельного овладения материалом; • культурно-специфические особенности менталитета,	Выполнение лексико-грамматических упражнений Тестирование Проект (защита презентации) Устный ответ Краткое изложение текста Сочинение (Эссе) Реферат	Шкала оценивания лексико-грамматического упражнения, шкала краткого изложения текста, шкала оценивания реферата, шкала оценивания эссе, шкала оценивания проекта (защита презентации) шкала оценивания доклада-презентации шкала оценивания устного ответа

			представлений, установок, ценностей представителей иностранной культуры; • основные факты, реалии, имена, достопримечательности, традиции страны изучаемого языка; • достижения, открытия, события из области истории, культуры, политики, социальной жизни страны изучаемого языка. **Уметь**: • осуществлять межличностное и межкультурное общение с применением знаний о национально-культурных особенностях стран изучаемого языка; • выявлять сходство и различия в системе родного и иностранного языков; • выступать в роли посредника культур; • использовать языковые средства и правила речевого и неречевого поведения в соответствии с нормами, принятыми в странах изучаемого языка; • пользоваться языковой и контекстуальной догадкой, прогнозировать содержание при чтении и аудировании; • понимать основное содержание аутентичных текстов, относящихся к разным коммуникативным типам; • выделять основную информацию и определять последовательность ключевых событий, действий и фактов в аудиотексте; • использовать языковую догадку, игнорировать неизвестный языковой материал, несущественный для		

			понимания. • выделять тематику и ключевую информацию текста, определять последовательность ключевых событий в тексте; • осуществлять поиск информации в тексте, использовать различные приёмы смысловой переработки текста; • использовать в процессе чтения словари и другие справочно-информационные материалы; • вести диалог этикетного характера: начинать, поддерживать и заканчивать разговор; поздравлять, выражать пожелания и реагировать на них; выражать благодарность; вежливо переспрашивать, отказываться, соглашаться; • вести диалог-расспрос: запрашивать и сообщать фактическую информацию, брать интервью; • вести диалог-обмен мнениями: выражать точку зрения и соглашаться / не соглашаться с ней, высказывать одобрение / неодобрение; выражать сомнение, эмоциональную оценку обсуждаемых событий; • начинать, вести / поддерживать и заканчивать беседу на профессиональную тематику. • рассказывать о себе, семье, друзьях, интересах и увлечениях, планах на будущее; • делать краткие сообщения, описывать события / явления в рамках изучаемой тематики; • передавать основное содержание, основную мысль прочитанного /		

			услышанного; • давать краткую характеристику явлениям и событиям. • написать отзыв на статью из профессионального журнала; • подготовить тезисы устного сообщения по интересующей теме; • письменно обобщить информацию из нескольких источников.		
	Продви-нутый	1. Работа на учебных занятиях 2. Самостоятельная работа	**Знать**: • основные фонетические (базовые фонетические стандарты иностранного языка), лексические (наиболее распространенные языковые средства для реализации коммуникативной функции и общеупотребительные речевые единицы), грамматические (основные понятия в области морфологии и синтаксические структуры иностранного языка), стилистические особенности изучаемого языка и его отличия от родного языка; • принципы организации материала в основных двуязычных областях и структуру словарной статьи, алгоритмы самостоятельного овладения материалом; • культурно-специфические особенности менталитета, представлений, установок, ценностей представителей иностранной культуры; • основные факты, реалии, имена, достопримечательности, традиции страны изучаемого языка; • достижения, открытия, события из области истории, культуры,	Выполнение лексико-грамматических упражнений Деловое письмо Реферат Эссе Проект (защита презентации) Устный ответ Аннотирование Реферирование	Шкала оценивания лексико-грамматического упражнения, шкала оценивания делового письма, шкала оценивания реферата, шкала оценивания эссе, шкала оценивания проекта (презентации) шкала оценивания аннотирования и реферирования, шкала оценивания устного ответа

			политики, социальной жизни страны изучаемого языка. **Уметь**: • осуществлять межличностное и межкультурное общение с применением знаний о национально-культурных особенностях стран изучаемого языка; • выявлять сходство и различия в системе родного и иностранного языков; • выступать в роли посредника культур; • использовать языковые средства и правила речевого и неречевого поведения в соответствии с нормами, принятыми в странах изучаемого языка; • пользоваться языковой и контекстуальной догадкой, прогнозировать содержание при чтении и аудировании; • понимать основное содержание аутентичных текстов, относящихся к разным коммуникативным типам; • выделять основную информацию и определять последовательность ключевых событий, действий и фактов в аудиотексте; • использовать языковую догадку, игнорировать неизвестный языковой материал, несущественный для понимания. • выделять тематику и ключевую информацию текста, определять последовательность ключевых событий в тексте; • осуществлять поиск информации в тексте, использовать различные приёмы смысловой		

			переработки текста; • использовать в процессе чтения словари и другие справочно-информационные материалы; • вести диалог этикетного характера: начинать, поддерживать и заканчивать разговор; поздравлять, выражать пожелания и реагировать на них; выражать благодарность; вежливо переспрашивать, отказываться, соглашаться; • вести диалог-расспрос: запрашивать и сообщать фактическую информацию, брать интервью; • вести диалог-обмен мнениями: выражать точку зрения и соглашаться / не соглашаться с ней, высказывать одобрение / неодобрение; выражать сомнение, эмоциональную оценку обсуждаемых событий; • начинать, вести / поддерживать и заканчивать беседу на профессиональную тематику. • рассказывать о себе, семье, друзьях, интересах и увлечениях, планах на будущее; • делать краткие сообщения, описывать события / явления в рамках изучаемой тематики; • передавать основное содержание, основную мысль прочитанного / услышанного; • давать краткую характеристику явлениям и событиям. • написать отзыв на статью из профессионального журнала; • подготовить тезисы устного сообщения по интересующей теме;		

			• письменно обобщить информацию из нескольких источников. **Владеть**: • межкультурной коммуникативной компетенцией в разных видах речевой деятельности; • иностранным языком в объеме, необходимом для возможности получения информации из зарубежных источников; • социокультурной компетенцией для успешного взаимопонимания в условиях общения с представителями другой культуры; • различными коммуникативными стратегиями; • способностью к деловым коммуникациям в профессиональной сфере; • учебными стратегиями для организации своей учебной деятельности; • познавательными стратегиями для самостоятельного изучения иностранного языка; • стратегиям рефлексии и самооценки в целях самосовершенствования личных качеств и достижений; • разными приемами запоминания и структурирования усваиваемого материала; • компьютерными технологиями для выбора оптимального режима получения информации; • навыками извлечения необходимой информации из оригинальных текстов на иностранном языке; • презентационным и технологиями для		

			предъявления информации; • исследовательскими технологиями для выполнения проектных заданий.		

Шкала оценивания тестирования (макс. 5 баллов за тест)

Семестр	Тест №	41-60 % верных ответов	61-80 % верных ответов	81-100% верных ответов
1	1	3 балла	4 балла	5 баллов
	2	3 балла	4 балла	5 баллов
	3	3 балла	4 балла	5 баллов
	4	3 балла	4 балла	5 баллов
	5	3 балла	4 балла	5 баллов
2	1	3 балла	4 балла	5 баллов
	2	3 балла	4 балла	5 баллов
	3	3 балла	4 балла	5 баллов
	4	3 балла	4 балла	5 баллов
3	1	3 балла	4 балла	5 баллов
	2	3 балла	4 балла	5 баллов
	3	3 балла	4 балла	5 баллов
	4	3 балла	4 балла	5 баллов

Шкала оценивания выполнения лексико-грамматических упражнений

Семестр	работа выполнена частично, с большим количеством ошибок	работа выполнена в полном объеме, но с ошибками	работа выполнена в полном объеме, допускаются незначительные недочеты
1,2,3	5 баллов	10 баллов	15 баллов

Шкала оценивания сочинения (essay)

Критерии оценивания	***Баллы***
Актуальность темы (обосновать)	1
Степень раскрытия собственной позиции в эссе	1

Грамотность изложения материала	1
Оценка правильности подбора источников	1
Соответствие структуре эссе	1
Итого	5 баллов

Шкала оценивания краткого письменного изложения текста (summary))

Критерии оценки	**Баллы**
- четко сформулирована тема реферируемого текста, указаны автор, источник материала, дата публикации; - в основной части логично, связно, полно и в то же время сжато изложено содержание текста; - заключение содержит выводы, логично вытекающие из содержания основной части и соответствующие тезису.	5 баллов
- тема сформулирована верно, однако некоторая фактологическая информация отсутствует; - объем основной части не совсем отвечает требованиями реферирования;	3-4 балла
- не представлена основная информация об авторе и источнике информации, не совсем корректно определена тема; - основная часть либо слишком краткая, либо излишне подробная.	1-2 балла

Шкала оценивания проекта

Критерии оценивания	***Показатели***	***Баллы***
План работы	План работы над проектом есть	2
	План работы отсутствует	0
Глубина раскрытия темы проекта	Тема раскрыта фрагментарно	2
	Тема раскрыта полностью	4
	Знания автора проекта превзошли рамки проекта	6
Разнообразие источников информации, целесообразность их использования	Большая часть информации не относится к теме. Использован незначительный объём подходящей информации из ограниченного числа однотипных источников	***2*** ***4***
	Представлена полная информация из разнообразных источников	***6***
Соответствие требованиям оформления письменной части и презентации	Отсутствует установленный правилами порядок, структура Внешний вид и речь автора не соответствуют правилам проведения презентации	***2***
	Предприняты попытки оформить работу	***4***

	в соответствии с установленными правилами Внешний вид и речь автора соответствуют правилам проведения презентации, но автор не владеет культурой общения, не уложился в регламент	
	Чёткое и грамотное оформление Внешний вид и речь автора соответствуют правилам проведения презентации, автор владеет культурой общения, уложился в регламент, ему удалось вызвать большой интерес	***6***
	ИТОГО	***20 баллов***

Шкала оценивания доклада-презентации

Критерии оценивания	***Показатели***	***Баллы***
План работы	План работы над проектом есть	***1***
	План работы отсутствует	***0***
Глубина раскрытия темы	Тема раскрыта фрагментарно	***1***
	Тема раскрыта полностью	***2***
	Знания автора проекта превзошли рамки проекта	***3***
Разнообразие источников информации, целесообразность их использования	Большая часть информации не относится к теме. Использован незначительный объём подходящей информации из ограниченного числа однотипных источников	***1*** ***2***
	Представлена полная информация из разнообразных источников	***3***
Соответствие требованиям оформления письменной части и презентации	Отсутствует установленный правилами порядок, структура Внешний вид и речь автора не соответствуют правилам проведения презентации	***1***
	Предприняты попытки оформить работу в соответствии с установленными правилами Внешний вид и речь автора соответствуют правилам проведения презентации, но автор не владеет культурой общения, не уложился в регламент	***2***
	Чёткое и грамотное оформление	***3***

	Внешний вид и речь автора соответствуют правилам проведения презентации, автор владеет культурой общения, уложился в регламент, ему удалось вызвать большой интерес	
	ИТОГО	***10 баллов***

Шкала оценивания устного ответа (монологической речи)

Критерии оценивания	**Баллы**
Коммуникативная задача не решена. Высказывание сводится к отдельным словам и словосочетаниям.	1
Коммуникативная задача не решена. В высказывании отсутствуют логика и связность. Используемые языковые и речевые средства не соответствуют ситуации / теме / проблеме. Объем высказывания значительно ниже программных требований. Речь очень медленная, со значительным количеством пауз. Допущено значительное количество ошибок, препятствующих коммуникации.	2
Коммуникативная задача решена частично. В высказывании отсутствуют логика и последовательность изложения. Оно носит незавершенный характер. Используемые языковые и речевые средства часто не соответствуют ситуации / теме / проблеме. Объем высказывания значительно ниже программных требований. Речь не беглая, со значительным количеством пауз. Компенсаторные умения не используются. Допущено значительное количество произносительных, лексических и грамматических ошибок, затрудняющих коммуникацию.	3
Коммуникативная задача решена частично. В высказывании значительно нарушена логика и последовательность изложения. Оно носит незавершенный характер, отсутствует вывод. Используемые языковые и речевые средства не всегда соответствуют ситуации / теме / проблеме. Объем высказывания ниже программных требований. Речь не беглая, со значительным количеством пауз. Компенсаторные умения не используются. Допущен ряд произносительных и лексических ошибок и значительное количество грамматических ошибок, затрудняющих коммуникацию.	4
Коммуникативная задача решена не полностью. В высказывании значительно нарушены логика и последовательность изложения. Отсутствует вывод, не выражено свое отношение к обсуждаемой теме / проблеме. Используемые языковые и речевые средства не всегда соответствуют ситуации / теме / проблеме, они недостаточно разнообразны. Объем высказывания ниже программных требований. Речь недостаточно беглая. Компенсаторные умения не используются. Допущен ряд произносительных, лексических и грамматических ошибок, частично влияющих на процесс коммуникации.	5
Коммуникативная задача в основном решена. Высказывание носит завершенный	

характер, но имеются нарушения логики и последовательности изложения. Отсутствует вывод, не выражено свое отношение к обсуждаемой теме / проблеме. Используемые языковые и речевые средства не всегда соответствуют ситуации / теме / проблеме, они недостаточно разнообразны. Используемые связующие элементы не всегда адекватны решаемой задаче. Объем высказывания несколько ниже программных требований. Речь недостаточно беглая. Компенсаторные умения используются недостаточно. Допущен ряд произносительных, лексических и грамматических ошибок, частично влияющих на процесс коммуникации.	6
Коммуникативная задача решена относительно полно. Высказывание носит завершенный характер, но имеются незначительные нарушения логики и последовательности. Отсутствует вывод, есть затруднения в выражении своего отношения к обсуждаемой теме / проблеме. Используемые языковые и речевые средства в основном соответствуют ситуации / теме / проблеме, но их разнообразие ограничено. Используемые связующие элементы в основном адекватны решаемой задаче. Объем высказывания соответствует программным требованиям. Речь достаточно беглая. В случае затруднений используются компенсаторные умения. Допущены отдельные произносительные, лексические и грамматические ошибки.	7
Коммуникативная задача решена относительно полно. Высказывание носит завершенный характер, построено логично и связно. Есть затруднения в выражении своего отношения к обсуждаемой теме / проблеме. Используемые языковые и речевые средства соответствуют ситуации / теме / проблеме и варьируются в пределах изученного материала. Используемые связующие элементы в основном адекватны. Объем высказывания соответствует программным требованиям. Речь беглая. В случае затруднений используются компенсаторные умения. Допущены отдельные произносительные, лексические и грамматические ошибки, не препятствующие коммуникации.	8
Коммуникативная задача решена полностью. Высказывание построено логично и связно и имеет завершенный характер. Выражено свое отношение к обсуждаемой теме / проблеме. Используемые языковые и речевые средства соответствуют ситуации / теме / проблеме и варьируются в пределах изученного материала. Используются адекватные связующие элементы. Объем высказывания соответствует программным требованиям. Речь беглая. В случае необходимости используются компенсаторные умения. Допущены единичные произносительные и грамматические ошибки, не препятствующие коммуникации.	9
Коммуникативная задача решена полностью. Высказывание построено логично, связно и имеет завершенный характер. Выражено свое отношение к обсуждаемой теме / проблеме. Используемые языковые и речевые средства соответствуют ситуации / теме / проблеме и варьируются в пределах изученного материала. Используются адекватные связующие элементы. Объем высказывания соответствует программным требованиям. Речь беглая. Допущены единичные произносительные ошибки, не препятствующие коммуникации	10

Шкала оценивания реферата

Подготовленный и оформленный в соответствии с требованиями реферат оценивается преподавателем по следующим критериям:

- достижение поставленной цели и задач исследования;
- уровень эрудированности автора по изученной теме (знание автором состояния изучаемой проблематики, цитирование источников, степень использования в работе результатов исследований);
- личные заслуги автора реферата (новые знания, которые получены помимо образовательной программы, новизна материала и рассмотренной проблемы, научное значение исследуемого вопроса);
- культура письменного изложения материала (логичность подачи материала, грамотность автора)
- культура оформления материалов работы (соответствие реферата всем стандартным требованиям);
- степень обоснованности аргументов и обобщений (полнота, глубина, всесторонность раскрытия темы, корректность аргументации и системы доказательств, характер и достоверность примеров, иллюстративного материала, наличие знаний интегрированного характера, способность к обобщению);
- использование литературных источников.

Объективность оценки работы преподавателем заключается в определении ее положительных и отрицательных сторон, по совокупности которых он окончательно оценивает представленную работу. При отрицательной рецензии работа возвращается на доработку с последующим представлением на повторную проверку с приложением замечаний, сделанных преподавателем.

Реферат оценивается по 20-балльной шкале, баллы переводятся в оценки успеваемости следующим образом:
18-20 баллов - «отлично»;
16-17 баллов – «хорошо»;
14-15 баллов – «удовлетворительно»
менее 14 баллов – «неудовлетворительно».

Задания, необходимые для оценивания сформированности УК-4 на пороговом уровне

Знать:

- основные фонетические (базовые фонетические стандарты иностранного языка), лексические (наиболее распространенные языковые средства для реализации коммуникативной функции и общеупотребительные речевые единицы), грамматические (основные понятия в области морфологии и синтаксические структуры иностранного языка), стилистические особенности изучаемого языка и его отличия от родного языка;
- принципы организации материала в основных двуязычных областях и структуру словарной статьи, алгоритмы самостоятельного овладения материалом;
- культурно-специфические особенности менталитета, представлений, установок, ценностей представителей иностранной культуры;
- основные факты, реалии, имена, достопримечательности, традиции страны изучаемого языка;
- достижения, открытия, события из области истории, культуры, политики, социальной жизни страны изучаемого языка.

Уметь:

- осуществлять межличностное и межкультурное общение с применением знаний о национально-культурных особенностях стран изучаемого языка;
- выявлять сходство и различия в системе родного и иностранного языков;
- выступать в роли посредника культур;
- использовать языковые средства и правила речевого и неречевого поведения в соответствии с нормами, принятыми в странах изучаемого языка;
- пользоваться языковой и контекстуальной догадкой, прогнозировать содержание при чтении и аудировании;
- понимать основное содержание аутентичных текстов, относящихся к разным коммуникативным типам;
- выделять основную информацию и определять последовательность ключевых событий, действий и фактов в аудиотексте;
- использовать языковую догадку, игнорировать неизвестный языковой материал, несущественный для понимания.
- выделять тематику и ключевую информацию текста, определять последовательность ключевых событий в тексте;
- осуществлять поиск информации в тексте, использовать различные приёмы смысловой переработки текста;

- использовать в процессе чтения словари и другие справочно-информационные материалы;
- вести диалог этикетного характера: начинать, поддерживать и заканчивать разговор; поздравлять, выражать пожелания и реагировать на них; выражать благодарность; вежливо переспрашивать, отказываться, соглашаться;
- вести диалог-расспрос: запрашивать и сообщать фактическую информацию, брать интервью;
- вести диалог-обмен мнениями: выражать точку зрения и соглашаться / не соглашаться с ней, высказывать одобрение / неодобрение; выражать сомнение, эмоциональную оценку обсуждаемых событий;
- начинать, вести / поддерживать и заканчивать беседу на профессиональную тематику.
- рассказывать о себе, семье, друзьях, интересах и увлечениях, планах на будущее;
- делать краткие сообщения, описывать события / явления в рамках изучаемой тематики;
- передавать основное содержание, основную мысль прочитанного / услышанного;
- давать краткую характеристику явлениям и событиям.
- написать отзыв на статью из профессионального журнала;
- подготовить тезисы устного сообщения по интересующей теме;
- письменно обобщить информацию из нескольких источников.

1 семестр

Лексико – грамматические упражнения

Выберите правильный вариант ответа.

1. Can you hear what he is .....?
(a) saying
(b) speaking
(c) telling
(d) talking
2. She hasn't come home .....
(a) still
(b) already
(c) yet
(d) till
3. I ..... TV yesterday evening.
(a) saw
(b) looked

(c) viewed
(d) watched
4. We live ..... the city centre.
(a) near
(b) next
(c) by
(d) nearby
5. She looks ..... a famous film star.
(a) as
(b) like
(c) similar
(d) same
6. This television gives you the ..... news.
(a) last
(b) latest
(c) least
(d) later
7. I only ..... one mistake in last night's test.
(a) made
(b) done
(c) did
(d) make
8. I want you to tell me the ..... truth.
(a) all
(b) exact
(c) real
(d) whole
9. He is looking ..... a present to buy his girlfriend.
(a) for
(b) at
(c) in
(d) on
10. That's what I would like ..... Christmas.
(a) for
(b) at
(c) in
(d) on

Тестирование

1..... me what did you do at the weekend?
(a) Say

(b) Speak
(c) Announce
(d) Tell
2. Oh, it was a complete .....!
(a) accident
(b) happening
(c) disaster
(d) event
3. Why, what .....?
(a) happened
(b) occurred
(c) arrived
(d) evolved
4. That ..... interesting.
(a) rings
(b) looks
(c) hears
(d) sounds
5. In ..... I agree.
(a) idea
(b) philosophy
(c) theory
(d) belief
6. But not in ....., eh?
(a) practices
(b) practice
(c) practical
(d) practicing
7. Exactly, in fact I almost .....
(a) downed
(b) dropped
(c) dripped
(d) drowned
8. That ..... have been horrible. So what are you doing this weekend?
(a) must
(b) may
(c) can
(d) should
9. I'm starting a ..... of swimming lessons.
(a) line
(b) course
(c) run

(d) row
10. They …….. to succeed in a given area.
(a) plans
(b) are planning
(c) planning
(d) were plan

2 семестр

Лексико – грамматическое упражнение

1. Anna is .....
(a) teacher
(b) teachers
(c) a teacher
(d) one teacher
2. ..... boss said that you work hard.
(a) Your
(b) Yours
(c) You're
(d) You
3. Every week I work five days and I get two days .....
(a) after
(b) off
(c) not
(d) no
4. I ..... a job at the bank.
(a) got
(b) get
(c) take
(d) like
5. Do you like Microsoft ..... Macintosh computers more?
(a) from
(b) or
(c) but
(d) of
6. Do you have ..... children?
(a) much
(b) very
(c) any
(d) all

7. His ..... will not write. It is out of ink.
(a) pencil
(b) friend
(c) television
(d) pen
8. Who won the soccer .....?
(a) sport
(b) gain
(c) game
(d) throw
9. Your ..... break is from noon to 1 pm.
(a) supper
(b) breakfast
(c) dinner
(d) lunch
10. The police all ..... uniforms.
(a) wear
(b) eat
(c) use
(d) save

Тестирование

1. As there are so many dishes on the menu, would you like me to ..... something to eat?
(a) decide
(b) suggest
(c) offer
(d) consider
2. They simply couldn't decide which restaurant to choose and so in the end they took a vote and the .....decided on a Chinese one.
(a) most
(b) more
(c) majority
(d) main
3. We waited one hour for the main dish to ..... and then it was the wrong order.
(a) arrive
(b) reach
(c) deliver
(d) send
4. If you really want to enjoy the full flavour of that particular meal, you must remember to ..... the right balance of sauces together.
(a) join
(b) stick

(c) attach
(d) mix
5. It is always more relaxing to eat in a restaurant where the faces of the staff are ..... and know everyone by name.
(a) familiarized
(b) familiar
(c) familiarly
(d) familiarity
6. There was a great discussion about which particular type of cuisine the guests would choose and finally they reached a ..... and settled on the set menu.
(a) compromising
(b) compromised
(c) compromise
(d) compromisingly
7. It doesn't matter how late you arrive at this restaurant you can always ..... on a warm welcome from the owner.
(a) trust
(b) confide
(c) rely
(d) believe
8. The place was so full of people and tables that the waiter had to ..... us through the crowds to our table.
(a) show
(b) guide
(c) conduct
(d) enable
9. The problem about writing on food is that however hard you try, you will say what you like and end up being.....
(a) subjective
(b) objective
(c) reflective
(d) directive
10. The success of a really good meal is that not only must it taste good but it should also look good and thus .....to your eye.
(a) attract
(b) appeal
(c) attend
(d) appear

3 семестр

Лексико – грамматическое упражнение

Прочитайте текст и выберите правильный вариант ответа для каждого пропуска.

Accidentally on purpose

Stamp collecting! What a wonderful hobby! I began when I was only five. I used to (1)..... for the postman's arrival, always (2)..... to seize unwanted envelopes and tear off the corner with the stamp stuck on it.

Once - I remember it all too clearly - my mother and father were sunning themselves in the garden when the post (3) ……on the doormat. I heard the clatter of the letter flap and hurriedly went to (4) ……...There were four or five envelopes, all with very enticing stamps.

Even at the (5)……..age of five I knew one doesn't open mail addressed to other people. However, tearing just the corners off the envelopes (6) ..... me as perfectly fair and allowable, and that's what I did. I carefully tore as (7) ……to the stamps as (8) ……... , feeling that even the envelopes, which were addressed to my parents and not to me, should be treated with (9)……

There was nothing furtive in what I did. I knew my parents would see what I'd done, and I didn't think there was any (10)..... in it. They always let me (11)..... the corners after they'd opened them. Why should I think there was any harm in doing it first, (12) .....in mind that they weren't on hand to be (13) ……Wouldn't they rather be left to doze in their summer deckchairs?

(14)....., though, my father solemnly showed me his letters. They looked distinctly moth-eaten, with bites taken out of the corners and sides. I began to (15)…….what I'd done!

1 A stare	B watch	C look	D peer
2 A glad	B pleased	C eager	D excited
3 A came	B was	C lay	D arrived
4 A investigate	B observe	C see	D notice
5 A junior	B tender	C small	D little
6 A struck	B seemed	C appeared	D felt
7 A nearby	B close	C next	D round
8 A able	B possibly	C possible	D could
9 A gentleness	B caution	C honour	D respect
10 A trouble	B wrong	C bad	D harm
11 A take	B tear	C cut	D remove
12 A having	B holding	C bearing	D keeping
13 A consulted	B advised	C queried	D requested
14 A After	B Then	C Later	D Soon
15 A accept	B realize	C admit	B confess

Тестирование

Часть 1. Выберите один из четырех вариантов.

1. Where _____ from?
A) Hans come B) does Hans come C) does Hans coming D) Hans came

2. What _____ tonight?
A) do you do B) you do C) are you doing D) did you do

3. "What _____ ?"
"I don't know. Look it up."
A) does this word mean B) means this word C) does mean this word D) is meaning this word

4. Last year I _____ to America.
A) was go B) go C) was going D) went

5. How long _____ in America?
A) you stay B) did you stay C) stayed you D) you staying

6. "I'm going to university next year"
"What _____ study?"
A) you going to B) do you C) did you D) are you going to

7. Are you _____ the party?
A) enjoy B) enjoyed C) enjoying D) enjoys

8. "What are you doing this weekend?"
"_____."
A) Nothing much B) Not at all C) Cheers D) Bye for now

9. While the waiter _____ up the broken plates, he _____ his finger.
A) picked / was cutting B) was picking / cut
C) pick / cut D) picks / cut

10. Last week the police _____ Alan in his car because he _____ over eighty miles an hour.
A) were stopping / was driving B) stop / drived C) stopped / was driving
D) was stopping / drove

11. I'm bored. I want _____ interesting to read, or ____ to talk to, or _____ interesting to go.
A) anything / everyone / something B) somebody / anyone / anywhere
C) something / somebody / somewhere D) everything / nobody / somewhere

12. My favorite subject is _____ history, but I'm not very good at _____math.
A) - / the B) a / a C) the / the D) - / -

13. Ankara is _____ capital of Turkey.
A) the B) a C) - D) an

14. "My bag is so heavy."
"Give it to me. _____ it for you."
A) I'm going to carry B) I carry C) I'll carry D) I carried

15. I'd love ____ with you.
A) to going B) go C) to go D) going

16. She enjoys _____ the news on television.
A) watching B) to watch C) to watching D) watch

17.He isn't as intelligent _____ his sister.
A) like B) as C) than D) nothing

18. Venice is a very _____ city. A lot of people go there on honeymoon.
A) dirty B) polluted C) wealthy D) romantic

19. In my job I wear the latest fashions. I'm a(n) _____.
A) actor B) professor C) nurse D) model

20.It's our anniversary today. We've been _____ for fifteen years.
A) at last B) exactly C) together D) nearly

21. Sarah's English is getting better. She _____ a lot of English since she _____ here.
A) learnt / has come B) has learnt / has come C) has learnt / came D) learnt / came

22. If you need some help with your homework, you _____ go to the library.
A) should B) mustn't C) have to D) shouldn't

23. We arrived _____ the station five minutes late.
A) to B) at C) for D) on

24. Don't forget to _____ off the lights when you come to bed.
A) down B) turn C) fall D) fill

25. Concorde, the world's fastest passenger plane, __(1)__ by France and Britain together. In the 1950s, both countries dreamed of having a supersonic plane, and the project __(2)__ in 1962. £1.5 billion __(3)__ on developing the Concorde, and it __(4)__ for over 5.000 hours, which makes it the most tested plane in history. The first passenger plane __(5)__ by British Airways and Air France in 1976. The Concorde holds many world records, including the fastest crossing of the Atlantic Ocean from New York to London, which __(6)__ in 2 hours 45 seconds! Flying at twice the speed of sound means that flying time __(7)__ by half, which is why the Concorde flight between London and New York __(8)__ a lot by business people and film stars - you can leave Britain at 10.30 and arrive in New York an hour earlier! Twenty planes __(9)__ up to the present day. But there are no plans to build any more. Each plane __(10)__ at a cost of £55 million, which makes them very expensive!

1. A) developed B) have been developed C) was developed D) develops

2. A) was started B) starts C) have been started D) started

3. A) spend B) was spent C) have been spent D) spent

4. A) has tested	B) tested	C) have been tested	D) was tested
5. A) introduce	B) has been introduced	C) introduces	D) was introduced
6. A) have been achieved	B) was achieved	C) will achieve	D) achieved
7. A) was reduced	B) has reduced	C) is reduced	D) will be reduced
8. A) had been used	B) uses	C) used	D) is used
9. A) were built	B) are built	C) have been built	D) build
10. A) is being produced	B) is produced	C) was produced	D) has been produced

Задания, необходимые для оценивания сформированности УК-4 на продвинутом уровне

Знать:

- основные фонетические (базовые фонетические стандарты иностранного языка), лексические (наиболее распространенные языковые средства для реализации коммуникативной функции и общеупотребительные речевые единицы), грамматические (основные понятия в области морфологии и синтаксические структуры иностранного языка), стилистические особенности изучаемого языка и его отличия от родного языка;
- принципы организации материала в основных двуязычных областях и структуру словарной статьи, алгоритмы самостоятельного овладения материалом;
- культурно-специфические особенности менталитета, представлений, установок, ценностей представителей иностранной культуры;
- основные факты, реалии, имена, достопримечательности, традиции страны изучаемого языка;
- достижения, открытия, события из области истории, культуры, политики, социальной жизни страны изучаемого языка.

Уметь:

- осуществлять межличностное и межкультурное общение с применением знаний о национально-культурных особенностях стран изучаемого языка;
- выявлять сходство и различия в системе родного и иностранного языков;
- выступать в роли посредника культур;

- использовать языковые средства и правила речевого и неречевого поведения в соответствии с нормами, принятыми в странах изучаемого языка;
- пользоваться языковой и контекстуальной догадкой, прогнозировать содержание при чтении и аудировании;
- понимать основное содержание аутентичных текстов, относящихся к разным коммуникативным типам;
- выделять основную информацию и определять последовательность ключевых событий, действий и фактов в аудиотексте;
- использовать языковую догадку, игнорировать неизвестный языковой материал, несущественный для понимания.
- выделять тематику и ключевую информацию текста, определять последовательность ключевых событий в тексте;
- осуществлять поиск информации в тексте, использовать различные приёмы смысловой переработки текста;
- использовать в процессе чтения словари и другие справочно-информационные материалы;
- вести диалог этикетного характера: начинать, поддерживать и заканчивать разговор; поздравлять, выражать пожелания и реагировать на них; выражать благодарность; вежливо переспрашивать, отказываться, соглашаться;
- вести диалог-расспрос: запрашивать и сообщать фактическую информацию, брать интервью;
- вести диалог-обмен мнениями: выражать точку зрения и соглашаться / не соглашаться с ней, высказывать одобрение / неодобрение; выражать сомнение, эмоциональную оценку обсуждаемых событий;
- начинать, вести / поддерживать и заканчивать беседу на профессиональную тематику.
- рассказывать о себе, семье, друзьях, интересах и увлечениях, планах на будущее;
- делать краткие сообщения, описывать события / явления в рамках изучаемой тематики;
- передавать основное содержание, основную мысль прочитанного / услышанного;
- давать краткую характеристику явлениям и событиям.
- написать отзыв на статью из профессионального журнала;
- подготовить тезисы устного сообщения по интересующей теме;
- письменно обобщить информацию из нескольких источников.

Владеть:

- межкультурной коммуникативной компетенцией в разных видах речевой деятельности;

- иностранным языком в объеме, необходимом для возможности получения информации из зарубежных источников;
- социокультурной компетенцией для успешного взаимопонимания в условиях общения с представителями другой культуры;
- различными коммуникативными стратегиями;
- способностью к деловым коммуникациям в профессиональной сфере;
- учебными стратегиями для организации своей учебной деятельности;
- познавательными стратегиями для самостоятельного изучения иностранного языка;
- стратегиям рефлексии и самооценки в целях самосовершенствования личных качеств и достижений;
- разными приемами запоминания и структурирования усваиваемого материала;
- компьютерными технологиями для выбора оптимального режима получения информации;
- навыками извлечения необходимой информации из оригинальных текстов на иностранном языке;
- презентационными технологиями для предъявления информации;
- исследовательскими технологиями для выполнения проектных заданий.

1 семестр

Лексико – грамматическое упражнение

1. They have ..... against each other in bowling for thousands of years.

(a) originated (b) competed (c) enjoyed (d) gained

2. The French probably ..... tennis in about 1150.

(a) developed (b) originated (c) competed (d) invented

3. Maria Sharapova ..... into one of the world's greatest tennis players.

(a) excelled (b) played (c) developed (d) established

4. Michael Schumacher has ..... Formula 1 racing over the past decade.

(a) competed (b) invented (c) dominated (d) excelled

5. Helen Moody ..... a record of eight Wimbledon singles titles.

(a) set (b) played (c) starred (d) defeated

6. In Germany during the Middle Ages, people ..... bowling at village dances.

(a) competed (b) gained (c) enjoyed (d) brought

7. Alethea Gibson ..... to play tennis on the streets of New York City.

(a) earned (b) learned (c) competed (d) excelled

8. In 1926 Suzanne Lenglen ..... in the first U.S. professional tennis tour.

(a) invented (b) learned (c) starred (d) enjoyed

9. Will your parents buy you a car if you finish university?'_____'.

(a) No, won't (b) No, they don't (c) No, they won't (d) No, they aren't

10. Emma is very busy so she __ _____ come to the party. She hasn't decided yet.

(a) mustn't (b) shouldn't (c) might not (d) need't

Тестирование

Mrs. Clinton was very fond of shopping. One day she 1___ a beautiful cotton dress in a shop. When her husband 2___ home in the evening, she 3___ 4___ him about the dress which she 5___ in the shop. "Darling," she 6___, "I want you 7___ it for me. You 8___ anything for me for so long!" "How much it 9___?" asked the husband) "It 10___ 20 pounds". Mr Clinton promised his wife that if he 11___ the money from a chief at the end of the week, he 12___ her the money for the dress. On Friday evening he 13___ some money on the table, and 14___ his wife, "Here 15___ the money! I 16___ my word, you can 17___ the dress!" But the next evening, when Mrs Clinton 18___ home after her shopping, her husband 19___ "20___ the dress?" "No," she 21___ a little and then explained, "You see, the dress 22___ still in the window of the shop. It 23___ there for a week already. If nobody 24___ it, then I 25___ it either".

1. a) sees c) saw b) see d) has seen
2. a) came c) come b) comes d) is coming
3. a) began c) begins b) begin d) is beginning
4. a) tell c) told b) tells d) to tell
5. a) had seen c) sees b) has seen d) see
6. a) say c) had said b) says d) said
7. a) to buy c) buys b) buy d) buying
8. a) hasn't bought c) don't buy b) haven't bought d) didn't buy
9. a) cost c) does it cost b) costs d) has it cost

10. a) costs c) cost b) is costing d) has cost

11. a) will get c) gets b) would get d) got

12. a) would give c) give b) will give d) gives

13. a) put c) is putting b) puts d) had put

14. a) tell c) tells b) is telling d) told

15. a) are c) am b) is d) were

16. a) have kept c) will keep b) has kept d) am keeping

17. a) to buy c) buy b) buying d) bought

18. a) returned c) has returned b) returns d) was returning

19. a) asks c) has asked b) is asking d) asked

20. a) have you bought c) do you buy b) had you bought d) are you buying

21. a) thinks c) thought b) think d) is thinking

22. a) be c) are b) is d) were 23. a) has been c) is b) have been d) was

24. a) want c) is wanting b) wants d) had wanted

25. a) don't want c) hasn’t wanted b) doesn’t want d) is wanting

2 семестр

Лексико – грамматическое упражнение

Use “a”, “the” or “– “ (with nouns denoting names of seasons)

1. The Russians like ... good hard winter with plenty of snow and frost.

2. Nature is so beautiful in ... winter.

3. In this country ... spring is always wet, ... summer is unbearably hot, ... autumn is wet and muddy, ... winter is perishingly cold and snowy.

4. Do you still remember ... spring when you first told me of your love?

5. Nothing can be more beautiful than motoring across the green fields in ... early spring.

6. It was ... late autumn.

7. ... autumn of 1993 was very warm and sunny.

8. ... spring makes people feel young.

9. I like ... summer best.

10. What do you usually do in ... autumn?

Тестирование

1. You can go ahead and order the parts as_____as you get permission from Accounts.
- long
- high
- far
- many
2. I _____the contract if I had read it properly.
- will have signed
- wouldn't have signed
- didn't sign
- signed
3. We _____ them the reminder on Monday morning because the cheque arrived in the post that afternoon.
- needed to send
- needn't send
- needed to have sent
- needn't have sent
4. My flight gets in at 9.30, so I'll call you _____ I get there.
- when
- if
- unless
- in case
5. Jeff is calling to see if we can _____ the webinar.
- put off
- put aside
- put on
-put out
6. The Manager asked me _____of the possible merger.
- what did I think
- if I thought
- that I did think
- what I thought
7. Unfortunately, we sold the shares when we did – we _____ them for another couple of months.
- should keep
- should be keeping
- should have kept
- should have been keeping
8. The staff worked late into the night and _____ finish the proposal in time.
- was able
- could
- succeeded

- managed to

9. Leave the problem with me and I will _____ what has gone wrong.

- look out
- look into
- look for
- look forward to

10. If sales continue to do this well, we _____ our target by the end of next month.

- will have reached
- are reaching
- will be reaching

-were reaching

11. My boss was extremely supportive and _____ me to apply for the promotion.

- refused
- threatened
- apologized
- encouraged

12. As a company, we always try _____ our customers with the best service possible.

- providing
- being provided
- to provide
- to have provided

13. The factory is completely different. The whole place has been modernized and computerized, and most of the shop floor workers _____.

- were made redundant

-are making redundant

- have been redundant
- have been made redundant

14. The World Bank made the government _____ benefits as a condition of the loan.

- cutting
- cut
- to cut
- having cut

15. It was a mistake to _____ those shares. You shouldn't have sold them all.

- collect
- get rid of
- invest in
- borrow

16. In the end Martin decided to _____ their offer of a job, but three months later he regretted that.

- turn down
- turn up
- turn off

- turn round

17. Electronics sales of the SMG 42 plasma TV screen held up well in the first quarter of the year; this was because our main _____'s larger 50-inch screen was delayed due to technical problems.

- supporter
- follower
- competitor
- opponent

18-20.

The statistics, which _____(18)_____ yesterday, _____(19)_____ that over 30,000 subscribers a week _____(20)_____ to high-speed Internet services.

18.- published
- had published
- had been published
- were published

19.- are shown
- is showing
- show
- have been shown

20.- are being turned
- are turning
- were turned
- will have been turned

3 семестр

Лексико – грамматическое упражнение

1. Bill Clinton, whose father ..... a few months before he was born, wanted to be President from a very early age.

(a) passed out (b) passed through (c) passed away (d) passed up

2. Clinton defied his critics by surviving an ..... of personal scandals.

(a) arraign (b) array (c) arrant (d) arrow

3. Clinton ..... himself as a "New Democrat" and has frequently been referred to as the "Comeback Kid."

(a) fashioned (b) dressed (c) clothed (d) clad

4. In 1978, at the age of thirty-two, Bill Clinton became the youngest governor in the ..... and in Arkansas

history.

(a) nation (b) native (c) nativity (d) national

5. As President-elect, Clinton vowed to focus on economic issues like a "laser beam," working especially to overcome the ..... growth of the American economy.

(a) slugger (b) sluggish (c) slummy (d) slurry

6. Clinton suffered two major ..... during his administration.

(a) quarterbacks (b) outbacks (c) setbacks (d) comebacks

7. Clinton's partner in his political ..... and marriage, Hillary Rodham Clinton, emerged as a key player in his administration.

(a) career (b) job (c) trade (d) work

8. Future history books may well begin by noting that Bill Clinton was the second President to have been ..... by the U.S. House of Representatives.

(a) beseeched (b) reached (c) impeached (d) preached

9. Clinton had a significant influence on the ..... of the Democratic Party.

(a) road (b) path (c) direction (d) course

10. Clinton succeeded in brokering peace negotiations in Northern Ireland between ..... Catholics and

Protestants.

(a) sparring (b) warring (c) barring (d) jarring

Тестирование

1. There was absolutely no ..... that Henry Orpington liked politics. He talked politics all the time.

(a) belief (b) concern (c) query (d) doubt

2. All the members of his family were pleased therefore when Henry was ..... as the prospective parliamentary candidate for the constituency in which they were living.

(a) adapted (b) added (c) adopted (d) addicted

3. One year later the date of the general election was ..... by the Prime Minister.

(a) announced (b) denounced (c) presented (d) delivered

4..... the election campaign Henry's wife and his two teenage daughters worked night and day for him

(a) for (b) throughout (c) by (d) from

5. …and he finally ..... a seat in the House of Commons by a very large majority.

(a) chose (b) bought (c) derived (d) won

6. Every day of the campaign was a .....

(a) trial (b) experiment (c) challenge (d) achievement

7. but there was one day in particular that Henry would never .....

(a) remember (b) forget (c) discover (d) avoid

8. That was the day he thought he was going to be blown ..... by a bomb.

(a) out (b) over (c) off (d) up

9. On a Friday morning at the beginning of the campaign, the phone ..... in the Orpingtons' house at 6.30 in the morning.

(a) ringed (b) rung (c) rang (d) wrung

10. Henry got out of bed and ran down the stairs. He ..... who could possibly be ringing at that early hour in the morning.

(a) wondered (b) asked (c) considered (d) believed

1 семестр Тексты социокультурной направленности

1. Buckingham Palace today

Today, Buckingham Palace is very much a working building and the centrepiece of the UK's constitutional monarchy, serving as the venue for many royal events and ceremonies from entertaining foreign Heads of States to celebrating achievement at Investitures and receptions.

More than 50,000 people visit the Palace each year as guests to State banquets, lunches, dinners, receptions and Garden Parties. Her Majesty also holds weekly audiences with the Prime Minister and receives newly-appointed foreign Ambassadors at Buckingham Palace.
George III bought Buckingham House in 1761 for his wife Queen Charlotte to use as a comfortable family home close to St James's Palace, where many court functions were held. Buckingham House became known as the Queen's House, and 14 of George III's 15 children were born there.
George IV, on his accession in 1820, decided to reconstruct the house into a pied-à-terre, using it for the same purpose as his father George III.
As work progressed, and as late as the end of 1826, The King had a change of heart. With the assistance of his architect, John Nash, he set about transforming the house into a palace. Parliament agreed to a budget of £150,000, but the King pressed for £450,000 as a more realistic figure.Nash retained the main block but doubled its size by adding a new suite of rooms on the garden side facing west. Faced with mellow Bath stone, the external style reflected the French neo-classical influence favoured by George IV.
The remodelled rooms are the State and semi-State Rooms, which remain virtually unchanged since Nash's time.
The north and south wings of Buckingham House were demolished and rebuilt on a larger scale with a triumphal arch - the Marble Arch - as the centrepiece of an enlarged courtyard, to commemorate the British victories at Trafalgar and Waterloo.
By 1829 the costs had escalated to nearly half a million pounds. Nash's extravagance cost him his job, and on the death of George IV in 1830, his younger brother William IV took on Edward Blore to finish the work. The King never moved into the Palace. Indeed, when the Houses of Parliament were destroyed by fire in 1834, the King offered the Palace as a new home for Parliament, but the offer was declined.
Queen Victoria was the first sovereign to take up residence in July 1837 and in June 1838 she was the first British sovereign to leave from Buckingham Palace for a Coronation. Her marriage to Prince Albert in 1840 soon showed up the Palace's shortcomings.

2. British Museum

The centre of the museum was redeveloped in 2001 to become the Great Court, surrounding the original Reading Room.

The British Museum is a museum dedicated to human history, art, and culture, located in the Bloomsbury area of London. Its permanent collection, numbering some 8 million works, is among the largest and most comprehensive in existence and originates from all continents, illustrating and documenting the story of human culture from its beginnings to the present.

The British Museum was established in 1753, largely based on the collections of the physician and scientist Sir Hans Sloane. The museum first opened to the public on 15 January 1759, in Montagu House in Bloomsbury, on the site of the current museum building. Its expansion over the following two and a half centuries was largely a result of an expanding British colonial footprint and has resulted in the

creation of several branch institutions, the first being the British Museum (Natural History) in South Kensington in 1881. Some objects in the collection, most notably the Elgin Marbles from the Parthenon, are the objects of controversy and of calls for restitution to their countries of origin.

Until 1997, when the British Library (previously centred on the Round Reading Room) moved to a new site, the British Museum housed both a national museum of antiquities and a national library in the same building. The museum is a non-departmental public body sponsored by the Department for Culture, Media and Sport, and as with all other national museums in the United Kingdom it charges no admission fee, except for loan exhibitions. Neil MacGregor became director of the museum in August 2002, succeeding Robert G. W. Anderson. In April 2015, MacGregor announced that he would step-down as Director on 15 December. On 29 September 2015, the Board of Trustees confirmed Hartwig Fischer, who will assume his post in Spring 2016, as his successor.

3. **National Gallery**

The National Gallery is an art museum in Trafalgar Square in the City of Westminster, in Central London. Founded in 1824, it houses a collection of over 2,300 paintings dating from the mid-13th century to 1900.[a] The Gallery is an exempt charity, and a non-departmental public body of the Department for Culture, Media and Sport. Its collection belongs to the public of the United Kingdom and entry to the main collection is free of charge. It is among the most visited art museums in the world, after the Musée du Louvre, the British Museum, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Unlike comparable museums in continental Europe, the National Gallery was not formed by nationalising an existing royal or princely art collection. It came into being when the British government bought 38 paintings from the heirs of John Julius Angerstein, an insurance broker and patron of the arts, in 1824. After that initial purchase the Gallery was shaped mainly by its early directors, notably Sir Charles Lock Eastlake, and by private donations, which comprise two-thirds of the collection. The resulting collection is small in size, compared with many European national galleries, but encyclopaedic in scope; most major developments in Western painting "from Giotto to Cézanne" are represented with important works. It used to be claimed that this was one of the few national galleries that had all its works on permanent exhibition, but this is no longer the case.

The present building, the third to house the National Gallery, was designed by William Wilkins from 1832 to 1838. Only the façade onto Trafalgar Square remains essentially unchanged from this time, as the building has been expanded piecemeal throughout its history. Wilkins's building was often criticised for the perceived weaknesses of its design and for its lack of space; the latter problem led to the establishment of the Tate Gallery for British art in 1897. The Sainsbury Wing, an extension to the west by Robert Venturi and Denise Scott Brown, is a notable example of Postmodernist architecture in Britain. The current Director of the National Gallery is Gabriele Finaldi.

4. **London Eye**

The London Eye is a giant Ferris wheel on the South Bank of the River Thames in London. Also known as the Millennium Wheel, it has also been called by its owners the British Airways London Eye, then the Merlin Entertainments London Eye, then the EDF Energy London Eye. Since mid-January 2015, it has been known as the Coca-Cola London Eye, following an agreement signed in September 2014.

The structure is 443 feet (135 m) tall and the wheel has a diameter of 394 feet (120 m). When erected in 1999 it was the world's tallest Ferris wheel. Its height was surpassed by the 520 feet (158 m) tall Star of Nanchang in 2006, the 541 feet (165 m) tall Singapore Flyer in 2008, and the 550 feet (168 m) High Roller (Las Vegas) in 2014. Supported by an A-frame on one side only, unlike the taller Nanchang and Singapore wheels, the Eye is described by its operators as "the world's tallest cantilevered observation wheel".

It is Europe's tallest Ferris wheel, and offered the highest public viewing point in London until it was superseded by the 804 feet (245 m) observation deck on the 72nd floor of The Shard, which opened to the public on 1 February 2013. It is the most popular paid tourist attraction in the United Kingdom with over 3.75 million visitors annually, and has made many appearances in popular culture.

The London Eye adjoins the western end of Jubilee Gardens (previously the site of the former Dome of Discovery), on the South Bank of the River Thames between Westminster Bridge and Hungerford Bridge, in the London Borough of Lambeth.

A predecessor to the London Eye, the Great Wheel, was built for the Empire of India Exhibition at Earls Court and opened to the public on 17 July 1895. Modelled on the original Chicago Ferris Wheel, it was 94 metres (308 ft) tall and 82.3 metres (270 ft) in diameter. It stayed in service until 1906, by which time its 40 cars (each with a capacity of 40 persons) had carried over 2.5 million passengers. The Great Wheel was demolished in 1907 following its last use at the Imperial Austrian Exhibition.

5. Tower of London

The Tower of London, officially Her Majesty's Royal Palace and Fortress of the Tower of London, is a historic castle located on the north bank of the River Thames in central London. It lies within the London Borough of Tower Hamlets, separated from the eastern edge of the square mile of the City of London by the open space known as Tower Hill. It was founded towards the end of 1066 as part of the Norman Conquest of England. The White Tower, which gives the entire castle its name, was built by William the Conqueror in 1078, and was a resented symbol of oppression, inflicted upon London by the new ruling elite. The castle was used as a prison from 1100 (Ranulf Flambard) until 1952 (Kray twins),[2] although that was not its primary purpose. A grand palace early in its history, it served as a royal residence. As a whole, the Tower is a complex of several buildings set within two concentric rings of defensive walls and a moat. There were several phases of expansion, mainly under Kings Richard the Lionheart, Henry III, and Edward I in the 12th and 13th centuries. The general layout established by the late 13th century remains despite later activity on the site.

The Tower of London has played a prominent role in English history. It was besieged several times and controlling it has been important to controlling the country. The Tower has served variously as an

armoury, a treasury, a menagerie, the home of the Royal Mint, a public records office, and the home of the Crown Jewels of England. From the early 14th century until the reign of Charles II, a procession would be led from the Tower to Westminster Abbey on the coronation of a monarch. In the absence of the monarch, the Constable of the Tower is in charge of the castle. This was a powerful and trusted position in the medieval period. In the late 15th century the castle was the prison of the Princes in the Tower. Under the Tudors, the Tower became used less as a royal residence, and despite attempts to refortify and repair the castle its defences lagged behind developments to deal with artillery.

The peak period of the castle's use as a prison was the 16th and 17th centuries, when many figures who had fallen into disgrace, such as Elizabeth I before she became queen, were held within its walls. This use has led to the phrase "sent to the Tower". Despite its enduring reputation as a place of torture and death, popularised by 16th-century religious propagandists and 19th-century writers, only seven people were executed within the Tower before the World Wars of the 20th century. Executions were more commonly held on the notorious Tower Hill to the north of the castle, with 112 occurring there over a 400-year period. In the latter half of the 19th century, institutions such as the Royal Mint moved out of the castle to other locations, leaving many buildings empty. Anthony Salvin and John Taylor took the opportunity to restore the Tower to what was felt to be its medieval appearance, clearing out many of the vacant post-medieval structures. In the First and Second World Wars, the Tower was again used as a prison, and witnessed the executions of 12 men for espionage. After the Second World War, damage caused during the Blitz was repaired and the castle reopened to the public. Today the Tower of London is one of the country's most popular tourist attractions. Under the ceremonial charge of the Constable of the Tower, it is cared for by the charity Historic Royal Palaces and is protected as a World Heritage Site.

6. Madame Tussauds

By 1835 Marie had settled down in Baker Street, London, and opened a museum. This part of the exhibition included victims of the French Revolution and newly created figures of murderers and other criminals. The name is often credited to a contributor to Punch in 1845, but Marie appears to have originated it herself, using it in advertising as early as 1843.

Other famous people were added to the exhibition, including Lord Nelson, and Sir Walter Scott. Some of the sculptures done by Marie Tussaud herself still exist. The gallery originally contained some 400 different figures, but fire damage in 1925, coupled with German bombs in 1941, has rendered most of these older models defunct. The casts themselves have survived (allowing the historical waxworks to be remade), and these can be seen in the museum's history exhibit. The oldest figure on display is that of Madame du Barry. Other faces from the time of Tussaud include Robespierre and George III. In 1842, she made a self portrait which is now on display at the entrance of her museum. She died in her sleep on 15 April 1850.

By 1883 the restricted space and rising cost of the Baker Street site prompted her grandson (Joseph Randall) to commission the building at its current location on Marylebone Road. The new exhibition galleries were opened on 14 July 1884 and were a great success.[9] However, the building costs, falling so soon after buying out his cousin Louisa's half share in the business in 1881, meant the business was under-funded. A limited company was formed in 1888 to attract fresh capital but had to be dissolved after disagreements between the family shareholders, and in February 1889 Tussaud's was sold to a group of

businessmen led by Edwin Josiah Poyser.[10] Edward White, an artist dismissed by the new owners to save money, allegedly sent a parcel bomb to John Theodore Tussaud in June 1889 in revenge. The first sculpture of a young Winston Churchill was made in 1908, with a total of ten made since.

The first overseas branch of Madame Tussauds was opened in Amsterdam in 1970.

7. Shakespeare Theatre Company

The Shakespeare Theatre Company is a regional theatre company located in Washington, D.C. The theatre company focuses primarily on plays from the Shakespeare canon, but its seasons include works by other classic playwrights such as Euripides, Ibsen, Wilde, Shaw, Schiller, Coward and Tennessee Williams. The company manages and performs in the Harman Center for the Arts, consisting of the Lansburgh Theatre and Sidney Harman Hall. In cooperation with George Washington University, they run the Academy for Classical Acting.

The company is a member of the League of Resident Theatres.

The Folger Shakespeare Library on Capitol Hill includes a replica of an Elizabethan theatre, originally used for lectures and tours. In 1970 this space was transformed into a functioning playhouse, and soon Folger Theatre Group (later The Folger Theatre) was organized to perform in the space.

After years of discussion, Amherst College, administering body of the Folger Shakespeare Library, in 1986 withdrew financial support for the company. To save the company, concerned citizens led by R. Robert Linowes reincorporated it as the non-profit Shakespeare Theatre at the Folger, later hiring Michael Kahn as artistic director. The company continued to perform at the Folger for the next six years.

Changing its name to The Shakespeare Theatre, the troupe moved in 1992 to the Lansburgh Theatre, a newly built space in the original Lansburgh's Department Store building in the Penn Quarter. At the start of the 2005-6 season, it adopted the current name, Shakespeare Theatre Company. The company constructed another theatre, Sidney Harman Hall, which opened in 2007 in the lower part of an office building in the quarter, and the two theatres were joined to become the Harman Center for the Arts.

Meanwhile, after initially importing traveling shows from the Shenandoah Shakespeare Express the Folger Shakespeare Library developed a new Folger Theatre company to present plays in its Elizabethan replica.

8. Agatha Christie

Agatha Christie is known all over the world as the Queen of Crime. She wrote 78 crime novels, 19 plays and 6 romantic novels under the name of Mary Westmacott. Her books have been translated into 103 foreign languages. She is the third best-selling author in the world (after Shakespeare and the Bible).

Many of her novels and short stories have been filmed. The Mousetrap, her most famous play, is now the longest-running play in history.

Agatha Christie was born at Torquay, Devonshire. She was educated at home and took singing lessons in Paris. She began writing at the end of the First World War. Her, first novel, The Mysterious Affair at Styles, was published in 1920. That was the first appearance of Hercule Poirot, who became one of the most popular private detectives since Sherlock Holmes. This little Belgian with the egg-shaped head and the passion for order amazes everyone by his powerful intellect and is brilliant solutions to the most complicated crimes.

Agatha Christie became generally recognised in 1926, after the publishing of her novel The Murder of Roger Ackroyd. It's still considered her masterpiece. When Agatha Cristie got tired of Hercule Poirot she invented Miss Marple, a deceptively mild old lady with her own method of investigation. Her last Poirot book, Curtain, appeared shortly before her death, and her last Miss Marple story, Sleeping Murder, and her autobiography were published after her death.

Agatha Christie's success with millions of readers lies in her ability to combine clever plots with excellent character drawing, and a keen sense of humour with great powers of observation. Her plots always mislead the reader and keep him in suspense. He cannot guess who the criminal is. Fortunately, evil is always conquered in her novels.

Agatha Christie's language is simple and good and it's pleasant to read her books in the original.

9. Conan Doyle

Many years ago a young doctor began to write stories about a man who was a detective. Readers liked his stories because they were very interesting and the doctor decided to become a writer. The doctor was Conan Doyle and he wrote about Sherlock Holmes.

Conan Doyle wrote his first story about Sherlock Holmes in 1887. In this story the detective meets his friend Dr. Watson. Holmes and Watson lived at 221 B Baker Street in London.

Many discussions take place about where 221 B was. There is no house there now. But a large company has its office near the place. This company answers twenty or so letters which still come every week to Sherlock Holmes, 221 B Baker Street Most come from the United States and many people ask if Mr. Holmes can help them with some problem.

The company answers saying that, "Mr. Sherlock Holmes is no longer working as a detective".

There is a pub in London called Sherlock Holmes. One of the rooms in the pub is Sherlock Holmes' room. It has many things the room in Conan Doyle's stories had - Holmes' hat, some letters written to Sherlock Holmes, chairs and tables like those described in the stories. Besides, there are some pictures of Holmes and Conan Doyle, of actors who played Holmes and Watson in films, on television and radio.

In 1961 lovers of Sherlock Holmes formed the Sherlock Holmes Society. They meet three or four times a year to talk about Sherlock Holmes. The members of the Society know the stories about Sherlock Holmes very well, and they discuss these stories at their meetings.

10. Diana - the People's Princess

Diana Spencer was born on the first of July 1961 in Sandringham in England. She had two older sisters and a younger brother. In childhood she liked games, swimming, running and dancing. She wanted to become a dancer. Besides she loved children very much and at the age of sixteen she worked in schools for very young children.

Diana became princess, when Prince Charles, the Queen's son, asked her to be his wife and they got married. They seemed to be a happy couple at first. They had two sons. They travelled a lot they worked a lot, they visited many countries together. But Diana was not quite happy because they did different things and Charles didn't unterstand her.

Why was Diana the most famous, the most beautiful, the most photographed woman in the world? Why did she win the hearts of millions and millions of people in many countries? Why did so many people come to London to remember her when she died? Why did the car accident which took her life, become such a total shock to crowds of people? Why did people feel the need to be in London at the funeral? Why did the tears and love at the funeral move the world?

The answer is so simple. Matthew Wall, a student at St. Michael's College in Burlington said: She was such a lovely lady. She did so much for those people less fortunate that herself.

She was a kind woman. Hundreds of people talked about Diana's kindnesses. She liked ordinary people, though she was rich and had many rich friends. Wherever she was, she was always ready to lend a hand. She was devoted to the sick and the poor. She visited hospitals for people with AIDS and for lepers and wasn't afraid to touch them, talk to them, listen to them. She worked on children's charities, and had teamed up with Hillary Clinton in an effort to ban landmines. And it's not only money, that she wanted to give people. She wanted to give them apartof her soul.to make them happy because she was unhappy herself. She wanted to give them love, because she needed love herself.

Diana was seen many times in floods of tears, because of the pressures of her loveless 15-year marriage. It is not a secret that Diana was hounded and humiliated to the point of mental breakdown and was able to pull through only because she knew she had the love of the people to buoy her in her darkest hours.

She was, indeed, the People's Princess.

11. Margaret Thatcher

Margaret Hilda Thatcher, Baroness Thatcher, LG, OM, PC, FRS (née Roberts; 13 October 1925 – 8 April 2013) was a British stateswoman and politician who was the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom from 1979 to 1990 and the Leader of the Conservative Party from 1975 to 1990. She was the longest-serving British Prime Minister of the 20th century and is currently the only woman to have held the office. A Soviet journalist dubbed her the "Iron Lady", a nickname that became associated with her

uncompromising politics and leadership style. As Prime Minister, she implemented policies that have come to be known as Thatcherism.

Originally a research chemist before becoming a barrister, Thatcher was elected Member of Parliament (MP) for Finchley in 1959. Edward Heath appointed her Secretary of State for Education and Science in his 1970 government. In 1975, Thatcher defeated Heath in the Conservative Party leadership election to become Leader of the Opposition and became the first woman to lead a major political party in the United Kingdom. She became Prime Minister after winning the 1979 general election.

On moving into 10 Downing Street, Thatcher introduced a series of political and economic initiatives intended to reverse high unemployment and Britain's struggles in the wake of the Winter of Discontent and an ongoing recession. Her political philosophy and economic policies emphasised deregulation (particularly of the financial sector), flexible labour markets, the privatisation of state-owned companies, and reducing the power and influence of trade unions. Thatcher's popularity during her first years in office waned amid recession and high unemployment, until the 1982 Falklands War and the recovering economy brought a resurgence of support, resulting in her re-election in 1983.

Thatcher was re-elected for a third term in 1987. During this period her support for a Community Charge (referred to as the "poll tax") was widely unpopular, and her views on the European Community were not shared by others in her Cabinet. She resigned as Prime Minister and party leader in November 1990, after Michael Heseltine launched a challenge to her leadership. After retiring from the Commons in 1992, she was given a life peerage as Baroness Thatcher, of Kesteven in the county of Lincolnshire, which entitled her to sit in the House of Lords. After a series of small strokes in 2002, she was advised to withdraw from public speaking. Despite this, she managed to deliver a eulogy to Ronald Reagan at his funeral in 2004. In 2013 she died of another stroke in London at the age of 87

12. A Brief History of Oxford city

Oxford was founded in the 9th century when Alfred the Great created a network of fortified towns called burhs across his kingdom. One of them was at Oxford. Oxford is first mentioned in 911 in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.

According to legend, Oxford University was founded in 872 when Alfred the Great happened to meet some monks there and had a scholarly debate that lasted several days. In reality, it grew up in the 12th century when famous teachers began to lecture there and groups of students came to live and study in the town.

But Oxford was a fortress as well as a town. In the event of war with the Danes all the men from the area were to gather inside the burgh. However this strategy was not entirely successful. In 1009 the Danes burned Oxford. However Oxford was soon rebuilt. In 1013 the Danish king claimed the throne of England. He invaded England and went to Oxford. In 1018 a conference was held in Oxford to decide who would be the king of England.

By the time of the Norman Conquest, there were said to be about 1,000 houses rn Oxford, which meant it probably had a population of around 5,000. By the standards of the time, it was a large and important town

(even London only had about 18,000 inhabitants). Oxford was the 6th largest town in England. Oxford probably reached its zenith at that time. About 1072 the Normans built a castle at Oxford.

In the 12th and 13th centuries Oxford was a manufacturing town. It was noted for cloth and leather. But in the 14th and 15th centuries manufacturing declined. Oxford came to depend on the students. It became a town of brewers, butchers, bakers, tailors, shoemakers, coopers, carpenters and blacksmiths. In the later Middle Ages Oxford declined in importance.

In the 16th century Oxford declined further in terms of national importance, though it remained a fairly large town by the standards of the time. Oxford was economically dependent on the university. The students provided a large market for beer, food, clothes and other goods.

From 1819 Oxford had gas street lighting.

In the late 19th century a marmalade making industry began in Oxford. There was also a publishing industry and an iron foundry.

Oxford gained its first cinema in 1910.

The fate of Oxford was changed in 1913 when a man named Morris began making cars in the city. In 1919 a radiator making company was formed. By the 1930s Oxford was an important manufacturing centre. It was also a prosperous city., Furthermore it escaped serious damage during World War II.

Oxford airport opened in 1938.

Today the main industries are still car manufacturing and making vehicle parts and publishing. Today the population of Oxford is 121,000

13. A Brief History of Cambridge

Cambridge was founded in 875 when the Danes conquered Eastern England. They created a fortified town called a burgh, from which the word borough derives. Cambridge was surrounded by a ditch and an earth rampart with a wooden palisade on top. However in 1010 Cambridge was burned by the Danes. That was an easy task when all the buildings were of wood.

By the 10th century Cambridge was also the administrative centre for the area and so it was a town of some importance, although it would seem tiny to us. By 1086 Cambridge probably had a population of about 2,000. By the standards of the time it was a medium sized town.

Later in the Middle Ages the population of Cambridge probably rose to about 3,000. In 1068 William the Conqueror visited Cambridge and ordered that a castle be built there. At first it was of wood but in the 12 th century, it Was rebuilt in stone.

The town of Cambridge was severely damaged by a fire in 1174. Fire was a constant hazard when most buildings were of wood with thatched roofs. Another fire raged in Cambridge in 1385.

In the Middle Ages Cambridge had a weekly market and by the early 13 th century it also had a fair. In those days fairs were like markets but they were held only once a year for a period of a few days- People came from all over Eastern England at a Cambridge fair. Cambridge prospered because it was located on the river Cam.

In Cambridge there was a leather industry. By the 15th century there was also a wool industry.

In 1728 it was estimated that the population of Cambridge was more then 6,000,1,600 of whom were inhabitants of the university. By the standards of that time Cambridge was a big town. The first newspaper in Cambridge appeared in 1744. The first bank in Cambridge was opened in 1780.

The railway reached Cambridge in 1845. It stimulated the growth of industry in Cambridge by connecting the town to a huge market in London. From the late 19th century a new industry of making scientific instruments grew up in Cambridge. Cambridge gained gas light in 1823.

From 1880 horse drawn trams ran in the streets of Cambridge. The first electricity was generated in Cambridge in 1893.

In the 20th century the university, while still important, did not dominate Cambridge. New industries of electronics grew up. Making surgical and scientific instruments was also important.

Cambridge was made a city in 1951. The first cinema in Cambridge opened in 1910.

Today Cambridge has a population of 109,000 people.

14. English Meals

The English proverb says: every cook praises his own broth. One can not say English cookery is bad, but there is not a lot of variety in it in comparison with European cuisine. The English are very particular about their meals. The usual meals in England are breakfast, lunch, tea and dinner.

Breakfast time is between seven and nine a.m. A traditional English breakfast is a very big meal. It consists of juice, porridge, a rasher or two of bacon and eggs, toast, butter, jam or marmalade, tea or coffee. Marmalade is made from oranges and jam is made from other fruit. Many people like to begin with porridge with milk or cream and sugar, but no good Scotsman ever puts sugar on it, because Scotland is the home of porridge. For a change you can have sausages, tomatoes, mushrooms, cold ham or perhaps fish.

But nowadays in spite of the fact that the English strictly keep to their meals many people just have cereal with milk and sugar or toast with jam or honey.

The two substantial meals of the day are lunch and dinner. Lunch is usually taken at one o'clock. For many people lunch is a quick meal. Office workers usually go to a cafe at this time. They take fish, poultry or cold meat (beef, mutton, veal and ham), boiled or fried potatoes and all sorts of salad. They may have a mutton chop or steak and chips, followed by biscuits and a cup of coffee. Some people like a glass of light beer with lunch. Pubs also serve good, cheap food. School children can have a hot meal at school. Some of them just bring a snack from home.

Tea is very popular among the English; it may almost be called their national drink. Tea is welcome in the morning, in the afternoon and in the evening. The English like it strong and fresh made. The English put one tea-spoonful of tea for each person. Tea means two things. It is a drink and a meal. Some people have afternoon tea, so called «high tea» with sandwiches, tomatoes and salad, a tin of apricots, pears or pineapples and cakes, and, of course a cup of tea. That is what they call good tea. It is a substantial meal.

Cream teas are also popular. Many visitors, who come to Britain, find English instant coffee disgusting. Dinner time is generally between six and eight p.m. The evening meal is the biggest and the main meal of the day. Very often the whole family eats together. They begin with soup, followed by fish, roast chicken, potatoes and vegetables, fruit and coffee.

On Sundays many families have a traditional lunch consisting of roast chicken, lamb or beef with salads, vegetables and gravy.

The British enjoy tasting delicious food from other countries, for example, French, Italian, Indian and Chinese food. Modern people are so busy that they do not have a lot of time for cooking themselves. So, the British buy the food at the restaurant and bring it home already prepared to eat. So we can conclude that take-away meals are rather popular among the population. Eating has become rather international in Britain lately.

15. Life of Youth in Britain

Young people from all walks of life are united according to their interests by the established youth organizations in Britain. These organizations develop because of the contribution of both full-time and part-time youth workers and a great number of volunteers.

Outdoor pursuits involve anything from pony trekking to rock-climbing or canoeing and help young people go out from the confines of their home or their environment. Such pursuits nourish a spirit of self-reliance and help realize the importance of team-work under a good leadership. All the major youth organizations hold outdoor pursuits either by organizing special residential courses or by sending their members to take part in established courses or seminars in other cities and countries.

Local authorities and a number of multipurpose youth organizations provide the place for such activities as canoeing, sailing, rock-climbing, map reading, orienteering and cooking for survival; all of them encourage initiative and self-discipline.

Among providers of outdoor places are the Sports Council, the Outward-Bound Trust, the Ocean Youth Club, the Sail Training Association, and the Nautical Training Corps.

The Outward-Bound Trust is the longest established and most experienced organization in Britain based on outdoor pursuits, personal development, and training. It has five centres in the English Lake District, Wales, and Scotland. It operates in 38 other countries of the world. It has centres in Belgium, France, Germany, and the Netherlands. This organization is based on two simple principles: firstly, that everyone is capable of achieving more than he might imagine, and, secondly, that too few people have a real appreciation of what can be achieved by team-work and mutual support.

Young people participate in 'expedition courses' lasting 8, 12, or 20 days and involving adventurous journeys by land or sea. There are also 'specialist courses' for young people aged 17 and over to become involved in work with such groups as the homeless, the elderly, and the disabled.

16. National Emblems of the United Kingdom

The United Kingdom (abbreviated from "The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland") is the political name of the country which consists of England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland (sometimes known as Ulster).

Great Britain is the name of the island which is made up of England, Scotland, Wales, whereas the British Isles is the geographical name of all the islands off the north-west coast of the European continent. In everyday speech "Britain" is used to mean the United Kingdom.

The flag of the United Kingdom, known as the Union Jack, is made up of three crosses. The upright red cross on a white background is the cross of the 1st George, the patron saint of England. The white diagonal cross on a blue background is the cross of St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland, The red diagonal cross on a white background is the cross of St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland.

The Welsh flag, called the Welsh dragon, represents a red dragon on a white and green background.

St. George's Day falls on 23 April and is regarded as England's national day. On this day some patriotic Englishmen wear a rose pinned to their jackets'. A red rose is the national emblem of England from the time of the Wars of the Roses (15th century).

St. Andrew's Day (the 30th of November) is regarded as Scotland's national day. On this day some Scotsmen wear a thistle in their buttonhole. As a national emblem of Scotland, thistle apparently first used in the 15th century as a symbol of defence. The Order of the Thistle is one of the highest orders of knighthood. It was founded in 1687, and is mainly given to Scottish noblemen (limited to 16 in number).

St. Patrick's Day (the 17th of March) is considered as a national day in Northern Ireland and an official bank holiday there. The national emblem of Ireland is shamrock. According to legend, it was the plant chosen by St. Patrick to illustrate the Christian doctrine of the Trinity to the Irish.

St. David's Day (the 1st of March) is the church festival of St. David, a 6th-century monk and bishop, the patron saint of Wales. The day is regarded as the national holiday of Wales, although it is not an official bank holiday.

On this day, however, many Welshmen wear either a yellow daffodil or a leek pinned to their jackets, as both plants are traditionally regarded as national emblems of Wales.

In the Royal Arms three lions symbolize England, a lion rampant — Scotland, and a harp — Ireland. The whole is encircled and is supported by a lion and a unicorn. The lion has been used as a symbol of national strength and of the British monarchy for many centuries. The unicorn, a mythical animal that looks like a horse with a long straight horn, has appeared on the Scottish and British royal coats of arms for many centuries, and is a symbol of purity.

17. Historical Reference

In 383 the Roman legions began to leave Britain to fight in Gaul (France) against the Barbarian tribes who were invading the Roman Empire. By 407 there were not enough Roman soldiers to defend Britons from Picts and Scots, fierce tribes from the North.

The British chiefs asked Anglo-Saxon soldiers to come from Germany to help them.

Anglo-Saxons were strong and well trained, they defeated Picts and Scots, but when afterwards Britons asked to do it and stayed.

After about one hundred and fifty years of fighting Britons had either been forced to Wales or had become slaves.

Anglo-Saxons founded a lot of kingdoms: Kent, Essex, Wessex, Mercia, Northumbria.

In 789 more than three hundred years after the Anglo-Saxons had settled in Britain, the Vikings began to attack the British Isles. They came from Norway, Sweden and Denmark. The winters there were long and cold and soil was poor, so Britain was a rich prize for them. They made a big army. The Anglo-Saxon kingdoms couldn't resist the Vikings, and soon only the kingdom of Wessex remained free of them – the King of Wessex was Alfred the Great.

King Alfred the Great was one of the first kings of England. He was a great and kind king. He did so much that was good for the people of England that people called him Alfred the Good.

In the time of Alfred the Great not many men or women could read or write. Alfred could read and write well. He wanted his people to have schools where they could learn to read and write. While he was king, many people went to school for the first time their lives.

Alfred was a brave man as well as a good one. While he was king, the Danes came in their boats to England and fought their way up the rivers. They wanted to live in England and make it their own country. Alfred and his people fought hard because they did not want to give up their country to the Danes.

King Alfred and the Vikings made a treaty. They agreed that the Vikings would live in an area called the Danelaw, where they could follow their traditions and obey their law. So the vikings settled in England and mixed with Anglo-Saxons. The process wasn't very painful as these two nations were very much alike and had similar languages. But more and more Vikings were coming from the continent and by 1020 King Sweyn of Denmark become the first Danish King of England

18. A View on Entertainment in Britain

BRIAN CARTER, a student, is not happy with entertainment in Britain. "British audiences can be interminably irritating with their frequently snobby, haughty and smug attitudes"

It is perhaps ironic that it should be possible to write about what is irritating and loathsome about entertainment in Britain; entertainment is supposed I to be diverting and enjoyable but this is decidedly not always the case.

Take the cinema... To see a film you have either to go to one of the huge multiplexes that has sprung up on the outskirts of towns over the last couple of years or to stick to the high street movie theatres which have either remained unchanged and poorly maintained since Charlie Chaplin's heyday or are old dance halls or bingo palaces converted to cinemas sometime around 1952 when orange and brown were apparently considered the quickest route to tasteful interior decoration: they are all ugly and dilapidated with moth-eaten, creaky and cramped seats. A visit to the multiplex is a little more enjoyable, because at least these cinemas usually have hot dogs.

The British seem not to have grasped the concept of what is and what is not appropriate snack-food for the cinema. The whole point about popcorn is that it doesn't crinkle in a wrapper and it doesn't crunch in your mouth. In Britain, though, cinemas sell crisps and candy in plastic wrappings. Little is more frustrating than trying to concentrate on the screen when you are sitting next to Mr and Mrs Greedy with Junior Greedies stuffing their faces with crunchy food from crinkly wrappers, saliva drooling slowly down their chins.

The theatre is little better. Although Britain has a theatrical tradition that is richer and more varied than almost any country in the world (this is, after all, the nation that has produced Shakespeare, Laurence Olivier and a sector of London — the West End — packed with more theatres and original productions than you could wish for), British audiences can be interminably irritating with their frequently snobby and smug attitudes. Worst of all are the regulars of the Royal Shakespeare Company who derive immense pleasure from spotting — or pretending to spot — the most intellectual of puns (plays on words) or witty quips. They then laugh ostentatiously in a theatrical manner to show the surrounding audience that they, and only they, have the intelligence to understand the true meaning of the play that they are watching. You can always spot these characters because they glance discreetly around themselves a few seconds after they have finished laughing to check that their neighbours have noticed them.

A similar situation exists within British television. On the one hand, the Briton enjoys some of the best TV in the world. Soap-operas like Eastenders are vastly more enjoyable and believable than their standard America equivalents because they concentrate more on characters, acting and plot than on the immaculate hair styles of their stars.

On the other hand, however, Britain's TV producers still manage to let everyone down by making some utter garbage. There is a particular group of British 'comedians' — men like Brae Forsyth and Ronnie Corbett — whose humour ceased to be funny a long time ago (if it was ever funny in the first place). Why are they still on the TV? They're rubbish. To make matters worse, all these dreary and tedious shows are broadcast at peak times on Friday and Saturday nights. No one wants to watch them; what is there to do but go out and drink a pint of warm beer...?

19. Education in Great Britain: Higher Education

For seven hundred years Oxford and Cambridge universities dominated the British education. Scotland had four universities, all founded before A. D. 1600. Wales only acquired a university in the 20th century; it consisted of four university colleges located in different cities (Cardiff, Swansea, Bangor, and

Aberystwith). The first English university after Oxford and Cambridge (sometimes referred to as Oxbridge) was Durham, in the North of England, founded in 1832. The University of London was founded a few years later in 1836.

During the nineteenth century institutions of higher education were founded in most of the biggest industrial towns, like Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield (sometimes called the Redbrick Universities). At first they did not have full university status but were known as university colleges; since 1945, however, all have become independent universities, and in recent years a number of other universities have been founded: Sussex, Essex, Warwick, and others.

In the middle 60s there was a further new development. Some of the local technical colleges maintained by local authorities had gained special prestige. By 1967 ten of these had been given charters as universities. Many of them are in the biggest cities where there were already established universities; so now we have the University of Aston (Birmingham), Salford (close to Manchester), Strathclyde (Glasgow), Herriot-Watt University (Edinburgh), Brunei University (London).

When we add all these together we find that the number of universities in England increased within ten years from nineteen to thirty-six, and in Scotland from four to eight.

Oxford university is a federation of colleges, and it is impossible to understand its structure unless one first understands the nature and function of these colleges, which have no resemblance whatever with the institutions called "colleges" in America.

Oxford has twenty-three ordinary colleges for men, five for women. All these are parallel institutions, and none of them is connected with any particular field of study. No matter what subject a student proposes to study he may study at any of the men's colleges.

Each college has a physical existence in the shape of a dining-hall, chapel, and residential rooms (enough to accommodate about half the student membership, the rest living in lodgings in the town). It is governed by its Fellows (commonly called "dons"), of whom there are usually about twenty or thirty. The dons are also responsible for teaching the students of the college through the tutorial system. The Fellows elect the Head of the college (whose title varies from college to college).

The colleges vary very much in size and extent of grounds and buildings.

Colleges choose their own students, and a student only becomes a member of the University by having been accepted by a college. Students are chosen mainly on academic merit, but the policy of colleges in this respect varies from college to college. Some tend to be rather keen to admit a few men who are very good at rugby or some other sport, or sons of former students or of lords, or of eminent citizens, or of millionaires.

The colleges and university buildings are scattered about the town, mostly in the central area, though the scientific laboratories and the women's colleges are quite a long way out.

20. Democracy in Great Britain

Great Britain is one of the biggest and highly developed countries in the world. Britain's democratic system of government is long established and well tried, and has provided a remarkable political stability. Britain's overseas relations including its membership in the European Economic Community and its links with Commonwealth countries, enable it to realize international cooperation.

Great Britain has diplomatic relations with 166 countries, bears the responsibility for 14 independent territories, provides assistance to over 120 developing countries and is a member of some international organizations. It is one of the five permanent members of the UNO Security Council. Great Britain is a member of the European Economic Community. The Community defines its aims as the harmonious development of economic activities. It has abolished internal tariffs, established common custom tariffs, and set a goal of the creation of an internal market in which free movement of goods, services, persons, and capital would be ensured in accordance with the Treaty of Rome.

By the middle of 2000 Britain had adopted more laws regulating the activity in the internal market than any other Community member. The Community now accounts for a fifth of world trade. Half Britain's trade is with its eleven Community partners.

Great Britain takes an active part in the work of the Commonwealth, which is a voluntary association of 50 independent states. The English Queen is recognized as Head of the Commonwealth.

Great Britain promotes sustainable economic and social progress in developing countries. Almost £65 million were spent on disaster relief, help for refugees and emergency humanitarian aid.

Britain's defence policy is based on its membership in NATO, which is committed to defend the territories of all its states-members.

21. Unwritten Rules of Great Britain

Good and bad manners make up the social rules of a country. They are not always easy to learn because they are often not written down in books. For example, British women didn't go into pubs at the beginning of this century because it was not considered respectable behaviour for a woman. Now both women and men drink freely is pubs and women are fully integrated into public life. Visitors to Britain are often surprised by the strange behaviour of the inhabitants. One of the worst mistakes is to get on a bus without waiting your turn in the queue. The other people in the queue will probably complain loudly! Queuing is a national habit and it is considered polite or good manners to wait for your turn.

In some countries it is considered bad manners to eat in the street, whereas in Britain it is common to see people having a snack whilst walking down the road, especially at lunchtime. Britons may be surprised to see young children in restaurants in the evening because children are not usually taken out to restaurants late at night. And if they make a noise in public or in a restaurant it is considered very rude. In recent years children are playing a more active role and they are now accepted in many pubs and restaurants.

In recent years smoking has received a lot of bad publicity, and fewer British people now smoke. Many companies have banned smoking from their offices and canteens. Smoking is now banned on the London Underground, in cinemas and theaters and most buses. It's becoming less and less acceptable to smoke in a

public place. It is considered rude or bad manners to smoke in someone's house without permission. Social rules are an important part of our culture as they passed down through history. The British have an expression for following these "unwritten rules": "When in Rome, do as the Romans do".

22. Palace of Westminster

The Palace of Westminster is the meeting place of the House of Commons and the House of Lords, the two houses of the Parliament of the United Kingdom. Commonly known as the Houses of Parliament after its occupants, it is also known as the 'heart of British politics'. The Palace lies on the northern bank of the River Thames in the City of Westminster, in central London. Its name, which derives from the neighbouring Westminster Abbey, may refer to either of two structures: the Old Palace, a medieval building complex that was destroyed by fire in 1834, and its replacement, the New Palace that stands today. For ceremonial purposes, the palace retains its original style and status as a royal residence and is the property of the Crown.

The first royal palace was built on the site in the eleventh century, and Westminster was the primary residence of the Kings of England until a fire destroyed much of the complex in 1512. After that, it served as the home of the Parliament of England, which had been meeting there since the thirteenth century, and also as the seat of the Royal Courts of Justice, based in and around Westminster Hall. In 1834, an even greater fire ravaged the heavily rebuilt Houses of Parliament, and the only medieval structures of significance to survive were Westminster Hall, the Cloisters of St Stephen's, the Chapel of St Mary Undercroft, and the Jewel Tower.

The subsequent competition for the reconstruction of the Palace was won by the architect Charles Barry, whose design was for new buildings in the Gothic Revival style, specifically inspired by the English Perpendicular Gothic style of the 14th-16th centuries. The remains of the Old Palace (with the exception of the detached Jewel Tower) were incorporated into its much larger replacement, which contains over 1,100 rooms organised symmetrically around two series of courtyards. Part of the New Palace's area of 3.24 hectares (8 acres) was reclaimed from the Thames, which is the setting of its principal 266-metre (873 ft) façade, called the River Front. Barry was assisted by Augustus W. N. Pugin, a leading authority on Gothic architecture and style, who provided designs for the decorations and furnishings of the Palace. Construction started in 1840 and lasted for thirty years, suffering great delays and cost overruns, as well as the death of both leading architects; works for the interior decoration continued intermittently well into the twentieth century. Major conservation work has been carried out since, to reverse the effects of London's air pollution, and extensive repairs took place after the Second World War, including the reconstruction of the Commons Chamber following its bombing in 1941.

The Palace is one of the centres of political life in the United Kingdom; "Westminster" has become a metonym for the UK Parliament, and the Westminster system of government has taken its name after it. The Elizabeth Tower, in particular, which is often referred to by the name of its main bell, "Big Ben", is an iconic landmark of London and the United Kingdom in general, one of the most popular tourist attractions in the city and an emblem of parliamentary democracy. The Palace of Westminster has been a Grade I listed building since 1970 and part of a UNESCO World Heritage Site since 1987.

23. Rail transport in Great Britain

The railway system in Great Britain is the oldest in the world: the world's first locomotive-hauled public railway opened in 1825. Most of the railway track is managed by Network Rail, which in 2015 had a network of 15,760 kilometres (9,790 mi) of standard-gauge lines, of which 5,272 kilometres (3,276 mi) were electrified. These lines range from single to quadruple track or more. In addition, some cities have separate rail-based mass transit systems (including the extensive and historic London Underground). There are also several private railways (some of them narrow-gauge), which are primarily short tourist lines. The British railway network is connected with that of continental Europe by an undersea rail link, the Channel Tunnel, opened in 1994.

The United Kingdom is a member of the International Union of Railways (UIC). The UIC Country Code for United Kingdom is 70. The UK has the 18th largest railway network in the world; despite many lines having closed in the 20th century it remains one of the densest rail networks. It is one of the busiest railways in Europe, with 20% more train services than France, 60% more than Italy, and more than Spain, Switzerland, The Netherlands, Portugal and Norway combined, as well as representing more than 20% of all passenger journeys in Europe.

In 2014, there were 1.65 billion journeys on the National Rail network, making the British network the fifth most used in the world (Great Britain ranks 23rd in world population). Unlike a number of other countries, rail travel in the United Kingdom has enjoyed a renaissance in recent years, with passenger numbers reaching their highest ever level (see usage figures below). This has coincided with the privatisation of British Rail, but the effect of this is disputed. The growth is partly attributed to a shift away from private motoring due to growing road congestion and increasing petrol prices, but also to the overall increase in travel due to affluence. However passenger journeys have grown much more quickly than in comparable countries such as France and Germany.

To cope with increasing passenger numbers, there is a large ongoing programme of upgrades to the network, including Thameslink, Crossrail, electrification of lines, in-cab signalling, new inter-city trains and a new high-speed line.

24. Tea in Britain

Tea, that most quintessential of English drinks, is a relative latecomer to British shores. Although the custom of drinking tea dates back to the third millennium BC in China, it was not until the mid 17th century that the beverage first appeared in England.

The use of tea spread slowly from its Asian homeland, reaching Europe by way of Venice around 1560, although Portuguese trading ships may have made contact with the Chinese as early as 1515.

It was the Portuguese and Dutch traders who first imported tea to Europe, with regular shipments by 1610. England was a latecomer to the tea trade, as the East India Company did not capitalize on tea's popularity until the mid-18th century.

Coffee Houses

Curiously, it was the London coffee houses that were responsible for introducing tea to England. One of the first coffee house merchants to offer tea was Thomas Garway, who owned an establishment in Exchange Alley. He sold both liquid and dry tea to the public as early as 1657. Three years later he issued a broadsheet advertising tea at £6 and £10 per pound (ouch!), touting its virtues at "making the body active and lusty", and "preserving perfect health until extreme old age".

Tea gained popularity quickly in the coffee houses, and by 1700 over 500 coffee houses sold it. This distressed the tavern owners, as tea cut their sales of ale and gin, and it was bad news for the government, who depended upon a steady stream of revenue from taxes on liquor sales. By 1750 tea had become the favoured drink of Britain's lower classes.

Taxation on Tea

Charles II did his bit to counter the growth of tea, with several acts forbidding its sale in private houses. This measure was designed to counter sedition, but it was so unpopular that it was impossible to enforce. A 1676 act taxed tea and required coffee house operators to apply for a license.

This was just the start of government attempts to control, or at least, to profit from the popularity of tea in Britain. By the mid 18th century the duty on tea had reached an absurd 119%. This heavy taxation had the effect of creating a whole new industry - tea smuggling.

25. British Pubs

Have you ever been to Great Britain? If you have, it will be much easier for you to imagine what a real British pub is. Anyway, I'll acquaint you with all the peculiarities of this extraordinary place.

A pub is a short word for "public house". It is a unique place not only because there are no similar bars or cafes in other countries, but because you won't find any public place like pub in Britain itself. It is not one of those restaurants with rather formal atmosphere. No, it will sooner be compared with a fast-food restaurant where all people are equal and there is no need to follow high manners. However, there is an essential difference — pub is not a place to come for a hamburger to satisfy one's hunger. A British pub is a place like home where you come to meet people, to learn latest news and just chat. A pub is the only public place where you won't be told off for noise, exclamations and even shouting. All this hubbub and dim make the atmosphere so unique. There are over 60 000 pubs in Great Britain. The local pub plays an important role in almost every neighbourhood.

In previous years pubs used to serve almost nothing but beer and other spirits. But nowadays you can be offered a various menu of hot dishes and snacks as well. Most pubs offer only special English meals, which is quite cheap. As for drinks, they are quite expensive. Some pubs are controlled by breweries, that is why beer may cost even higher than wine or other spirits.

British pubs have their special character appealing to the idea of tradition. Each pub has its own name painted on a signboard hanging outside. As a rule, this sign is made in a certain old-fashioned style. British pubs usually bear the names relating to their location: The Three Arrows, The Cross, The Railway, The Church. It may be ironic description of the pub itself: The Nutshell. They may be named after a noted individual (The Lord Nelson, The Emma Hamilton); after an aristocrat or a monarch (The King's Head,

The Queen Victoria, The Duke of Cambridge); their names may relate to the names of some animals (The Red Lion, The Unicorn). Some pub signs are in the form of a pun or rebus.

All pubs are built in a particular style. Even if it is a newly built pub, it is often designed to look as if it were about several hundred years old. All the windows in the pub are small in order to make a cozy home atmosphere. Very few pubs have tables outside the building. This peculiarity came from the Victorians who thought that people mustn't be seen drinking. On the other hand, many pubs have a garden at the back for children because children are not allowed in most pubs. Moreover, there still exist very few pubs where it is surprising for a woman to walk in.

Another distinctive point of pubs is that there is no waiter service. Some people may consider that a bit strange way of making people feel comfortable, but British people are sure that being served at a table makes the visitors be reserved and unnaturally polite. So, when you come to a pub, the first thing you have to do is lean on the bar and wait for someone behind the bar to serve you. Eye contact and "smiling eyes" is a key to getting served faster. The staff in a pub is usually very friendly and jesting. They are expected to know all the regular customers personally, their preferences in food and drinks. It makes the atmosphere very relaxed, informal and amicable. All the staff is always ready to chat and take part in any sort of discussion.

The visitors of British pubs like to spend time playing there a wide range of games: from the well-known darts, skittles, dominoes, cards and billiards to more uncommon — Aunt Sally and ringing the bull. Many pubs also hold special Theme Nights with tournaments at the games listed above, or karaoke. A lot of pubs are equipped with large plasma panels, and many people come here to watch football or other sport game with a glass of beer in a pleasant company.

2 семестр

1. **UK Education System**

The education system in the UK is divided into four main parts: primary education, secondary education, further education and higher education. Children in the UK have to legally attend primary and secondary education which runs from about 5 years old until the student is 16 years old. Primary and Secondary Education More than 90% of students in the UK attend publicly-funded state schools (1); still there are also financially self-supported independent, or “private”, schools (2). By law, all children in England and Wales between ages 5 and 16 must receive a full-time education, while in Northern Ireland, children must begin at age 4. For children under age 5, publicly-funded nurseries and pre-schools are available for a limited number of hours each week. Primary schooling starts at 5 and continues up to the age of 11 when children take their first exams to proceed to secondary schooling phase which is also compulsory in the country. From the age of 11-14, students study a broad range of subjects. National Curriculum (3) core subjects at this stage are: English (Welsh is also a core subject in Welsh-speaking schools), mathematics, science, design and technology, information and communication technology, history, geography, modern foreign languages, music, art and design, physical education, and citizenship. When students reach 14, they generally enter into the first year of a 2-year process known as GCSE (General Certificate of

Secondary Education). GCSE's are a set of exams that test your knowledge and skill. Most schools offer to take such core subjects as English, Maths and Sciences (either combined or separate Biology, Chemistry and Physics). Students typically then select additional 4 or 5 subjects in which to take GCSE's, and these can be subjects like French, German, Business Studies, Design and Technology, Music, Sports Science, Geography, History and many other options. GCSEs mark the end of compulsory education for students in the UK. Once they have completed their GCSEs students then have the choice to either move into further education (with a view to higher education) or can leave school and look for work. Scotland has its own qualification framework that is separate from that in England, Wales and Northern Ireland (4). After seven years of primary education and four years of compulsory secondary education, students aged 15 to 16 may take the Scottish Certificate of Education (SCE). The Scottish Certificate of Education is recognized throughout the UK as the equivalent to GCE A-levels and is usually the entry qualification for university.

2. Further UK Education System

When students reach the age of 16 and have completed their GCSE's they have a few options to choose from: ¬ Find work ¬ Academic Qualifications Most schools in the UK have what is called a "6th Form" for students to enter after they have taken their GCSE's. As an alternative, there are many "6th Form Colleges" that will offer the same courses from students at schools that do not have a 6th form. Here students typically 4 study A-levels (5), further academic qualifications required of students before they enter higher education and a degree program. ¬ Vocational Qualifications For students who are not so academically minded, they still have the option to further their education by studying a vocational course (6) that will provide them with a more hands-on experience and education. Higher Education System The UK has a vast variety of higher education opportunities to offer students with over 100 universities offering various degree programs for students from the UK and around the world. In the UK about one-third of all students go on to some form of higher education. This makes competition for places very fierce and so it is advised to apply early for courses. In the UK most undergraduate degree programs take three years to finish; however, the "sandwich course" (7) is increasing in popularity. In Scotland the courses are four years in length for undergraduate programs. Masters programs are generally shorter in length and undertaken after graduation of undergraduate programs. Some professional degrees like medicine, veterinary, law etc. have longer programs that can be as much as five years. From 2007, universities in the UK are allowed to charge students from the UK up to £3,070 per year (depending on the school and location). Students from the EU also only have to pay the same fees as students from the UK, but international students from the rest of the world have to pay the full school fees which will vary depending on the school. These fees for international students can range anywhere from £4,000 per year right up to £18,000 per year or more.

3. US Education System

The United States offers top-notch resources and qualitative education that enables students to pursue world-class education. The educational system comprises 12 years of primary and high school education, which is mandatory for getting admission in any graduate college, university, or for any professional and technical schools. Primary/Elementary School Usually the education for Americans starts at around 5

years of age. Primary schooling lasts for about five to six years. In this level students complete five grades of their education focusing on the broad range of knowledge, basic academic learning, reading and socialization skills. This also includes learning basics of mathematics, English proficiency, science, social studies, physical development and fine arts. Students have a choice to select their education held either in public schools, or private schools, or home school. High/Secondary School Upon completion of five grades of education in primary school, students enter high/secondary school. The duration of secondary school is about six to seven years, by which students complete their 12 grades. Junior high school (or middle school) and Senior high school together provide secondary education to the children (8). The mandatory subjects which are taught in US high schools include Science (biology, chemistry and physics), Mathematics (statistics, algebra, geometry and calculus), English (humanities, literature and composition) and Social Sciences (history, geography and economics). Most of the states have made health courses mandatory so that the students learn about first-aid, nutrition, sexuality and drug awareness. Art, foreign language and physical education are also made compulsory by some schools in the curriculum. After completion of their secondary education (9), successful students obtain a high school diploma. 5 Undergraduate School Undergraduate Schools offer a two-year degree which is called Associate's degree or a four-year degree called Bachelor's degree in a particular field of study. This particular course of study is called a major. The most common bachelor's degrees are Bachelor of Arts (B.A.), Bachelor of Science (B.S.), Bachelor of Fine Arts (B.F.A.), Bachelor of Engineering (B.Eng.). ¬ Associate's Degree. This is a two-year program at the undergraduate level. Completion of this program enables the students to seek a transfer into the third year of the four-year Bachelor's degree either in 4-year colleges or universities. Taking this route to study the first two years is very inexpensive for both American and International students, since the tuition and fees are very low when compared to other types of colleges. Most colleges require good score in TOEFL (for establishing English proficiency) (10) and Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT) Reasoning scores (11) for admission in their Associate Degree programs. ¬ Bachelor's Degree: This is a four-year program at the undergraduate level. This is the first degree with which most students plan their career or profession. Hundreds of majors in all the fields are offered at the Bachelor's level, which makes education an attractive proposition for students all over the world. In the U.S, the first year of Bachelor's degree is called the Freshman Year, the second one, the Sophomore Year, the third, Junior Year and the fourth, the Senior Year. Professional School For professional programs like Law, Medicine, Pharmacy etc., US universities offer professional programs leading to degrees such as MD (for Medicine), Pharm D (for Pharmacy) etc. These are known as the first professional degrees, completion of which entitles the students to practice as professionals in their respective fields (after meeting other requirements). Admissions into most of these professional programs are based on good performance in entrance tests after completion of a Bachelor's degree in related subjects. Students are evaluated for their performance, based on the number of credits they obtain during their academic performance. These credits are calculated depending upon the performance in semester-end examinations, class room preparation, seminar participation, laboratory hours etc. For every course of study students will earn a particular number of credits per semester. Professors and advisers assist the students in organizing their course schedule for their academic year.

4. Accommodation for students in the UK

There are a number of international student accommodation options you can choose for UK study. We've put together some useful tips to help you make up your mind. There are two main choices for international student accommodation – halls of residence or private flats and houses. Your options depend on your UK study choice and the institution you apply to, but here are some things to consider in choosing a great place to live: ¬ How close is the accommodation to your place of study? ¬ Are there good public transport links? ¬ Is it close to shops and facilities? ¬ How big is your room? ¬ Will you have enough quiet and privacy for study? University/college owned international student accommodation. Most UK institutions provide accommodation for international students. This will either be a room in halls of residence (either full-board or self-catering) or a self-catering shared house or flat. If you want to stay in university/college owned accommodation you should apply as soon as you are accepted on your course. Remember that it's always a good idea to arrange accommodation before you travel to the UK. If you can't, speak to the accommodation office at your place of study when you arrive. Private accommodation for UK international students. You can make the most of your independence as an international student by renting private accommodation. The most usual type is a room in a house or flat shared with other students. It's a good idea to agree how to split bills beforehand and you'll do your own cooking and cleaning. It's a good idea to ask for advice from your institution's accommodation or welfare officer before you sign any contracts for private accommodation. Lodging with a UK family in their own home is another option. You will usually need to abide by their house rules, but it's a great opportunity to experience UK culture first-hand. UK accommodation for international English language students. If you're studying English in the UK, your English language centre can help you arrange accommodation. The choices available will depend on where you study: it may be halls of residence or a hostel, or lodging with a UK family. Living with a UK family is the most common option and will give you the opportunity to practise English in a supportive environment. Independent school accommodation in the UK. If you are planning to study at a UK independent college or school, you will most likely be offered boarding at that institution. Independent boarding schools offer a relaxed, home-like atmosphere. Pupils stay in bedrooms or dormitories on the school site, living under the same roof as residential house staff and their families. Useful link: UKCISA - http://www.ukcisa.org.uk/student/info_sheets/accommodation.php

5. **5 Questions to Ask When Considering a Gap Year**

By Rebecca Kern

While it has been a longtime tradition for high school graduates in Europe to spend a "gap year" traveling the world and volunteering before college, this practice is becoming more popular and accepted in the United States. U.S. News spoke with students who took a gap year before college, as well as gap year counselors and college admissions officials, to answer common questions related to taking a gap year. 1. What exactly is a gap year? The term "gap year" has taken on different meanings over the years. Holly Bull, president of the first and longest-running gap year counseling organization in the US, defines a gap year as a period of time that people use to explore areas of interest. Bull says a gap year doesn't have to last a full year and can be taken at any age, but the typical gap year is taken by students between high school and college. Gail Reardon, who runs the gap year counseling firm Taking Off, says: "The name implies that students are taking a gap in their education, when really the gap is to fill in what 15 they

haven't learned in school. A gap year is about what happens after school, how you make decisions, how you figure out who you are, where you want to go, and how you need to get there. It's about the skill set you need to live your life." 2. I want to go to college. Should I apply before or after I take a gap year? Most counselors and college admissions officials encourage high school seniors to apply and get accepted to college before taking a gap year. Reardon says students should apply to college while in high school because their junior and senior years are set up to support the college application process. William Fitzsimmons, dean of admissions and financial aid at Harvard, says Harvard accepts students who apply after their gap year. 1. Are there affordable options for a gap year? Many domestic and international programs charge little to no fees. Bull recommends students look for programs that offer free housing and food in turn for volunteer work. But be prepared to work. Zack Sills just completed his gap year, and he lived for free on a ranch in British Columbia. In return for food and housing, he cut firewood, took care of livestock, and worked in the kitchen. Gap years can also save parents money in the long run. Steve Goodman, an educational consultant and college admissions strategist, says, "If a gap year clarifies what a student is going to do at college, it pays back in college because you're saving tuition money for the time a student may have spent clarifying their major." 2. What are the benefits of a gap year? Gap year consultants, students, parents, and even college admissions officials all claim that gap year experiences make these students more mature, confident, and career driven. Goodman says, "Taking a gap year can clarify the intellectual, academic, and professional objectives of a student." The students emphasize that the experiential learning during their gap year was unlike any they could gain in the college classroom. Sills, 19, says, "I learned just as much in my nineteenth year then I probably learned in my last two years of high school. When I was in Canada, I was the only American at the ranch. There were Canadians, Germans, and Australians, so it really made me appreciate other cultures. I learned a lot in Canada; the type of work I did made me come outside of my comfort zone." He says this experience helped prepare him to pursue a film degree this fall at the School of Visual Arts in New York City. Emily Carr, 19, spent September to December 2009 taking courses related to marine biology on a boat that toured the Eastern Caribbean. For the rest of her gap year, she spent this spring volunteering for a penguin and sea bird hospital in Cape Town, South Africa, and then in an animal rescue and refuge center outside of Bangkok, Thailand. "My gap year helped me build my people skills, gain more independence, and more maturity," Carr says. 3. What do college admissions officials think of gap years? College admission officials have become more accepting of the gap year over the past several years. Some even encourage their admitted students to take one. Some encourage students to take a gap year so they don't burn out in college. Those who come to school after a gap year are "so fresh, anxious, and excited to be back in school," he says. At Binghamton, Brown has also noticed an increase in the number of students taking a gap year. "I think the increased maturity, self confidence, sense of problem solving, and recognition that they can do these kinds of wonderful things only serves them well in their college experience," she says.

6. Harvard University

Location: Cambridge, Mass. Year Founded: 1636 Tuition and Fees (Fall 2009): $36,828 Total enrollment (Fall 2008): 26,496 Undergraduate enrollment: 10,156 Undergraduate applicants (Fall 2008): 27,380

Graduation rate: 98% Sports Nickname: Crimson Official Web site: Harvard.edu Continuing Education at Harvard University The majority of people dream about continuing their education at Harvard University, a famous education institution where numerous outstanding persons have made their first steps in career. You can choose one of the presented major programs for your academic benefit. 1. The Harvard Summer School is considered the oldest American academic summer session. Every summer lots of students of various ages visit the University from each state and about 80 countries to study for two months with faculty from Harvard and some American universities. The Summer School has a program for well-qualified secondary school students, and courses in creative writing, premedical sciences, economics, and other foreign languages. 2. The Harvard Extension School is an academic evening program serving the educational needs and interests of the Greater Boston community. It provides open enrollment, coeducation for various ages, part-time evening study, modest tuition rates, and a chance to study for career advancement, personal enrichment, or certificates or degrees. About 550 courses are offered annually, including computer and health sciences, administration and management, arts, some foreign languages to about 13,000 students of various ages. 3. The Harvard Institute for English Language Programs offers part-time evening and day programs to non-native speakers. During the summer session, intense day, part-time evening, as well as numerous business programs are provided. 4. The Harvard Institute for Learning in Retirement provides retirees a chance to follow intellectual interests plus explore some new fields of learning in different study groups. Harvard University Degree Online Harvard university degree programs online have made it very simple for a great number of people to be capable to get further education owing to its convenience. And so, as a result of this, those people who are very busy, even handicapped people and the persons who are at home all the time could choose it. By means of the Internet, students and teachers are connected with Harvard University degree program online. Such arrangement will enhance learning and make it much more flexible. Also, students have right for using the school web site and acquire their study materials on the site for learning. In addition, various innovative pedagogic techniques are employed in that students are often engaged in the serious web chat. The lecture time-table is fixed, and students receive lecture no matter when they have the time. Lots of research works have justified it that students can learn well utilizing this way of learning. While an exam was conducted for online and regular students alike, they scored grades were similar. During the years people have grasp the concept of Internet courses. Employing of 18 online degree alumni is the choice of by agencies with good reputation. Actually, they see premium qualities in them, for example, discipline and diligence. No matter when you wish to register, you must be sure to register with only an accredited school online like the one that is managed by Harvard University. In addition, you should be aware that certain online college web sites are posted by online fraudsters. Thus you need to be watchful whenever you want to enroll.

7. **University Guide: Want a place? Get the insider knowledge**

If you're thinking about applying to university, you're probably confused about what to expect. With tuition fees of up to £9,000 a year, you're likely to be wondering what the final bill will actually be and whether it's worth it, as well as the usual questions about where to go, what to study ... and will you get in? Student life is still an unparalleled educational and social experience. So if you want to go, you should be more determined than ever to get on to the best possible course at your ideal university. But how to actually get a place? Read on. We've got exclusive tips from the very people who'll be reading your personal statements this autumn. They reveal what they really want to see on an UCAS form, and advise how to pick a course – and why following them on Twitter could put you on the path to a cap'n'gown. What to study? Gloomy admissions statistics might leave you wondering whether the best course is the one that's most likely to offer you a place. It's not. Imagine dragging yourself to lectures to study something you hate for three or more years. Pick a course you'll be motivated to study – either a subject that fascinates you or a vocational course that sets you on the path to your dream career. 19 • "Don't be afraid to contact a university to find out more – this shows interest and commitment," says admissions tutor John Wheeler at Staffordshire University. "Many universities make a record of personal contact, and may use it in their decision-making." • "Don't apply for lots of different types of courses," says Sheila Byrne at Anglia Ruskin. "This shows lack of commitment and not knowing what you want to do." Where to apply? Don't place too much authority on universities' glossy photos – they're adverts. Ask yourself what you want from a university; how far away from home do you want to be, and do you want to be in a big or small institution? At open days, ask the grumpiest-looking students their views: they're more likely to be honest. Check out extra-curricular activities, library facilities and bursary offerings, which differ according to university. • Nicola Rees, admissions tutor at Kingston University, says: "Never be afraid to ask questions, however intrusive you think they may be. Most unis have a live chat line for potential applicants staffed by current students or staff. Ask what are the rooms like, who will you share with, what facilities are there? An informed choice will be a better choice." • "Apply early," advises Philip Davies, head of admissions at Bournemouth & Poole College. "Don't leave your application until the new year. The best places fill up quickly." Unsurprisingly, Davies also recommends looking beyond traditional universities. "Don't forget colleges, which can offer you the same quality degree as a university, but usually a lot cheaper." Selling yourself. The UCAS statement – containing just basic facts about you plus your personal statement – is your precious tool to tell universities: pick me, one day I'll make a great addition to your alumni list. But don't go too far – avoid jokes at all costs. You can make yourself stand out before your application lands on their desk: universities are making a big effort with social media. • "Have a look at course blogs to get a feel for what's happening," says David McSherry, a lecturer at the University of Lincoln. "Comment on them. Find out who the academics who teach on the course are, follow them on Twitter, introduce yourself. That way you'll already have had a dialogue with them before you meet them in the flesh at an open day." • "Humour is a risky strategy – your taste may not be shared by the person reading the application," says John Wright, admissions tutor at the University of Surrey. "Aim to devote the majority of the personal statement to academic achievement and motivations, but do include evidence of leadership skills, and situations where you have overcome problems to achieve goals. Admissions tutors tire of reading statements like, 'I am fascinated by science'. Give examples of situations where your interest has been aroused." If the worst happens… If you're not successful with your application to university, don't crawl under a rock. Since many university courses begin in January or other times throughout the year, don't assume you'll have to wait 12 months: shop around. "Seek feedback

from admissions tutors as soon as possible," says Warren Turner at London South Bank University. "Don't give up. Consider other routes into higher education – a foundation course, apprenticeship, work-based learning – before submitting another application."

8. Wonders of the World

Humans are generally good at noticing beautiful things. Humans are also generally good at building beautiful things. A Wonder of the World is a ***landmark***[1] or a natural phenomenon that is ***significant***[2] enough to be noticed by any person around the world. Many different lists of the Wonders of the World were made over the course of history, so let's have a look at some!

The first of such lists was made by a Greek historian Herodotus. Only three places were mentioned in it. Eventually the list was expanded up to seven Wonders. Probably everyone can name at least some of those monuments: the Great Pyramid of Giza; the Hanging Gardens of Babylon; the Lighthouse of Alexandria; the Colossus of Rhodes; the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus; the Temple of Artemis; the Statue of Zeus at Olympia. The curious thing about these Wonders is that almost all of them ***represent***[3] the Greek culture. Another thing to note is that the ancient Greeks haven't actually used the term 'wonder', but instead it was a list 'of things to see', making such lists ***essentially***[4] just a travel guide. Almost all of these Wonders were destroyed one way or another, and today only the Great Pyramid of Giza, also known as the Pyramid of Cheops or the Pyramid of Khufu, still stands.

This wasn't the only list of supposed Wonders though. Later on, many attempts were made (with a little to no consensus) to either make a new list or add more Wonders to the existing one. The most remarkable candidates were Colosseum of Rome, Hagia Sophia of Istanbul, Taj Mahal and the Great Wall of China.

Another ***peculiar***[5] attempt was made in 1994. The American Society of Civil Engineers made a list of Seven Wonders of Modern World, focusing mainly on an engineering scope of selected projects. Among other projects, this list features Panama Canal, Channel Tunnel and CN Tower of Toronto, which was the tallest structure in the world up to 2007.

There is also a list of Natural Wonders of the World. It included the Great Barrier Reef, Mount Everest, the Grand Canyon of Arizona and, curiously enough, ***aurorae***[6], making it the first list of its kind to include a phenomenon instead of a place.

But what about the world beyond Earth? Surely, it must have its wonders too! And indeed, in 1999, an attempt was made to list Seven Wonders of the Solar System. Amongst those were the rings of Saturn, the asteroid belt and the Great Red Spot of Jupiter.

Ultimately, the world is too big of a place to make an exhaustive list of all landmarks worth visiting. But those that didn't make into any prominent list are still protected and treasured by their neighbours. The organization that manages the lists of such landmarks and ***attends***[7] to any legal matters regarding them is called UNESCO.

9. The Tower of London

In the year 1066, after his victory at the Battle of Hastings, William the Conqueror was seeking to strengthen his control over the ***subdued***[1] English territories. In the following 20 years in England nearly

40 castles were founded by him and his vassals. It was probably the largest castle-building operation in the whole history of ***medieval***[2] Europe.

One of the castles was to be founded inside London, already the largest English town in those times. The so-called Tower of London was built on remains of an ancient Roman fortification, and initially was built mainly from timber. Only a hundred years later it was reinforced with stone. The castle takes its name from the White Tower, which is the name of the main keep that still stands as of today. People from other towns referred to it as The Tower of London, and eventually it became a name ***widespread***[3] enough to stick.

Given its location and strategic importance, the castle soon became a residence for the richest and the most influential people across England. Over the years the castle has expanded greatly, because each of its owners was always seeking to add something ***distinct***[4] to its fortifications. One of the darker stories of that age is the tale of the Princes in the Tower, two young boys of royal blood who were declared illegitimate and then murdered by some unknown ***assailant***[5]. Remains of two boys were found inside the castle in a wooden box in 1674.

Starting in the 16th century, the castle started to see its use as a royal residence. It gained much ***notoriety***[6] in following years though, as it was also used as a prison and a place of execution for people who'd fall out of favour with their rulers.

In modern times The Tower of London became less ***ominous***[7]. ***At some point***[8] there was even a zoo inside. It started as a collection of royal pets that quickly outgrew its ***accommodations***[9] and was soon moved to the London Zoo located inside Regent's Park. It's still open nowadays and is a popular tourist landmark.

Since 1988 The Tower of London has been listed as a UNESCO World ***Heritage***[10] Site. In the 21st century it's mainly a tourist attraction. Usually you can visit the castle from Wednesday to Sunday, from 10 AM to 6 PM. The entrance fee for an adult is 25£. Visitors have free Wi-Fi access and can also buy some signature snacks in one of the cafes or kiosks inside.

10. The largest organisms on Earth

What is the largest organism living on Earth? How about those that are ***extinct***[1] now? These questions are ***trickier***[2] than they look. Are they about height, mass, volume or maybe length? Sometimes we can see only a small part of an otherwise huge living creature. Other times you can ***argue***[3] that a colony of organisms that ***behaves***[4] as one creature also needs to be ***considered***[5]. Let's at least try to find out what are the largest creatures in some ***taxonomic kingdoms***[6] out there.

We'll start with the animal kingdom. Of all the living animals the largest one (and also the heaviest one) is the ***majestic***[7] blue whale. It's so large that there are no ***scales***[8] available to weigh them as a whole. The heaviest blue whale ever recorded was at 190 tonnes, while the longest was about 33 meters long. It still came shorter than a humble lion's mane jellyfish that is nearly 37 meters long.

The largest animal to walk on Earth today (or a ***terrestrial***[9] animal) is, ***without a doubt***[10], the African bush elephant. An adult ***elephant bull***[11] weighs almost 11 tons, and stands about 4 meters tall. Both the blue whale and the African elephant are very ***gentle***[12] giants. Despite this, sadly, both populations were hurt ***severely***[13] by humans. Currently both ***species***[14] are considered ***endangered***[15].

But what about the extinct species? Everyone knows that some dinosaurs were gigantic! And while the dinosaurs aren't actually extinct (since modern birds belong to the dinosaur ***clade***[16] Theropoda), the

largest of them we know about only from ***fossils***[17]. For example, the famous Tyrannosaurus rex, as scientists speculate, was standing roughly 370 cm tall and was over 12 meters in length! The largest ***exhibited***[18] skull of T. rex was just about one and a half meters long. A study on Tyrannosaurus bones was made in 2012. It has revealed that T. rex had the strongest bite of any terrestrial animal, ever! A hungry Tyrannosaurus could bite with the force of more than 50.000 Newtons, which is ***comparable***[19] to some modern hydraulic press machines. One of the largest dinosaurs known today though is Giraffatitan. It was a large, plant-eating creature. Its mass could ***exceed***[20] 70 tons and it was over 20 meters long!

Other large extinct animals include the species called Palaeoloxodon and Paraceratherium. Those were the distant cousins of modern elephants and rhinos. They were the ones of the largest known mammals to walk the Earth, ever.

But wait, animals are not the only living creatures out there! What about plants and other, more basic organisms? For example, an ***aspen***[21] grove called Pando located in south-central Utah, U.S., is believed to be a single organism connected by one root system. If this is correct, the size of Pando is 43.6 hectares, or 0.43 km2! It's at least a few thousand years of age, making it one of the oldest living organisms, too.

And if you want to go wider, a ***fungus***[22] named Armillaria ostoyae occupies nearly 9 km2 as a single colony in the woods of Oregon, U.S. If you think about this colony as a single organism, it can be the largest organism in the world by area occupied.

We're still making many ***discoveries***[23] today. And maybe tomorrow we'll find something that makes all these things small by ***comparison***[24].

11. The Olympic Games

The Olympic Games is a major international sports ***competition***[1] event. Inspired by the Olympic Games of Ancient Greece, the modern Olympics ***participation***[2] unites more than 200 nations of the world in a ***strife***[3] to be the best at various sports. The competition is held every two years and alternates between 'summer' and 'winter' sports. Only 'summer' types of sport were represented at first.

The first ***modern***[4] Olympics were held in Athens in 1859. The event was held by a Greek businessman Evangelis Zappas as an ***effort***[5] to support Greek culture. It was repeated again in 1870 and in 1875. ***Foreigners***[6] who visited these events liked them very much. International sports competition was a thing that very much ***resonated***[7] with the ***code of conduct***[8] of Victorian gentlemen.

French historian Pierre de Frédy, Baron de Coubertin, made an effort to ***preserve***[9] these competitions. With the help of his English and Greek friends, he ***established***[10] the International Olympic Committee in 1894. This organisation still successfully ***oversees***[11] modern Olympics nowadays.

The first Olympics under the IOC ***supervision***[12] were held in 1896 in Athens. More than 200 sportsmen from 14 nations came to compete for a chance to win international ***recognition***[13] and a medal. A silver medal was awarded to the winner in a competition, along with an olive branch and a diploma of a winner. Those who came second were awarded a copper medal and a ***laurel***[14] branch. Third place was ***honorary***[15] and offered no prize. The competitions were held in 9 disciplines: athletics (jumping and running various distances, as well as running a marathon), cycling, ***fencing***[16], gymnastics, swimming, tennis, wrestling, weightlifting, and, curiously enough, shooting a rifle. Additional competition in ***sailing***[17] was planned, but cancelled shortly before the event.

Attempts to add some winter sports were made in 1908 and 1920. The first real Winter Olympics were held in 1924, in a French town of Chamonix-Mont-Blanc. The contest was held in 5 different sports: curling, bobsleigh, ice skating, ice hockey and nordic skiing.

At first the games didn't allow any professional sportsmen to compete. The people behind the competitions thought that training actually gives a participant an unfair ***advantage***[18] over any other person that wished to compete. After much debate and ***controversy***[19], this ***restriction***[20] was finally lifted in 1988.

The Olympics today are one of the biggest possible events of the year. Any country might apply to host it, but preparing for the event is very hard. It usually pays out ***in the long run***[21], since the competitions gather much ***revenue***[22] off the tourists and ***advertisements***[23].

As the IOC was joined by more members, the event also became increasingly political, with various countries boycotting the Olympic Games for various reasons ***throughout***[24] the years. The competitions have also been in the middle of many major doping scandals that had ***quite a few***[25] competitors disqualified.

12. Global consequences of the climate change

The 20th century was very notable with its ***unparalleled***[1] technological advancement of humanity. With each passing day the lasting impact that we leave on our planet becomes more and more ***apparent***[2]. The most obvious and harmful outcomes of heavy industrialization are global warming and climate change.

The first signs of global warming became obvious in the middle of the last century. Since the 1970s, the surface temperature of Earth has risen by 1 °C. Multiple data records show now that the warming happens at the rate of roughly 0.2 °C per one decade.

This is a very alarming development. The ***bulk***[3] of global warming is attributed to human activity. Assuming we don't do something about it, the consequences would be lasting, probably ***irreversible***[4], and very harsh.

The first and most obvious effect is the heating of Earth's atmosphere. This means that there will be less cold days and more hot days ***overall***[5]. This in turn means that both plants and animals will need to adjust to it. Some of them might not survive such a change.

The secondary effect is the melting of continental ice, which makes sea levels rise far above their normal point. Extreme cases could lead to floods and destruction of continental coastlines.

Warmer weather also results in more water evaporating and the air becoming more ***humid***[6]. This can lead to even more rains, floods and some extreme weather patterns such as wildfires and tropical cyclones.

One of the most ***insidious***[7] and less obvious effects is the change of the oceans oxygen levels. Warmer water can hold less oxygen than the colder one, and so if the temperatures continue to rise, many underwater species risk total extinction.

While humanity definitely contributes much to climate change with ***irresponsible***[8] burning of fossil fuels, we still can battle it. Switching to renewable and clear energy sources, electrical cars, and improving the efficiency of our factories can curb the adverse effects we've inflicted on our planet over the last 100 years.

And ***if worse comes to worst***[9], humanity can be very good at adapting to hostile ***environments***[10]. Adaptation strategies include reinforcing the coastlines or relocating deeper into the mainland; development of weather-resistant crops; development of ***contingency***[11] scenarios for local disaster management.

13. A murder mystery as a literary genre

A crime fiction (also called a murder mystery) is a story that focuses on a criminal act and on a following ***investigation***[1]. Usually done from a point of view of either a detective or their assistant, crime fiction spans over many types of media. Usually it takes the form of either a novel or a movie.

The first historical example of crime fiction is probably a novel ***The Three Apples***. It was a part of ***One Thousand and One Nights***, which is a collection of old Arabic folk tales. The novel lacked any typical features of a modern murder mystery, but still tried to set up a crime scene as a ***plot***[2] device. Other tales from this collection also describe some ***bits and pieces***[3] of actual crime investigation.

The genre became very popular in the late 19th century, with works by Edgar Allan Poe and Arthur Conan Doyle ***paving***[4] the way for more advanced stories of John Dickson Carr and Agatha Christie. Sherlock Holmes and Hercule Poirot, while being purely fictional characters, became real enough to their own fans. Over the course of many years readers were following the adventures of their beloved detectives. Holmes has appeared in 60 works of fiction in total, while Poirot in his career has made over 80 appearances.

A classic murder mystery can be viewed as a sort of a game between an author and the reader. An author sets up a murder scene, and the reader must ***deduce***[5] the ***culprit***[6] before the main detective character reveals him. A typical murder mystery leaves three questions to the reader: who has done it? How was it done? Why was it done? Answering all three questions before the main character would mean 'beating' the novel.

As the genre developed further, authors have developed some guidelines on writing a good murder mystery. There were many variations of such rules, but ***in a nutshell***[7] it all boiled down to a novel being fair to its reader. For example, a good novel had to introduce the culprit early in the story as someone who a reader would know about. All clues should be available to the reader the same way they are available for the protagonists. There were also some very strict rules on the usage of poison and other similar substances, as the reader should have been able to ***unravel***[8] the story without any sort of special knowledge.

One of the most iconic form of a murder fiction is the locked-room mystery, which describes seemingly an impossible crime (for example, a corpse would be hidden inside an empty room that is locked from the inside) and challenges the reader to find a plausible way to explain it and eventually find the ***perpetrator***[9].

Another type of murder novels revolves around a closed circle of suspects. These stories usually have many colorful characters, each of them with their own ***agenda***[10], and the main challenge for a reader lies in pointing out the single guilty party while sparing the rest of possible culprits.

The murder mystery is still a very popular genre nowadays, and the classics of it are routinely adapted into films, videogames and some other forms of fan fiction.

14. Timeline of the far future

The future is not set. Or is it? Modern science allows us to predict some future events that are about to happen (for example, a weather tomorrow), but how about something that will happen ***100,000***[1] years from now? What about ***1,000,000***[2] years? With the power of biology and physics we can go that far. And maybe even further than that!

We can start with really simple predictions that are guaranteed to be fulfilled (obviously, if nothing happens to the object we're looking at before that). For example, we know that it will take roughly ***50,000***[3] for the famous Niagara Falls to erode completely and disappear. In the same 50,000 years the astronomical day will need another second to be added to in order to actually represent a day.
In 100,000 years, even if humans are extinct, at least ***10%***[4] of anthropogenic carbon dioxide will still remain in the atmosphere.
Roughly 1,000,000 years will take for the Arizona Meteor Crater to completely disappear. 1,000,000 years is also the top estimated time for the red star Betelgeuse to explode in a supernova. This supernova would be visible from Earth for some months afterwards.
In ***10,000,000***[5] years from now on the Red Sea will flood into some areas of East Africa, dividing the continent.
In ***100,000,000***[6] years the rings of Saturn will probably disappear.
In ***180,000,000***[7] years the day on Earth will be an hour longer than today.
In ***250,000,000***[8] years a new supercontinent may appear, and some completely new species may start dominating the planet.
In ***600,000,000***[9] years the increasing Sun luminosity will start to disrupt carbon-based life as we know it, eventually making photosynthesis no longer possible. The oceans will start evaporating rapidly.
Assuming all previous events are true, about ***1,300,000,000***[10] years separates us from the total eukaryotic life extinction. In about 2.8 ***billion***[11] years all life goes extinct, as the surface temperature reaches roughly ***150 °C***[12].
Roughly in 4-5 billion years our galaxy will collide with the Andromeda galaxy, forming a new Milkomeda galaxy in the process. An event of such magnitude would be hardly (if ever) noticeable from Earth.
It will take an estimate of ***3 x 10^{43} years***[13] for the Universe as we know it to end and the Black Hole Era to begin. Black holes, the enormous pockets of crushing gravity that usually form out of dead stars, will be the only ***celestial***[14] bodies in that era. But even the black holes will ***evaporate***[15] eventually, perhaps clearing the way for a new Big Bang.
Those all are very large amounts of time. Still, they are all perfectly ***countable***[16]. Seeing as we now know both the time that passed since the birth of the Universe, as well as the time for it to end, perhaps we can finally start to treasure the time that is given to us.

15. The Klondike Gold Rush

In late summer, 1896, a family of weary ***prospectors***[1] was traveling through the inhospitable lands of Yukon, Canada. The region was famous for its harsh climate, poor infrastructure and very little else. Few rapidly decaying towns ***dotted***[2] the landscape, their inhabitants making a living not from prospecting, but rather from trading skins and furs with ***indigenous***[3] tribes.
The family has stopped to rest on a bank of a small ***creek***[4], a tributary of Klondike River. As they were setting up a camp, they took a notice of a shiny rock glittering in the water. Exploring up and down the river revealed at least four large veins of gold, which George Carmack, the lead prospector, has claimed to himself and his family.
Next morning he had registered his ***claims***[5] at the police station, and the news spread with locals like a wildfire. The first discovery soon led to another, even larger vein. As it was a dead of winter by then, it

went largely unnoticed by authorities and mainland prospectors. Locals, in turn, encouraged by stories about golden rivers and ***emboldened***[6] by the notion that native tribes saw no value in gold, went through extreme hardships to claim the best mining spots.

On July 15, 1897, two ships returned from Yukon to Seattle, bringing Klondike prospectors along with more than a 1,000,000$ (which, accounting for the inflation, roughly equals 1,000,000,000$ in 2020) of worth in gold. The story has caught the attention of the press, and soon almost 100,000 explorers ***stampeded***[7] to Klondike, eager to repeat the successes of the first prospectors. Most of these people had no experience in mining whatsoever, and many of them were unemployed earlier. Even if they didn't want to go, they couldn't just let the others have all the fame and riches. As the competition grew, the would-be-prospectors started to trade in claims instead of mining for actual gold. To accommodate a rush of explorers, Seattle was transformed into a major transport hub, which it still remains nowadays.

Getting to Klondike was an adventure in itself. Richer people could sail all the way to their destination, albeit the ticket price has risen a hundredfold over the course of the 3-year long rush. Travelling by land implied carrying over a ton of supplies to last through the year, bringing ***pack animals***[8], dogs, sleds and hiring various specialists that knew the land and would be able to care about animals.

Of 100,000 prospectors that answered the call of gold, only about 40,000 have actually reached Klondike, and only about 4000 of those became rich. By the time the vast majority of people had arrived into Dawson City, the last outpost of civilization near the mines, all of the major claims were mined out, and the remaining ones required some major investment to explore and gave a little guarantee of success. In 1898 first of the disillusioned (and often ruined) prospectors started to return home, and by 1899 the legend of fabulous Klondike died out as swiftly as it had begun mere three years before that.

16. The longest soap operas ever made

A soap opera is a long, often melodramatic piece of fiction that tends to focus on family relationships and various ***domestic***[1] situations. Usually it has no clear protagonist (or there are few of them, equally important to the plot), and is presented in the form of a serial. The term itself was ***coined***[2] way back in the 1950s, when such radio dramas were often interrupted by soap commercials. The soap operas were usually broadcasted in the middle of the day. The target audience of the genre would be middle-aged ***stay-at-home moms***[3] who needed some sort of spice in their life to make their daily ***chores***[4] more bearable.

The series that are widely considered to be the first soap opera ever made were ***Painted Dreams***. This radio show started in 1930 and was broadcasted up to 1942. The plot revolved around the relationships between a widowed single mother and her teenage daughter.

The world's longest-running soap opera of our time is ***The Archers***: starting in 1951, it's still well alive nowadays, and ***boasts***[5] more than 19,000 episodes as of July 2020. Set as 'a contemporary drama in a ***rural***[6] setting', this radio drama has won its lead actor Norman Painting a Guinness World Record Award as the longest-serving actor in a single soap opera.

The longest TV soap operas are American ***Guiding Light*** and British ***Coronation Street***, both starting around 1960 (although ***Guiding Light*** was also on radio for good 20 years before that!). ***Guiding Light*** aired its last episode in 2009, while ***Coronation Street*** celebrated its 10,000th episode on February 7th, 2020.

If you prefer counting the longest by an episode count, the top five would be all American shows: ***Guiding Light*** (15,762 episodes in total, both TV and radio), ***General Hospital*** (14,557 episodes), ***Days of Our Lives*** (13,902 episodes), ***As the World Turns*** (13,858 episodes) and ***The Young and the Restless*** (11,745 episodes). To put it in perspective, the notorious ***Santa-Barbara*** ended at 2,137th episode, while ***Dynasty*** ended at 220th, and ***Charmed*** had only 178 episodes in total.

In the 21st century the soap genre has seen a revival with some of the famous series making a moderately successful ***reboot***[7] comebacks, and with other series borrowing some of the more distinct soap opera traits for their own use.

17. The Black Forest

The Black Forest is a large mountain range located in southwestern Germany. As the name suggests, it's covered by a lush forest. The highest ***summit***[1] of the range is the Feldberg mountain (1,493 m above sea level). The region is widely known for its precious minerals as well as its rich history, culture and cooking style.

In ancient literature the region is first mentioned in the works of Pliny and Tacitus. Almost for 2000 years, from the 5th century BC up to the 16th century, the Black Forest was known only for its surplus of ore. Workers of the few settlements that were in the region made a living mining lead, silver and iron.

An outbreak of plague and the German Peasants' War forced a decline of the region in the 16th century, through and all the way up to the beginning of the 18th century, when the mines were reopened, while lumbering and ***rafting***[2] of precious timber solidified its prospects of economic prosperity.

The region's relative ***seclusiveness***[3] coupled with an access to abundant mineral resources made people who lived in the Black Forest into ***artisan***[4] craftsmen. Even before the widespread ***advent***[5] of precision mechanics, the people of the Black Forest made additional income making wooden clocks and toys when mines and lumber mills were closed. When the Industrial Revolution dawned and a railway network made its way into the region, its clockmakers, jewelers and glassmakers became prominent throughout Europe.

In the 20th and 21st centuries the main industries of the region were power plants and tourism. Many of the mines were remade into museums, which are opened daily for the visitors. Numerous military conflicts of the Late Middle Ages, as well as those of early modern period, have left many archeological sites to discover, many of them ***pertaining***[6] to warfare, including more than 200 km of defensive fortifications. New archeological sites are still being discovered these days, and the full ***inventorying***[7] is still yet to be completed.

Someone who has no interest in history or industry can still find many interesting things to do there. The big lakes Titisee and Schluchsee are surrounded by small resort towns that offer miscellaneous water sport activities including deep diving. Each year the region sees a competition held between amateur and professional ***confectioners***[8] who aim to perfect an art of making the famous Black Forest ***gateau***[9].

Today the region makes use of developed transport infrastructure and is easily accessible from any other region of Germany. A bus ticket from Berlin to Freiburg, one of the largest cities in the region, will cost you approximately 30 euros.

18. Born Free

Friederike Victoria Gessner (better known by her ***pen name***[1] as Joy Adamson) was an Austrian-born writer, painter and naturalist famous for her work raising and reintroducing big cats into the wild.

Briefly considering a career of a musician or a doctor at first, in 1937 Friederike was forced to migrate from ***turbulent***[2] Vienna into wild Kenya. Being very easy-going by nature, she made friends wherever she went. Soon enough she found herself very close to many researchers, biologists and wildlife conservators who were ***prominent***[3] in the area. Thus she spent her younger years as a naturalist, doing sketches and making observations on various flora and fauna.

Her greatest work was yet to come, though. When she was 42, her then-husband George Adamson, a senior wildlife ***warden***[4], was asked to protect local farmers from a lioness that was threatening them. As it turned out later, the lioness was simply protecting her cubs from ***encroaching***[5] human settlement. After successfully fighting the lioness off, George and Friederike decided to adopt those little lions. Tending to all three of them at home has proven very difficult, so the couple eventually donated two larger cubs to Rotterdam Zoo, and took the smallest one, Elsa, for themselves.

As the young lioness was growing up very fast, Friederike has realised that soon they wouldn't be able to provide for her, so she decided to teach Elsa how to act on her own, hunt, and live in the wild. Taking this duty very ***diligently***[6] and treating Elsa as an equal rather than as a pet, Friederike (who by this point has already adopted her pen name) has managed to succeed. Roughly two years later Elsa, now a wild lioness, brought a ***litter***[7] of her own, and those three cubs were the first ever to be born by a domesticated lioness that was reintroduced into the wild.

This was an unprecedented story in a naturalist world, and soon enough Joy Adamson had the attention of both scientists and cinematographers. The story of Elsa was documented in her book, ***Born Free***, that was also made into a motion picture in 1966.

Encouraged by her first successes, Joy shifted her focus to cheetahs. While still a rather large cat and a very fast predator, a cheetah nevertheless is one of the most vulnerable species amongst its kind. They suffer both from larger and smaller predators, as well as from human encroachment.

Using the techniques she learned with Elsa, Joy successfully reintroduced Pippa, a female cheetah, into the wild. Joy has dedicated two books to Pippa and her litter, first being ***The Spotted Sphinx***, and the second being ***Pippa's Challenge***. Yet another success was waiting some years later, when Joy successfully worked on a reintroduction of an African leopard named Penny.

In her later years Joy was an activist, travelling around the world, making speeches and raising funds in order to protect the wildlife. Her life ended tragically shortly before her 70th birthday as she was murdered by a ***disgruntled***[8] laborer who was fired by Adamson not too long ago. Her ashes were scattered in Meru National Park over Elsa's grave as an eternal ***testament***[9] to the fact that we all were born to be free.

19. Space Oddity

David Bowie (born David Robert Jones) was an English musician, actor, and one of the most ***prominent***[1] artists of the 20th and the early 21th centuries.

The American popular culture magazine ***Rolling Stone*** placed him as 39th in their list of 'The 100 Greatest Artists of All Time', right behind John Lennon, and, following Bowie's death in 2016, they also called him 'The Greatest Rock Star Ever'.

David Bowie was born 1947 in London to a working class family. As a child, he was very gifted, ***albeit***[2] with a temper. When he was only 9 years old, he was already noticed by his music teachers

for his highly ***imaginative***[3] and flashy dancing style. His childhood was spent under heavy influence of popular artists of the time, mainly Elvis Presley, Little Richard and Fats Domino.

As a teenager, Bowie took many classes in various musical instruments, including ukulele, piano and saxophone. In his free time, he liked doing ***impressions***[4] of his favourite artists to his friends. Later on, when talking about it, his friends and biographers were noting that Bowie's performances were 'like something from another planet'.

After multiple unsuccessful tries joining with various local bands, David has tried to ***embark***[5] on a solo career. He's taken his alias inspired by James Bowie, an american pioneer who has also invented a bowie knife. This try was not very successful as well. Nevertheless, Bowie persisted ***relentlessly***[6], recording his own music, building up his network of contacts in the music world, and educating himself in various theatrical arts.

The real fame came to him after his song ***Space Oddity*** that was released as a single on July, 11, 1969, a mere few days before the fateful Apollo 11 launch. The song was inspired by Stanley Kubrick's 2001: ***A Space Odyssey*** which was released just a year before that. The single quickly climbed to the top five in the UK charts. The song became one of Bowie's signature songs, while it's hero, Major Tom, eventually became a ***recurring***[7] character in his other songs.

Building on his ***newfound***[8] fame, Bowie again tried to build a team around himself. Fairly antagonistic by nature, he nevertheless managed to record another of his iconic albums, ***The Man Who Sold the World***. Around this time he also started to develop many different colourful stage personas and build his stage appearances in-character according to those personas. Wearing provocative costumes and makeup, he and his projects swiftly came to the light of the media and he started gathering a cult following.

His acting talent has also caught the attention of various film and stage directors, sparking his acting career. While he never got any notable lead roles, he was a very convincing actor nevertheless, and often appeared in an important supporting role or as a cameo. His most noteworthy performances in this field include Joseph Merrick in the Broadway theatre ***rendition***[9] of ***The Elephant Man***, and Phillip Jeffries, an enigmatic FBI agent from David Lynch's movie ***Twin Peaks: Fire Walk with Me***.

Bowie has struggled with drugs in his young years, but eventually managed to get rid of his addiction. In his late years he was a major advocate of healthy lifestyle. He has also used his fame to send strong statements regarding equality and the need to stand up against racism.

David Bowie died of liver cancer in his own apartment in New York City. It happened on January, 10, 2016, just two days after the worldwide premiere of his newest album, ***Blackstar***. He's still remembered as being one of the most strange, wonderful and almost ***otherworldly***[10] artists of our age.

20. William Wallace and the First War of Scottish Independence

A great ***strife***[1] engulfed the Kingdom of Scotland by the end of the 13th century. The benevolent and prosperous rulership of King Alexander III ended abruptly when he fell off the horse and broke his neck in an accident. He's left no heir, and his distant relative, a child queen Margaret, who was to succeed him in usual circumstances, has also died of mysterious illness.

Thus began the period of Scottish history that later would earn ***a moniker***[2] of the Great Cause. More than 100 judges were appointed to oversee the contenders who were feuding for a vacant Scottish throne. One of the most promising claimants, John Balliol, has forged an alliance with a representative of English king

Edward I, also known as Edward Longshanks. No man could ***foresee***[3] that this presumably clever idea would soon throw both nations into a 30-years long war.

King Edward I has already sought to extend his dominion over Scotland for quite a long time. Him supporting John Balliol was but an attempt to turn Scotland into a vassal state that would help him wage a war with France. Not very surprisingly, King Edward was outraged when John, who by that time had won in the Great Cause and was himself a king, allowed the leading men of his kingdom to make a quick alliance with France and abandon any ***allegiance***[4] to King Edward whatsoever. An inevitable English invasion was soon to follow.

As Scotland was losing one major battle after another, many Scottish nobles across the country were forced to swear ***fealty***[5] to Edward I. But for any such noble, an uprising would start elsewhere, and each such uprising would have its own leader to emerge. One of such leaders was a Scottish knight, sir William Wallace.

Wallace had risen to prominence first when he led an attack on an English garrison in a small town of Lanark. Together with his men he managed to kill a sheriff who'd enforce English law, and escape with a woman, who, as contemporary sources seem to imply, was his wife and who's helped him to stage an attack. This was a very daring strike against English authority and soon enough many rebels across the country have sought Wallace and rallied under his banners. William has even managed to gain the blessing of Scottish church, thus, by medieval standards, gaining ***some degree***[6] of relative legitimacy.

His most famous battle though was the one of the Stirling Bridge. Extremely outnumbered, under the leadership of Wallace the Scottish army has managed to hold and eventually route an elite cadre of English troops. The battle commenced on a small wooden bridge over the river Forth, which could let only three men or two horses cross it shoulder to shoulder. As English army was busy crossing, Wallace waited in ambush behind the hill overseeing the bridge. When there was no more room for a crossing army to retreat, but it was still not quite ready for a fight, Wallace and his men ***hailed***[7] upon unsuspecting invaders and massacred them. The bulk of English army that was still waiting to cross the bridge, seeing the events unfolding at the other side, decided to destroy the bridge and retreat. Subsequently it was scattered and many supply wagons were captured by Scottish army. What was thought to be a victory march for English turned into a humiliating defeat that left a large ***swath***[8] of territory in the hands of Scottish and encouraged the rebels to fight for many more years.

William Wallace was captured by English knights on August 5, 1305. He was tried by English court, found guilty of high treason and sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered. But the First War of Scottish Independence was still fought by many other Scottish patriots throughout the land, and formally ended in 1328 with a treaty that confirmed Scottish independence, almost 25 years after his death.

21. The Bayeux Tapestry

The Bayeux Tapestry (also known in France as a Tapestry of Queen Matilda) is a unique medieval artifact that dates back to the 11th century. Nearly 70 metres of ***embroidered***[1] cloth expand on the events that led up to the Norman conquest of England, culminating with the fateful Battle of Hastings.

Technically not a tapestry (as tapestries are woven, not embroidered), this exquisite piece of cloth shows about 70 historical scenes and is narrated with Latin ***tituli***[2]. It's origins and the history of creation are still hotly debated in scholarly circles, but the two main theories give the credit either to the Queen Matilda of

Flanders who was a wife of William the Conqueror, or to a bishop Odo of Bayeux, who was William's half-brother and eventually became a regent of England in his absence.

The tapestry is made largely of ***plain weave***[3] linen and embroidered with wool yarn. The woolen crewelwork4 is made in various shades of brown, blue and green, mainly terracotta, russet, and olive green. Later restorations have also added some brighter colours, such as orange and light yellow. Attempts at restoration of both the beginning and the end of the tapestry were made at some points, adding some missing tituli and numerals, although an ongoing debate disputes the validity of these restorations.

The events unfolding on a tapestry took place in the years 1064 to 1066. Anglo-Saxon earl Harold Godwinson is depicted receiving the English crown from Edward the Confessor, a deathly ill English monarch. An invading Norman force is then shown, which soon engages Saxon forces in a bloody battle. Ultimately king Harold is slain, and English forces flee the battlefield. The last part of the tapestry was supposedly lost and a newer piece was added in its place roughly in 1810.

The tapestry allows for an unique ***insight***[4] into the mind of a medieval craftsman, and, as it was commissioned by victorious Normans, gives us a chance to see how the medieval history was ***customarily***[5] chronicled by the winning side.

Since 1945 the Tapestry rests in Bayeux Museum, although as recently as 2018 the plans were put in motion to move it to an ***exhibit***[6] of the British Museum in London before the end of 2022. If everything proceeds as planned, it will be the first time the Tapestry has left France in over 950 years.

22. History of the Internet

From its very beginnings the Internet became a crucial part of each and any infrastructure. Similar to the discoveries of electricity, microorganisms or elementary particles, the creation of the Internet has turned a new page in the history of humanity.

The history of the Internet has begun in the middle of the 20th century as a result of rapid development of computer science. Computers of that age were still relatively underperforming and needed constant maintenance. Some kind of an effective and automated method of time-sharing between users needed to be devised and implemented for them to work reliably.

The first idea that had emerged from that necessity was a concept of multi-tasking. Nowadays we don't pay much attention to the fact that our computers perform many tasks at once, and that with our computers we can, for example, work and listen to music at the same time. But in the 1950s this idea turned out to be revolutionary.

The second idea would be a proposition to merge multiple computers into a single network. Each ***participant***[1] of such a network would be able to exchange data with the others. But the exact mechanism of implementation was still largely a mystery. Roughly for ten years the scientists were developing and discarding all kinds of ideas, one after another, preserving those that could be at least somewhat handy bit by bit. This is how the prototypes of packet exchange protocols (as well as the concept of a data packet itself) came to be.

In 1969 a duo of American engineers, Robert Taylor and Lawrence Roberts, have made a presentation to the U. S. Department of Defence with a project ***dubbed***[2] ARPANET (which stands for Advanced Research Projects Agency Network) founded on the previous research. Even more advanced networks have started to develop based on this one, including what would be later known as 'networks of

networks'. These researches have culminated with the ***emergence***[3] of two main network protocols (TCP and IP), which are still used as of today with some modifications.
A modern solution that eventually replaced ARPANET was called NSFNET, which was the National Science Foundation Network. This particular network has adopted the TCP/IP protocol as its main one, and also helped the emergence of the Domain Name System (DNS). And thus when the 1990s have arrived, the Internet architecture as we know it was largely in place.
One should make a distinction between terms 'the Internet' and 'the World Wide Web'. The first one relates to the network architecture ***in itself***[4]. The second one is more of a modern development and constitutes an interface that allows the access to a network for a user. It emerged in 1990 courtesy of CERN scientists, Tim Berners-Lee in particular. He was the inventor of terms such as HTTP, HTML, and also of a web browser.
In 2020 nearly 4,5 billion people are using the Internet both for work and communication. The Internet is a cornerstone of all modern banking, of the vital infrastructure automated systems, and also of many computer science branches. This promising technology still continues its development nowadays, and for now we can't even ***fathom***[5] what new discoveries this further development can bring.

23. Thus Spoke Zarathustra

'Thus Spoke Zarathustra: A Book for All and None' is a famous and somewhat controversial novel finalized by German philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche in 1885. Nietzsche has considered this book his most important work. It greatly expands on the main ideas that he has presented in his previous works, and remains a hot topic for debates in scholarly circles up to this day.
The book was written in German, and made heavy use of various forms of wordplay. The translations were thus sometimes ***impeded***[1] by a lack of corresponding wordplays or terms in other languages. Even taken at face value, the book was made ***explicitly***[2] in a way that ***defies***[3] any attempts to read it straightforwardly. Nietzsche himself, rather ***tongue-in-cheek***[4], has written thus in a preface to his next book, ***Ecce Homo:*** 'With ***Thus Spoke Zarathustra*** I have given mankind the greatest present that has ever been made to it so far. This book, with a voice bridging centuries, is not only the highest book there is, the book that is truly characterized by the air of the heights — the whole fact of man lies ***beneath*** it at a tremendous distance — it is also the ***deepest***, born out of the innermost wealth of truth, an inexhaustible well to which no pail descends without coming up again filled with gold and goodness', perhaps hinting at the fact that none of his ***contemporaries***[5] had even begun to move in the right direction regarding that book.
The plot of the book is fairly simple. Zarathustra, a wandering philosopher, travels around the world and comments on various people and places he sees. Zarathustra is an evaluator (or rather, transvaluator) of all ideas, and strives to question a broad variety of topics regarding human culture and daily lives.
Three major themes can be followed through the book: the eternal recurrence of everything that is; the possible appearance of 'super-humanity'; the concept of 'will to power' as the cornerstone of human psyche and behaviour.
The idea of 'eternal return' (or recurrence) is the idea that each event and occurrence that happens, repeats itself eternally in cycles. Rather than postulating this, Nietzsche actually ponders if it's true. Although it's

a very popular idea that seemingly stems logically from the laws of infinite Universe as we know it, it still hasn't been proven nor disproven, so Nietzsche marks it as 'the most burdensome' of his thoughts.
The concept of a 'super-human' (or, rather, of a 'beyond-human', ***Übermensch***) is one of the goals that Nietzsche suggests to humanity through teachings of Zarathustra. The ***Übermensch*** is an objectively better type of a human that is destined to ***transcend***[6] the regular humans. This idea was interpreted in wildly different ways, sometimes outright xenophobic. But at its core it suggests only transcendence of some stale norms of morality and building a better future on Earth instead of turning to all things spiritual.
An antithesis of an ***Übermensch*** is called a 'last man', a nihilistic, egalitarian and decadent human being, 'too apathetic to dream'. Nietzsche also suggests that this is another of the possible outcomes of humanity development.
The third idea, which is a 'will to power' is never precisely defined in any of Nietzche's work. This also has brought many speculations and controversy into his works, as well as into the works of his researchers. He did mention though that it's a driving characteristic of all life, and it's related to overcoming ***perils***[7] and obstacles, including the obstacles within oneself. He also made a notion that human cruelty (in whatever form) may be related to this driving force.
Initially Nietzsche has planned this book to have six parts. During his life he's managed to write only four, and the fourth was largely written as a rough draft. Debates around the book are still going strong today, and while Nietzsche himself has argued that the book is finished, and opposed vehemently to any attempts to add or remove something from it, the key to the ultimate understanding of his ideas is yet to be found.

24. Baby K

The development of a human embryo can go ***awry***[1] in many different ways. One of the most common types of birth defects that afflict yet unborn children are referred to as neural tube defects (NTDs). A premise for the development of NTDs lies in an incomplete closure of a neural tube, a ***precursor***[2] to the human central nervous system that forms from an embryo's nervous ***tissue***[3] over the course of a normal development. As a result, an opening remains in the developing spine or ***cranium***[4] of the fetus, which, depending on its severity, can fully disrupt the growth of the nervous system. Neural tube defects affect either the development of the brain, or spine, or both. Most of the conditions that stem from NTDs are usually untreatable, leave the person largely disabled, and have an extremely high mortality rate.
Anencephaly is a NTD that in broadest terms means the complete absence of the ***cerebrum***[5], the largest part of the brain responsible for senses and cognition. The causes of the condition are still unclear, but it is speculated that it can be triggered by a folic acid deficiency and certain types of diabetes in pregnant women. Abortion is strongly encouraged when anencephaly is detected via ultrasound. Anencephalic children are usually either ***stillborn***[6], or die from cardiorespiratory arrest mere hours or a few days after the birth.
Nevertheless, there were some cases of anencephaly that truly stood out from the rest. One of such cases was of Stephanie Keene (name was probably changed due to privacy concerns) dubbed as Baby K.
Stephanie was diagnosed with anencephaly long before her birth. Her mother has chosen to keep the child due to her belief as a Christian that all life should be protected.
The doctors and the nurses both strongly advocated for a ***DNR order***[7] for the baby, but the mother refused yet again. Over the course of six months after the birth Stephanie has travelled from hospital to a hospital and was kept under a ventilator all this time. Eventually a hospital has filed a lawsuit against Stephanie's

mother, aiming to appoint a legal guardian in her place, and trying to receive a legal confirmation that the hospital couldn't be held responsible for Stephanie's health and would ***opt out***[8] of any services to her save for palliative caregiving.

And, in a very controversial ruling, the hospital has lost that case. The court has ruled that Stephanie is to be put under a mechanical ventilator and be given other care if any sort of other medical emergency would have arisen. The court has also made a notion that they ruled according to existing laws, without any regard to the rather unusual condition that Stephanie had.

Thus Baby K has lived 2 years and 174 days. Her heart had stopped on April 5, 1995. Keeping her heart beating had cost over 500,000$, a sum, as some would argue, that could've been spent on research aimed to prevent NTDs or, possibly, treatment of other newborn children.

25. A Beautiful Mind

Game theory can be explained broadly as a study of behaviour of rational beings in cooperative and non-cooperative decision making. It's a relatively new field of science that emerged in the second half of the 20th century. Globalization of economics, advent of nuclear weaponry and ***emergence***[1] of computers were all major milestones in the history of humanity, and each ***subsequently***[2] dictated the need to formalize at least the most common trade and war strategies.

A game is usually defined as a process involving two or more ***actors***[3], each of them having something to gain or lose through their actions after the game is finished (or 'solved'). Thus, the definition applies to most of the regular games (like, for example, poker), but can be broadened as necessary to cover multitudes of other situations, both real and hypothetical. The action is presumed to be taken by a 'rational agent' - that is, an actor that acts consistently and always chooses an action that is the most optimal in terms of loss/gain ratio according to his current position. A game can be cooperative or non-cooperative, allowing or disallowing willing alliances between the participants respectively.

The study of cooperative games usually focuses on why and how the coalitions form, and what actions the members of any coalition would take at any given time. The study of non-cooperative games instead focuses on individual players and on finding a solution called Nash ***equilibrium***[4].

Nash equilibrium is a state of a game in which no player, knowing the strategies of other players, can change his own strategy to better his own odds while the other strategies are unchanged. Essentially, this means that all of the players have found the best possible (or 'optimal') outcome of the game for themselves, given the current rules and circumstances. Mathematician John Forbes Nash, who was an author of the concept, proved that this equilibrium is possible to find for any finite game.

One of the most famous examples of finding Nash equilibrium is a thought experiment called Prisoner's dilemma. Suppose there are two prisoners ***interrogated***[5] in two different prison cells. They have no way to communicate with each other, but each of them knows that the other is also interrogated. Each prisoner is sentenced to one year in prison. Each prisoner is then offered a deal: if he ***testifies***[6] against the other, he is set free, while the other gets a harsher, 3-year penalty. However, if both prisoners testify against each other, both of them will get a harder sentence, and both will serve 2 years in prison. Each prisoner can choose either to testify or to remain silent. What is the optimal course of action for each prisoner?

According to game theory, a rational actor would choose to leave prison, ***condemning***[7] the other prisoner. Thus Nash equilibrium in this situation (and the most optimal outcome) would be reached if both prisoners tried to betray each other and subsequently each served 2 years.

Knowledge that in any situation with something to gain or lose there is indeed an optimal course of action with maximized profits for any and all participants has very wide ***implications***[8]. Finding it might be hard, but the willingness to do that, perhaps, can make us able to stop the wars and other major threats to our society.

For his works in game theory, John Nash was awarded a Nobel Prize in Economic Sciences back in 1994, 45 years after actually writing them down. As of 2020, Nash is the only person ever to be awarded both this prize and the Abel Prize in mathematics, which he was awarded in 2015.

3 семестр

1. Londinium: Ancient Roman Outpost That Became Powerful City Of London

The Romans established Londinium on the current site of the City of London around 43 AD.

The first *definite mention* of the city refers to the year 60 AD and occurs in the writings of the Roman historian and senator, Tacitus, who wrote of a celebrated center of commerce filled with traders.

By the reign of Hadrian, Britannia was a fully developed province of the Roman Empire. One of the Roman outposts was Londinium, which eventually transformed into one of the world's most famous modern cities - London.

At the beginning, Londinium was just a small military outpost occupying rather small area of 1.4 km^2 (0.5 sq mi), but the city grew rapidly. By the turn of the century, Londinium had grown to about 60,000 people,

Its access to the River Thames and the North Sea, contributed also to the city's importance and turned it to a thriving and influential provincial capital and major port.

Londinium was not only the center of commerce but also the seat of government. By the 2nd century AD., Londinium was a large Roman city, with tens of thousands of inhabitants. Richer and noble people's homes had wall paintings and mosaic floors; many lived in villas, palaces.

They had to their disposal temples, large forum and baths. Ordinary people lived in small houses with front doors and workshops behind. Soldiers lived in the fort, outside the main part of the town.

The city was equipped with massive defenses: several forts were built along with the immense London Wall, remains of which are still recognizable in the city. The Romans also built heavy defenses for the city, constructing several forts and the massive London Wall, approximately 14.5 feet thick and at least 20 feet high.

Parts of this construction are still visible across the city today. Londinium's well-built roads linked it with several other, smaller cities and continued all the way to the borders of Britannia. The countryside's landscape dotted with well-developed farms, surrounded Londinium.

Around 350, a series of 22 solid, semi-circular towers were additionally constructed and these functioned as bases for *ballistae,* (an ancient form of large crossbow used to propel a spear). During the Roman times, several similar town and city walls were constructed by the Romans in England and Wales and their remains survived until now.
Londinium had been a Roman foundation and for almost four centuries it had its importance; later, the great city began to wither and trade, which was so important for the city, broke down.

According to many researchers, Londinium had always been much more Roman than British and in the 5th century, still many rich Roman families lived in Londinium. Archaeological excavations revealed their remains in form of large hidden hoards of Roman coins and diverse household remains.
The Romans had been troubled by serious barbarian raids since around 360 AD. The Irish, Scottish and Saxons from Germany all came to plunder the wealth of Roman Britain. The Roman legions began to withdraw from Britain in 383 AD to secure the Empire's borders in other places of Europe.
In 410 AD, Emperor Homorius finally had refused to send support to the British Romans and all Roman troops had been withdrawn, leaving the cities of Britain and the remaining Romano-British for themselves.
The Roman Empire’s conquest of Britain finally ended and a new period of time known as the Dark Ages began

2. St Patrick – Bishop of the Irish

St Patrick is the Patron Saint of Ireland and is credited with having established Christianity in the country more than 1500 years ago.

His story is partly fact, partly legend and partly and merging of the two. In popular imagination, he is remembered for supposedly ridding the country of snakes. He is said to have explained the concept of the Holy Trinity by likening it to a shamrock, and in the process turning a small clover into a symbol for Ireland.

He is said to have debated with Celtic druids and talked with mythical Celtic figures in stories, which are highly entertaining if not reliable.

What is certain is that he orchestrated the seismic shift that saw Ireland abandon the pagan religions that had dominated the country for centuries, and adopt the Christian religion that would dominate it for centuries to come.

A well-known fact from his biography is that the Roman church in Britain appointed him Bishop of the Irish, and sent him to nurture and expand Ireland’s growing Christian community.

Patrick says virtually nothing about his achievements in Ireland and his humility means it is difficult to establish when he arrived, what he did and where he visited.

However, most scholars believe he arrived back in Ireland in 432 and spent most of his time working in the north. He established the diocese of Armagh which was to be a major seat of Christianity for centuries to come.

He also preached tirelessly across the region and was particularly prominent in Templepatrick, Saul, Downpatrick, Lough Derg and Croagh Patrick – all of which became closely associated with him and in some cases took his name.

Christianity survived and thrived thanks to the work of St Patrick but the church structure he established did not. He had tried to set up a diocesan structure based on parishes. This worked well in Europe but not in Ireland because there were no towns on which to base it.

After St Patrick's death, the church took a different turn with monasteries being the main centres rather than parishes and dioceses. This became the norm in Ireland for several centuries.

St Patrick gave Christianity a firm foundation in Ireland that survives to this day. In the process he became national icon whose name is synonymous with Ireland. St Patrick's Day is celebrated all across the world, and although those celebrations have little to do with religion, they still show how important a figure St Patrick is to Ireland.

3.Margaret Thatcher – a prominent figure of her time

Margaret Thatcher (Margaret Robins) was born in 1925. Her father had a grocer's shop but he was also very interested in local politics. Margaret was a good student and won a scholarship to Oxford to study chemistry. Then she worked as a research chemist until she met and married Denis Thatcher, a successful businessman.

Then she decided to study law. She was already involved in politics and gave up law when she was elected to the Parliament in 1959. From 1970 to 1974 she was Secretary of State for Education. In 1975 she became leader of the Conservative Party which was the Opposition. In 1979 she beat the Labour Party and took office as Prime Minister, Britain's first woman Prime Minister.

Thatcher privatized publicly-owned industries and made cuts in state education, hospitals and welfare benefits. In early 1980's, Britain was facing unemployment, inflation, problems of Northern Ireland. In 1982, Britain became involved in an undeclared war against Argentina in the Falkland Islands.

After the victory in the Falklands, she had an image of a strong, authoritative leader. In the 1983 election campaign, she won with a large majority of votes. In 1987 she won her third term as Prime Minister defeating the Labour Party which suffered from loss of votes due to the newly formed alliance with Liberal.

On November 22,1990, Mrs. Thatcher resigned. The "Iron Lady" who believed it was her destiny to reshape the British nation shed tears as she made the historic announcement. Three men were candidates for the post of Prime Minister. John Major was to win.

4.The Changing Tendencies of the Monarchy

The monarchy has not always been popular in Britain. For many years there were growing republican sentiments. During the rein of Elizabeth II the royal family has undergone considerable changes. The public has become much more informed about the lives of the royal family due to in-depth press coverage. Two of the Queen's sons, Prince Charles and Prince Andrew, separated from their wives. These separations were surrounded by accusations of infidelity and along with the subsequent death of princess Diana damaged the reputation of the royal family. But the Queen seems to have succeeded in making up for all these bad moments. In 1992 the Queen and Prince Charles decided to pay taxes on their personal income, the first time the monarchy has done so. The Queen has always been a roving ambassador for Britain, and if we calculate the increase in trade after a royal visit abroad, the nation probably makes a profit from her activities, and that does not take into account the income from tourism in Britain generated by the monarchy and great state events such as royal weddings. In the spring of 1997, Her Majesty Elizabeth II launched the first official royal Web site, with 150 pages of history, information and trivia. There is a 'visitor's page' where both fans and critics of the Crown can voice their opinions about the Web site , comment on matters such as Prince Charles's relationship with Camilla Parker Bowles, and express their grief over Diana's tragic death. The site includes colour pictures of royal residences, historical tidbits, and even details about royal finances. Buckingham Palace claim

5.Scottish Culture and Traditions

What is it that makes the Scots Scottish? And if you think of Scotland or its inhabitants what is the first thing that springs to mind? The history and the clans perhaps? The beautiful landscape? The castles? The bagpipes? The Highland Games? Or is it whisky? Fact is that you are likely to find some unique features in Scotland and its people that you won't find easily, and originally, anywhere else in the world. For most outsiders Scotland is about clans, battles, kilts, tartan etc. It must be said though that this image is up to a certain point valid for the Highland-Gaelic area but doesn't include the lowlands of Scotland although most people, and specially the tourist agents, want us to belief that. But let's start with the typical images some of us have and deal with the other things that make the Scots Scottish later.

Many years ago the ruggedness of the land led to the separation of the Highlanders into small groups called clans. Each clan was ruled by a chief, and the members of a clan claimed descent from a common ancestor. The traditional garment of the Highland clansmen is the kilt (belted plaid), which is suitable for climbing the rough hills. Each clan had its own colourful pattern for weaving cloth and these patterns are called a tartan. Nowadays the kilt is no longer a historic dress but a national costume, proudly worn for special occasions such as weddings etc. I have heard that there are currently over 4,500 different tartans and you can even have your own tartan if you like. Visit one of the many Woollen Mills you'll find all over Scotland for some tartan related products. The most renowned one is probably the Edinburgh Woollen Mill at the beginning of the Royal Mile.

The clans aren't something from the past, they are still here today. Currently there are more than 500 active clans registered all over the world and they all play an important role in maintaining and celebrating the Scottish traditions. There are annually more than 100 gatherings of the clans, which draw many visitors to the Highlands.

At the last census of 2011 there were almost 60,000 Gaelic speakers in Scotland, mostly confined to the Gaelic Heartland, the Outer Hebrides, and the other Hebridean Islands and the north-west coast. Although the language is in decline, there are many efforts to keep the Gaelic language and culture alive. Many schools in the west of Scotland either have a Gaelic unit or teach Gaelic as a second language. The Royal National Mòd is a celebration of the Gaelic language and culture and is held annually in the west and north of Scotland.

6. What is British Humour?

In popular culture, British humour is a somewhat general term applied to certain types of comedy and comedic acts from the United Kingdom. Many UK comedy TV shows typical of British humour have become popular all round the world, and, for good or bad, have been a strong avenue for the export and representation of British culture to an international audience, but like many things the "typical" British sense of humour doesn't really exist.

There are many different kinds of humour, and often culture and tradition plays a big part in how funny you may find something, or not. There are numerous British comedy films, in the past we produced the notable Ealing comedies like The Lavender Hill Mob and The Man in the White Suit, the 1950s work of the Boulting

Brothers; Private's Progress, Lucky Jim, and I'm All Right Jack, innumerable popular comedy series including the St Trinian's films, the "Doctor" series, and the long-running Carry On films. Some of the best known British film comedy stars were Will Hay, George Formby, Norman Wisdom, Peter Sellers and the Monty Python team. Other actors associated with British comedy films included Ian Carmichael, Terry-Thomas, Margaret Rutherford, Irene Handl and Leslie Phillips.

More recent successful films include the working class comedies, Brassed Off, The Full Monty, the more middle class Richard Curtis-scripted films Four Weddings and a Funeral, and Notting Hill and youth-oriented, pop-culture films like Shaun of the Dead and Hot Fuzz.

7. Queen Elizabeth II

Elizabeth Alexandra Mary, this is the full name of the Queen, became queen at the age of 26 when her father, King George VI, died while on an official tour of Kenia in 1952.

Quite a number of Brits consider having to play the role of the queen to be a very difficult job which prevents you from having a normal lifestyle. By the way, the majority of people in Britain think the Queen is doing her job of representing Britain around the world excellently and very professionally. In her country she does charity work and participates in various events of symbolic importance.

As a princess, Elizabeth II tried to lead as «normal» life as possible in her situation. She was allowed to play with other girls and she never showed she was superior to them. She even bought shoes for one of her girlfriends who was very poor. Princess Elizabeth enjoyed acting, too. With her younger sister Margaret and the children of members of the staff of the Royal Household she staged pantomime at Windsor at Christmas.

During the Second World War she joined the Armed Forces, the first female monarch to do so, and helped drive and repair military trucks. Just imagine: the Queen driving or repairing a military truck!

Elizabeth II was lucky to have found a man whom she truly loved and worshiped, for her he was the one. His name was Philip Mountbatten, now Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh. They say in his youth he was rather a reckless man – he used to drive his car too fast and Elizabeth even got in a car accident with him once. His clothes weren't very tidy and Liz's family complained that he didn't have polished shoes and an elegant suit and behaved himself in an unduly familiar manner, sometimes he was just rude. But he also was a handsome young man and Elizabeth loved him anyway, she loved him as he was. Her parents were not too happy to have Philip as a son-in-law, but they didn't want their daughter to be unhappy, so the marriage took place in 1947, when the would-be queen was twenty-one.
Always keeping a brave face throughout the trials and tribulations of her reign, Elizabeth II is a role model for British public figures and commoners alike.

8. Queen Victoria

Victoria (24 May 1819 – 22 January 1901) was the Queen regnant of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland from 20 June 1837, and the first Empress of India of the British Raj from 1 May 1876, until her death. Her reign as the Queen lasted 63 years and 7 months, longer than that of any other British monarch before or since, and her reign is the longest of any female monarch in history.
The time of her reign is known as the Victorian era, a period of industrial, cultural, political, scientific, and military progress within the United Kingdom. Victoria's reign was marked by a great expansion of the British Empire. During this period, it reached its zenith and became the foremost global power of the time. She arranged marriages for her 9 children and 42 grandchildren across the continent, tying Europe together and earning her the nickname "the grandmother of Europe". She was the last British monarch of the House of Hanover.
Victoria was born in Kensington Palace in 1819. At the time of her birth, her grandfather, George III, was on the throne, but his three eldest sons, had no surviving legitimate children. Victoria later described her childhood as "rather melancholy". Victoria's mother was extremely protective of the princess, who was raised in near isolation under the elaborate set of rules and protocols.
On 24 May 1837 Victoria turned 18, and in June she became Queen of the United Kingdom.
Princess Victoria first met her future husband, her first cousin Prince Albert when she was just seventeen in 1836. Some authors have written that she initially found Albert to be rather dull. However according to her diary, she enjoyed his company from the beginning. They were married on 10 February 1840, in the Chapel Royal of St. James's Palace, London. Albert became not only the Queen's companion, but an important political advisor. They had nine children and the marriage was rather successful. The Prince Consort died of typhoid fever on 14 December 1861, due to the primitive sanitary conditions at Windsor Castle. His death devastated Victoria, who was still affected by the death of her mother in March of that year.She entered a state of mourning and wore black for the remainder of her life. She avoided public appearances, and rarely set foot in London in the following years. Her seclusion earned her the name "Widow of Windsor."
Queen Victoria's reign marked the gradual establishment of a modern constitutional monarchy. A series of legal reforms saw the House of Commons' power increase, at the expense of the House of Lords and the monarchy, with the monarch's role becoming gradually more symbolic. Victoria's reign created for Britain the concept of the "family monarchy" with which the burgeoning middle classes could identify.

9.The European Union

The European Union or the EU is an intergovernmental and supranational union of 25 European countries, known as member states. The European Union was established under that name in 1992 by the Treaty on European Union, the Maastricht Treaty. However, many aspects of the Union existed before that date through a series of predecessor relationships, dating back to 1951.

The European Union"s activities cover all areas of public policy, from health and economic policy to foreign affairs and defence.«However, the extent of its powers differs greatly between areas. Depending on the area, the EU may therefore resemble a federation, for example, on monetary affairs, agricultural, trade and environmental policy or a confederation, for example, on social and economic policy, consumer protection, home affairs, or even an international organization, for example, in foreign affairs.

A key activity of the EU is the establishment and administration of a common single market, consisting of a customs union, a single currency adopted by 12 of the 25 member states, a Common Agricultural Policy, a common trade policy, and a Common Fisheries Policy.

The most important EU institutions are the Council of the European Union, the European Commission, the European Parliament and the European Court of Justice.

As to the enlargement of the EU there were five successive enlargements, with the largest occurring on May 1, 2004, when 10 new member states joined.

Notwithstanding Greenland does not enter the EU because it was granted home rule by Denmark in 1979 and left the European Community in 1985, following a referendum.

Romania and Bulgaria joined the EU on 1 January 2007, so European Union has 27 member states but if Croatia enter the EU by the year 2008 it will have 28 member-states. In time the European Union may grow to 30 member states. The process of enlargement is sometimes referred to as European integration.

In order to join the European Union, a state needs to fulfill the economic and political conditions generally known as the Copenhagen criteria, after the Copenhagen summit in June 1993. Also, according to the EU Treaty, each current member state and the European Parliament have to agree.

The European Union has 25 member states, an area of 3, 892, 685 km2 and approximately 460 million EU citizens as of December 2004. If it were a country, it would be the seventh largest in the world by area and the third largest by population after China and India.

The European Union has land borders with 20 nations and sea borders with 31.

10.The History of the UN

The term «United Nations» was coined by Franklin D. Roosevelt during World War II, to refer to the Allies. Its first formal use was in the January 1, 1942 Declaration by the United Nations, which committed the Allies to the principles of the Atlantic Charter and pledged them not to seek a separate peace with the Axis powers. Thereafter, the Allies used the term «United Nations Fighting Forces » to refer to their alliance.

The idea for the United Nations was elaborated in declarations signed at the wartime Allied conferences in Moscow, Cairo, and Tehran in 1943. From August to October 1944, representatives of France, the Republic of China, the United Kingdom, the United States, and the USSR met to elaborate the plans in

Washington, D.C. Those and later talks produced proposals outlining the purposes of the organization, its membership and organs, as well as arrangements to maintain international peace and security and international economic and social cooperation. These proposals were discussed and debated by governments and private citizens worldwide.

On April 25, 1945, the United Nations Conference on International Organizations began in San Francisco. In addition to the Governments, a number-of non-government organizations were invited to assist in the drafting of the charter. The 50 nations represented at the conference signed the Charter of the United Nations two months later on June 26. Poland, which was not represented at the conference, but for which a place among the original signatories had been reserved, added its name later, bringing the total of original signatories to 51. The UN came into existence on October 24, 1945, after the Charter had been ratified by the five permanent members of the Security Council — Republic of China, France, the Soviet Union, the United Kingdom, and the United States — and by a majority of the other 46 signatories.

The United Nations headquarters building was constructed in New York City in 1949 and 1950 beside the East River on land purchased by an 8.5 million dollar donation from John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and designed by architect Oscar Niemeyer. UN headquarters officially opened on January 9, 1951. While the principal headquarters of the UN are in New York, there are major agencies located in Geneva, The Hague, Vienna, Montreal, Bonn.

UN membership is open to all peace-loving states that accept the obligations of the UN Charter and, in the judgement of the organization, are able and willing to fulfill these obligations.

11.The earliest public library in England

The earliest public library in England was established at the London Guildhall in 1425.

In the early years of the 17th century, many famous collegiate and town libraries were founded throughout the country. Francis Trigge Chained Library of St. Wulfram's Church, Grantham, Lincolnshire was founded in 1598 by the rector of nearby Welbourne. Norwich City library was established in 1608 (six years after Thomas Bodley founded the Bodleian Library, which was open to the "whole republic of the learned"[citation needed] and 145 years before the foundation of the British Museum),[citation needed] and Chetham's Library in Manchester, which claims to be the oldest public library in the English-speaking world, opened in 1653. Other early town libraries of the UK include those of Ipswich (1612), Bristol (founded in 1613 and opened in 1615), and Leicester (1632). Shrewsbury School also opened its library to townsfolk.

In Bristol, an early library that allowed access to the public was that of the Kalendars or Kalendaries, a brotherhood of clergy and laity who were attached to the Church of All-Hallowen or All Saints. Records show that in 1464, provision was made for a library to be erected in the house of the Kalendars, and reference is made to a deed of that date by which it was "appointed that all who wish to enter for the sake of instruction shall have 'free access and recess' at certain times".

Early 18th century

At the turn of the 18th century, libraries were becoming increasingly public and were more frequently lending libraries. The 18th century saw the switch from closed parochial libraries to lending libraries. Before this time, public libraries were parochial in nature and libraries frequently chained their books to desks. Libraries also were not uniformly open to the public. In 1790, The Public Library Act would not be passed for another sixty-seven years. Even though the British Museum existed at this time and contained

over 50,000 books, the national library was not open to the public, or even to a majority of the population. Access to the Museum depended on passes, of which there was sometimes a waiting period of three to four weeks. Moreover, the library was not open to browsing. Once a pass to the library had been issued, the reader was taken on a tour of the library. Many readers complained that the tour was much too short. At the turn of the century, there were virtually no public libraries in the sense in which we now understand the term i.e. libraries provided from public funds and freely accessible to all. Only one important library in Great Britain, namely Chetham's Library in Manchester, was fully and freely accessible to the public. However, there had come into being a whole network of library provision on a private or institutional basis. Subscription libraries, both private and commercial, provided the middle and middle to upper class with a variety of books for moderate fees.

The increase in secular literature at this time encouraged the spread of lending libraries, especially the commercial subscription libraries. Commercial subscription libraries began when booksellers began renting out extra copies of books in the mid-18th century. Steven Fischer estimates that in 1790, there were 'about six hundred rental and lending libraries, with a clientele of some fifty thousand. The mid to late 18th century saw a virtual epidemic of feminine reading as novels became more and more popular. Novels, while frowned upon in society, were extremely popular. In England there were many who lamented at the 'villanous profane and obscene books' and the opposition to the circulating library, on moral grounds, persisted well into the 19th century. Still, many establishments must have circulated many times the number of novels as of any other genre. In 1797, Thomas Wilson wrote in The Use of Circulating Libraries: "Consider, that for a successful circulating library, the collection must contain 70% fiction". However, the overall percentage of novels mainly depended on the proprietor of the circulating library. While some circulating libraries were almost completely novels, others had less than 10% of their overall collection in the form of novels.

12.Private subscription libraries

Private subscription libraries functioned in much the same manner as commercial subscription libraries, though they varied in many important ways. One of the most popular versions of the private subscription library was a gentleman's only library. The gentlemen's subscription libraries, sometimes known as proprietary libraries, were nearly all organized on a common pattern. Membership was restricted to the proprietors or shareholders, and ranged from a dozen or two to between four and five hundred. The entrance fee, i.e. the purchase price of a share, was in early days usually a guinea, but rose sharply as the century advanced, often reaching four or five guineas during the French wars; the annual subscription, during the same period, rose from about six shillings to ten shillings or more. The book-stock was, by modern standards, small (Liverpool, with over 8,000 volumes in 1801, seems to have been the largest), and was accommodated, at the outset, in makeshift premises–-very often over a bookshop, with the bookseller acting as librarian and receiving an honorarium for his pains. The Liverpool Subscription library was a gentlemen only library. In 1798, it was renamed the Athenaeum when it was rebuilt with a newsroom and coffeehouse. It had an entrance fee of one guinea and annual subscription of five shillings. While no records survive of the commercial library lendings, we have the Bristol Library's continuous record of borrowings (in seventy-seven folio volumes) from 1773 to 1857. An analysis of the registers for

the first twelve years provides some fascinating glimpses of middle-class reading habits in a mercantile community at this period. The largest and most popular sections of the library were History, Antiquities, and Geography, with 283 titles and 6,121 borrowings, and Belles Lettres, with 238 titles and 3,313 borrowings. Far below came Theology and Ecclesiastical History, Natural History and Chemistry, Philosophy, Jurisprudence, Miscellanies, Mathematics, etc., and Medicine and Anatomy, all with fewer than 100 titles. The most popular single work was John Hawkesworth's Account of Voyages ... in the Southern Hemisphere (3 vols) which was borrowed on 201 occasions. The records also show that in 1796, membership had risen by 1/3 to 198 subscribers (of whom 5 were women) and the titles increased five-fold to 4,987. This mirrors the increase in reading interests. A patron list from the Bath Municipal Library shows that from 1793 to 1799, the library held a stable 30% of their patrons as female.

13.Constitutionalism: The Tyranny of the Majority

In this excerpt from Democracy in America Alexis Tocqueville expresses his sentiments about the United States democratic government. Tocqueville believes the government's nature exists in the absolute supremacy of the majority, meaning that those citizens of the United States who are of legal age control legislation passed by the government. However, the power of the majority can exceed its limits. Tocqueville believed that the United States was a land of equality, liberty, and political wisdom. He considered it be a land where the government only served as the voice of the its citizens. He compares the government of the US to that of European systems. To him, European governments were still constricted by aristocratic privilege, the people had no hand in the formation of their government, let alone, there every day lives. He held up the American system as a successful model of what aristocratic European systems would inevitably become, systems of democracy and social equality. Although he held the American democratic system in high regards, he did have his concerns about the systems shortcomings. Tocqueville feared that the virtues he honored, such as creativity, freedom, civic participation, and taste, would be endangered by "the tyranny of the majority." In the United States the majority rules, but whose their to rule the majority. Tocqueville believed that the majority, with its unlimited power, would unavoidably turn into a tyranny. He felt that the moral beliefs of the majority would interfere with the quality of the elected legislators. The idea was that in a great number of men there was more intelligence, than in one individual, thus lacking quality in legislation. Another disadvantage of the majority was that the interests of the majority always were preferred to that of the minority. Therefore, giving the minority no chance to voice concerns. Even though the minority was free to think differently, they were alienated because of their individuality. In conclusion, Tocqueville viewed the American democratic system as the archetype of success compared to the monarchical systems of Europe. Although, the US government proved to be a successful one, it still had its faults. Tocqueville believed that the majority would create a tyranny because there was no limit put on its power. Thus, alienating the minority.

14.Differences between Bureaucrats and Aristocrats in Government

Bureaucrats and aristocrats, the former evident in the government in the Tang dynasty (617-907) and the ladder pronoun in the government of Heian Japan. Both are different in many different aspects, such as within government, government structure, law, economy, and society.

A bureaucrat can be defined by the following: an appointed government official with certain duties and responsibilities defined by disposition in the bureaucracy. A bureaucrat is more dependent on the government than an aristocrat because official power comes from official appointment through the bureaucracy (Class Lecture, Oct. 16, 97). Bureaucracy first replaced aristocracy in the Tang dynasty, under the rule of Empress Wu (625?-706?, r.690-706) bureaucracy was expanded by furthering expansion policies and supporting the examination system. Positions in government were filled through the examination system, and people who passed were called the literati. When one held this title of literati, you were considered intelligent and were considered to have high status (TA session, Oct. 28, 97). "They were a group of smart guys with a good education." (Steve, TA session, Oct. 28, 97). This of course deprived the hereditary aristocracy of power 'they had enjoyed during the period of division, when appointments had been made by recommendation, and opened government service to a somewhat wider class of people...' (Schirokauer, p.103). For the first time, men who entered office through examination could attain the highest office, even that of Chief Minister. Examination graduates earned (earn being the operative word) prestige, and even though officials still entered government by other means such as family connections, at the same time the literati and thus the bureaucrats were gaining authority, jurisdiction, and power. And thus, one could see this shifting of supremacy from the aristocracy to the bureaucracy.

Government in the Tang dynasty was regulated by the Tang legal codes, a system of laws written by legalists which consisted of a system of rewards and severe punishments (TA session, Oct. 28, 97). These legal codes were administrative: reporting what the state could do and what the subjects could not do. This is an important point in that, this showed the subjects possessed little power, the Tang legal codes are the opposite of any laws of present day, these legal codes protected the government and not the people. Government needed the subjects only to provide for taxes (revenue), labour (grain) and military (soldiers) reasons. 'A dead subject was not as useful as a living subject.' (Steve, TA session, Oct. 28, 97) The fundamental tasks of the central government were accomplished by Six Ministries; personnel, revenue, rites, war, justice, and public works (Class Lecture, Oct. 16, 97). In addition to these ministries, there was a censorate or in other words, an Inspector General who was in charge of internal affairs, making sure there was no corruption in the government. All this thus showed the power of the bureaucratic government.

15. Lao-Tzu: The Moderation of Rule

Ruling a country effectively is executed through a variety of methods. Lao-Tzu, a follower of Taoism, expresses his belief on the most efficient way to govern. "The more prohibitions you have, the less virtuous people will be. The more weapons you have, the less secure people will be. The more subsidies you have, the less self-reliant people will be" (25). This quote from Lao-Tzu can be interpreted many different ways. The author discusses what he feels the role of a leader should be, the restrictions and the privileges that should be given to the people. There are various views on this particular passage even

among Americans. Lao-Tzu feels that taking action in order to make people feel safer and ensure their well being will actually be detrimental; although I agree with Lao-Tzu's tactics, most Americans hold differentiating views.
The more restrictions you place on a people, the less moral the people will be. Americans encounter this on a daily basis. American society was founded upon and is enraptured by rebellion. The early American colonists revolted against the English government. The more laws and restrictions the King would place on them the more they would rebel and fight. When the American people feel oppressed by any law or prohibition set forth by the government the people will challenge it in an effort to change it. America is one of the only countries where its people actually believe they can make a difference and change what they feel is not right. Other countries around the world have been too oppressed to have enough hope for the future. Protests and demonstrations occur daily in the United States. The majority of crime committed against the government or any official organization by the people is out of spite or revolt for the prohibitions that are placed upon them. Therefore, Lao-Tzu's ideal is illustrated through the actions of the early American colonists.

16. Distance Learning: Open Education

It’s on everyone’s lips and it’s here to stay. Distance learning or online education, is a well known concept but one that was not widely used until quite recently. However, advances in technology means that this method of learning is fast becoming a realistic and viable alternative to traditional education.

Origins and Evolution of Distance Learning

The origins of distance education appear to date back to the eighteenth century. In 1728 an advert published by the Boston Gazette referred to a self-instructional guide for students with the possibility of corresponding with a tutor. Some people even argue that such a mode of learning can be traced back to biblical times with a pseudonym for distance learning even being mentioned in the epistles of the apostles!

Distance education, as we know it today, did not really begin to develop until the 1980s. Despite this, it wasn’t until the early 2000’s, with the advent of and widespread use of computers, when distance learning truly began to expand.
Since then the number of schools and educational institutions that offer distance learning via online courses has exploded. Typically in these cases it is a combination of classroom education and distance learning. However, universities and schools such as the Open University, have emerged which offer distance learning exclusively.

Advantages of Distance Learning

The advantages of virtual education are numerous for both schools and for students. Among them are:

Removing geographic barriers
Flexible school hours

Reduced costs (housing, transportation and materials costs)
Developing a sense of responsibility, discipline and commitment from the student – they manage their own learning
Incorporating technology into the learning process

Of course, none of this would be possible without the evolution in educational technologies that we have experienced in recent years. It may seem strange but it was not too long ago that the idea of having a personal computer at home was inconceivable. In a short space of time we have transitioned from hand-cranked machines to extremely advanced electronic devices connected to the internet day and night.

In addition to the development of computers and mobile devices, we also have virtual learning platforms to help disseminate virtual classes in a simpler way. The expansion of all these technologies has greatly broadened access to quality education. This has lead to a democratisation of education allowing students from all over the world to engage with new ideas and concepts on their own terms.

But this is only the beginning. Education is a field thatneeds to incorporate technological advancements to fully engage modern students and help them reach their full potential. This video perfectly captures this need for change:
The internet is full of resources to facilitate the transition to "Education 2.0". Today, teachers and students have free resources such as forums to share questions, online study tools, free software for videoconferencing and storing resources in the cloud, to name but a few.

Online learning platforms, such as ExamTime, provide all the tools that a student would need to study at their own pace, organise their time and create dynamic educational resources that can be shared with others.

17. The Bayeux Tapestry

The Bayeux Tapestry (also known in France as a Tapestry of Queen Matilda) is a unique medieval artifact that dates back to the 11th century. Nearly 70 metres of ***embroidered***[1] cloth expand on the events that led up to the Norman conquest of England, culminating with the fateful Battle of Hastings.
Technically not a tapestry (as tapestries are woven, not embroidered), this exquisite piece of cloth shows about 70 historical scenes and is narrated with Latin ***tituli***[2]. It's origins and the history of creation are still hotly debated in scholarly circles, but the two main theories give the credit either to the Queen Matilda of Flanders who was a wife of William the Conqueror, or to a bishop Odo of Bayeux, who was William's half-brother and eventually became a regent of England in his absence.
The tapestry is made largely of ***plain weave***[3] linen and embroidered with wool yarn. The woolen crewelwork4 is made in various shades of brown, blue and green, mainly terracotta, russet, and olive

green. Later restorations have also added some brighter colours, such as orange and light yellow. Attempts at restoration of both the beginning and the end of the tapestry were made at some points, adding some missing tituli and numerals, although an ongoing debate disputes the validity of these restorations.

The events unfolding on a tapestry took place in the years 1064 to 1066. Anglo-Saxon earl Harold Godwinson is depicted receiving the English crown from Edward the Confessor, a deathly ill English monarch. An invading Norman force is then shown, which soon engages Saxon forces in a bloody battle. Ultimately king Harold is slain, and English forces flee the battlefield. The last part of the tapestry was supposedly lost and a newer piece was added in its place roughly in 1810.

The tapestry allows for an unique ***insight***[4] into the mind of a medieval craftsman, and, as it was commissioned by victorious Normans, gives us a chance to see how the medieval history was ***customarily***[5] chronicled by the winning side.

Since 1945 the Tapestry rests in Bayeux Museum, although as recently as 2018 the plans were put in motion to move it to an ***exhibit***[6] of the British Museum in London before the end of 2022. If everything proceeds as planned, it will be the first time the Tapestry has left France in over 950 years.

18. John Reed's biography (by Albert Rhys Williams)

Born in Portland, Oregon, on October 22, 1887, John Reed took after his father, who was a fighter by nature. After leaving school, John Reed went to Harvard, America's most famous university. Having taken his degree, John Reed entered the wide world outside the walls of the university. Soon he was in great demand as a writer of articles, stories, poems and plays, which were published in all the leading journals and magazines. As a journalist he travelled widely over the United States, and the experience he gained during these trips brought him closer to the workers. He got to know their life very well and took an active part in their struggle. In the town of Paterson, a strike of textile workers turned into a revolutionary storm — and John Reed was among the strikers. In the State of Colorado, an agricultural area of the United States, he joined the Negroes who rose against racial discrimination. When World War I broke out, John Reed travelled to the battle fronts in France, Germany, Turkey, Italy and in Russia, too, and everywhere he went, he continued fighting for justice in spite of the danger to himself.

From the battlefields of Europe he returned to the United States not with fine words about the cruelty at the front, but exposing the war as a whole, a war unleashed by the imperialists to increase their profits at the expense of the people. For the anti-war information that he spread he was brought before a New York court.

In court he said openly that it was his duty to fight for the revolution.

His speech exposing the war impressed everybody. John Reed was found not guilty.

In the summer of 1917, John Reed went to Russia, and during his stay there he realized that the victory of the Russian working class was approaching. When the fight began, John Reed was there with the revolutionary workers of Petro-grad in the Smolny, attending meetings at which Lenin spoke. Having returned to the United States in 1918, he organized the Communist Workers' Party, which later became the Communist Party of the USA. He was arrested many times for his revolutionary work. John Reed was a revolutionary long before he saw the events in the Palace Square in Petrograd, but his experiences there made him a scientific revolutionary. He studied the works of Marx, Engels and Lenin, which gave him an understanding of historical events leading to revolution. The Russian Revolution showed him the way forward, to the organization of the Communist Party in the United States, and to his work in the Communist International.

In 1920 he travelled to the Caucasus, where he took part in the Congress of the Workers of the East. There he caught typhus and died on October 17, 1920. He was buried near the Kremlin Wall with other fighters for the revolution.

19. The Civilised Side of the Vikings

At the end of the AD 700s the Scandinavian people entered in a period of great expansion. The family groups of farmers and traders who comprised a large part of the people of the area began to feel the effects of over-population. With the expansion many other factors came into play: colonisation, trade and the individual search for new kingdoms to conquer.

The great period of the Vikings lasted from the 700s to 1050. The Scandinavians held dominance over large areas of northern Europe. Their exploration, trade and settlement reached from the Black Sea to Newfoundland. In this period the Vikings were very influential in Western Europe. The Scandinavians occupied large areas of Britain where they settled as farmers and merchants. They influenced the

development of the English language, left many place names and even some surviving marks on the British social and political institutions today. They established a self-supporting community in Iceland which in later years gave posterity the long narrative poems called sagas.

In Europe the Vikings occupied large areas of Northern France and through the Norman invasion had a second impact on Britain. They traded to the Mediterranean from the west and down the great rivers of Russia to the Black Sea in the east.

In all these great movements Vikings were assisted by their development of efficient seagoing vessels. The ship was at the heart of the Viking civilisation — they were superb shipbuilders. But though ship may have represented the peak of Viking technical achievement they excelled in other ways. The Scandinavians developed an art of surface decoration expressed in wood carving, in tapestries, in jewelry and in stone carving.

The Viking contribution to European history, their cultural, aesthetical, commercial effects of their expansion were great. Tapestry, wood carvings, musical instruments, drinking horns, bronze statues, rune stones, and silver dishes convey the religious and cultural life of these remarkable people. The Vikings should be regarded not only as romanticised pirates, but as one of the important historical phenomena in the development of modern Europe.

20. The evolution of boarding schools in the UK

In the UK, boarding schools are mostly private institutions, associated with high society, but some of the first boarding schools were established to support the children of poorer families. Boarding schools first sprung up in the UK as far back as medieval times, when boys were sent to monasteries or noble households to be taught Latin and Theology in order to become religious leaders. Thus, the first boarding schools were strongly associated with Christianity.

The King's School Canterbury brands itself the oldest school in the world, with education taking place in its grounds since 597 AD, when St Augustine arrived in England on crusade and founded a monasterial school. The school was reinstituted in 1541 by Royal Charter. King's Ely is another British boarding school that classes itself amongst the oldest schools in the world, founded in 970 AD. In 1541, it was re-endowed and retitled by Henry VIIII in the course of the Dissolution of the Monasteries.

Founded in 1382, Winchester College markets itself as the English school with the longest continuous history. Established by the Bishop of Winchester and Chancellor of England, William of Wykeham, Winchester College was intended to educate boys from poor families to become clergy. Winchester College was to act as a feeder to New College, Oxford, also founded by Wykeham. The

school maintains its legacy of generosity today, offering one of the most comprehensive bursary programmes in the country. In fact, nearly 20 percent of students receive financial support, or 120 pupils.

In 1440, Henry VI founded Eton College, which followed a similar structure to Winchester College. At Eton, 70 poor boys, or 'King's Scholars', were provided with accommodation and education for free. Also for children of limited financial means, Christ's Hospital School was set in motion by the young King Edward VI in 1552, with funds raised by the City of London. The pupils were cared for and prepared for future careers, with girls admitted from the beginning. Westminster School's origins can be traced to a charity school established by the Benedictine monks of Westminster Abbey. Interestingly, Merchant Taylors and Haberdashers borrow their names from merchant guilds, as members of the Merchant Taylors' Company and Haberdashers' Company founded the respective schools.

During the Reformation, schools were separated from the Church, no longer focusing on religion. For the aristocracy, private tuition was usual before the 16th century, but after this time, collective education began to be favoured. Many boarding schools became independent schools when they began to attract fee-paying upper-class and bourgeois students, particularly by the 18th century. This period saw an expansion in boarding schools as the Industrial Revolution led to increased affluence. Noble-born boys were educated at these institutions to become future commanders, politicians and military leaders. Meanwhile, girls were generally educated in a domestic environment up until the mid-19th century, when the first girls' boarding schools opened their doors. Cheltenham Ladies' College was founded in 1853, and Roedean School in 1885. The Education Act of 1880 made education obligatory for all children between the ages of five and ten, regardless of gender.

During the colonial expansion of the British Empire, the traditional British boarding school continued to advance and grow in popularity. In reaction to Britain's developing geographic and economic position in the world, children at boarding school began to be taught modern languages, military strategy, commerce, diplomacy and governance. British colonial governors and administrators and local elite in the colonial territories sent their children to boarding schools back in the UK so they would experience a British education. Locally-run British boarding schools were also set up across the colonial empire to disseminate British values and ideals.

21. University College London

UCL is the first university to teach engineering, architecture, and language. It founded the first engineering laboratory in the world for the purpose. Its radical spirit is still strong as seen in its commitment to positive climate action. UCL students and researchers are working on complex

contemporary issues such as global health, sustainable cities, human well-being, cultural understanding, transformational technology, justice, and equality.

The network of UCL alumni has expanded to more than 350,000 members across 190 countries worldwide. More than half of their 30 Nobel laureates are non-British. UCL's extensive network brings about bright career prospects for its graduates. According to the survey in Graduate Outcomes by the Higher Education Statistics Agency (HESA) in 2019, 62% of UCL graduates found full-time work within 15 months after graduation in a wide range of sectors ranging from financial services and consultancy to health and social care and the creative arts. The median starting salary is £31,000.

UCL alumni are world-class achievers. Since 1901, UCL staff and alumni have won at least one Nobel Prize each decade in various fields from Physics, Chemistry to Physiology and Medicine.

UCL is home to twelve world-leading faculties with top-tier programmes recognised by reputable education rankings internationally. Some of the top programmes are: Psychology and Language Sciences, Education Studies and Medicine MBBS.

Applicants taking A Levels are expected to present at least three full GCE A Levels for entry to undergraduate courses. There are also International Foundation Year courses which are intensive 1.5 or 2-semester programmes designed specifically to provide you with a pathway to undergraduate degree study at the university. In the UK, all university applications (including those submitted by international students) go through the Universities and Colleges Admissions Service, more commonly known as UCAS.

As for accommodation, UCL provides around 7000 beds in 26 halls of both catered and self-catered accommodation for their first-year students. All accommodation options are single rooms due to the COVID-19 pandemic. They are either en-suite or with shared bathrooms, ranging from £156 to £300 per week. At the catered accommodations, the rent includes breakfast and evening dinner on weekdays and brunch on Saturdays and Sundays. Students can also use a small kitchen to prepare meals. For self-catered accommodations, students may use the shared kitchen facilities to cook.

UCL provides Students with multiple Activities and Clubs. There are over 300 active societies at UCL and also cultural societies that welcome anyone with an interest in their group. Career building societies are also available. Over 70 sports clubs are available at UCL; all go under the collective name of TeamUCL. Competitive participants can compete in the TeamUCL leagues for 11 aside football, six aside football, netball, and 3X3 basketball. There is no need to be a member of any club to play these sports. Serious players can also attend the Elite Athlete Programme and High-Performance Programme to train for national and international games.

22. Cultures and national stereotypes

A nation is a group of people who share common history and usually a language and usually, but not always, live in the same area. Culture can be described as our everyday life: how we communicate, what makes us happy and said. It also includes our language, religion, traditions, behavior, way of life – in other words, what we do each day. People that belong to various nations may differ and they always differ from one another.

For example, the Germans are regarded as scientifically-minded and industrious, they're always considered solid, intelligent and mathematical. And, for instance, the Israeli are believed to be mercenary, industrious, shrewd, loyal to family, religious. There is a big amount of examples we can list about national character of different people. Proving the difference of the national stereotypes I want to compare Russian and English nations. There are a lot of features that vary. The Russians are industrious, tough, brave, progressive and suspicious. They are always considered to be nationalistic, over - patriotic (because of this reason they're good soldiers), we are willing to respect opinion of other people.

Speaking about Englishmen, I may note that they're reserved, tradition-loving, courteous, honest, extremely nationalistic and etc. To my mind, they have a specific sense of humor. They say that they can't understand our jokes and anecdotes not only because of the different meanings of the words, but because of their humor is more delicate. Looking at these features of the Russians and the Englishmen it is not hard to mark out the differences. The Englishmen are reserved, but the Russians are open-hearted and communicative. The Englishmen are tradition-loving and the Russians, to my mind, don't keep their traditions in such a degree. There is a great majority of factors that influence the nations' stereotype and its people's character. People that live in the southern countries have fewer problems than those who live in the North and because of this they're more cheerful and artistic. The history also has a great influence on the national character. The peoples in Asia are revengeful because their forefathers often were at war with others. In Africa many countries were colonies of Great Britain, Holland, Spain and so on and they (Africans) were the slaves and because of this they're still hard-working and industrious.

The National Character exists. It is not a myth, it's a reality. But the National Character doesn't describe the character of every person, it describes the character of a nation in general. Every person has its own character, but according to the person's belonging to some nation many traits of character are similar and these features may be explained as the national character.

23. History of Buckingham Palace

George III bought Buckingham House in 1761 for his wife Queen Charlotte to use as a comfortable family home close to St James's Palace, where many court functions were held. Buckingham House became known as the Queen's House, and 14 of George III's 15 children were born there.

George IV, on his accession in 1820, decided to reconstruct the house into a pied-à-terre, using it for the same purpose as his father George III.

As work progressed, and as late as the end of 1826, The King had a change of heart. With the assistance of his architect, John Nash, he set about transforming the house into a palace. Parliament agreed to a budget of £150,000, but the King pressed for £450,000 as a more realistic figure. Nash retained the main block but doubled its size by adding a new suite of rooms on the garden side facing west. Faced with mellow Bath stone, the external style reflected the French neo-classical influence favoured by George IV.

The remodelled rooms are the State and semi-State Rooms, which remain virtually unchanged since Nash's time.

The north and south wings of Buckingham House were demolished and rebuilt on a larger scale with a triumphal arch - the Marble Arch - as the centrepiece of an enlarged courtyard, to commemorate the British victories at Trafalgar and Waterloo.

By 1829 the costs had escalated to nearly half a million pounds. Nash's extravagance cost him his job, and on the death of George IV in 1830, his younger brother William IV took on Edward Blore to finish the work. The King never moved into the Palace. Indeed, when the Houses of Parliament were destroyed by fire in 1834, the King offered the Palace as a new home for Parliament, but the offer was declined.

Queen Victoria was the first sovereign to take up residence in July 1837 and in June 1838 she was the first British sovereign to leave from Buckingham Palace for a Coronation. Her marriage to Prince Albert in 1840 soon showed up the Palace's shortcomings.

24. What do we know about the British

Almost every nation has a reputation of some kind. The French are supposed to be amorous; the Germans dull, formal, efficient; the Americans boastful, energetic, gregarious and vulgar. The British have been known as superior, snobbish, aloof, hypocritical and unsociable. Though these characteristics have been

noted by people from all over the world, the traditional opinion about British was based on the habits of those Britons, who could afford to travel: diplomats, merchants and those who were taught by public school their “stiff-upper-lip” philosophy. But the stereotype of the reserved Englishman is in many ways out of date.

An unusual geographical position of the country has produced a certain insular spirit among its inhabitants who tend, a little more than other people, to regard their own community as the centre of the world. The British look on foreigners in general with a slight contempt and think that nothing is as well done elsewhere as in their own country. That is why they are considered not a very hospitable nation.

Like any other nation or society; the British like to create an agreeable picture of themselves. They think that their important national values are tolerance, decency, moderation and consensus. The British pride themselves on fair play and a genius for compromise. As seen by outsiders, qualities of the typical British also include reserve and modesty, politeness and helpfulness and a gift for understatement.

But there is one quality of the British national character which remains indisputable. The British people are known to be profoundly conservative. They always prefer their glorious past with its reassurance to the uncertainty of the future. Their conservatism on a national scale may be illustrated by reference to the public attitude to the monarchy, an institution which is held in affection and reverence by nearly all British people, to the old traditions and ceremonies which are so carefully cherished.

The British are community-minded people. They have had a long tradition of democracy, not so much in the sense of creating formal institutions, but in the active sense of popular cooperation to uphold the will of the people. The British willingly participate in public affairs. There are plenty of charities officially registered with the government, and lots of voluntary organisations, including sports clubs, trade-unions, rambling clubs, protest groups and societies.

British people distrust generalizations. The British emphasize individuality because they hate the idea of appearing the same. Every regiment in the army, every school or university, many municipal corporations, clubs and other institutions tend to have their own uniform, traditions or their signs identifying them and making them different from others. The English seem to like defining themselves as members of small groups which they have, as individuals, helped to create. They tolerate eccentrics, difficult people and nonconformists in social behavior.

Privacy is important for them as well. “The Englishman’s home is his castle” is the saying known all over the world. The British people more strongly than other nations are attached to their country and to their homes. For them there is no place like home, there they feel most comfortable and their privacy is guaranteed.

25. English Language Day

English Language Day is celebrated on 23 April. Read about where English came from, how it came to be spoken all over the world and how it is changing.

English Language Day was first celebrated in 2010, alongside Arabic Language Day, Chinese Language Day, French Language Day, Russian Language Day and Spanish Language Day. These are the six official languages of the United Nations, and each has a special day, designed to raise awareness of the history, culture and achievements of these languages.

This day was chosen because it is thought to be Shakespeare's birthday, and the anniversary of his death. As well as being the English language's most famous playwright, Shakespeare also had a huge impact on modern-day English. At the time he was writing, in the 16th and 17th centuries, the English language was going through a lot of changes and Shakespeare's creativity with language meant he contributed hundreds of new words and phrases that are still used today. For example, the words 'gossip', 'fashionable' and 'lonely' were all first used by Shakespeare. He also invented phrases like 'break the ice', 'all our yesterdays', 'faint-hearted' and 'love is blind'. Can you guess what they mean?

The story of the English language began in the fifth century when Germanic tribes invaded Celtic-speaking Britain and brought their languages with them. Later, Scandinavian Vikings invaded and settled with their languages too. In 1066 William I, from modern-day France, became king, and Norman-French became the language of the courts and official activity. People couldn’t understand each other at first, because the lower classes continued to use English while the upper classes spoke French, but gradually French began to influence English. An estimated 45 per cent of all English words have a French origin. By Shakespeare's time, Modern English had developed, printing had been invented and people had to start to agree on 'correct' spelling and vocabulary.

The spread of English all over the world has an ugly history but a rich and vibrant present. During the European colonial period, several European countries, including England, competed to expand their empires. They stole land, labour and resources from people across Africa, Asia, the Americas and Oceania. By the time former British colonies began to gain independence in the mid-20th century, English had become established in their institutions. Many brilliant writers from diverse places across Africa, the Caribbean and Asia had started writing in English, telling their stories of oppression. People from all over the world were using English to talk and write about justice, equality, freedom and identity from their own

perspectives. The different varieties of English created through this history of migration and colonisation are known as World Englishes.

More than 1.75 billion people speak English worldwide – that's around 1 in 4 people around the world. English is being used more and more as a way for two speakers with different first languages to communicate with each other, as a 'lingua franca'. For many people, the need to communicate is much more important than the need to sound like a native speaker. As a result, language use is starting to change. For example, speakers might not use 'a' or 'the' in front of nouns, or they might make uncountable nouns plural and say 'informations', 'furnitures' or 'co-operations'.

Are these variations mistakes? Or part of the natural evolution of different Englishes? 'International English' refers to the English that is used and developed by everyone in the world, and doesn't just belong to native speakers. There is a lot of debate about whether International English should be standardised and, if so, how. What do you think? If you're reading this, English is your language too.

1 семестр Художественные тексты

1. Lost in the Post
(by A. Philips)

Ainsley, a post-office sorter, turned the envelope over and over in his hands. The letter was addressed to his vrife and had an Australian stamp.
Ainsley knew that the sender was Dicky Soames, his wife's cousin. It was the second letter Ainsley received after Dicky's departure. The first letter had come six months before, he did not read it and threw it into the fire. No man ever had less reason for jealousy than Ainsley. His wife was frank as the day, a splendid housekeeper, a very good mother to their two children. He knew that Dicky Soames had been fond of Adela and the fact that Dicky Soames had years back gone away to join his and Adela's uncle made no difference to him. He was afraid that some day Dicky would return and take Adela from him.
Ainsley did not take the letter when he was at work as his fellow-workers could see him do it. So when the working hours were over he went out of the post-office together with his fellow workers, then he returned to take the letter addressed to his wife. As the door of the post-office was locked, he had to get in through a window. When he was getting out of the window the postmaster saw him. He got angry and dismissed Ainsley. So another man was hired and Ainsley became unemployed. Their life became hard; they had to borrow money from their friends.
Several months had passed. One afternoon when Ainsley came home he saw the familiar face of Dicky Soames. "So he had turned up," Ainsley thought to himself.
Dicky Soames said he was delighted to see Ainsley. "I have missed all of you so much," he added with a friendly smile.

Ainsley looked at his wife. "Uncle Tom has died," she explained "and Dicky has come into his money".
"Congratulation," said Ainsley, "you are lucky."
Adela turned to Dicky. "Tell Arthur the rest," she said quietly. "Well, you see," said Dicky, "Uncle Tom had something over sixty thousand and he wished Adela to have half. But he got angry with you because Adela never answered the two letters I wrote to her for him. Then he changed his will and left her money to hospitals. I asked him not to do it, but he wouldn't listen to me!" Ainsley turned pale. "So those two letters were worth reading after all," he thought to himself. For some time everybody kept silence. Then Dicky Soames broke the silence, "It's strange about those two letters. I've often wondered why you didn't answer them?" Adela got up, came up to her husband and said, taking him by the hand. "The letters were evidently lost." At that moment Ansley realized that she knew everything.

2. Success (by J. G. Cozzens)

I met Richards ten or more years ago when I first went down to Cuba. He was a short, sharp-faced, agreeable chap, then about 22. He introduced himself to me on the boat and I was surprised to find that Panamerica Steel was sending us both to the same job.
Richards was from some not very good state university engineering school. Being the same age myself, and just out of technical college I saw at once that his knowledge was rather poor. In fact I couldn't imagine how he had managed to get this job.
Richards was naturally likable, and I liked him a lot. The firm had a contract for the construction of a private railroad. For Richards and me it was mostly an easy job of inspections and routine paper work. At least it was easy for me. It was harder for Richards, because he didn't appear to have mastered the use of a slide rule. When he asked me to check his figures I found his calculations awful. "Boy," I was at last obliged to say, "you are undoubtedly the silliest white man in this province. Look, stupid, didn't you evertake arithmetic? How much are seven times thirteen?" "Work that out," Richards said, "and let me have a report tomorrow."
So when I had time I checked his figures for him, and the inspector only caught him in a bad mistake about twice. In January several directors of the United Sugar Company came down to us on business, but mostly pleasure; a good excuse to 'get south on a vacation. Richards and I were to accompany them around the place. One of the directors, Mr. Prosset was asking a number of questions. I knew the job well enough to answer every sensible question – the sort of question that a trained engineer would be likely to ask. As it was Mr. Prosset was not an engineer and some of his questions put me at a loss. For the third time I was obliged to say, "I'm afraid I don't know, sir.
We haven't any calculations on that".
When suddenly Richards spoke up.
"I think, about nine million cubic feet, sir", he said. "I just happened to be working this out last night. Just for my own interest".
"Oh," said Mr. Prosset, turning in his seat and giving him a sharp look. "That's very interesting, Mr. -er- Richards, isn't it? Well, now, maybe you could tell me about".
Richards could. Richards knew everything. All the way up Mr. Prosset fired questions on him and he fired answers right back. When we reached the head of the rail, a motor was waiting for Mr. Prosset. He nodded absent-mindedly to me, shook hands with Richards. "Very interesting, indeed," he said. "Good-bye, Mr.

Richards, and thank you."
"Not, at all, sir," Richards said. "Glad if I could be of service to you."
As soon as the car moved off, I exploded. "A little honest bluff doesn't hurt; but some of your figures...!"
"I like to please," said Richards grinning. "If a man like Prosset wants to know something, who am I to hold out on him?"
"What's he going to think when he looks up the figures or asks somebody who does know?"
"Listen, my son," said Richards kindly. "He wasn't asking for any information he was going to use. He doesn't want to know these figures. He won't remember them. I don't even remember them myself. What he is going to remember is you and me." "Yes," said Richards firmly. "He is going to remember that Panamerica Steel has a bright young man named Richards who could tell him everything, he wanted, – just the sort of chap he can use; not like that other fellow who took no interest in his work, couldn't answer the simplest question and who is going to be doing small-time contracting all his life."
It is true. I am still working for the Company, still doing a little work for the construction line. And Richards? I happened to read in a newspaper a few weeks ago that Richards had been made a vice-resident and director of Panamerica Steel when the Prosset group bought the old firm.

3. Hunting for a Job (by S.S. McClure)

I reached Boston late that night and got out at the South Station. I knew no one in Boston except Miss Bennet. She lived in Somerville, and I immediately started out for Somerville. Miss Bennet and her family did all they could to make me comfortable and help me to get myself established' in some way. I had only six dollars and their hospitality was of utmost importance to me.
My first application for a job in Boston was made in accordance with an idea of my own. Every boy in the Western states knew the Pope Manufacturing Company, which produced bicycles. When I published my first work "History of Western College Journalism" the Pope Company had given me an advertisement, and that seemed to be a "connection" of some kind. So I decided to go to the offices of the Pope Manufacturing Company to ask for a job. I walked into the general office and said that I wanted the president of the company.
"Colonel Pope?" asked the clerk.
I answered, "Yes, Colonel Pope."
I was taken to Colonel Pope, who was then an alert energetic man of thirty-nine. I told Colonel Pope, by way of introduction, that he had once given me an advertisement for a little book I had published, that I had been a College editor and out of a job. What I wanted was work and I wanted it badly.
He said he was sorry, but they were laying of hands. I still hung on4. It seemed to me that everything would be all up with me', if I had to go out of that room without a job. I asked him if there wasn't anything at all that I could do. My earnestness made him look at me sharply.
"Willing to wash windows and scrub floors?" he asked.
I told him that I was, and he turned to one of his clerks.
"Has Wilmot got anybody yet to help him in the downtown' rink?" he asked.
The clerk said he thought not.
"Very well", said Colonel Pope. "You can go to the rink and help Wilmot out for tomorrow."
The next day I went to the bicycle rink and found that what Wilmot wanted was a man to teach beginners

to ride. I had never been on a bicycle in my life nor even very c}ose to one, but in a couple of hours I had learnt to ride a bicycle myself and was teaching other people.
Next day Mr. Wilmot paid me a dollar. He didn't say anything about my coming back the next morning, but I came and went to work, very much afraid that I vrould be told I wasn't needed. After that Mr. Wilmot did not exactly engage me, but he forgot to discharge me, and I came back every day and went to work. At the end of the week Colonel Pope sent for me and placed me in charge of the uptown' rink.
Colonel Pope was a man who watched his workmen. I hadn't been mistaken when I felt that a young man would have a chance with him. He often used to say that "water would find its level", and he kept an eye on us. One day he called me into his office and asked me if I could edit a magazine.
"Yes, sir," I replied quickly. I remember it flashed through my mind that I could do anything I was put at '96 that if I were required to run an ocean steamer I could somehow manage to do it. I could learn to do it as I went along'. I answered as quickly as I could get the words out of my mouth, afraid that Colonel Pope would change his mind before I could get them out.
This is how I got my first job. And I have never doubted ever since that one of the reasons why I got it was that I had been "willing to wash windows and scrub floors". I had been ready for anything.

4. A Foul Play (by R. Ruark)

In 1943 Lieutenant Alexander Barr was ordered into the Armed Guard aboard the merchant ship, like many other civillian officers with no real mechanical skills – teachers, writers, lawyers.
His men were the rag-tag' of merchant service and knew very little of it. Lieutenant Alec Barr had his crew well in hand except one particularly unpleasant character, a youngster called Zabinski. Every ship has its problem child, and Zabinski was Alec's cross. If anybody was drunk and in trouble ashore, it was Zabinski. If anybody was smoking on watch, or asleep on watch, it always was Zabinski. Discipline on board was hard to keep and Zabinski made it worse.
Alec called the boy to his cabin. "I've tried to reason with you'," he said. "I've punished you with everything from confinement to ship' to extra duty. I've come to the conclusion that the only thing you may understand is force. I've got some boxing gloves. Navy Regulations say they should be used for recreation.
We are going to have some.
"That's all right", Zabinski said smiling.
Alec announced the exhibition of boxing skill. A lot of people gathered on deck to watch the match.
It didn't take Lieutenant Barr long to discover that he was in the ring with a semiprofessional. They were fighting two-minute rounds. But from the first five seconds of the first round Alec knew that Zabinski could knock him out with a single punch if he wanted to. But Zabinski didn't want to, he was toying with his commander, and the snickers' grew into laughter.
In the third round Alec held up a glove. "Time out!", he said. "I'm going to my cabin, I'll soon be back". He turned and ran up to his cabin. In the cabin there was a safe. Alec's duty was to pay wages to his personnel. Alec Barr opened the safe and took out a paper-wrapped roll of ten-cent coins. He put this roll of silver coins into his glove and returned on deck.
"Let's go!" he said and touched gloves with Zabinski. It had pleased Zabinski before to allow the officer to knock him from time to time because it gave him a chance for a short and painful punch. But now the

silver-weighted glove crashed into the boy's chin and Zabinski was out. He was lying on the floor motionless.
Alec Barr looked briefly at the boy. "Somebody throw some water on him," he said coldly to the seamen. And he went up to his room to clean his cuts' and put the roll of coins back to the safe. After that Lieutenant Alexander Barr had no more personnel trouble aboard ship.

5. Jimmy Valentine's Reformation (by O. Henry)

Jimmy Valentine was released' that day.
"Now, Valentine," said the warden', "you'll go out today. Make a man of yourself. You are not a bad fellow really. Stop breaking open safes and be honest."
"Me?" said Jimmy in surprise. "Why, I've never broken a safe in my life." The warden laughed. "Better think over my advice, Valentine."
In the evening Valentine arrived in his native town, went directly to the cafe of his old friend Mike and shook hands with Mike. Then he took the key of hisroom and went upstairs. Everything was just as he had left it. Jimmy removed a panel in the wall and dragged out a dust-covered suitcase. He opened it and looked fondly at the finest set of burglar's' tools. It was a complete set made of special steel. The set consisted of various tools of the latest design. Over nine hundred dollars they had cost him.
A week after the release of Valentine there was a new safe-burglary in Richmond. Two weeks after that another safe was opened. That began to interest the detectives. Ben Price, a famous detective, got interested in these cases.
"That's all Jimmy Valentine's work. He has resumed business. He has got the only tools that can open any safe without leaving the slightest trace."
One afternoon Jimmy Valentine came to Elmore, a little town in Arkansas. A young lady crossed the street, passed him at the corner and entered a door over which was the sign "The Elmore Bank". Jimmy Valentine looked into her eyes, forgot what he was and became another man. She lowered her eyes and blushed slightly. Young men of Jimmy's style and looks were not of ten met in Elmore. Jimmy called a boy who was standing on the steps of the bank and began to ask him questions about the town and the people of the town. From this boy he learnt that this girl was Annabel Adams and that her father was the owner of the bank.
Jimmy went to a hotel and registered as Ralf Spencer. To the clerk he said that he had come to Elmore to start business. The clerk was impressed by the clothes and manner of Jimmy and he was ready to give Jimmy any information. Soon Jimmy opened a shoe-store and made large profits. In all other respects he was also a success. He was popular with many important people and had many friends. And he accomplished the wish of his heart. He met Miss Annabel Adams and she fell in love with him too. Annabel's father, who was a typical country banker approved of Spencer. The young people were to be married in two weeks. Jimmy gave up safe-burglary for ever. He was an honest man now. He decided to get rid of his tools.
At that time a new safe was put in Mr. Adams' bank. The old man was very proud of it and insisted that everyone should inspect it. So one day the whole family with the children went to the bank. Mr. Adams enthusiastically explained the workings of the safe to Spencer. The two children were delighted to see the shining metal and the funny clock. While they were thus engaged Ben Price, the detective, walked into the

bank and stood at the counter watching the scene. He told the cashier that he was just waiting for the man he knew. Suddenly there was a loud scream from the women. Unseen by the elders, May, the smallest girl had shut herself in the vault.
"It's impossible to open the door now," said Mr. Adams in a trembling voice, "because the clock of the safe hasn't been wound. Oh, what shall we do? That child – she can't stand it for long because there isn't enough air there!"
"Get away from the door, all of you," suddenly commanded Spencer. And it must be mentioned that Jimmy happened to have his suit-case with him because he was going to get rid of it that day. Very calmly he took out the tools and in ten minutes the vault was opened. The others watched him in amazement. The little girl, crying, rushed to her mother.
Jimmy took his suit-case and came up to Ben Price whom he had noticed long before. "Hello, Ben", he said, "Let's go. I don't think it matters much now." And then suddenly Ben Price acted rather strangely. "I guess, you are mistaken Mr. Spencer," he said. "I don't seem to recognize you. I think your fiancé is waiting for you, isn't she?" And Ben Price turned and walked out of the Bank.

6. Letters in the Mail (by E. Caldwell)

Almost everybody likes to receive letters. And perhaps nobody in Stillwater liked to get letters more than Ray Buffin. But unfortunately Ray received fewer letters in his box at the post-office than anybody else. Guy Hodge and Ralph Barnhill were two young men in town who liked to play jokes on people. But they never meant anything bad. One afternoon they decided to play a joke on Ray Buffin. Their plan was to ask a girl in town to send Ray a love letter withoutsigning it, and then tell everybody in the post-office to watch Ray read the letter; then somebody was to ask Ray if he had received a love letter from a girl. After that somebody was to snatch the letter out of his hand and read it aloud.
They bought blue writing paper and went round the corner to the office of the telephone company where Grace Brooks worked as a night telephone operator. Grace was pretty though not very young. She had begun working for the company many years ago, after she had finished school. She had remained unmarried all those years, and because she worked at night and slept in the daytime it was very difficult for her to find a husband.
At first, after Guy and Ralf had explained to her what they wanted to do and had asked her to write the letter to Ray, Grace refused to do it.
"Now, be a good girl, Grace, do us a favour and writethe letter." Suddenly she turned away. She didn'twant the young men to see her crying. She remembered the time she had got acquainted with Ray. Ray wanted to marry her. But she had just finished school then and had started to work for the telephone company; she was very young then and did not want to marry anybody. Time passed. During all those years she had seen him a few times but only a polite word had passed between them, and each time he looked sadder and sadder.
Finally she agreed to write the letter for Guy and Ralph and said that she would send it in the morning. After they left the telephone office Grace thought about Ray and cried. Late at night she wrote the letter. The next day Guy and Ralph were in the post-of-fice at 4 o'clock. By that time there was a large crowd in the post-office. When Ray came in and saw a letter in his box he looked at it in surprise. He couldn't believe his eyes. He opened the box, took out the blue envelope and went to the corner of the room to read

it. When he finished he behaved like mad. He smiled happily and ran out of the room before Guy and Ralph had time to say anything to stop him. Ray hurried round the corner to the telephone office.
When Guy and Ralph ran into the room where Grace worked they saw Ray Buffin standing near the girl with the widest and happiest smile they had ever seen on his face. It was clear they had not spoken a word yet. They just stood in silence, too happy to worry about Guy and Ralph watching them.

7. The Bramble Bush (by Ch. Mergcndahl)

As Fran Walker, one of the nurses of the Mills Memorial Hospital, was sitting between rounds behind her duty desk, she often recollected her childhood, which would return to her as it had existed in reality '96 bewildering, lonely, and frustrating.
Her father, Mr. Walker, had owned a small lumber business' in Sagamore, one of Indiana's numerous smaller towns, where Fran had lived in a large frame house on six acres of unused pasture land'. The first Mrs. Walker had died, when Fran was still a baby, so she did not remember her real mother at all. She remembered her stepmother, though – small, tight-lipped, thin-faced, extremely possessive of her new husband and the new house which had suddenly become her own. Fran had adored her father, tried desperately to please him. And since he desired nothing more than a good relationship between his daughter and his second wife, she had made endless attempts to win over her new mother. But her displays of affection had not been returned. Her stepmother had remained constantly jealous, resentful, without the slightest understanding of the small girl's motives and emotions.
Fran felt herself losing out, slipping away into an inferior position. She began to exaggerate – often lie about friends, feelings, grades at school, anything possible to keep herself high in her father's esteem, and at the same time gain some small bit of admiration from her mother. The exaggerations, though, had constantly turned back on her, until eventually a disgusted Mrs. Walker had insisted she be sent away to a nearby summer camp. "They award a badge of honour there," she had said, "and if you win it – not a single untruth all summer – then we'll know you've stopped lying and we'll do something very special for you."
"We'll give you a pony," her father had promised.
Fran wanted the pony. More than the pony, she vranted to prove herself. After two months of nearpainful honesty, she finally won the badge of honour, and brought it home clutched tight in her fist, hiddenin her pocket while she waited, waited, all the way from the station, all during the tea in the living-room for the exact proper moment to make her announcement of glorious victory.
"Well?" her mother had said finally. "Well, Fran?"
"Well – ", Fran began, with the excitement building higher and higher as she drew in her breath and thought of exactly how to say it.
"You can't hide it any longer, Fran." Her mother had sighed in hopeless resignation. "We know you didn't win it, so there's simply no point in lying about it now."
Fran had closed her mouth. She'd stared at her mother, then stood and gone out to the yard and looked across the green meadow where the pony was going to graze. She had taken the green badge from her pocket, fingered it tenderly, then buried it beneath a rock in the garden. She had gone back into the house and said, "No, I didn't win it," and her mother had said, "Well, at least you didn't lie this time," and her

father had held her while she'd cried and known f inally that there was no further use in trying.
Her father had bought her an Irish setter as a consolation prize.

8. The Beard (by G. Clark)

I was going by train to London. I didn't have the trouble to take anything to eat with me and soon was very hungry. I decided to go to the dining-car to have a meal.
As I was about to seat myself, I saw that the gentleman I was to face wore a large beard. He was a young man. His beard was full, loose and very black. I glanced at him uneasily and noted that he was a big pleasant fellow with dark laughing eyes.
Indeed I could feel his eyes on me as I f umbled with the knives and forks. It was hard to pull myself together. It is not easy to face a beard. But when I could escape no longer, I raised my eyes and found the young man's on my face.
"Good evening," I said cheerily, "Good evening," he replied pleasantly, inserting a big buttered roll within the bush of his beard. Not even a crumb fell off. He ordered soup. It was a difficult soup for even the most barefaced of men to eat, but not a drop did he waste on his whiskers'. He kept his eyes on me in between bites. But I knew he knew that I was watching his every bite with acute fascination.
"I'm impressed," I said, "with your beard."
"I suspected as much," smiled the young man.
"Is it a wartime device?" I inquired.
"No," said he; "I'm too young to have been in the war. I grew this beard two years ago."
"It's magnificent," I informed him.
"Thank you," he replied. "As a matter of fact this beard is an experiment in psychology. I suffered horribly from shyness. I was so shy it amounted to a phobia. At university I took up psychology and began reading books on psychology'. And one day I came across a chapter on human defence mechanisms, explaining how so many of us resort to all kinds of tricks to escape from the world, or from conditions in the world which we f ind hatef ul. Well, I j ust turned a thing around. I decided to make other people shy of me. So I grew this beard.
The effect was astonishing. I found people, even tough, hard-boiled people, were shy of looking in the face. They were panicked by my whiskers. It made them uneasy. And my shyness vanished completely."
He pulled his fine black whiskers affectionately and said: "Psychology is a great thing. Unfortunately people don't know about it. Psychology should help people discover such most helpful tricks. Life is too short to be wasted in desperately striving to be normal."
"Tell me," I said finally. "How did you master eating the way you have? You never got a crumb or a drop on your beard, all through dinner."
"Nothing to it, sir," said he. "When you have a beard, you keep your eyes on those of your dinner partner. And whenever you note his eyes fixed in horror on your chin, you wipe it off."

9. Lautisse Paints Again (by H.A. Smith)

Everybody knows by this time that we met Lautisse on board a ship, but few people know that in the

eginning, Betsy and I had no idea who he was.
At first he introduced himself as Monsieur Roland, but as we talked he asked me a lot of questions about myself and my business and finally he asked me if I could keep a secret and said: "I am Lautisse."
I had no idea who he was. I told Betsy and af ter lunch we went up and talked to the ship's librarian, asked him a few questions. And then we found out that my new friend was probably the world's best living painter. The librarian found a book with his biography and a photograph. Though the photograph was bad, we decided that our new acquaintance was Lautisse all right. The book said that he suddenly stopped painting at 53 and lived in a villa in Rivera. He hadn't painted anything in a dozen years and was heard to say he would never touch the brush again.
Well, we got to be real friends and Betsy invited him to come up to our place for a weekend.
Lautisse arrived on the noon train Saturday, and I met him at the station. We had promised him that we wouldn't have any people and that we wouldn't try to talk to him about art. It wasn't very difficult since we were not very keen on art.
I was up at seven-thirty the next morning and I remembered that I had a job to do. Our vegetable garden had a fence around it which needed a coat of paint. I took out a bucket half full of white paint and a brush and an old kitchen chair. I was sitting on the chair thinking, when I heard footsteps and there stood Lautisse. I said that I was getting ready to paint the garden fence but now that he was up, I would stop it. He protested, then took the brush from my hand and said, "First, I'll show you!" At that moment Betsy cried from the kitchen door that breakfast was ready. "No, no," he said. "No breakfast, – I will paint the fence." I argued with him but he wouldn't even look up from his work. Betsy laughed and assured me that he was having a good time. He spent three hours at it and finished the fence. He was happy the whole day. He went back to town on the 9. 10 that evening and at the station he shook my hand and said that he hadn't enjoyed himself so much in years.
We didn't hear anything from him for about 10 days but the newspapers learnt about the visit and came to our place. I was out but Betsy told the reporters everything and about the fence too. The next day the papers had quite a story and the headlines said: LAUTISSE PAINTS AGAIN. On the same day three men came to my place from different art galleries and offered 4.000 dollars for the fence. I refused. The next day I was offered 25.000 and then 50.000. On the fourth day a sculptor named Gerston came to my place. He was a friend of Lautisse. He advised me to allow the Palmer Museum in New York to exhibit it for a few weeks. He said that the gallery people were interested in the fence because Lautisse had never before used a bit of white paint. I agreed. So the fence was put in the Palmer Museum. I went down myself to have a look at it. Hundreds of people came to see the fence, and I couldn't help laughing when I saw my fence because it had a fence around it.
A week later Gerston telephoned me and asked to come to him. He had something important to tell me. It turned out that Lautisse visited the exhibition and signed all the thirty sections of my fence. "Now," said Gerston, "you have really got something to sell." And indeed with Gerston's help, 29 of the 30 sections were sold within a month's time and the price was 10.000 each section. I didn't want to sell the 30th section and it's hanging now in our living-room.

10. A Good Start

Bill liked painting more than anything in life. He started painting when he was 15 and people said that as a

painter he had quite a lot of talent and had mastered most of the technical requirements. At 22 he had his first one-man show when he was discovered by the critics and his pictures were all sold out, With the money he could afford to marry Leila, rent a studio and stop being a student. To complete his education he went to Italy but after 5 months all the money was spent and he had to return.

Bill never had another show like the first one, though he became a better painter. The critics did not think him modern enough and said he was too academic. From time to time he managed to sell some of his paintings but eventually things had got very tight and he was obliged to look for a job.

The day before he went for an interview with his uncle Bill was especially gloomy. In the morning he went up to one of his unfinished pictures in the studio but he felt he couldn't paint. He threw down his brush and a bright red spot appeared on the board already covered with black and yellow paint from his previous work. The board had been used to protect the floor and was at that moment a mixture of bright colours.

When Bill left, Leila got down to cleaning the studio. She took up the board and put it against the wall to clean the floor. At that moment Garrad, Bill's dealer, came in. Bill had asked him to come, look at his work and arrange a show but the dealer had for some time been uncertain on the matter. So he was looking around the studio, explaining how the gallery was booked up for a year and how he could not really promise Bill a show yet for two years or so.

Suddenly the board against the wall attracted his attention.

"Leila, my dear," he exclaimed. "I felt that there must be something like this. Tell me, why is he keeping it away from us?"

Leila was too shocked to answer. But Garrad went on: "I think it's wonderful. I never doubted Bill would catch up with the modern trends. Now Leila, are there more pictures for a full show? I must go now but I'll be ringing him up. I'm going to change the whole plan and show his new work in the autumn. Tell him not to waste time. As to this one if he wants to sell it, I'll buy it myself."

Leila stayed in the studio till Bill came back. She was too excited to tell him the story clearly and Bill could not understand anything at first. When he realised what had happened he shook with laughter. "You didn't explain the whole thing about the board to him, did you?" he managed to say at last.

"No, I didn't. I couldn't really, I believe I should have, but it would have made him look too silly. I just said I didn't think you'd sell it".

What was Bill to do?

Think of your own ending.

(What was Bill to do? What a thing, he thought, to find waiting for you on your return from taking a job at two pounds a week. He could paint more for an exhibition that very evening and show them to Garrad the next day. After all, why not use it as a start for a good painter's career?)

11. The Filipino and the Drunkard' (by W. Saroyan)

This loud-mouthed guy in the brown coat was not really mean', he was drunk. He took a sudden dislike to the small well-dressed Filipino and began to order him around the waiting-room, telling him to get back, not to crowd among the white people. They were waiting to get on the boat and cross the bay to Oakland. He was making a commotion in the waiting-room, and while everyone seemed to be in sympathy with the

Filipino, no one seemed to want to come to his rescue, and the poor boy became very frightened.
He stood among the people, and this drunkard kept pushing up against him and saying: "I told you to get back. Now get back. I fought twenty-four months inFrance. I'm a real American. I don't want you standing up here among white people."
The boy kept squeezing politely out of the drunkard's way, hurrying through the crowd, not saying anything and trying his best to be as decent as possible. But the drunkard didn't leave him alone. He didn't like the fact that the Filipino was wearing good clothes.
When the big door opened to let everybody to the boat, the young Filipino moved quickly among the people, running from the drunkard. He sat down in a corner, but soon got up and began to look for a more hidden place. At the other end of the boat was the drunkard. He could hear the man swearing. The boy looked for a place to hide, and rushed into the lavatory. He went into one of the open compartments and bolted the door. The drunkard entered the lavatory and began asking others in the room if they had seen the boy. Finally he found the compartment where the boy was standing, and he began swearing and demanding that the boy come out.
"Go away," the boy said.
The drunkard began pounding on the door. "You got to come out some time," he said. "I'll wait here till you do." "Go away," said the boy. "I've done you nothing."
Behind the door the boy's bitterness grew to rage.
He began to tremble, not fearing the man but fearing the rage growing in himself. He brought the knife from his pocket.
"Go away," he said again. "I have a knif e. I don't want any trouble."
The drunkard said he was a real American, wounded twice. He wouldn't go away. He was afraid of no dirty little yellow-faced Filipino with a knife.
"I will kill you," said the boy. "I don't want any trouble. Go away. Please, don't make any trouble," he said earnestly.
He threw the door open and tried to rush beyond the man, the knife in his fist, but the drunkard caught him by the sleeve and drew him back. The sleeve of the boy's coat ripped, and the boy turned and thrust the knife into the side of the drunkard, feeling it scrape against the ribbon. The drunkard shouted and screamed at once, then caught the boy by the throat, and the boy began to thrust the knife into the side of the man many times. When the drunkard could hold him no more and fell to the floor, the boy rushed from the room, the knife still in his hand.
Everyone knew what he had done, yet no one moved. The boy ran to the front of the boat, seeking some place to go, but there was no place to go, and before the officers of the boat arrived he stopped suddenly and began to shout at the people.
"I didn't want to hurt him, why didn't you stop him? Is it right to chase a man like a rat? You knew he was drunk. I didn't want to hurt him, but he wouldn't let me go. He tore my coat and tried to choke me. I told him I would kill him if he wouldn't go away. It is not my fault. I must go to Oakland to see my brother. He is sick. Do you thirik I'm looking for trouble when my brother is sick. Why didn't you stop him?"

12. The Dinner Party
(by N. Monsarrat)

There are still some rich people in the world. Many of them lead lives of particular pleasure. But rich people do have their problems. They are seldom problems of finance, since most rich people have enough sense to hire other people to take care of their worries. But there are other, more genuine problems. They are the problems of behaviour.

Let me tell you a story which happened to my uncle Octavian a full thirty years ago. At that time I myself was fifteen. My uncle Octavian was then a rich man. He was a charming and accomplished host whose villa was an accepted rendezvous of the great. He was a hospitable and most amiable man – until January 3, 1925.

There was nothing special about that day in the life of my uncle Octavian, except that it was his fifty-fifth birthday. As usual on such a day he was giving a party, a party for twelve people. All of them were old friends.

I, myself, aged fifteen, was deeply privileged. I was staying with my uncle at his exquisite villa, on holiday from school, and as a special concession on this happy day, I was allowed to come down to dinner. It was exciting for me to be admitted to such company, which included a newspaper proprietor of exceptional intelligence and his fabulous' American wife, a recent prime-minister of France and a distinguished German prince and princess.

At that age, you will guess, I was dazzled. Even today, 30 years later, one may fairly admit that the company was distinguished. But I should also stress that they were all old and intimate friends of my uncle Octavian.

Towards the end of a wonderful dinner, when dessert had been brought in and the servants had left, my uncle leant forward to admire a magnificent diamond ring on the princess's hand. She was a handsome woman. She turned her hand gracefully towards my uncle. Across the table, the newspaper proprietor leant across and said: "May I also have a look?" She smiled and nodded. Then she took off the ring and held it out to him. "It was my grandmother's – the old empress," she said. "I have not worn it for many years. It is said to have once belonged to Genghis Khan."

There were exclamations of delight and admiration. The ring was passed from hand to hand. For a moment it rested on my own palm, gleaming splendidly. Then I passed it on to my neighbour. As I turned away again, I saw her pass it on.

It was some 20 minutes later when the princess stood up and said: "Before we leave you, may I have my ring back?" ... There was a pause, while each of us looked expectantly at his neighbour. Then there was silence.

The princess was still smiling, though less easily. She was unused to asking for things twice. The silence continued, I still thought that it could only be a practical joke, and that one of us – probably the prince himself – would produce the ring with a laugh. But when nothing happened at all, I knew that the rest of the night would be dreadful.

I am sure that you can guess the sort of scene that followed. There was the embarrassment of the guests – all of them old and valued friends. There was a nervous search of the whole room. But it did not bring the princess's ring back again. It had vanished – an irreplaceable thing, worth possibly two hundred thousand pounds – in a roomful of twelve people, all known to each other.

No servants had entered the room. No one had left it for a moment. The thief (for now it could only be theft) was one of us, one of my uncle Octavian's cherished friends.

I remember it was the French cabinet minister who was most insistent on being searched, indeed, in his

excitement he had already started to turn out his pockets, before my uncle held up his hand and stopped him. "There will be no search in my house," he commanded. "You are all my friends. The ring can only be lost. If it is not found" – he bowed towards the princess – "I will naturally make amends myself."
The ring was never found, it never appeared, either then or later.
To our family's surprise, uncle Octavian was a comparatively poor man, when he died (which happened, in fact, a few weeks ago). And I should say that he died with the special sadness of a hospitable host who never gave a single lunch or dinner party for the last thirty years of his life.

13. Caged (by L.E. Reeve)

Purcell was a small, fussy' man; red cheeks and a tight melonlike stomach. Large glasses so magnified his eyes as to give him the appearance of a wise and kind owl.
He owned a pet shop. He sold cats and dogs and monkeys; he dealt in fish food and bird seed, prescribed remedies for ailing canaries, on his shelves there were long rows of cages. He considered himself something of a professional man.
There was a constant stir of life in his shop. The customers who came in said:
"Aren't they cute'! Look at that little monkey! They're sweet."
And Mr. Purcell himself would smile and rub his hands and nod his head.
Each morning, when the routine of opening his shop was completed, it was the proprietor's custom to perch on a high stool, behind the counter, unfold his morning paper, and digest the day's news.
It was a raw, wintry day. Wind gusted against the high, plateglass windows. Having completed his usual tasks, Mr. Purceil again mounted the high stool and unfolded his morning paper. He adjusted his glasses, and glanced at the day's headlines.
There was a bell over the door that rang whenever a customer entered. This morning, however, for the first time Mr. Purcell could recall, it failed to ring. Simply he glanced up, and there was the stranger, standing just inside the door, as if he had materialized out of thin air.
The storekeeper slid off his stool. From the first instant he knew instinctively, that the man hated him; but out of habit he rubbed his hands, smiled and nodded.
"Good morning," he beamed. "What can I do for you?"
The man's shiny shoes squeaked forward. His suit was cheap, ill-fitting, but obviously new. Ignoring Purcell for the moment, he looked around the shadowy shop.
"A nasty morning," volunteered the shopkeeper. He clasped both hands across his melonlike stomach, and smiled importantly. Now what was it you wanted?"
The man stared closely at Purcell, as though just now aware of his presence. He said, "I want something in a cage."
"Something in a cage?" Mr. Purcell was a bit confused. "You mean – some sort of pet?"
"I mean what I said!" snapped' the man. "Something in a cage. Something alive that's in a cage."
"I see," hastened the storekeeper, not at all certain that he did. "Now let me think. A white rat, perhaps? I have some very nice white rats."
"No! Not rats. Something with wings. Something that flies."
"A bird!" exclaimed Mr. Purcell.

"A bird's all right." The customer pointed suddenly to a cage which contained two snowy birds. "Doves? How much for those?"
"Five-fifty," came the prompt answer. "And a very reasonable price. They are a fine pair."
"Five-fifty?" The man was obviously disappointed. He produced a five-dollar bill. "I'1 like to have those birds. But this is all I've got. Just five dollars."
Mentally, Mr. Purcell made a quick calculation, which told him that at a fifty cent reduction he could still reap a tidy profit. He smiled kindly "My dear man, if you want them that badly, you can certainly have them for five dollars."
"I'll take them." He laid his five dollars on the counter. Mr. Purcell unhooked the cage, and handed it to his customer. "That noise!" The man said suddenly. "Doesn't it get on your nerves?"
"Noise? What noise?" Mr. Purcell looked surprised. He could hear nothing unusual.
"Listen." The staring eyes came closer. "How long d'you think it took me to make that five dollars?"
The merchant wanted to order him out of the shop. But oddly enough, he couldn't. He heard himself asking, "Why – why, how long did it take you?"
The other laughed. "Ten years! At hard labour. Ten years to earn five dollars. Fifty cents a year."
It was best, Purcell decided, to humor him. "My, my! Ten years. That's certainly a long time. Now ten years! Ten years to earn five dollars. Fifty cents a year."
It was best, Purcell decided to, to humour him. "My, my! Ten years. That's certainly a long time. Now -"
"They give you five dollars," laughed the man, "and a cheap suit, and tell you not to get caught again."
The man swung around, and stalked abruptly from the store.
Purcell sighed with sudden relief. He walked to the window and stared out. Just outside, his peculiar customer had stopped. He was holding the cage shoulder-high, staring at his purchase. Then, opening the cage, he reached inside and drew out one of the doves. He tossed it into the air. He drew out the second and tossed it after the first. They rose like balls and were lost in the smoky gray of the wintry city. For an instant the liberator's silent gaze watched them. Then he dropped the cage and walked away.
The merchant was perplexed. So desperately had the man desired the doves that he had let him have them at a reduced price. And immediately he had turned them loose. "Now why," Mr. Purcell muttered, "did he do that?" He felt vaguely insulted.

14. The TV Blackout (by Art Buchwald)

A week ago Sunday New York city had a blackout and all nine television stations in the area went out for several hours. This created tremendous crises in families all over New York and proved that TV plays a much greater role in people's lives than anyone can imagine.
For example, when the TV went off in the Bufkins's house panic set in. First Bufkins thought it was his set in the living-room, so he rushed into his bedroom and turned on that set. Nothing. The phone rang, and Mrs. Bufkins heard her sister in Manhattan tell her that there was a blackout.
She hung up and said to her husband, "It isn't your set. Something's happened to the top of the Empire State Building."
Bufkins looked at her and said, "Who are you?"
"I'm your wife, Edith."

"Oh," Bufkins said. "Then I suppose those kids' in there are mine."
"That's right," Mrs. Bufkins said. "If you ever got out of that armchair in front of the TV set you'd know who we are."
"Oh! they've really grown," Bufkins said, looking at his son and daughter. "How old are they now?"
"Thirteen and fourteen," Mrs. Bufkins replied.
"Hi, kids!"
"Who's he?' Bufkins's son, Henry, asked.
"It's your father," Mrs. Bufkins said.
"I'm pleased to meet you," Bufkins's daughter, Mary, said shyly.
There was silence all around.
"Look," said Bufkins finally. "I know I haven't been
a good father but now that the TV's out I'd like to know you better."
"How?" asked Henry.
"Well, let's just talk," Bufkins said. "That's the best
way to get to know each other."
"What do you want to talk about?" Mary asked.
"Well, to begin with, what school do you go to?"
"We go to High School," Henry said.
"So you're both in high school!" There was a dead silence.
"What do you do?" Mary asked.
'abI m an accountant, ' Bufkins said.
"I thought you were a car salesman," Mrs. Bufkins said in surprise.
"That was two years ago. Didn't I tell you I changed jobs?" Bufkins said.
"No, you didn't. You haven't told me anything for two years."
"I'm doing quite well too," Bufkins said.
"Then why am I working in a department store?"
Mrs. Bufkins demanded.
"Oh, are you still working in a department store? If I had known that, I would have told you could quit last year. You should have mentioned it," Bufkins said.
There was more dead silence.
Finally Henry said, "Hey, you want to hear me play the guitar?"
"You know how to play the guitar? Say, didn't I have a daughter who played the guitar?"
"That was Susie," Mrs. Bufkins said.
"Where is she?"
"She got married a year ago, just about the time you were watching the World Series."
"You know," Bufkins said, very pleased. "I hope they don't fix the antenna for another couple hours. There's nothing better than a blackout for a man who really wants to know his family."

15. The Verger' (by W. S. Maugham)

There had been a wedding that afternoon at St. Peter's Church, and Edward Foreman still wore his verger's

gown. He had been verger for 16 years and liked his job. The verger was waiting for the vicar. The vicar had just been appointed. He was a red-faced energetic man and the verger disliked him. Soon the vicar came in and said: "Foreman, I've got something unpleasant to say to you. You have been here a great many years and I think you've fulfilled your duties quite satisfactorily here; but I found out a most striking thing the other day. I discovered to my astonishment that you could neither read nor write. I think you must learn, Foreman."
"I'm afraid I can't now, sir. I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks."
"In that case, Foreman, I'm afraid you must go."
"Yes, sir, I quite understand. I shall be happy to hand in my resignation as soon as you have found somebody to take my place."
Up to now Edward's face hadn't shown any signs of emotion. But when he had closed the door of the church behind him his lips trembled. He walked slowly with a heavy heart. He didn't know what to do with himself. True, he had saved a small sum of money but it was not enough to live on without doing something, and life cost more and more every year.
It occurred to him now that a cigarette would comfort him and since he was not a smoker and never had any in his pockets he looked for a shop where he could buy a packet of good cigarettes. It was a long street with all sorts of shops in it but there was not a single one where you could buy cigarettes.
"That's strange," said Edward. "I can't be the only man who walks along the street and wants to have a smoke," he thought. An idea struck him. Why shouldn't he open a little shop there? "Tobacco and Sweets." "That's an idea," he said. "It is strange how things come to you when you least expect it."
He turned, walked home and had his tea.
"You are very silent this afternoon, Edward," his wife remarked.
"I'm thinking," he said. He thought the matter over from every point of view and the next day he went to look for a suitable shop. And within a week the shop was opened and Edward was behind the counter selling cigarettes.
Edward Foreman did very well. Soon he decided that he might open another shop and employ a manager. He looked for another long street that didn't have a tobacconist's in it and opened another shop. This was a success too. In the course of ten years he acquired no less than ten shops and was making a lot of money. Every Monday he went to all his shops, collected the week's takings and took them to the bank.
One morning the bank manager said that he wanted to talk to him.
"Mr. Foreman, do you know how much money you have got in the bank?"
"Well, I have a rough idea."
"You have 30 thousand dollars and it's a large sum. You should invest it." We shall make you out a list of securities' which will bring you a better rate of interest' than the bank can give you."
There was a troubled look on Mr. Foreman's face. "And what will I have to do?"
"Oh, you needn't worry," the banker smiled. "All you have to do is to read and to sign the papers."
"That's the trouble, sir. I can sign my name but I can't read." The manager was so surprised that he jumped up from his seat. He couldn't believe his ears.
"Good God, man, what would you be if you had been able to read?!"
"I can tell you that, sir," said Mr. Foreman. "I would be verger of St. Peter's church."

16. A Lion's Skin (by W.S. Maugham)

A good many people were shocked when they read that Captain Forestier had met his death in a fire trying to save his wife's dog, which had been accidentally shut up in the house. Some said they never knew he had it in him; others said it was exactly what they would have expected him to do. After the tragic occurrence Mrs. Forestier found shelter in the villa of some people called Hardy, their neighbours.

Mrs. Forestier was a very nice woman. But she was neither charming, beautiful nor intelligent; on the contrary she was absurd and foolish; yet the more you knew her, the more you liked her. She was a tender, romantic and idealistic soul. But it took you some time to discover it. During the war she in 1916 joined a hospital unit. There she met her future husband Captain Forestier. This is what she told me about their courtship'. "It was a case of love at first sight. He was the most handsome man I'd ever seen in my life. But he wasn't wounded. You know, it's a most extraordinary thing, he went all through the war, he risked his life twenty times a day, but he never even got a scratch. It was because of carbuncles' that he was put into hospital."

It seemed quite an unromantic thing on which to start a passionate attachment, but after 16 years of marriage Mrs. Forestier still adored her husband. When they were married Mrs. Forestier's relations, hard-bitten Western people, had suggested that her husband should go to work rather than live on her money (and she had a nice sum of money on her account before the marriage), and Captain Forestier was all for it. The only stipulation he made was this: "There are some things a gentleman can't do, Eleanor. If one is a sahib one can't help it, one does owe something to his class."

Eleanor was too proud of him to let it be said that he was a fortune-hunter who had married her for her money and she made up her mind not to object if he found a job worth his while. Unfortunately, the only jobs that offered were not very important and gradually the idea of his working was dropped.

The Forestiers lived most of the year in their villa and shortly before the accident they made acquaintance of the people called Hardy who lived next door. It turned out that Mr. Hardy had met Mr. Forestier before, in India. But Mr. Forestier was not a gentle- man then, he was a car-washer in a garage. He was young then and full of hopes. He saw rich people in a smart club with their ease, their casual manner and it filled him with admiration and envy. He wanted to be like them. He wanted – it was grotesque and pathetic he wanted to be a GENTLEMAN. The war gavehim a chance. Eleanor's money provided the means'. They got married and he became a "sahib".

But everything ended very tragically.

Once the Forestiers' villa caught fire. The Forestiers were out. When they arrived it was already too late to do anything about it. Their neighbours, the Hardies saved whatever they could, but it wasn't much. They had nothing left to do but stand and look at the roaring flames. Suddenly Eleanor cried: "God! My little dog, it's there in the fire!"

Forestier turned round and started to run to the house. Hardy caught him by the arm. "What are you doing? The house is on fire!" Forestier shook him off. "Let me go. I'll show you how a gentleman behaves!"

It was more than an hour later that they were able to get at him. They found him lying on the landing, dead, with the dead dog in his arms. Hardy looked at him for a long time before speaking. "You fool," he muttered between his teeth, angrily. "You damned fool!"

Bob Forestier had pretended for so many years to be a gentleman that in the end, forgetting that it was all a fake, he found himself driven to act as in that stupid, conventional brain of his he thought a gentle- man

must act.
Mrs. Forestier was convinced to her dying day that her husband had been a very gallant' gentleman.

17. Footprints in the Jungle (by W.S. Maugham)

It was in Malaya that I met the Cartwrights. I was staying with a man called Gaze who was head of the police and he came into the billiard-room, where I was sitting, and asked if I would play bridge with them. The Cartwrights were planters and they came to Malaya because it gave their daughter a chance of a little fun. They were very nice people and played a very pleasant game of bridge. I followed Gaze into the cardroom and was introduced to them.
Mrs. Cartwright was a woman somewhere in the fifties. I thought her a very agreeable person. I liked her frankness, her quick wit, her plain face. As for Mr. Cartwright, he looked tired and old. He talked little, but it was plain that he enjoyed his wife's humour. They were evidently very good friends. It was pleasing to see so solid and tolerant affection between two people who were almost elderly and must have lived together for so many years.
When we separated, Gaze and I set out to walk to his house.
"What did you think of the Cartwrights?" he asked me.
"I liked them and their daughter who is just the image of her father."
To my surprise Gaze told me that Cartwright wasn't her father. Mrs. Cartwright was a widow when he married her. Olive was born after her father's death.
And when we came to Gaze's house he told me the Cartwrights' story.
"I've known Mrs. Cartwright for over twenty years," he said slowly. "She was married to a man called Bronson. He was a planter in Selantan. It was a much smaller place than it is now, but they had a jolly little club, and we used to have a very good time. Bronson was a handsome chap. He hadn't much to talk about but tennis, golf and shooting; and I don't suppose he read a book from year's end to year's end. He was about thirty-five when I first knew him, but he had the mind of a boy of eighteen. But he was no fool. He knew his work from A to Z. He was generous with his money and always ready to do anybody a good turn.
One day Mrs. Bronson told us that she was expecting a friend to stay with them and a few days later they brought Cartwright along. Cartwright was an old friend of Bronson's. He had been out of work for a long time and when he wrote to Bronson asking him whether he could do anything for him, Bronson wrote back inviting him to come and stay till things got better. When Cartwright came Mrs. Bronson told him that he was to look upon the place as his home and stay as long as he liked. Cartwright was very pleasant and unassuming; he fell into our little company very naturally and the Bronsons, like everyone else, liked him."
"Hadn't the Bronsons any children at that time?" I asked Gaze.
"No," Gaze answered. "I don't know why, they could have afforded it. Bronson was murdered," he said suddenly.
"Killed?"
"Yes, murdered. That night we had been playing tennis without Cartwright who had gone shooting to the jungle and without Bronson who had cycled to Kabulong to get the money to pay his coolies' their wages

and he was to come along to the club when he got back. Cartwright came back when we started playing bridge. Suddenly I was called to police sergeant outside. I went out. He told me that the Malays had come to the police station and said that there was a white man with red hair lying dead on the path that led through the jungle to Kabulong. I understood that it was Bronson.
For a moment I didn't know what to do and how to break the news to Mrs. Bronson. I came up to her and said that there had been an accident and her husband had been wounded. She leapt to her feet and stared at Cartwright who went as pale as death. Then I said that he was dead after which she collapsed into her chair and burst into tears.
When the sergeant, the doctor and I arrived at the scene of the accident we saw that he had been shot through the head and there was no money about him. From the footprints I saw that he had stopped to talk to someone before he was shot. Whoever had murdered Bronson hadn't done it for money. It was obvious that he had stopped to talk with a friend.
Meanwhile Cartwright took up the management of Bronson's estate. He moved in at once. Four months later Olive, the daughter, was born. And soon Mrs. Bronson and Cartwright were married. The murderer was never found. Suspicion fell on the coolies, of course. We examined them all – pretty carefully – but there was not a scrap of evidence to connect them with the crime. I knew who the murderer was..."
"Who?"
"Don't you guess?"

18. The Ant and the Grasshopper (by W.S. Maugham)

When I was a small boy I was made to learn by heart some fables of La Fontaine and the moral of each was carefully explained to me. Among them was "The Ant and the Grasshopper". In spite of the moral of this f able my sympathies were with the grasshopper and for some time I never saw an ant without putting my foot on it.
I couldn't help thinking of this fable when the other day I saw George Ramsay lunching in a restaurant. I never saw an expression of such deep gloom. He was staring into space. I was sorry for him: I suspected at once that his unfortunate brother had been causing trouble again.
I went up to him. "How are you?" I asked. "Is it Tom again?" He sighed. "Yes, it's Tom again."
I suppose every family has a black sheep. In this family it had been Tom. He had begun life decently enough: he went into business, married and had two children. The Ramsays were respectable people and everybody supposed that Tom would have a good career. But one day he announced that he didn't like work and that he wasn't suited for marriage. He wanted to enjoy himself.
He left his wife and his office. He spent two happy years in the various capitals of Europe. His relations were shocked and wondered what would happen when his money was spent. They soon found out: he borrowed. He was so charming that nobody could refuse him. Very often he turned to George. Once or twice he gave Tom considerable sums so that he could make a fresh start. On these Tom bought a motor-car and some jewellery. But when George washed his hands of him, Tom began to blackmail him. It was not nice for a respectable lawyer to find his brother shaking cocktails behind the bar of his favourite restaurant or driving a taxi. So George paid again.
For twenty years Tom gambled, danced, ate in the most expensive restaurants and dressed beautifully.

Though he was forty-six he looked not more than thirty-five. He had high spirits and incredible charm. Tom Ramsay knew everyone and everyone knew him. You couldn't help liking him.
Poor George, only a year older than his brother, looked sixty. He had never taken more than a fortnight's holiday in the year. He was in his office every morning at nine-thirty and never left it till six. He was honest and industrious. He had a good wife and four daughters to whom he was the best of fathers. His plan was to retire at fifty-five to a little house in the country. His life was blameless. He was glad that he was growing old because Tom was growing old, too. He used to say: "It was all well when Tom was young and good-looking. In four years he'll be fifty. He won't find life so easy then. I shall have thirty thousand pounds by the time I'm fifty. We shall see what is really best to work or to be idle."
Poor George! I sympathized with him. I wondered now what else Tom had done. George was very much upset. I was prepared for the worst. George could hardly speak. "A few weeks ago," he said, "Tom became engaged to a woman old enough to be his mother. And now she has died and left him everything she had: half a million pounds, a yacht, a house in London and a house in the country. It is not fair, I tell you, it isn't fair!"
I couldn't help it. I burst into laughter as I looked at George's face, I nearly fell on the floor. George never forgave me. But Tom often asks me to dinners in his charming house and if he sometimes borrows money from me, it is simply from force of habit.

19. The Escape (by W.S. Maugham)

I have always believed that if a woman made up her mind to marry a man nothing could save him. I have only once known a man who in such circumstances managed to save himself. His name was Roger Charing. He was no longer young when he f ell in love with Ruth Barlow and he had had enough experience to make him careful; but Ruth Barlow had a gift that makes most men defenseless. This was the gif t of pathos. Mrs. Barlow was twice a widow'. She had splendid dark eyes and they were the most moving I ever saw. They seemed to be always on the point of filling with tears and you felt that her sufferings had been impossible to bear. If you were a strong fellow with plenty of money, like Roger Charing, you should say to yourself: I must stand between the troubles of life and this helpless little thing. Mrs. Barlow was one of those unfortunate persons with whom nothing goes right. If she married the husband beat her; if she employed a broker he cheated her; if she took a cook she drank.
When Roger told me that he was going to marry her, I wished him joy. As for me I thought she was stupid and as hard as nails.
Roger introduced her to his friends. He gave her lovely jewels. He took her everywhere. Their marriage was announced for the nearest future. Roger was very pleased with himself, he was committing a good action.
Then suddenly he fell out of love. I don't know why. Perhaps that pathetic look of hers ceased to touch his heart-strings. He realized that Ruth Barlow had made up her mind to marry him and he swore that nothing would make him marry her. Roger knew it wouldn't be easy. Roger didn't show that his feelings to Ruth Barlow had changed. He remained attentive to all her wishes, he took her to dine at restaurants, he sent her flowers, he was charming.
They were to get married as soon as they found a house that suited them; and they started looking for

residences. The agents sent Roger orders to view' and he took Ruth to see some houses. It was very difficult to find anything satisfactory. They visited house after house. Sometimes they were too large and sometimes they were too small; sometimes they were too far from the centre and sometimes they were too close; sometimes they were too expensive and sometimes they wanted too many repairs; sometimes they were too stuffy and sometimes they were too airy. Roger always found a fault that made the house unsuitable. He couldn't let his dear Ruth to live in a bad house.
Ruth began to grow peevish. Roger asked her to have patience. They looked at hundreds of houses; they climbed thousands of stairs. Ruth was exhausted and often lost her temper. For two years they looked for houses. Ruth grew silent, her eyes no longer looked beautiful and pathetic. There are limits to human patience.
"Do you want to marry me or do you not?" she asked him one day.
"Of course I do. We'll be married the very moment we find a house."
"I don't f eel well enough to look at any more houses."
Ruth Barlow took to her bed. Roger remained gallant as ever. Every day he wrote her and told her that he had heard of another house for them to look at, A week later he received the following letter:
'Roger – I do not think you really love me. I've found someone who really wants to take care of me and I am going to be married to him today.
Ruth.
He sent back his reply:
'Ruth – I'll never get over this blow. But your happiness must be my first concern. I send you seven addresses. I am sure you'll find among them a house that will exactly suit you. Roger.

20. Mr. Know-All (by W.S. Maugham)

Once I was going by ship from San-Francisco to Yokohama. I shared my cabin with a man called Mr. Kelada. He was short and of a sturdy build, cleanshaven and dark-skinned, with a hooked nose and very large liquid eyes. His long black hair was curly. And though he introduced himself as an Englishman I felt sure that he was born under a bluer sky than is generally seen in England. Mr. Kelada was chatty. He talked of New York and of San Francisco. He discussed plays, pictures and politics. He was familiar. Though I was a total stranger to him he used no such formality as to put mister before my name when he addressed me. I didn't like Mr. Kelada. I not only shared a cabin with him and ate three meals a day at the same table, but I couldn't walk round the deck without his joining me. It was impossible to snub him. It never occurred to him that he was not wanted. He was certain that you were as glad to see him as he was glad to see you. In your own house you might have kicked him downstairs and slammed the door in his face.
Mr. Kelada was a good mixer, and in three days knew everyone on board. He ran everything. He conducted the auctions, collected money for prizes at the sports, organized the concert and arranged the fancy-dress ball. He was everywhere and always. He was certainly the best-hated man in the ship. We called him Mr. Know-A11, even to his face. He took it as a compliment. But it was at meal times that he was most intolerable. He knew everything better than anybody else and you couldn't disagree with him.

He would not drop a subject till he had brought you round to his way of thinking. The possibility that he could be mistaken never occurred to him.
We were four at the table: the doctor, I, Mr. Kelada and Mr. Ramsay.
Ramsay was in the American Consular Service, and was stationed at Kobe. He was a great heavy fellow. He was on his way back to resume his post, having been on a flying visit to New York to fetch his wife, who had been spending a year at home. Mrs. Ramsay was a, very pretty little thing with pleasant manners and a sense of humour. She was dressed always very simply, but she knew how to wear her clothes.
One evening at dinner the conversation by chance drifted to the subject of pearls. There was some argument between Mr. Kelada and Ramsay about the value of culture and real pearls. I did not believe Ramsay knew anything about the subject at all. At last Mr. Kelada got furious and shouted: "Well, I know what I am talking about. I'm going to Japan just to look into this Japanese pearl business. I'm in the trade. I know the best pearls in the world, and what l don't know about pearls isn't worth knowing."
Here was news for us, for Mr. Kelada had never told anyone what his business was.
Ramsay leaned forward.
"That's a pretty chain, isn't it?" he asked pointing to the chain that Mrs. Ramsay wore.
"I noticed it at once," answered Mr. Kelada. "Those are pearls all right."
"I didn't buy it myself, of course," said Ramsay. "I wonder how much you think it cost."
"Oh, in the trade somewhere round fifteen thousand dollars. But if it was bought on Fifth Avenue anything up to thirty thousand was paid for it."
Ramsay smiled. "You'll be surprised to hear that Mrs. Ramsay bought that string the day before we left New York for eighteen dollars. I'll bet you a hundred dollars it's imitation."
"Done."
"But how can it be proved?" Mrs. Ramsay asked.
"Let me look at the chain and if it's imitation I'll tell you quickly enough. I can afford to lose a hundred dollars," said Mr. Kelada.
The chain was handed to Mr. Kelada. He took a magnifying glass from his pocket and closely examined it. A smile of triumph spread over his face. He was about to speak. Suddenly he saw Mrs. Ramsay's face. It was so white that she looked as if she were about to faint'. She was staring at him with wide and terrified eyes. Mr. Kelada stopped with his mouth open. He flushed deeply. You could almost see the effort he was making over himself. "I was mistaken," he said. "It's a very good imitation." He took a hundred-dollar note out of his pocket and handed it to Ramsay without a word. "Perhaps that'll teach you a lesson," said Ramsay as he took the note. I noticed that Mr. Kelada's hands were trembling.
The story spread over the ship. It was a fine joke that Mr. Know-All had been caught out. But Mrs. Ramsay went to her cabin with a headache.
Next morning I got up and began to shave. Suddenly I saw a letter pushed under the door. I opened the door and looked out. There was nobody there. I picked up the letter and saw that it was addressed to Mr. Kelada. I handed it to him. He took out of the envelope a hundred-dollar note. He looked at me and reddened.
"Were the pearls real?" I asked.
"If I had a pretty little wife I shouldn't let her spend a year in New York while I stayed at Kobe," said he.

21. A Rose for Emily (by William Faulkner)

So SHE vanquished them, horse and foot, just as she had vanquished their fathers thirty years before about the smell.

That was two years after her father's death and a short time after her sweetheart--the one we believed would marry her --had deserted her. After her father's death she went out very little; after her sweetheart went away, people hardly saw her at all. A few of the ladies had the temerity to call, but were not received, and the only sign of life about the place was the Negro man--a young man then--going in and out with a market basket.

"Just as if a man--any man--could keep a kitchen properly, "the ladies said; so they were not surprised when the smell developed. It was another link between the gross, teeming world and the high and mighty Griersons.

A neighbor, a woman, complained to the mayor, Judge Stevens, eighty years old.

"But what will you have me do about it, madam?" he said.

"Why, send her word to stop it," the woman said. "Isn't there a law? "

"I'm sure that won't be necessary," Judge Stevens said. "It's probably just a snake or a rat that nigger of hers killed in the yard. I'll speak to him about it."

The next day he received two more complaints, one from a man who came in diffident deprecation.

"We really must do something about it, Judge. I'd be the last one in the world to bother Miss Emily, but we've got to do something." That night the Board of Aldermen met--three graybeards and one younger man, a member of the rising generation.

"It's simple enough," he said. "Send her word to have her place cleaned up. Give her a certain time

to do it in, and if she don't. .."

"Dammit, sir," Judge Stevens said, "will you accuse a lady to her face of smelling bad?"

So the next night, after midnight, four men crossed Miss Emily's lawn and slunk about the house like burglars, sniffing along the base of the brickwork and at the cellar openings while one of them performed a regular sowing motion with his hand out of a sack slung from his shoulder. They broke open the cellar door and sprinkled lime there, and in all the outbuildings. As they recrossed the lawn, a window that had been dark was lighted and Miss Emily sat in it, the light behind her, and her upright torso motionless as that of an idol. They crept quietly across the lawn and into the shadow of the locusts that lined the street. After a week or two the smell went away.

That was when people had begun to feel really sorry for her. People in our town, remembering how old lady Wyatt, her great-aunt, had gone completely crazy at last, believed that the Griersons held themselves a little too high for what they really were. None of the young men were quite good enough for Miss Emily and such. We had long thought of them as a tableau, Miss Emily a slender figure in white in the

background, her father a spraddled silhouette in the foreground, his back to her and clutching a horsewhip, the two of them framed by the back-flung front door. So when she got to be thirty and was still single, we were not pleased exactly, but vindicated; even with insanity in the family she wouldn't have turned down all of her chances if they had really materialized.

When her father died, it got about that the house was all that was left to her; and in a way, people were glad. At last they could pity Miss Emily. Being left alone, and a pauper, she had become humanized. Now she too would know the old thrill and the old despair of a penny more or less.

The day after his death all the ladies prepared to call at the house and offer condolence and aid, as is our custom Miss Emily met them at the door, dressed as usual and with no trace of grief on her face.

She told them that her father was not dead. She did that for three days, with the ministers calling on her, and the doctors, trying to persuade her to let them dispose of the body. Just as they were about to resort to law and force, she broke down, and they buried her father quickly.

We did not say she was crazy then. We believed she had to do that. We remembered all the young men her father had driven away, and we knew that with nothing left, she would have to cling to that which had robbed her, as people will

22. Art for Heart's Sake'
(by R. Goldberg)

"Here, take your juice," said Koppel, Mr. Ellsworth's servant and nurse.
"No," said Collis P. Ellsworth.
"But it's good for you, sir!"
"The doctor insists on it."
Koppel heard the front door bell and was glad to leave the room. He found Doctor Caswell in the hall downstairs.
"I can't do a thing with him," he told the doctor." He doesn't want to take his juice. I can't persuade him to take his medicine. He doesn't want me to read to him. He hates TV. He doesn't like anything!"
Doctor Caswell took the information with his usual professional calm. This was not an ordinary case. The old gentleman was in pretty good health for a man of seventy. But it was necessary to keep him from buying things. His financial transactions always ended in failure, which was bad for his health.
"How are you this morning? Feeling better?" asked the doctor. "I hear you haven't been obeying my orders."
The doctor drew up a chair and sat down close to the old man. He had to do his duty. "I'd like to make a suggestion," he said quietly. He didn't want to argue with the old man.
Old Ellsworth looked at him over his glasses. The way Doctor Caswell said it made him suspicions.
"What is it, more medicine, more automobile rides to keep me away from the office?" the old man asked with suspicion. "Not at all," said the doctor. "I've been thinking of something different. As a matter of fact I'd like to suggest that you should take up art. I don't mean seriously of course," said the doctor, "just try. You'll like it."

Much to his surprise the old man agreed. He only asked who was going to teach him drawing. "I've thought of that too," said the doctor. "I know a student from an art school who can come round once a week. If you don't like it, after a little while you can throw him out." The person he had in mind and promised to bring over was a certain Frank Swain, eighteen years old and a capable student. Like most students he needed money. Doctor Caswell kept his promise.

He got in touch with Frank Swain and the lessons began. The old man liked it so much that when at the end of the f irst lesson Koppel came in and apologised to him for interrupting the lesson, as the old man needed a rest, Ellsworth looked disappointed.

When the art student came the following week, he saw a drawing on the table. It was a vase. But something was definitely wrong with it.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked the old man stepping aside.

"I don't mean to hurt you, sir...", began Swain.

"I see," the old man interrupted, "the halves don't match. I can't say I am good at drawing. Listen, young man," he whispered. "I want to ask you something before Old Juice comes again. I don't want to speak in his presence."

"Yes, sir," said Swain with respect.

"I've been thinking... Could you come twice a week or perhaps three times?"

"Sure, Mr. Ellsworth," the student said respectfully.

"When shall I come?"

They arranged to meet on Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

As the weeks went by, Swain's visits grew more frequent. The old man drank his juice obediently. Doctor Caswell hoped that business had been forgotten forever.

When spring came, Ellsworth painted a picture which he called "Trees Dressed in White." The picture was awful. The trees in it looked like salad thrown up against the wall. Then he announced that he was going to display it at the Summer Show at the Lathrop Gallery. Doctor Caswell and Swain didn't believe it. They thought the old man was joking.

The summer show at the Lathrop Gallery was the biggest exhibition of the year. All outstanding artists in the United States dreamt of winning a Lathrop prize.

To the astonishment of all "Trees Dressed in White" was accepted for the Show.

Young Swain went to the exhibition one af ternoon and blushed when he saw "Trees Dressed in White" gi l 'B0 ii di of the strange picture, Swain rushed out. He was ashamed that a picture like that had been accepted for the show.

However Swain did not give up teaching the old man. Every time Koppel entered the room he found the old man painting something. Koppel even thought of hiding the brush from him. The old man seldom mentioned his picture and was usually cheerful.

Two days before the close of the exhibition Ellsworth received a letter. Koppel brought it when Swain and the doctor were in the room. "Read it to me," asked the old man putting aside the brush he was holding in his hand. "My eyes are tired from painting."

The letter said: "It gives the Lathrop Gallery pleasure to announce that Collis P. Kllsworth has been awarded the First Landscape Prize of ten thousand dollars for his painting "Trees Dressed in White".

Smain became dumb with astonishment. Koppel dropped the glass with juice he was about to give Ellsworth. Doctor Caswell managed to keep calm. "Congratulations, Mr. Ellsworth," said the doctor.

"Fine, fine... Frankly, I didn't expect that your picture would win the prize. Anyway I've proved to you that art is more satisfying than business."
"Art is nothing. I bought the Lathrop Gallery," said the old man highly pleased with the effect of his deception.

23. Wager with Destiny
(by E.E. Gatti)

Anderson was alone in camp when the native boy brought him Barton's book.
"The boss has dropped it on the trail," the boy said. Anderson knew the book well, a cheap, shabby little notebook. He had heard Barton say a dozen times that he'd bought it with the first dime he'd earned, and every financial transaction he'd made since was entered in that book.
The camp was inside a mountain jungle in the Kuvi region of the Congo. And the heavy clouds overhead made Anderson feel gloomy. He was not well, and he was nervous. And he was unreasonably disturbed about the cage.
He had come on this hunting safari as Barton's guest. Barton, now, was one of the richest men in America; a hard man, who was proud of his power. It was surprising, therefore, to Anderson, that after fifteen years of silence, Barton had looked him up, renewed their boyhood friendship and made him this invitation. Anderson was grateful for it; for he, himself, was penniless and a failure.
Barton had made a bet at his club that he could capture alive a full-grown gorilla and bring it back to America. Hence the safari. And hence the portable steel cage with its automatic door.
Anderson couldn't bear to think of a great gorilla, unable to use his magnificent strength, shut up in the cage. But Anderson, of course, was sensitive about steel bars.
He did not mean to look in Barton's book. It had fallen into the mud, and Anderson only wanted to clean it.
But as he turned the pages shaking out the dried mud, his eyes fell upon a date – April 20, 1923. That was the date that had been seared into Anderson's mind with a red-hot iron, and mechanically he read the entry. Then he opened his mouth and the air swam around him.
“April 20, 1923, received $50,000” the book stated. Nothing more than that. And on April 20, 1923, he, Anderson, an innocent man, a young accountant in the same firm where Barton was just beginning his career, had been sentenced to fifteen years in prison for embezzlement' of $50,000.
Anderson was as shaken as if the very ground had opened under his feet. Memories rushed back to him. The books' had been tampered' with, all right. But they had never been able to locate the money.
And all the time it was Barton who had stolen the money; had used it as the cornerstone4 of his vast success; had noted it down, laconically, in his little book!
"But why did he bring me here?" Anderson asked himself. His body was burning with heat, and his head was heavy; he felt the first sign of malaria. And his heart was filled with the terrible, bitter rage of one betrayed. "Does he think I suspect him? Does he plan to kill me now?"
And then the reason came, cold and clear. There was a power of justice in life, and that power had made Barton bring him, so that he, Anderson, could take the law in his own hands, and the guilty would be punished instead of the innocent.
At once his mind was made up, and he had never known his thinking to be so clear and direct. He would

kill Barton while he slept – they shared the same tent. And he would go to bed now and pretend sleeping, so that he would not have to speak to Barton.
It was already late in the afternoon. Anderson uneasily walked into the tent. But he did not have to play a role, for as soon as he touched the bed he fell into the heavy sleep of increasing malaria.
It was bright moonlight outside the tent when he awoke. He could hear Barton's regular, rhythmic breathing in the darkness near him. He dressed quickly and noiselessly, turned the safety catch of his revolver and bent above Barton. But a sudden shock of revulsion came over him.
He put the revolver down carefully on the table near his bed. Then he was outside the tent and trying to run, to get away from that accusing voice that cried within him, again and again, "Murderer!"
He did not know where he was until his hand touched something cold and hard – a steel bar of the cage. God, it knew steel bars, that hand. He closed his eyes against the thought, and took a few steps forward. Then a noise behind him made him turn around. The steel door of the cage had dropped! He had walked into the cage, closing the automatic door!
"Where you should be," cried the accusing voice, “where murderers ought to be, in a cage!”
Anderson sobbed hysterically. Then he fell and the flames of his fever licked him.
Anderson opened his eyes with great effort, and saw above him the face of the friendly planter who lived some miles from the camp.
"You'll be all right now," the man said, "the fever's over. But how did you get into the cage?"
Anderson tried to explain, but he didn't have strength enough to speak. He knew where he was, in a bed in the planter's house. And gradually he became aware that there was another white man in the room, one he had never seen before.
"He was lucky," the planter was saying to this strange man. "If he hadn't been safe in that cage, the gorillas would have got him as they did Barton and those pygmies."
"Do you feel able to talk now?" the stranger asked "I expect you're wondering who I am. I am Barton's lawyer, I flew down from New York to take charge of Barton's affairs as soon as I got the news. You've been delirious three weeks, you know."
The lawyer sat down beside Anderson's bed. “As you know, my late client was a superstitious man, and a great gambler”, he said. “You two, as young men, started your careers together. And on the very day that he received the capital that gave him his chance, you were sentenced to prison on a charge of embezzling the identical' sum – fifty thousand dollars. Barton took the coincidence as an act of fate”.
“He made a kind of bet with fate," the lawyer went on. "If he were allowed to succeed, he promised to do something good for you. And he kept the bet, he remembered you in his will'. I thought you'd like to know why”.
"I know why all right," said Anderson. A little word called "conscience'", he thought.
"I happened to know all about it," the lawyer added, "Because I was the executor of the will of Barton's aunt. She hadn't liked hi'm, and he'd expected nothing from her. So that fifty thousand was like money falling from the skies."

24. The Fisherman and His Soul
(by O. Wilde)

Every evening the young Fisherman went to sea and threw his nets into the water.
When the wind blew from the land he caught very little or nothing, for the wind was bitter and the waves were heavy. But when the wind blew towards the shore, the fish came from the depth, and swam into his nets, and he took them to the market and sold them.
Every evening he went to sea, and one evening the net was so heavy that he could not draw it into the boat. And he laughed, and said to himself, "Surely I have caught all the fish of the sea, or some monster," and he put forth all his strength and drew the net to the surface of the water.
But there were no fish at all in it, nor any monster, but only a little Mermaid, who was fast asleep.
Her wet hair was like gold, her body was as white as ivory, and her tail was of silver and pearl, and like seashells were her ears, and her lips were like sea-coral.
She was so beautiful that the young Fisherman drew the net close to him, and embraced her. And when he touched her, she gave a cry, and awoke, and looked at him in terror and tried to escape. But he held her so tight that she could not free herself.
And when she saw that she could in no way' escape from him, she began to weep, and said, "I ask you to let me go, for I am the only daughter of a King, and my father is very old and all alone."
But the young Fisherman answered, "I shall let you go if you promise that whenever I call you, you will come and sing to me, for the fish like to listen to the songs of the Sea-folk, and so my nets will be full."
"Will you indeed let me go if I promise you this?" asked the Mermaid.
"Indeed I will let you go," said the young Fisherman.
So she promised him, and swore it by the oath of the Sea-folk' and he loosened his arms, and let her go, and she sank down into the water, trembling with a strange fear.
Every evening the young Fisherman went to sea, and called to the Mermaid, and she rose out of the water and sang a marve1lous song to him.
And as she sang, all the fish came from the depth to listen to her, and the young Fisherman threw his nets and caught them. And when his boat was full, the Mermaid smiled at him and sank down into the sea.
Yet, she never came so near to him that he could touch her. He often called to her and begged her, but she did not come near him, and when he tried to seize her she sank down into the water, and he did not see her again that day. And each day the sound of her voice became sweeter to his ears. So sweet was her voice that he forgot his nets and his boat. With eyes dim with wonder, he sat idly in his boat and listened, and listened, till night came.
And one evening he called to her, and said: "Little Mermaid, little Mermaid, I love you. Let me be your bridegroom, for I love you."
But the Mermaid shook her head. "You have a human soul," she answered. "Send away your soul and I shall love you."

25. A Rose for Emily (by William Faulkner)

WHEN Miss Emily Grierson died, our whole town went to her funeral: the men through a sort of respectful affection for a fallen monument, the women mostly out of curiosity to see the inside of her house, which no one save an old man-servant--a combined gardener and cook--had seen in at least ten years.

It was a big, squarish frame house that had once been white, decorated with cupolas and spires and scrolled balconies in the heavily lightsome style of the seventies, set on what had once been our most select street. But garages and cotton gins had encroached and obliterated even the august names of that neighborhood; only Miss Emily's house was left, lifting its stubborn and coquettish decay above the cotton wagons and the gasoline pumps-an eyesore among eyesores. And now Miss Emily had gone to join the representatives of those august names where they lay in the cedar- bemused cemetery among the ranked and anonymous graves of Union and Confederate soldiers who fell at the battle of Jefferson.

Alive, Miss Emily had been a tradition, a duty, and a care; a sort of hereditary obligation upon the town, dating from that day in 1894 when Colonel Sartoris, the mayor--he who fathered the edict that no Negro woman should appear on the streets without an apron-remitted her taxes, the dispensation dating from the death of her father on into perpetuity. Not that Miss Emily would have accepted charity. Colonel Sartoris invented an involved tale to the effect that Miss Emily's father had loaned money to the town, which the town, as a matter of business, preferred this way of repaying. Only a man of Colonel Sartoris' generation and thought could have invented it, and only a woman could have believed it.

When the next generation, with its more modern ideas, became mayors and aldermen, this arrangement created some little dissatisfaction. On the first of the year they mailed her a tax notice.

February came, and there was no reply. They wrote her a formal letter, asking her to call at the sheriff's office at her convenience. A week later the mayor wrote her himself, offering to call or to send his car for her, and received in reply a note on paper of an archaic shape, in a thin, flowing calligraphy in faded ink, to the effect that she no longer went out at all. The tax notice was also enclosed, without comment.

They called a special meeting of the Board of Aldermen. A deputation waited upon her, knocked at the door through which no visitor had passed since she ceased giving china-painting lessons eight or ten years earlier. They were admitted by the old Negro into a dim hall from which a stairway mounted into still more shadow. It smelled of dust and disuse--a close, dank smell. The Negro led them into the parlor. It was furnished in heavy, leather-covered furniture. When the Negro opened the blinds of one window, they could see that the leather was cracked; and when they sat down, a faint dust rose sluggishly about their thighs, spinning with slow motes in the single sun-ray. On a tarnished gilt easel before the fireplace stood a crayon portrait of Miss Emily's father.

They rose when she entered--a small, fat woman in black, with a thin gold chain descending to her waist and vanishing into her belt, leaning on an ebony cane with a tarnished gold head. Her skeleton was small and spare; perhaps that was why what would have been merely plumpness in another was obesity in her. She looked bloated, like a body long submerged in motionless water, and of that pallid hue. Her eyes, lost in the fatty ridges of her face, looked like two small pieces of coal pressed into a lump of dough as they moved from one face to another while the visitors stated their errand. She did not ask them to sit. She just stood in the door and listened quietly until the spokesman came to a stumbling halt. Then they could hear the invisible watch ticking at the end of the gold chain.

Her voice was dry and cold. "I have no taxes in Jefferson. Colonel Sartoris explained it to me.

Perhaps one of you can gain access to the city records and satisfy yourselves."

"But we have. We are the city authorities, Miss Emily. Didn't you get a notice from the sheriff, signed by him?"

"I received a paper, yes," Miss Emily said. "Perhaps he considers himself the sheriff . . . I have no taxes in Jefferson."

"But there is nothing on the books to show that, you see We must go by the--"

"See Colonel Sartoris. I have no taxes in Jefferson."

"But, Miss Emily--"

"See Colonel Sartoris." (Colonel Sartoris had been dead almost ten years.) "I have no taxes in Jefferson. Tobe!" The Negro appeared. "Show these gentlemen out."

2 семестр Художественные тексты

1. A Rose for Emily (by William Faulkner)

SHE WAS SICK for a long time. When we saw her again, her hair was cut short, making her look like a girl, with a vague resemblance to those angels in colored church windows--sort of tragic and serene.

The town had just let the contracts for paving the sidewalks, and in the summer after her father's death they began the work. The construction company came with niggers and mules and machinery, and a foreman named Homer Barron, a Yankee--a big, dark, ready man, with a big voice and eyes lighter than his face. The little boys would follow in groups to hear him cuss the niggers, and the niggers singing in time to the rise and fall of picks. Pretty soon he knew everybody in town. Whenever you heard a lot of laughing anywhere about the square, Homer Barron would be in the center of the group. Presently we began to see him and Miss Emily on Sunday afternoons driving in the yellow-wheeled buggy and the matched team of bays from the livery stable.

At first we were glad that Miss Emily would have an interest, because the ladies all said, "Of course a Grierson would not think seriously of a Northerner, a day laborer." But there were still others, older people, who said that even grief could not cause a real lady to forget noblesse oblige- - without calling it noblesse oblige. They just said, "Poor Emily. Her kinsfolk should come to her." She had some kin in Alabama; but years ago her father had fallen out with them over the estate of old lady Wyatt, the crazy woman, and there was no communication between the two families. They had not even been represented at the funeral.

And as soon as the old people said, "Poor Emily," the whispering began. "Do you suppose it's really so?" they said to one another. "Of course it is. What else could . . ." This behind their hands; rustling of craned silk and satin behind jalousies closed upon the sun of Sunday afternoon as the thin, swift clop-clop-clop of the matched team passed: "Poor Emily."

She carried her head high enough--even when we believed that she was fallen. It was as if she demanded more than ever the recognition of her dignity as the last Grierson; as if it had wanted that

touch of earthiness to reaffirm her imperviousness. Like when she bought the rat poison, the arsenic. That was over a year after they had begun to say "Poor Emily," and while the two female cousins were visiting her.

"I want some poison," she said to the druggist. She was over thirty then, still a slight woman, though thinner than usual, with cold, haughty black eyes in a face the flesh of which was strained across the temples and about the eyesockets as you imagine a lighthouse-keeper's face ought to look. "I want some poison," she said.

"Yes, Miss Emily. What kind? For rats and such? I'd recom--"

"I want the best you have. I don't care what kind."

The druggist named several. "They'll kill anything up to an elephant. But what you want is--"

"Arsenic," Miss Emily said. "Is that a good one?"

"Is . . . arsenic? Yes, ma'am. But what you want--"

"I want arsenic."

The druggist looked down at her. She looked back at him, erect, her face like a strained flag. "Why, of course," the druggist said. "If that's what you want. But the law requires you to tell what you are going to use it for."

Miss Emily just stared at him, her head tilted back in order to look him eye for eye, until he looked away and went and got the arsenic and wrapped it up. The Negro delivery boy brought her the package; the druggist didn't come back. When she opened the package at home there was written on the box, under the skull and bones: "For rats."

2. A Rose for Emily (by William Faulkner)

So THE NEXT day we all said, "She will kill herself"; and we said it would be the best thing. When she had first begun to be seen with Homer Barron, we had said, "She will marry him." Then we said, "She will persuade him yet," because Homer himself had remarked--he liked men, and it was known that he drank with the younger men in the Elks' Club--that he was not a marrying man. Later we said, "Poor Emily" behind the jalousies as they passed on Sunday afternoon in the glittering buggy, Miss Emily with her head high and Homer Barron with his hat cocked and a cigar in his teeth, reins and whip in a yellow glove.

Then some of the ladies began to say that it was a disgrace to the town and a bad example to the young people. The men did not want to interfere, but at last the ladies forced the Baptist minister--Miss Emily's people were Episcopal-- to call upon her. He would never divulge what happened during that interview, but he refused to go back again. The next Sunday they again drove about the streets, and the following day the minister's wife wrote to Miss Emily's relations in Alabama.

So she had blood-kin under her roof again and we sat back to watch developments. At first nothing happened. Then we were sure that they were to be married. We learned that Miss Emily had been to the jeweler's and ordered a man's toilet set in silver, with the letters H. B. on each piece. Two days later we learned that she had bought a complete outfit of men's clothing, including a nightshirt, and we said, "They are married." We were really glad. We were glad because the two female cousins were even more Grierson than Miss Emily had ever been.

So we were not surprised when Homer Barron--the streets had been finished some time since—was gone. We were a little disappointed that there was not a public blowing-off, but we believed that he had gone on to prepare for Miss Emily's coming, or to give her a chance to get rid of the cousins. (By that time it was a cabal, and we were all Miss Emily's allies to help circumvent the cousins.)

Sure enough, after another week they departed. And, as we had expected all along, within three days Homer Barron was back in town. A neighbor saw the Negro man admit him at the kitchen door at dusk one evening.

And that was the last we saw of Homer Barron. And of Miss Emily for some time. The Negro man went in and out with the market basket, but the front door remained closed. Now and then we would see her at a window for a moment, as the men did that night when they sprinkled the lime, but for almost six months she did not appear on the streets. Then we knew that this was to be expected too; as if that quality of her father which had thwarted her woman's life so many times had been too virulent and too furious to die.

When we next saw Miss Emily, she had grown fat and her hair was turning gray. During the next few years it grew grayer and grayer until it attained an even pepper-and-salt iron-gray, when it ceased turning. Up to the day of her death at seventy-four it was still that vigorous iron-gray, like the hair of an active man.

From that time on her front door remained closed, save for a period of six or seven years, when she was about forty, during which she gave lessons in china-painting. She fitted up a studio in one of the downstairs rooms, where the daughters and granddaughters of Colonel Sartoris' contemporaries were sent to her with the same regularity and in the same spirit that they were sent to church on Sundays with a twenty-five-cent piece for the collection plate. Meanwhile her taxes had been remitted.

Then the newer generation became the backbone and the spirit of the town, and the painting pupils grew up and fell away and did not send their children to her with boxes of color and tedious brushes and pictures cut from the ladies' magazines. The front door closed upon the last one and remained closed for good. When the town got free postal delivery, Miss Emily alone refused to let them fasten the metal numbers above her door and attach a mailbox to it. She would not listen to them.

Daily, monthly, yearly we watched the Negro grow grayer and more stooped, going in and out with the market basket. Each December we sent her a tax notice, which would be returned by the post office a week later, unclaimed. Now and then we would see her in one of the downstairs windows-- she had evidently shut up the top floor of the house--like the carven torso of an idol in a niche, looking or not looking at us, we could never tell which. Thus she passed from generation to generation--dear, inescapable, impervious, tranquil, and perverse.

And so she died. Fell ill in the house filled with dust and shadows, with only a doddering Negro man to wait on her. We did not even know she was sick; we had long since given up trying to get any information from the Negro He talked to no one, probably not even to her, for his voice had grown harsh and rusty, as if from disuse.

She died in one of the downstairs rooms, in a heavy walnut bed with a curtain, her gray head propped on a pillow yellow and moldy with age and lack of sunlight

3. The Long Way Out (by Fitzgerald)

We were talking about some of the older castles in Touraine and we touched upon the iron cage in which Louis XI imprisoned Cardinal La Balue for six years, then upon oubliettes and such horrors. I had seen several of the latter, simply dry wells thirty or forty feet deep where a man was thrown to wait for nothing; since I have such a tendency to claustrophobia that a Pullman berth is a certain nightmare, they had made a lasting impression. So it was rather a relief when a doctor told this story—that is, it was a relief when he began it for it seemed to have nothing to do with the tortures long ago.

There was a young woman named Mrs. King who was very happy with her husband. They were well-to-do and deeply in love but at the birth of her second child she went into a long coma and emerged with a dear case of schizophrenia or "split personality." Her delusion, which had something to do with the Declaration of Independence, had little bearing on the case and as she regained her health it began to disappear. At the end of ten months she was a convalescent patient scarcely marked by what had happened to her and very eager to go back into the world.

She was only twenty-one, rather girlish in an appealing way and a favorite with the staff of the sanitarium. When she became well enough so that she could take an experimental trip with her husband there was a general interest in the venture. One nurse had gone into Philadelphia with her to get a dress, another knew the story of her rather romantic courtship in Mexico and everyone had seen her two babies on visits to the hospital. The trip was to Virginia Beach for five days.

It was a joy to watch her make ready, dressing and packing meticulously and living in the gay trivialities of hair waves and such things. She was ready half an hour before the time of departure and she paid some visits on the floor in her powder-blue gown and her hat that looked like one minute after an April shower Her frail lovely face, with just that touch of startled sadness that often lingers after an illness, was alight with anticipation.

"We'll just do nothing," she said. "That's my ambition. To get up when I want to for three straight mornings and stay up late three straight nights. To buy a bathing suit by myself and order a meal."

When the time approached Mrs. King decided to wait downstairs instead of in her room and as she passed along the corridors with an orderly carrying her suitcase she waved to the other patients, sorry that they too were not going on a gorgeous holiday .The superintendent wished her well, two nurses found excuses to linger and share her infectious joy.

"What a beautiful tan you'll get, Mrs. King."

"Be sure and send a postcard."

About the time she left her room her husband's car was hit by a truck on his way from the city—he was hurt internally and was not expected to live more than a few hours. The information was received at the hospital in a glassed-in office adjoining the hall where Mrs. King waited. The operator, seeing Mrs. King and knowing that the glass was not sound proof, asked the head nurse to come immediately. The head nurse hurried aghast to a doctor and he decided what to do. So long as the husband was still alive it was best to tell her nothing, but of course she must know that he was

not coming today.
Mrs. King was greatly disappointed.
“I suppose it’s silly to feel that way,” she said. “After all these months what’s one more day? He said he’d come tomorrow, didn’t he?”
The nurse was having a difficult time but she managed to pass it off until the patient was back in her room. Then they assigned a very experienced and phlegmatic nurse to keep Mrs. King away from other patients and from newspapers. By the next day the matter would be decided one way or another.
But her husband lingered on and they continued to prevaricate. A little before noon next day one of the nurses was passing along the corridor when she met Mrs. King, dressed as she had been the day before but this time carrying her own suitcase.
”I’m going to meet my husband,“she explained. “He couldn’t come yesterday but he’s coming today at the same time.”
The nurse walked along with her. Mrs. King had the freedom of the building and it was difficult to simply steer her back to her room and the nurse did not want to tell a story that would contradict what the authorities were telling her. When they reached the front hall she signaled to the operator who fortunately under-stood. Mrs. King gave herself a last inspection in the mirror and said:
“I’d like to have a dozen hats just like this to remind me to be this happy always.”
When the head nurse came in frowning a minute later she demanded:
“Don’t tell me George is delayed?”
“I’m afraid he is. There is nothing much to do but be patient.”

4. Cedric the Stoker (The True Story of the Battle of the Baltic)

The grimy coal-hole of the battleship of the line was hot, and Cedric felt the loss of his parasol keenly. It was his duty to feed the huge furnace that sent the ship rolling over and over in the sea, heated the sailors' bedrooms, and ran the washing machine. Cedric was hard at work. He would fill his hat with a heap of the black coals, carry them to the huge furnace, and throw them in. His hat was now soiled beyond recognition, and try as he might he could not keep his hands clean.

He was interrupted in his work by the jingle of the telephone bell. “Captain wishes to speak to you, Mr. Cedric,” said the girl at the exchange. Cedric rushed to the phone.

“How's your mother,” asked the Captain.

“Very well, thank you, sir,” answered Cedric.

“Is it hot enough for you, down there?” said the Captain.

“Quite,” replied Cedric, courteously.

The Captain's voice changed. He would change it every now and then. “Come to my office at once,” he said, “we are about to go into action and I wish your advice.”

Cedric rushed to the elevator, and getting off at the fourth floor, ran to the office. He found the Captain rubbing his face with cold cream to remove sunburn.

“Cedric,” said the Captain, sticking a lump of the greasy stuff into his mouth, and chewing it while

he talked, “You are a bright child, rattle off the binomial theorem.”

Cedric repeated it forwards, backwards, and from the middle to both ends.

“Now name all the salts of phosphoric acid!”

Cedric named them all, and four or five extra.

“Now the Iliad!”

Here Cedric did his most difficult task. He repeated the Iliad backwards leaving out alternately every seventh and fourth word.

“You are efficient,” said the Captain smilingly. He took from his mouth the cold cream, which he had chewed into a hard porous lump, and dropped it back into the jar. “I shall trust you with all our lives.” He drew Cedric closer to him.

“Listen,” he whispered; “the enemy are attacking in force. They are far stronger than we. We outnumber them only five to one: nevertheless we shall fight with the utmost bravery. As commander of the fleet, I have ordered the crews of all my ships to struggle to the last shell and powder roll, and then to flee for their lives. This ship is not so fast as the others so I guess it had better begin fleeing now!”

“Sir—” began Cedric, but he was interrupted by the stacatto noise of the huge forward turret popguns as the two fleets joined in battle. They could hear the sharp raps of the paddles as the bosuns spanked their crews to make them work faster. Their ears were deafened by the cursing of the pilots as the ships fouled one another. All the hideous sounds of battle rose and assailed them. Cedric rushed to the window and threw it open. He shrank back, aghast. Bearing down upon them, and only ten miles away, was the huge Hoboken, the biggest of all ferry-boats, captured by the enemy from the Erie Railroad in the fall of '92. So close she was that Cedric could read her route sign “Bronx West to Toid Avenoo.” The very words struck him numb.

On she came, andon, throwing mountains of spray a mile in front of her and several miles to her rear.

“Is she coming fast, boy?” asked the Captain.

“Sir, she's making every bit of a knot an hour,” answered Cedric, trembling.

The Captain seized him roughly by the shoulders. “We'll fight to the end,” he said; “even though

she is faster than we are. Quick! To the cellars, and stoke, stoke, STOKE!!”

5. A story for girls (by Little Minnie McCloskey)

Editor's Note—Not since Little Women have we had so moving a picture of girlhood hopes and

dreams.

It was midnight in Miss Pickswinger's Select Seminary for Young Ladies (country location, hot and cold water, wrestling, bull-baiting and other outdoor sports; washing, ironing, and Bulgarian extra).

A group of girls had gathered in a cozy room. There was going to be a midnight feast. Oh, goody!

There was but little light, for, fearing to turn on the acetylene, they had built a bonfire on the table, and one girl was appointed to feed the faint flames with false hair and legs which she wrenched quietly from the chairs and tables. A saddle of venison for their little supper was turning over and over on a spit in the cooking stove in the corner, and the potatoes were boiling noiselessly in the steam radiator.

Perched like a little queen on the armchair sat Louise Sangfroid the hostess, on the mantle-piece lay Mary Murgatroid in red and white striped pajamas while balancing on the molding sat Minnie McCloskey in a nightshirt of yaeger flannel. Other girls sat around the room, two on a trunk which they had ingeniously improvised as a chair, one on an empty case of beer and three on a heap of broken glass and tin cans in the corner.

Girls will be girls! Ah, me! They would have their little frolic; a cask of Haig and Haig, stolen from Miss Pickswinger's private stock, was behind the door and the mischievous girls had almost finished it.

Minnie McCloskey was the school drudge; she was working for her education. At three every morning she rose, made the beds, washed the dishes, branded the cattle, cut the grass, and did many other tasks. She was known affectionately to her companions as “Piggy” McCloskey (all the girls had nicknames. How they got them no one knew. Amy Gulps was called “Fatty,” perhaps because she was fat; Mary Munks was called “Red” conceivably because she had red hair. Phoebe Cohop was called “Boils” possibly because—(but enough, let us continue).

“Girls,” said Bridget Mulcahey, a petite little French girl, whose father had been shot at Soissons (for deserting), “let's play a prank.”

A chorus of ohs! and ahs! and girlish giggles greeted this suggestion.

“What shall we do?” asked Gumpsa LePage.

“Something exciting,” said Bridget, “let's hang Miss Pickswinger.” All assented enthusiastically except Minnie McCloskey.

“'Fraid cat,” sneered the others, “'fraid you'll get punished.”

“No,” said Minnie, “but think of all she's done for me.”

They struck her savagely with chairs, locked her in and rushed off. There was but one chance. Minnie quickly braided a rope out of rugs, lowered herself from the window, quickly weaved another rope out of grass, raised herself to Miss Pickswinger's window. They were not there. There was yet time to outwit them. Suddenly she gasped in horror.

6. Pretty mouth and Green my eyes (by Salinger)

WHEN the phone rang, the gray-haired man asked the girl, with quite some little deference, if she would rather for any reason he didn't answer it. The girl heard him as if from a distance, and turned her face toward him, one eye--on the side of the light--closed tight, her open eye very, however disingenuously, large, and so blue as to appear almost violet. The grayhaired man asked her to hurry up, and she raised up on her right forearm just quickly enough so that the movement didn't quite look perfunctory. She cleared her hair back from her forehead with her left hand and said, "God. I don't know. I mean what do you think?" The gray-haired man said he didn't see that it made a helluva lot of difference one way or the other, and slipped his left hand under the girl's supporting arm, above the elbow, working his fingers up, making room for them between the warm surfaces of her upper arm and chest wall. He reached for the phone with his right hand. To reach it without groping, he had to raise himself somewhat higher, which caused the back of his head to graze a comer of the lampshade. In that instant, the light was particularly, if rather vividly, flattering to his gray, mostly white, hair. Though in disarrangement at that moment, it had obviously been freshly cut-or, rather, freshly maintained. The neckline and temples had been trimmed conventionally close, but the sides and top had been left rather more than just longish, and were, in fact, a trifle "distinguished-looking." "Hello?" he said resonantly into the phone. The girl stayed propped up on her forearm and watched him. Her eyes, more just open than alert or speculative, reflected chiefly their own size and color.

A man's voice--stone dead, yet somehow rudely, almost obscenely quickened for the occasion--came through at the other end: "Lee? I wake you?"

The gray-haired man glanced briefly left, at the girl. "Who's that?" he asked. "Arthur?"

"Yeah--I wake you?"

"No, no. I'm in bed, reading. Anything wrong?"

"You sure I didn't wake you? Honest to God?"

"No, no--absolutely," the gray-haired man said. "As a matter of fact, I've been averaging about four lousy hours--"

"The reason I called, Lee, did you happen to notice when Joanie was leaving? Did you happen to notice if she left with the Ellenbogens, by any chance?"

The gray-haired man looked left again, but high this time, away from the girl, who was now watching him rather like a young, blue-eyed Irish policeman. "No, I didn't, Arthur," he said, his eyes on the far, dim end of the room, where the wall met the ceiling. "Didn't she leave with you?"

"No. Christ, no. You didn't see her leave at all, then?"

"Well, no, as a matter of fact, I didn't, Arthur," the gray-haired man said. "Actually, as a matter of fact, I didn't see a bloody thing all evening. The minute I got in the door, I got myself involved in one long Jesus of a session with that French poop, Viennese poop--whatever the hell he was. Every bloody one of these foreign guys keep an eye open for a little free legal advice. Why? What's up? Joanie lost?"

"Oh, Christ. Who knows? I don't know. You know her when she gets all tanked up and rarin' to go.

I don't know. She may have just--"

"You call the Ellenbogens?" the gray-haired man asked.

"Yeah. They're not home yet. I don't know. Christ, I'm not even sure she left with them. I know one thing. I know one goddam thing. I'm through beating my brains out. I mean it. I really mean it this time. I'm through. Five years. Christ."

"All right, try to take it a little easy, now, Arthur," the gray-haired man said. "In the first place, if I know the Ellenbogens, they probably all hopped in a cab and went down to the Village for a couple of hours. All three of 'em'll probably barge--"

"I have a feeling she went to work on some bastard in the kitchen. I just have a feeling. She always starts necking some bastard in the kitchen when she gets tanked up. I'm through. I swear to God I mean it this time. Five goddam-"

"Where are you now, Arthur?" the gray-haired man asked. "Home?"

"Yeah. Home. Home sweet home. Christ."

"Well, just try to take it a little--What are ya--drunk, or what?"

"I don't know. How the hell do I know?"

"All right, now, listen. Relax. Just relax," the gray-haired man said. "You know the Ellenbogens, for Chrissake. What probably happened, they probably missed their last train. All three of 'em'll probably barge in on you any minute, full of witty, night-club--"

"They drove in."

"How do you know?"

"Their baby-sitter. We've had some scintillating goddam conversations. We're close as hell. We're like two goddam peas in a pod."

7. A perfect day for bananafish (by Salinger)

THERE WERE ninety-seven New York advertising men in the hotel, and, the way they were monopolizing the long-distance lines, the girl in 507 had to wait from noon till almost two-thirty to get her call through. She used the time, though. She read an article in a women's pocket-size magazine, called "Sex Is Fun-or Hell." She washed her comb and brush. She took the spot out of the skirt of her beige suit. She moved the button on her Saks blouse. She tweezed out two freshly surfaced hairs in her mole. When the operator finally rang her room, she was sitting on the window seat and had almost finished putting lacquer on the nails of her left hand.

She was a girl who for a ringing phone dropped exactly nothing. She looked as if her phone had been ringing continually ever since she had reached puberty.

With her little lacquer brush, while the phone was ringing, she went over the nail of her little finger, accentuating the line of the moon. She then replaced the cap on the bottle of lacquer and, standing up, passed her left--the wet--hand back and forth through the air. With her dry hand, she picked up a congested ashtray from the window seat and carried it with her over to the night table, on which the phone stood. She sat down on one of the made-up twin beds and--it was the fifth or sixth ring-- picked up the phone.

"Hello," she said, keeping the fingers of her left hand outstretched and away from her white silk dressing gown, which was all that she was wearing, except mules--her rings were in the bathroom.

"I have your call to New York now, Mrs. Glass," the operator said.

"Thank you," said the girl, and made room on the night table for the ashtray.

A woman's voice came through. "Muriel? Is that you?"

The girl turned the receiver slightly away from her ear. "Yes, Mother. How are you?" she said.

"I've been worried to death about you. Why haven't you phoned? Are you all right?"

"I tried to get you last night and the night before. The phone here's been--"

"Are you all right, Muriel?"

The girl increased the angle between the receiver and her ear. "I'm fine. I'm hot. This is the hottest day they've had in Florida in--"

"Why haven't you called me? I've been worried to--"

"Mother, darling, don't yell at me. I can hear you beautifully," said the girl. "I called you twice last night. Once just after--"

"I told your father you'd probably call last night. But, no, he had to-Are you all right, Muriel? Tell me the truth."

"I'm fine. Stop asking me that, please."

"When did you get there?"

"I don't know. Wednesday morning, early."

"Who drove?"

"He did," said the girl. "And don't get excited. He drove very nicely. I was amazed."

"He drove? Muriel, you gave me your word of--"

"Mother," the girl interrupted, "I just told you. He drove very nicely. Under fifty the whole way, as a matter of fact."

"Did he try any of that funny business with the trees?"

"I said he drove very nicely, Mother. Now, please. I asked him to stay close to the white line, and all, and he knew what I meant, and he did. He was even trying not to look at the trees-you could tell. Did Daddy get the car fixed, incidentally?"

"Not yet. They want four hundred dollars, just to--"

"Mother, Seymour told Daddy that he'd pay for it. There's no reason for--"

"Well, we'll see. How did he behave--in the car and all?"

"All right," said the girl.

"Did he keep calling you that awful--"

"No. He has something new now."

"What?"

"Oh, what's the difference, Mother?"

"Muriel, I want to know. Your father--"

"All right, all right. He calls me Miss Spiritual Tramp of 1948," the girl said, and giggled.

"It isn't funny, Muriel. It isn't funny at all. It's horrible. It's sad, actually. When I think how--"

"Mother," the girl interrupted, "listen to me. You remember that book he sent me from Germany? You know--those German poems. What'd I do with it? I've been racking my--"

"You have it."

"Are you sure?" said the girl.

"Certainly. That is, I have it. It's in Freddy's room. You left it here and I didn't have room for it in the--Why? Does he want it?"

"No. Only, he asked me about it, when we were driving down. He wanted to know if I'd read it."

"It was in German!"

"Yes, dear. That doesn't make any difference," said the girl, crossing her legs. "He said that the poems happen to be written by the only great poet of the century. He said I should've bought a translation or something. Or learned the language, if you please."

8. For Esme – with love and squalor (by Salinger)

JUST RECENTLY, by air mail, I received an invitation to a wedding that will take place in England on April 18th. It happens to be a wedding I'd give a lot to be able to get to, and when the invitation first arrived, I thought it might just be possible for me to make the trip abroad, by plane, expenses be hanged. However, I've since discussed the matter rather extensively with my wife, a breathtakingly levelheaded girl, and we've decided against it--for one thing, I'd completely forgotten that my mother-in-law is looking forward to spending the last two weeks in April with us. I really don't get to see Mother Grencher terribly often, and she's not getting any younger. She's fifty-eight. (As she'd be the first to admit.)

All the same, though, wherever I happen to be I don't think I'm the type that doesn't even lift a finger to prevent a wedding from flatting. Accordingly, I've gone ahead and jotted down a few revealing notes on the bride as I knew her almost six years ago. If my notes should cause the groom, whom I haven't met, an uneasy moment or two, so much the better. Nobody's aiming to please, here. More, really, to edify, to instruct.

In April of 1944, I was among some sixty American enlisted men who took a rather specialized pre-Invasion training course, directed by British Intelligence, in Devon, England. And as I look back, it seems to me that we were fairly unique, the sixty of us, in that there wasn't one good mixer in the bunch. We were all essentially letter-writing types, and when we spoke to each other out of the line of duty, it was usually to ask somebody if he had any ink he wasn't using. When we weren't writing letters or attending classes, each of us went pretty much his own way. Mine usually led me, on clear days, in scenic circles around the countryside. Rainy days, I generally sat in a dry place and read a book, often just an axe length away from a ping-pong table.

The training course lasted three weeks, ending on a Saturday, a very rainy one. At seven that last night, our whole group was scheduled to entrain for London, where, as rumor had it, we were to be assigned to infantry and airborne divisions mustered for the D Day landings. By three in the afternoon, I'd packed all my belongings into my barrack bag, including a canvas gas-mask container full of books I'd brought over from the Other Side. (The gas mask itself I'd slipped through a porthole of the Mauretania some weeks earlier, fully aware that if the enemy ever did use gas I'd never get the damn thing on in time.) I remember standing at an end window of our Quonset but for a very long time, looking out at the slanting, dreary rain, my trigger finger itching imperceptibly, if at all. I could hear behind my back the uncomradely scratching of many fountain pens on many

sheets of V-mail paper. Abruptly, with nothing special in mind, I came away from the window and put on my raincoat, cashmere muffler, galoshes, woollen gloves, and overseas cap (the last of which, I'm still told, I wore at an angle all my own--slightly down over both ears). Then, after synchronizing my wristwatch with the clock in the latrine, I walked down the long, wet cobblestone hill into town. I ignored the flashes of lightning all around me. They either had your number on them or they didn't.

In the center of town, which was probably the wettest part of town, I stopped in front of a church to read the bulletin board, mostly because the featured numerals, white on black, had caught my attention but partly because, after three years in the Army, I'd become addicted to reading bulletin boards. At three-fifteen, the board stated, there would be children's-choir practice. I looked at my wristwatch, then back at the board. A sheet of paper was tacked up, listing the names of the children expected to attend practice. I stood in the rain and read all the names, then entered the church.

A dozen or so adults were among the pews, several of them bearing pairs of small-size rubbers, soles up, in their laps. I passed along and sat down in the front row. On the rostrum, seated in three compact rows of auditorium chairs, were about twenty children, mostly girls, ranging in age from about seven to thirteen. At the moment, their choir coach, an enormous woman in tweeds, was advising them to open their mouths wider when they sang. Had anyone, she asked, ever heard of a little dickeybird that dared to sing his charming song without first opening his little beak wide, wide, wide? Apparently nobody ever had. She was given a steady, opaque look. She went on to say that she wanted all her children to absorb the meaning of the words they sang, not just mouth them, like silly-billy parrots. She then blew a note on her pitch-pipe, and the children, like so many underage weightlifters, raised their hymnbooks.

They sang without instrumental accompaniment--or, more accurately in their case, without any interference. Their voices were melodious and unsentimental, almost to the point where a somewhat more denominational man than myself might, without straining, have experienced levitation. A couple of the very youngest children dragged the tempo a trifle, but in a way that only the composer's mother could have found fault with. I had never heard the hymn, but I kept hoping it was one with a dozen or more verses. Listening, I scanned all the children's faces but watched one in particular, that of the child nearest me, on the end seat in the first row. She was about thirteen, with straight ash-blond hair of ear-lobe length, an exquisite forehead, and blase eyes that, I thought, might very possibly have counted the house. Her voice was distinctly separate from the other children's voices, and not just because she was seated nearest me. It had the best upper register, the sweetest-sounding, the surest, and it automatically led the way. The young lady, however, seemed slightly bored with her own singing ability, or perhaps just with the time and place; twice, between verses, I saw her yawn. It was a ladylike yawn, a closed-mouth yawn, but you couldn't miss it; her nostril wings gave her away.

9. The Laughing man

IN 1928, when I was nine, I belonged, with maximum esprit de corps, to an organization known as the Comanche Club. Every schoolday afternoon at three o'clock, twenty-five of us Comanches were picked up by our Chief outside the boys' exit of P. S. 165, on 109th Street near Amsterdam Avenue. We then pushed and punched our way into the Chief's reconverted commercial bus, and he drove us

(according to his financial arrangement with our parents) over to Central Park. The rest of the afternoon, weather permitting, we played football or soccer or baseball, depending (very loosely) on the season. Rainy afternoons, the Chief invariably took us either to the Museum of Natural History or to the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Saturdays and most national holidays, the Chief picked us up early in the morning at our various apartment houses and, in his condemned-looking bus, drove us out of Manhattan into the comparatively wide open spaces of Van Cortlandt Park or the Palisades. If we had straight athletics on our minds, we went to Van Cortlandt, where the playing fields were regulation size and where the opposing team didn't include a baby carriage or an irate old lady with a cane. If our Comanche hearts were set on camping, we went over to the Palisades and roughed it. (I remember getting lost one Saturday somewhere on that tricky stretch of terrain between the Linit sign and the site of the western end of the George Washington Bridge. I kept my head, though. I just sat down in the majestic shadow of a giant billboard and, however tearfully, opened my lunchbox for business, semi-confident that the Chief would find me. The Chief always found us.)

In his hours of liberation from the Comanches, the Chief was John Gedsudski, of Staten Island. He was an extremely shy, gentle young man of twenty-two or -three, a law student at N.Y.U., and altogether a very memorable person. I won't attempt to assemble his many achievements and virtues here. Just in passing, he was an Eagle Scout, an almost-All-America tackle of 1926, and it was known that he had been most cordially invited to try out for the New York Giants' baseball team. He was an impartial and unexcitable umpire at all our bedlam sporting events, a master fire builder and extinguisher, and an expert, uncontemptuous first-aid man. Every one of us, from the smallest hoodlum to the biggest, loved and respected him.

The Chief's physical appearance in 1928 is still clear in my mind. If wishes were inches, all of us Comanches would have had him a giant in no time. The way things go, though, he was a stocky five three or four--no more than that. His hair was blue-black, his hair-line extremely low, his nose was large and fleshy, and his torso was just about as long as his legs were. In his leather windbreaker, his shoulders were powerful, but narrow and sloping. At the time, however, it seemed to me that in the Chief all the most photogenic features of Buck Jones, Ken Maynard, and Tom Mix had been smoothly amalgamated.

Every afternoon, when it got dark enough for a losing team to have an excuse for missing a number of infield popups or end-zone passes, we Comanches relied heavily and selfishly on the Chief's talent for storytelling. By that hour, we were usually an overheated, irritable bunch, and we fought each other--either with our fists or our shrill voices--for the seats in the bus nearest the Chief. (The bus had two parallel rows of straw seats. The left row had three extra seats--the best in the bus--that extended as far forward as the driver's profile.) The Chief climbed into the bus only after we had settled down. Then he straddled his driver's seat backward and, in his reedy but modulated tenor voice, gave us the new installment of "The Laughing Man." Once he started narrating, our interest never flagged. "The Laughing Man" was just the right story for a Comanche. It may even have had classic dimensions. It was a story that tended to sprawl all over the place, and yet it remained essentially portable. You could always take it home with you and reflect on it while sitting, say, in the outgoing water in the bathtub.

The only son of a wealthy missionary couple, the Laughing Man was kidnapped in infancy by

Chinese bandits. When the wealthy missionary couple refused (from a religious conviction) to pay the ransom for their son, the bandits, signally piqued, placed the little fellow's head in a carpenter's vise and gave the appropriate lever several turns to the right. The subject of this unique experience grew into manhood with a hairless, pecan-shaped head and a face that featured, instead of a mouth, an enormous oval cavity below the nose. The nose itself consisted of two flesh-sealed nostrils. In consequence, when the Laughing Man breathed, the hideous, mirthless gap below his nose dilated and contracted like (as I see it) some sort of monstrous vacuole. (The Chief demonstrated, rather than explained, the Laughing Man's respiration method.) Strangers fainted dead away at the sight of the Laughing Man's horrible face. Acquaintances shunned him. Curiously enough, though, the bandits let him hang around their headquarters--as long as he kept his face covered with a pale-red gossamer mask made out of poppy petals. The mask not only spared the bandits the sight of their foster son's face, it also kept them sensible of his whereabouts; under the circumstances, he reeked of opium.

Every morning, in his extreme loneliness, the Laughing Man stole off (he was as graceful on his feet as a cat) to the dense forest surrounding the bandits' hideout. There he befriended any number and species of animals: dogs, white mice, eagles, lions, boa constrictors, wolves. Moreover, he removed his mask and spoke to them, softly, melodiously, in their own tongues. They did not think him ugly.

(It took the Chief a couple of months to get that far into the story. From there on in, he got more and more high-handed with his installments, entirely to the satisfaction of the Comanches.)

The Laughing Man was one for keeping an ear to the ground, and in no time at all he had picked up the bandits' most valuable trade secrets. He didn't think much of them, though, and briskly set up his own, more effective system. On a rather small scale at first, he began to free-lance around the Chinese countryside, robbing, highjacking, murdering when absolutely necessary. Soon his ingenious criminal methods, coupled with his singular love of fair play, found him a warm place in the nation's heart. Strangely enough, his foster parents (the bandits who had originally turned his head toward crime) were about the last to get wind of his achievements. When they did, they were insanely jealous. They all single-filed past the Laughing Man's bed one night, thinking they had successfully doped him into a deep sleep, and stabbed at the figure under the covers with their machetes. The victim turned out to be the bandit chief's mother--an unpleasant, haggling sort of person. The event only whetted the bandits' taste for the Laughing Man's blood, and finally he was obliged to lock up the whole bunch of them in a deep but pleasantly decorated mausoleum. They escaped from time to time and gave him a certain amount of annoyance, but he refused to kill them. (There was a compassionate side to the Laughing Man's character that just about drove me crazy.)

Soon the Laughing Man was regularly crossing the Chinese border into Paris, France, where he enjoyed flaunting his high but modest genius in the face of Marcel Dufarge, the internationally famous detective and witty consumptive. Dufarge and his daughter (an exquisite girl, though something of a transvestite) became the Laughing Man's bitterest enemies. Time and again, they tried leading the Laughing Man up the garden path. For sheer sport, the Laughing Man usually went halfway with them, then vanished, often leaving no even faintly credible indication of his escape method. Just now and then he posted an incisive little farewell note in the Paris sewerage system, and it was delivered promptly to Dufarge's boot. The Dufarges spent an enormous amount of time

sloshing around in the Paris sewers.

10. Caline (by Kate Chopin)

THE sun was just far enough in the west to send inviting shadows. In the centre of a small field, and in the shade of a haystack which was there, a girl lay sleeping. She had slept long and soundly, when something awoke her as suddenly as if it had been a blow. She opened her eyes and stared a moment up in the cloudless sky. She yawned and stretched her long brown legs and arms, lazily. Then she arose, never minding the bits of straw that clung to her black hair, to her red bodice, and the blue cotonade skirt that did not reach her naked ankles.

The log cabin in which she dwelt with her parents was just outside the enclosure in which she had been sleeping. Beyond was a small clearing that did duty as a cotton field. All else was dense wood, except the long stretch that curved round the brow of the hill, and in which glittered the steel rails of the Texas and Pacific road.

When Caline emerged from the shadow she saw a long train of passenger coaches standing in view, where they must have stopped abruptly. It was that sudden stopping which had awakened her; for such a thing had not happened before within her recollection, and she looked stupid, at first, with astonishment. There seemed to be something wrong with the engine; and some of the passengers who dismounted went forward to investigate the trouble. Others came strolling along in the direction of the cabin, where Caline stood under an old gnarled mulberry tree, staring. Her father had halted his mule at the end of the cotton row, and stood staring also, leaning upon his plow.

There were ladies in the party. They walked awkwardly in their high-heeled boots over the rough, uneven ground, and held up their skirts mincingly. They twirled parasols over their shoulders, and laughed immoderately at the funny things which their masculine companions were saying.

They tried to talk to Caline, but could not understand the French patois with which she answered them.

One of the men - a pleasant-faced youngster - drew a sketch book from his pocket and began to make a picture of the girl. She stayed motionless, her hands behind her, and her wide eyes fixed earnestly upon him.

Before he had finished there was a summons from the train; and all went scampering hurriedly away. The engine screeched, it sent a few lazy puffs into the still air, and in another moment or two had vanished, bearing its human cargo with it.

Caline could not feel the same after that. She looked with new and strange interest upon the trains of cars that passed so swiftly back and forth across her vision, each day; and wondered whence these people came, and whither they were going.

Her mother and father could not tell her, except to say that they came from "loin là bas," and were going "Djieu sait é où."

One day she walked miles down the track to talk with the old flagman, who stayed down there by the big water tank. Yes, he knew. Those people came from the great cities in the north, and were going to the city in the south. He knew all about the city; it was a grand place. He had lived there once. His sister lived there now; and she would be glad enough to have so fine a girl as Caline to help her cook and scrub, and tend the babies. And he thought Caline might earn as much as five

dollars a month, in the city.
So she went; in a new cotonade, and her Sunday shoes; with a sacredly guarded scrawl that the flagman sent to his sister.
The woman lived in a tiny, stuccoed house, with green blinds, and three wooden steps leading down to the banquette. There seemed to be hundreds like it along the street. Over the house tops loomed the tall masts of ships, and the hum of the French market could be heard on a still morning.
Caline was at first bewildered. She had to readjust all her preconceptions to fit the reality of it. The flagman's sister was a kind and gentle task-mistress. At the end of a week or two she wanted to know how the girl liked it all. Caline liked it very well, for it was pleasant, on Sunday afternoons, to stroll with the children under the great, solemn sugar sheds; or to sit upon the compressed cotton bales, watching the stately steamers, the graceful boats, and noisy little tugs that plied the waters of the Mississippi. And it filled her with agreeable excitement to go to the French market, where the handsome Gascon butchers were eager to present their compliments and little Sunday bouquets to the pretty Acadian girl; and to throw fistfuls of lagniappe into her basket.
When the woman asked her again after another week if she were still pleased, she was not so sure. And again when she questioned Caline the girl turned away, and went to sit behind the big, yellow cistern, to cry unobserved. For she knew now that it was not the great city and its crowds of people she had so eagerly sought; but the pleasant-faced boy, who had made her picture that day under the mulberry tree.

11. Respectable Woman

Mrs. Baroda was a little provoked to learn that her husband expected his friend, Gouvernail, up to spend a week or two on the plantation.
They had entertained a good deal during the winter; much of the time had also been passed in New Orleans in various forms of mild dissipation. She was looking forward to a period of unbroken rest, now, and undisturbed tete-a-tete with her husband, when he informed her that Gouvernail was coming up to stay a week or two.
This was a man she had heard much of but never seen. He had been her husband's college friend; was now a journalist, and in no sense a society man or "a man about town," which were, perhaps, some of the reasons she had never met him. But she had unconsciously formed an image of him in her mind. She pictured him tall, slim, cynical; with eye-glasses, and his hands in his pockets; and she did not like him. Gouvernail was slim enough, but he wasn't very tall nor very cynical; neither did he wear eyeglasses nor carry his hands in his pockets. And she rather liked him when he first presented himself.
But why she liked him she could not explain satisfactorily to herself when she partly attempted to do so. She could discover in him none of those brilliant and promising traits which Gaston, her husband, had often assured her that he possessed. On the contrary, he sat rather mute and receptive before her chatty eagerness to make him feel at home and in face of Gaston's frank and wordy hospitality. His manner was as courteous toward her as the most exacting woman could require; but he made no direct appeal to her approval or even esteem.
Once settled at the plantation he seemed to like to sit upon the wide portico in the shade of one of

the big Corinthian pillars, smoking his cigar lazily and listening attentively to Gaston's experience as a sugar planter.
"This is what I call living," he would utter with deep satisfaction, as the air that swept across the sugar field caressed him with its warm and scented velvety touch. It pleased him also to get on familiar terms with the big dogs that came about him, rubbing themselves sociably against his legs. He did not care to fish, and displayed no eagerness to go out and kill grosbecs when Gaston proposed doing so.
Gouvernail's personality puzzled Mrs. Baroda, but she liked him. Indeed, he was a lovable, inoffensive fellow. After a few days, when she could understand him no better than at first, she gave over being puzzled and remained piqued. In this mood she left her husband and her guest, for the most part, alone together. Then finding that Gouvernail took no manner of exception to her action, she imposed her society upon him, accompanying him in his idle strolls to the mill and walks along the batture. She persistently sought to penetrate the reserve in which he had unconsciously enveloped himself.
"When is he going--your friend?" she one day asked her husband. "For my part, he tires me frightfully."
"Not for a week yet, dear. I can't understand; he gives you no trouble."
"No. I should like him better if he did; if he were more like others, and I had to plan somewhat for his comfort and enjoyment."
Gaston took his wife's pretty face between his hands and looked tenderly and laughingly into her troubled eyes.
They were making a bit of toilet sociably together in Mrs. Baroda's dressing-room.
"You are full of surprises, ma belle," he said to her. "Even I can never count upon how you are going to act under given conditions." He kissed her and turned to fasten his cravat before the mirror.
"Here you are," he went on, "taking poor Gouvernail seriously and making a commotion over him, the last thing he would desire or expect."
"Commotion!" she hotly resented. "Nonsense! How can you say such a thing? Commotion, indeed! But, you know, you said he was clever."
"So he is. But the poor fellow is run down by overwork now. That's why I asked him here to take a rest."
"You used to say he was a man of ideas," she retorted, unconciliated. "I expected him to be interesting, at least. I'm going to the city in the morning to have my spring gowns fitted. Let me know when Mr. Gouvernail is gone; I shall be at my Aunt Octavie's."
That night she went and sat alone upon a bench that stood beneath a live oak tree at the edge of the gravel walk.
She had never known her thoughts or her intentions to be so confused. She could gather nothing from them but the feeling of a distinct necessity to quit her home in the morning.

12.The Story of An Hour

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will--as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been. When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under hte breath: "free, free, free!" The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial. She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel

intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.
And yet she had loved him--sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in the face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!
"Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering.
Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhold, imploring for admission. "Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door--you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven's sake open the door."
"Go away. I am not making myself ill." No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.
Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.
She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.
Some one was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of the accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.
When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease--of the joy that kills.

13. The Barber's Uncle (by William Saroyan)

Miss Gamma, our teacher, said I needed a haircut, my mother said I needed a haircut, by brother Krikor said I needed a haircut: the whole world wanted me to get a haircut. My head was too big for the world. Too much black hair, the world said.
Everybody said, “When are you going to-get a haircut?”
There was a big business man in our town named Huntingdon who used to buy 1 an evening paper from me every day. He was a man who weighed two hundred and forty pounds, owned two Cadillacs, six hundred acres, and had over a million dollars in the Valley Bank, as well as a small head, without hair, right on top of him where everybody could see it. He used to make railroad men from out of town walk a long way to see my head. “There’s good weather and health. There’s hair on a head,” he used to say.
Miss Gamma did not like the size of my head.
“I’m not mentioning any names,” she said one day, “but unless a certain young man in this class visits a barber one of these days and has his hair cut, he will be sent to a worse place than this.”
She did not mention any names. All she did was look at me.
I was glad the world was angry with me, but one day a small bird tried to build a nest in my hair.
I was sleeping on the grass under the tree in our yard when a bird flew down from the tree to my head. I opened my eyes but did not move. I had no idea the bird was in my hair until it began to sing. Never before in my life had I heard the cry of a bird so clearly.

Then I realized such a thing was not proper. It was not proper for a small bird to be in anybody's hair.
So I jumped up and hurried to town to have my hair cut, and the bird flew as far away as it could go in one breath.
There was an Armenian barber on Mariposa Street named Aram who was really a farmer, or maybe a philosopher. I didn't know. I only knew he had a little shop on Mariposa Street and spent most of his time reading Armenian papers, rolling cigarettes, smoking them, and watching the people go by. I never saw him giving anybody a haircut, although I suppose one or two people went into his shop by mistake.
I went to Aram's shop on Mariposa Street and woke him up. He was sitting at the little table with an Armenian book open before him, sleeping.
In Armenian I said, "Will you cut my hair? I have twenty-five cents."
"Ah," he said, "I am glad to see you. What is your name? Sit down. I will make coffee first. Ah, that is a fine head of hair you have."
"Everybody wants me to get a haircut," I said.
"That is the way with the world," he said. "Always telling you what to do. What's wrong with a little hair? Why do they do it? 'Earn money 2,' they say. 'Buy a farm.' This. That. Ah, they are against letting a man live a quiet life."
"Can you do it?" I said. "Can you cut it all away so they will not talk about it again for a long time?"
"Coffee," said the barber. "Let us drink a little coffee first."
He brought me a cup of coffee, and I wondered how it was I had never before visited him, perhaps the most interesting man in the whole city. I knew he was an unusual man from the way he woke when I entered the store, from the way he talked and walked. He was about fifty and I was eleven. He was no taller than I was and no heavier, but his face was the face of a man who has found out the truth, who knows, who is wise, and yet loves all and is not unkind.
When he opened his eyes, his look seemed to say, "The world? I know all about the world. Evil and hatred and fear . But I love it all."
I lifted the small cup to my lips and drank the hot black liquid. It tasted finer than anything I had ever before tasted.
"Sit down," he said in Armenian, and he began to tell me about the world.
He told me about his Uncle Misak who was born in Moush.
We drank the coffee and then I got into the chair and he began to cut my hair. He gave me the worst of all haircuts, but he told me about his poor uncle Misak and the circus tiger. He wasn't a real barber. He was just pretending to be a barber, so his wife wouldn't worry him too much. He was just doing it to satisfy the world 4. All he wanted to do was to read and to talk to good people. He had five children, three boys and two girls, but they were all like his wife, and he couldn't talk to them. All they wanted to know was how much money he was making.

14. The oranges

They told him, "Stand on the corner with two of the biggest oranges in your hand and when an

automobile goes by, smile and wave the oranges at them. Five cents each if they want one," his uncle Jake said, "three for ten cents, thirty-five cents a dozen. Smile big," he said. "You can smile, can't you, Luke? You got it in you to smile once in a while, ain't you?"

He tried very hard to smile and his uncle Jake made a terrible face, so he knew it was a bad smile. He wished he could laugh out loud the way some people laughed, only they weren't scared the way he was, and all mixed-up. "I never did see such a serious boy in all my life," his uncle Jake said. "Luke," he said. His uncle squatted down, so his head would be level with his, so he could look into his eyes, and talked to him. "Luke," he said, "they won't buy oranges if you don't smile. People like to see a little boy smiling, selling oranges. It makes them happy."

He listened to his uncle talking to him, looking into his uncle's eyes, and he understood the words. What he felt, though, was: Jake is mixed-up, too. He saw the man stand up and heard him groan, just as his father used to groan. "Luke," his uncle Jake said." Sometimes you can laugh, can't you?"

"Not him," said Jake's wife. "If you weren't such a coward, you would be out selling them oranges yourself. You belong the same place your brother is," she said. "In the ground. Dead," she said. It was this that made it hard for him to smile: "the way this woman was always talking, not the words only, but the meanness in her voice, always picking on his uncle Jake. How did she expect him to smile or feel all right when she was always telling them they were no good, the whole family no good?

Jake was his father's younger brother, and Jake looked like his father. Of course she always had to say his father was better off dead just because he was no good selling stuff. She was always telling Jake, "This is America. You got to get around and meet people and make them like you." And Jake was always saying, "Make them like me? How can I make them like me?" And she was always getting sore at him and saying.

"Oh, you fool. If I didn't have this baby in my belly, I'd go out and work in Rosenberg's and keep you like a child."

Jake had that same desperate look his father had, and he was always getting sore at himself and wanting other people to be happy. Jake was always asking him to smile.

"All right," Jake said."All right, all right, all right, kill me, drive me crazy. Sure. I should be dead. Ten boxes of oranges and not a penny in the house and nothing to eat. I should be dead. Should I stand in the street, holding oranges? Should I get a wagon maybe and go through the streets? I should be dead," he said

Then Jake made a face, so sad it looked, as if nobody was ever that sad in the world, not even he, and wished he didn't want to cry because Jake was so sad. On top of that Jake's wife got sorer than ever and began to cry the way she cried when she got real sore and you could just feel how terrible everything was because she didn't cry sad, she cried sore, reminding Jake of all the bills and all the hard times she had had with him and all about the baby in her belly, to come out, she said, "Why, what good is another fool in the world?"

There was a box of oranges on the floor, and she picked up two of them, crying, and she said, "No fire in the stove, in November, all of us freezing. The house should be full of the smell of meat. Here," she cried, "eat. Eat your oranges. Eat them until you die," and she cried and cried.

Jake was too sad to talk. He sat down and began to wave back and forth, looking crazy. And they asked him to laugh. And Jake's wife kept walking in and out of the room, holding the oranges,

crying and talking about the baby in her belly.
After a while she stopped crying.
“Now take him to the corner,” she said, “and see if he can’t get a little money.” Jake was just about deaf, it looked like. He didn’t even lift his head. So she shouted. “Take him to the corner. Ask him to smile at the people. We got to eat.”
What’s the use to be alive when everything is rotten and nobody knows what to do? What’s the use to go to school and learn arithmetic and read poems and paint eggplant and all that stuff? What’s the use to sit in a cold room until it is time to go to bed and hear Jake and his wife fighting all the time and go to sleep and cry and wake up and see the sad sky and feel the cold air and shiver and walk to school and eat oranges for lunch instead of bread?
Jake jumped up and began to shout at his wife. He said he would kill her and then stick a knife in his heart, so she cried more than ever and tore her dress and she was naked to the waist and she said, “All right, better all of us were dead, kill me,” but Jake put his arms around her and walked into the other room with her, and he could hear her crying and kissing him and telling him he was just a baby, a great big baby, he needed her like a mother.
He had been standing in the corner and it all happened so swiftly he hadn’t noticed how tired he had become, but he was very tired, and hungry, so he sat down. What’s the use to be alive if you‘re all alone in the world and no mother and father and nobody to love you? He wanted to cry but what’s the use to cry when it don’t do any good anyhow?
After a while Jake came out of the room and he was trying to smile.
“All you got to do,” he said, “is hold two big oranges in your hand and wave them at the people when they go by in their automobiles, and smile. You’ll sell a box of oranges in no time, Luke.”
“I’ll smile,” he said. “One for five cents, three for ten cents, thirty-five cents a dozen.”
“That’s it,” said Jake

15. The fire

It was so cold in the world, beyond the warm room, and the air was so clear you could hear it and when the Santa Fe crossing bell rang it was like churches, Sunday and peace in the world, quiet, and then the whole house, like the soft laugher of his father Jesse, trembled with the heavy weight and movement of the passing train.
It seemed as if the only safety in the world was in the red and yellow and white flames of the fire in the stove, the color and the heat, the whole house trembling like a sad man laughing, the whole world cold and sad, and nothing in the world, only the flowers of the fire, blossoming a hundred times a minute, a whole world full of flowers, and outside, beyond the room, the whole world frozen and hushed, so still you could hear the hush.
They said to sit in the kitchen and keep the stove going so he would be warm until they got home in the evening, and not open the door of the stove, to be sure not to open the door of the stove, especially Beth, always telling him what to do, and Jesse telling him to mind her because now she was his mother. His father asking him if he couldn’t be nice to her and act like she was his mother. Well, they couldn’t fool him. The door of the stove was open, his mother was dead, they couldn’t put anything like that over on him, she was dead. It was so quiet in the world you could hear it and

the ringing of the Santa Fe crossing bell was like churches. He guessed he was old enough to know his mother was dead, he guessed he knew who saw them put the big box3 at the from of the church, and the way the house trembled while the train moved was the way Jesse laughed when it was all over and the house was empty, and the little pieces of the fire like petals of the flowers, flew out of the stove to the floor and disappeared.

He knew. There was nothing in the world. It was empty and she was dead. Empty as a pitch black night, and nothing to have but fire, no light and no warmth and no color and no love. They asked him to keep the door of the stove closed. What did he care about any of that stuff? He was cold, he was almost freezing. At the same time he seemed to be burning. It was the first time in his life4 he felt cold and hot at the same time.

It was the first time in his life he noticed things like the crossing bell being like churches, the trembling house being like Jesse laughing, the fire being like flowers, and everything being nothing because the house was empty.

Nothing in the whole could make her come back and be alive and come up to the front door of the house and put the key in the lock and open the door and come in and be there with him and be his mother and talk to him again.

It was the first time in his life he knew about everything. They couldn't fool him. Beth was all right. She was swell. She even brought him candy and toys. That was all right. He liked candy sometimes. He liked the little colored whistles and marble and different kinds of toys that did all sorts of things and he liked Beth too, but he knew all about it. There was a bag of candy on the table in the parlor. He didn't want any of it. The toys were in the parlor. He didn't want to blow any of the whistles or shoot the marbles or wind up the toy machines and watch them work. He didn't want anything. There wasn't anything. There wasn't one little bit of anything. All he wanted was to be near the fire, so close to it as he could be, just be there, just see the colors and be very near. What did he want with toys? What good were toys? The whistles sounded sadder than crying and the way the machines worked almost made him die of grief.

In the fire, though, there was laughter, and not only that there was singing and every kind of music he had ever heard. There was no end of laughter and singing in the fire, only the laughter was not like the times at school when he used to laugh at the funny way the kids talked and acted, and singing was sadder than the singing at church. Everything was not the way it used to be. He used to think a whistle was something and used to blow a whistle until it wouldn't make a noise any more. He didn't want anything. Beth was in town working in the department store, and Jesse was at the factory. Jesse worked with big machines and made all kinds of stuff out of iron.

He guessed Jesse making nothing. What could Jesse make? What could anybody make? Jesse could make a part of machine, but even after he had made it, what good was it? What good was the whole machine, after it was put together? Maybe it would be an automobile, maybe a Ford. Who wanted a Ford? Who cared about getting into an automobile and going down the highway? Where could you go? What place was there in the world to go to?

Bright petals of yellow and red flew from the blossoming flower to the floor and disappeared, and he knew. Nothing in the whole world could happen to make her be there again. Jesse figured he was doing stuff at the factory, but he wasn't doing anything. There wasn't anything to do. Could Jesse do something that would make her be in the house again where she belonged? Could anybody do

anything in the world that would make something like that happen? Not one man in the whole world could do anything like that. Jesse could go ahead and make every crazy kind of piece of machinery he felt like making and after they had put all the pieces together nothing would happen, except maybe smoke would come out from some pipe and some wheels would turn and the big machine would do something that nobody cared about, maybe move, but nobody in the whole world could make anything that would do something everybody in the world would like to see done. Jesse could work hard and save money and fill the house with new furniture, like the new tables and chairs in the parlor, but the house would always be empty. He could try to live in the house with Beth, but he knew it couldn't be, it could never turn out that way, and he knew this from the quiet way Jesse laughed when Beth wasn't around. Jesse just didn't know what to do. That's why he brought Beth to the house. He just didn't know what else to do. Before Beth came to the house Jesse used to sit in the parlor and do nothing and say nothing, Jesse figured maybe there was something he could do. He knew, though. He knew exactly how, but it was. He didn't like to know, it scared him, but he knew.

16. Fight (by Doris Lessing)

Above the old man's head was the dovecote, a tall wire-netted shelf on stilts, full of strutting, preening birds. The sunlight broke on their grey breasts into small rainbows. His ears were lulled by their crooning, his hands stretched up towards his favourite, a homing pigeon, a young plump-bodied bird which stood still when it saw him and cocked a shrewd bright eye. 'Pretty, pretty, pretty,' he said, as he grasped the bird and drew it down, feeling the cold coral claws tighten around his finger. Content, he rested the bird lightly on his chest, and leaned against a tree, gazing out beyond the dovecote into the landscape of a late afternoon. In folds and hollows of sunlight and shade, the dark red soil, which was broken into great dusty clods, stretched wide to a tall horizon. Trees marked the course of the valley; a stream of rich green grass the road. His eyes travelled homewards along this road until he saw his grand-daughter swinging on the gate underneath a frangipani tree. Her hair fell down her back in a wave of sunlight, and her long bare legs repeated the angles of the frangipani stems, bare, shining-brown stems among patterns of pale blossoms. She was gazing past the pink flowers, past the railway cottage where they lived, along the road to the village. His mood shifted. He deliberately held out his wrist for the bird to take flight, and caught it again at the moment it spread its wings. He felt the plump shape strive and strain under his fingers; and, in a sudden access of troubled spite, shut the bird into a small box and fastened the bolt. 'Now you stay there, ' he muttered; and turned his back on the shelf of birds. He moved warily along the hedge, stalking his grand-daughter, who was now looped over the gate, her head loose on her arms, singing. The light happy sound mingled with the crooning of the birds, and his anger mounted. 'Hey!' he shouted; saw her jump, look back, and abandon the gate. Her eyes veiled themselves, and she said in a pert neutral voice: 'Hullo, Grandad. ' Politely she moved towards him, after a lingering backward glance at the road. 'Waiting for Steven, hey?' he said, his fingers curling like claws into his palm.
Any objection?' she asked lightly, refusing to look at him. He confronted her, his eyes narrowed, shoulders hunched, tight in a hard knot of pain which included the preening birds, the sunlight, the flowers, herself. He said: 'Think you're old enough to go courting, hey?' The girl tossed her head at

the old-fashioned phrase and sulked, 'Oh, Grandad." 'Think you want to leave home, hey? Think you can go running around the fields at night?' Her smile made him see her, as he had every evening of this warm end-of-summer month, swinging hand in hand along the road to the village with that red-handed, red-throated, violent-bodied youth, the son of the postmaster. Misery went to his head and he shouted angrily: I'll tell your mother!' 'Tell away!' she said, laughing, and went back to the gate. He heard her singing, for him to hear: I've got you under my skin, I've got you deep in the heart of...' 'Rubbish, ' he shouted. 'Rubbish. Impudent little bit of rubbish!'
Growling under his breath he turned towards the dovecote, which was his refuge from the house he shared with his daughter and her husband and their children. But now the house would be empty. Gone all the young girls with their laughter and their squabbling and their teasing. He would be left, uncherished and alone, with that square-fronted, calm-eyed woman, his daughter. He stooped, muttering, before the dovecote, resenting the absorbed cooing birds. From the gate the girl shouted: 'Go and tell! Go on, what are you waiting for?' Obstinately he made his way to the house, with quick, pathetic persistent glances of appeal back at her. But she never looked around. Her defiant but anxious young body stung him into love and repentance. He stopped. 'But I never meant...' he muttered, waiting for her to turn and run to him. I didn't mean...' She did not turn. She had forgotten him. Along the road came the young man Steven, with something in his hand. A present for her? The old man stiffened as he watched the gate swing back, and the couple embrace. In the brittle shadows of the frangipani tree his grand-daughter, his darling, lay in the arms of the postmaster's son, and her hair flowed back over his shoulder.
I see you!' shouted the old man spitefully. They did not move. He stumped into the little whitewashed house, hearing the wooden veranda creak angrily under his feet. His daughter was sewing in the front room, threading a needle held to the light. He stopped again, looking back into the garden. The couple were now sauntering among the bushes, laughing. As he watched he saw the girl escape from the youth with a sudden mischievous movement, and run off through the flowers with him in pursuit. He heard shouts, laughter, a scream, silence. 'But it's not like that at all,' he muttered miserably. 'It's not like that. Why can't you see? Running and giggling, and kissing and kissing. You'll come to something quite different. ' He looked at his daughter with sardonic hatred, hating himself. They were caught and finished, both of them, but the girl was still running free. 'Can't you see?' he demanded of his invisible granddaughter, who was at that moment lying in the thick green grass with the postmaster's son. His daughter looked at him and her eyebrows went up in tired forbearance. 'Put your birds to bed?' she asked, humouring him. 'Lucy,' he said urgently. 'Lucy...' 'Well what is it now?' 'She's in the garden with Steven.' 'Now you just sit down and have your tea.' He slumped his feet alternately, thump, thump, on the hollow wooden floor and shouted: 'She'll marry him. I'm telling you, she'll be marrying him next!' His daughter rose swiftly, brought him a cup, set him a plate. 'I don't want any tea. I don't want it, I tell you.' 'Now, now,' she crooned. 'What's wrong with it? Why not?' 'She's eighteen. Eighteen!' 'I was married at seventeen and I never regretted it.'

17. After Twenty Years (by O. Henry)

The policeman on the beat moved up the avenue impressively. The impressiveness was habitual and

not for show, for spectators were few. The time was barely 10 o'clock at night, but chilly gusts of wind with a taste of rain in them had well nigh depeopled the streets.
Trying doors as he went, twirling his club with many intricate and artful movements, turning now and then to cast his watchful eye adown the pacific thoroughfare, the officer, with his stalwart form and slight swagger, made a fine picture of a guardian of the peace. The vicinity was one that kept early hours. Now and then you might see the lights of a cigar store or of an all-night lunch counter; but the majority of the doors belonged to business places that had long since been closed.
When about midway of a certain block the policeman suddenly slowed his walk. In the doorway of a darkened hardware store a man leaned, with an unlighted cigar in his mouth. As the policeman walked up to him the man spoke up quickly.
"It's all right, officer," he said, reassuringly. "I'm just waiting for a friend. It's an appointment made twenty years ago. Sounds a little funny to you, doesn't it? Well, I'll explain if you'd like to make certain it's all straight. About that long ago there used to be a restaurant where this store stands--'Big Joe' Brady's restaurant."
"Until five years ago," said the policeman. "It was torn down then."
The man in the doorway struck a match and lit his cigar. The light showed a pale, square-jawed face with keen eyes, and a little white scar near his right eyebrow. His scarfpin was a large diamond, oddly set.
"Twenty years ago to-night," said the man, "I dined here at 'Big Joe' Brady's with Jimmy Wells, my best chum, and the finest chap in the world. He and I were raised here in New York, just like two brothers, together. I was eighteen and Jimmy was twenty. The next morning I was to start for the West to make my fortune. You couldn't have dragged Jimmy out of New York; he thought it was the only place on earth. Well, we agreed that night that we would meet here again exactly twenty years from that date and time, no matter what our conditions might be or from what distance we might have to come. We figured that in twenty years each of us ought to have our destiny worked out and our fortunes made, whatever they were going to be."
"It sounds pretty interesting," said the policeman. "Rather a long time between meets, though, it seems to me. Haven't you heard from your friend since you left?"
"Well, yes, for a time we corresponded," said the other. "But after a year or two we lost track of each other. You see, the West is a pretty big proposition, and I kept hustling around over it pretty lively. But I know Jimmy will meet me here if he's alive, for he always was the truest, stanchest old chap in the world. He'll never forget. I came a thousand miles to stand in this door to-night, and it's worth it if my old partner turns up."
The waiting man pulled out a handsome watch, the lids of it set with small diamonds.
"Three minutes to ten," he announced. "It was exactly ten o'clock when we parted here at the restaurant door."
"Did pretty well out West, didn't you?" asked the policeman.
"You bet! I hope Jimmy has done half as well. He was a kind of plodder, though, good fellow as he was. I've had to compete with some of the sharpest wits going to get my pile. A man gets in a groove in New York. It takes the West to put a razor-edge on him."
The policeman twirled his club and took a step or two.
"I'll be on my way. Hope your friend comes around all right. Going to call time on him sharp?"

"I should say not!" said the other. "I'll give him half an hour at least. If Jimmy is alive on earth he'll be here by that time. So long, officer."
"Good-night, sir," said the policeman, passing on along his beat, trying doors as he went.
There was now a fine, cold drizzle falling, and the wind had risen from its uncertain puffs into a steady blow. The few foot passengers astir in that quarter hurried dismally and silently along with coat collars turned high and pocketed hands. And in the door of the hardware store the man who had come a thousand miles to fill an appointment, uncertain almost to absurdity, with the friend of his youth, smoked his cigar and waited.
About twenty minutes he waited, and then a tall man in a long overcoat, with collar turned up to his ears, hurried across from the opposite side of the street. He went directly to the waiting man.
"Is that you, Bob?" he asked, doubtfully.
"Is that you, Jimmy Wells?" cried the man in the door.
"Bless my heart!" exclaimed the new arrival, grasping both the other's hands with his own. "It's Bob, sure as fate. I was certain I'd find you here if you were still in existence. Well, well, well! -- twenty years is a long time. The old gone, Bob; I wish it had lasted, so we could have had another dinner there. How has the West treated you, old man?"
"Bully; it has given me everything I asked it for. You've changed lots, Jimmy. I never thought you were so tall by two or three inches."
"Oh, I grew a bit after I was twenty."
"Doing well in New York, Jimmy?"
"Moderately. I have a position in one of the city departments. Come on, Bob; we'll go around to a place I know of, and have a good long talk about old times."
The two men started up the street, arm in arm. The man from the West, his egotism enlarged by success, was beginning to outline the history of his career. The other, submerged in his overcoat, listened with interest.
At the corner stood a drug store, brilliant with electric lights. When they came into this glare each of them turned simultaneously to gaze upon the other's face.
The man from the West stopped suddenly and released his arm.
"You're not Jimmy Wells," he snapped. "Twenty years is a long time, but not long enough to change a man's nose from a Roman to a pug."
"It sometimes changes a good man into a bad one, said the tall man. "You've been under arrest for ten minutes, 'Silky' Bob. Chicago thinks you may have dropped over our way and wires us she wants to have a chat with you. Going quietly, are you? That's sensible. Now, before we go on to the station here's a note I was asked to hand you. You may read it here at the window. It's from Patrolman Wells."
The man from the West unfolded the little piece of paper handed him. His hand was steady when he began to read, but it trembled a little by the time he had finished. The note was rather short.
"Bob: I was at the appointed place on time. When you struck the match to light your cigar I saw it was the face of the man wanted in Chicago. Somehow I couldn't do it myself, so I went around and got a plain clothes man to do the job.
JIMMY."

18. Mammon and the Archer (by O.Henry)

Old Anthony Rockwall, retired manufacturer and proprietor of Rockwall's Eureka Soap, looked out the library window of his Fifth Avenue mansion and grinned. His neighbour to the right--the aristocratic clubman, G. Van Schuylight Suffolk-Jones--came out to his waiting motor-car, wrinkling a contumelious nostril, as usual, at the Italian renaissance sculpture of the soap palace's front elevation.

"Stuck-up old statuette of nothing doing!" commented the ex-Soap King. "The Eden Musee'll get that old frozen Nesselrode yet if he don't watch out. I'll have this house painted red, white, and blue next summer and see if that'll make his Dutch nose turn up any higher."

And then Anthony Rockwall, who never cared for bells, went to the door of his library and shouted "Mike!" in the same voice that had once chipped off pieces of the welkin on the Kansas prairies.

"Tell my son," said Anthony to the answering menial, "to come in here before he leaves the house."

When young Rockwall entered the library the old man laid aside his newspaper, looked at him with a kindly grimness on his big, smooth, ruddy countenance, rumpled his mop of white hair with one hand and rattled the keys in his pocket with the other.

"Richard," said Anthony Rockwail, "what do you pay for the soap that you use?"

Richard, only six months home from college, was startled a little. He had not yet taken the measure of this sire of his, who was as full of unexpectednesses as a girl at her first party.

"Six dollars a dozen, I think, dad."

"And your clothes?"

"I suppose about sixty dollars, as a rule."

"You're a gentleman," said Anthony, decidedly. "I've heard of these young bloods spending $24 a dozen for soap, and going over the hundred mark for clothes. You've got as much money to waste as any of 'em, and yet you stick to what's decent and moderate. Now I use the old Eureka--not only for sentiment, but it's the purest soap made. Whenever you pay more than 10 cents a cake for soap you buy bad perfumes and labels. But 50 cents is doing very well for a young man in your generation, position and condition. As I said, you're a gentleman. They say it takes three generations to make one. They're off. Money'll do it as slick as soap grease. It's made you one. By hokey! it's almost made one of me. I'm nearly as impolite and disagreeable and ill-mannered as these two old Knickerbocker gents on each side of me that can't sleep of nights because I bought in between 'em."

"There are some things that money can't accomplish," remarked young Rockwall, rather gloomily.

"Now, don't say that," said old Anthony, shocked. "I bet my money on money every time. I've been through the encyc1opaedia down to Y looking for something you can't buy with it; and I expect to have to take up the appendix next week. I'm for money against the field. Tell me something money won't buy."

"For one thing," answered Richard, rankling a little, "it won't buy one into the exclusive circles of society." "Oho! won't it?" thundered the champion of the root of evil. "You tell me where your exclusive circles would be if the first Astor hadn't had the money to pay for his steerage passage over?"

Richard sighed.

"And that's what I was coming to," said the old man, less boisterously. "That's why I asked you to come in. There's something going wrong with you, boy. I've been noticing it for two weeks. Out

with it. I guess I could lay my hands on eleven millions within twenty-four hours, besides the real estate. If it's your liver, there's the Rambler down in the bay, coaled, and ready to steam down to the Bahamas in two days."

"Not a bad guess, dad; you haven't missed it far."

"Ah," said Anthony, keenly; "what's her name?"

Richard began to walk up and down the library floor. There was enough comradeship and sympathy in this crude old father of his to draw his confidence.

"Why don't you ask her?" demanded old Anthony. "She'll jump at you. You've got the money and the looks, and you're a decent boy. Your hands are clean. You've got no Eureka soap on 'em. You've been to college, but she'll overlook that."

"I haven't had a chance," said Richard.

"Make one," said Anthony. "Take her for a walk in the park, or a straw ride, or walk home with her from church Chance! Pshaw!"

"You don't know the social mill, dad. She's part of the stream that turns it. Every hour and minute of her time is arranged for days in advance. I must have that girl, dad, or this town is a blackjack swamp forevermore. And I can't write it--I can't do that."

"Tut!" said the old man. "Do you mean to tell me that with all the money I've got you can't get an hour or two of a girl's time for yourself?"

"I've put it off too late. She's going to sail for Europe at noon day after to-morrow for a two years' stay. I'm to see her alone to-morrow evening for a few minutes. She's at Larchmont now at her aunt's. I can't go there. But I'm allowed to meet her with a cab at the Grand Central Station to-morrow evening at the 8.30 train. We drive down Broadway to Wallack's at a gallop, where her mother and a box party will be waiting for us in the lobby. Do you think she would listen to a declaration from me during that six or eight minutes under those circumstances? No. And what chance would I have in the theatre or afterward? None. No, dad, this is one tangle that your money can't unravel. We can't buy one minute of time with cash; if we could, rich people would live longer. There's no hope of getting a talk with Miss Lantry before she sails."

"All right, Richard, my boy," said old Anthony, cheerfully. "You may run along down to your club now. I'm glad it ain't your liver. But don't forget to burn a few punk sticks in the joss house to the great god Mazuma from time to time. You say money won't buy time? Well, of course, you can't order eternity wrapped up and delivered at your residence for a price, but I've seen Father Time get pretty bad stone bruises on his heels when he walked through the gold diggings."

That night came Aunt Ellen, gentle, sentimental, wrinkled, sighing, oppressed by wealth, in to Brother Anthony at his evening paper, and began discourse on the subject of lovers' woes.

"He told me all about it," said brother Anthony, yawning. "I told him my bank account was at his service. And then he began to knock money. Said money couldn't help. Said the rules of society couldn't be bucked for a yard by a team of ten-millionaires."

"Oh, Anthony," sighed Aunt Ellen, "I wish you would not think so much of money. Wealth is nothing where a true affection is concerned. Love is all-powerful. If he only had spoken earlier! She could not have refused our Richard. But now I fear it is too late. He will have no opportunity to address her. All your gold cannot bring happiness to your son."

19. The Gift of the Magi

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing left to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at $8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the look-out for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid $30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to $20, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a grey cat walking a grey fence in a grey backyard. To-morrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only $1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only $1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling - something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honour of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an $8 Bat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its colour within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out of the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts.

Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters.

It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on

the worn red carpet.
On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she cluttered out of the door and down the stairs to the street.
Where she stopped the sign read: 'Mme Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds.' One Eight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the 'Sofronie.'
"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.
"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."
Down rippled the brown cascade.
"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practised hand.
"Give it to me quick" said Della.
Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.
She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation - as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value - the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 78 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

20. Vanity and Some Sables

When "Kid" Brady was sent to the rope by Molly McKeever's blue-black eyes he withdrew from the Stovepipe Gang. So much for the power of a colleen's blanderin' tongue and stubborn trueheartedness. If you are a man who read this, may such an influence be sent you before 2 o'clock tomorrow; if you are a woman, may your Pomeranian greet you this morning with a cold nose—a sign of doghealth and your happiness.
The Stovepipe Gang borrowed its name from a sub-district of the city called the "Stovepipe," which is a narrow and natural extension of the familiar district known as "Hell's Kitchen." The "Stovepipe" strip of town runs along Eleventh and Twelfth avenues on the river, and bends a hard and sooty elbow around little, lost homeless DeWitt Clinton park. Consider that a stovepipe is an important factor in any kitchen and the situation is analyzed. The chefs in "Hell's Kitchen" are many, and the "Stovepipe" gang, wears the cordon blue.
The members of this unchartered but widely known brotherhood appeared to pass their time on street corners arrayed like the lilies of the conservatory and busy with nail files and penknives. Thus displayed as a guarantee of good faith, they carried on an innocuous conversation in a 200-word vocabulary, to the casual observer as innocent and immaterial as that heard in clubs seven blocks to the east.
But off exhibition the "Stovepipes" were not mere street corner ornaments addicted to posing and manicuring. Their serious occupation was the separating of citizens from their coin and valuables. Preferably this was done by weird and singular tricks without noise or bloodshed; but whenever the citizen

honored by their attentions refused to impoverish himself gracefully his objections came to be spread finally upon some police station blotter or hospital register.
The police held the "Stovepipe" gang in perpetual suspicion and respect. As the nightingale's liquid note is heard in the deepest shadows, so along the "Stovepipe's" dark and narrow confines the whistle for reserves punctures the dull ear of night. Whenever there was smoke in the "stovepipe" the tasselled men in blue knew there was fire in "Hell's Kitchen."
"Kid" Brady promised Molly to be good. "Kid" was the vainest, the strongest, the wariest and the most successful plotter in the gang. Therefore, the boys were sorry to give him up.
But they witnessed his fall to a virtuous life without protest. For, in the Kitchen it is considered neither unmanly nor improper for a guy to do as his girl advises.
Black her eye for love's sake, if you will; but it is all-to-the-good business to do a thing when she wants you to do it.
"Turn off the hydrant," said the Kid, one night when Molly, tearful, besought him to amend his ways. "I'm going to cut out the gang. You for mine, and the simple life on the side. I'll tell you, Moll—I'll get work; and in a year we'll get married. I'll do it for you. We'll get a flat and a flute, and a sewing machine and a rubber plant and live as honest as we can."
"Oh, Kid," sighed Molly, wiping the powder off his shoulder with her handkerchief, "I'd rather hear you say that than to own all of New York. And we can be happy on so little!"
The Kid looked down at his speckless cuffs and shining patent leathers with a suspicion of melancholy.
"It'll hurt hardest in the rags department," said he. "I've kind of always liked to rig out swell when I could. You know how I hate cheap things, Moll. This suit set me back sixty-five. Anything in the wearing apparel line has got to be just so, or it's to the misfit parlors for it, for mine. If I work I won't have so much coin to hand over to the little man with the big shears."
"Never mind, Kid. I'll like you just as much in a blue jumper as I would in a red automobile."
Before the Kid had grown large enough to knock out his father he had been compelled to learn the plumber's art. So now back to this honorable and useful profession he returned. But it was as an assistant that he engaged himself; and it is the master plumber and not the assistant, who wears diamonds as large as hailstones and looks contemptuously upon the marble colonnades of Senator Clark's mansion.
Eight months went by as smoothly and surely as though they had "elapsed" on a theater program.
The Kid worked away at his pipes and solder with no symptoms of backsliding. The Stovepipe gang continued its piracy on the high avenues, cracked policemen's heads, held up late travelers, invented new methods of peaceful plundering, copied Fifth avenue's cut of clothes and neckwear fancies and comported itself according to its lawless bylaws. But the Kid stood firm and faithful to his Molly, even though the polish was gone from his fingernails and it took him 15 minutes to tie his purple silk ascot so that the worn places would not show.

21. A day’s wait (by E.Hemingway)

He came into the room to shut the windows while me were still in bed and I saw he looked ill. He was shivering, his face was white, and he walked slowly as though it ached to move.

"What's the matter, Schatz?"

"I've got a headache".

"You better go back to bed".

"No, I am all right".

"You go to bed. I'll see you when I'm dressed".

But when I came downstairs he was dressed, sitting by the fire, looking a very sick and miserable boy of nine years. When I put my hand on his forehead I knew he had a fever.

"You go up to bed," said, "you are sick".

"I am all right", he said.

When the doctor came he took the boy's temperature.

"What is it?" I asked him.

"One hundred and two."

Downstairs, the doctor left three different medicines in different coloured capsules with instructions for giving them. He seemed to know all about influenza and said there was nothing to worry about if the fever did not go above one hundred and four degrees. This was a light epidemic of influenza and there was no danger if you avoided pneumonia.

Back in the room I wrote the boy's temperature down and made a note of the time to give the various capsules.

"Do you want me to read to you?"

"All right. If you want to," said the boy. His face was very white and there were dark areas under his eyes. He lay still in the bed and seemed very detached from what was going on.

I read about pirates from Howard Pyle's "Book of Pirates", but I could see he was not following what I was reading.

"How do you feel, Schatz?" I asked him.

"Just the same, so far," he said.

I sat at the foot of the bed and read to myself while I waited for it to be time to give another capsule. It would have been natural for him to go to sleep, but when I looked up he was looking at the foot of the bed.

"Why, don't you try to go to sleep? I'll wake you up for the medicine."

"I'd rather stay awake."

After a while he said to me. "You don't have to stay in here with me, Papa, if it bothers you."

"It doesn't bother me."

"No, I mean you don't have to stay if it's going to bother you."

I thought perhaps he was a little light-headed and af ter giving him the prescribed capsules at eleven o'clock I went out for a while…

At the house they said the boy had refused to let any one come into the room.

"You can't come in," he said. "You mustn't get what I have." I went up to him and found him in exactly the same position I had left him, white-faced, but with the tops of his cheeks flushed by the fever, staring still, as he had stared, at the foot of the bed.

I took his temperature.

"What is it?"

"Something like a hundred," I said. It was one hundred and two and four tenths.

"It was a hundred and two," he said.

"Who said so? Your temperature is all right," I said. "It's nothing to worry about."

"I don't worry," he said, "but I can't keep from thinking."

"Don't think," I said. "Just take it easy."

"I'm taking it easy," he said and looked straight ahead.

He was evidently holding tight onto himself about something.

"Take this with water."

"Do you think it will do any good?"

"Of course, it will."

I sat down and opened the "Pirate" book and commenced to read, but I could see he was not following, so I stopped.

"About what time do you think I'm going to die?" he asked.

"What?"

"About how long will it be before I die?"

"You aren't going to die. What's the matter with you?"

"Oh, yes, I am. I heard him say a hundred and two."

"People don't die with a fever of one hundred and two. That's a silly way to talk."

"I know they do. At school in France the boys told me you can't live with forty-four degrees. I've got a hundred and two."

He had been waiting to die all day, ever since nine o'clock in the morning.

"You poor Schatz," I said. "It's like miles and kilometres. You aren't going to die. That's a different thermometre. On that thermometre thirty-seven is normal. On this kind it's ninety-eight."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely," I said. "It's like miles and kilometres. You know, like how many kilometres we make when we do seventy miles in the car?"

"Oh," he said.

But his gaze at the foot of the bed relaxed slowly. The hold over himself relaxed too, finally, and the next day he was very slack and cried very easily at little things that were of no importance.

22. Strawberry Ice Cream Soda (by Irwin Shaw)

"Yella! Yella as a flower. My own brother. If it was me I'da been glad to get killed before let anybody call me that. I would let 'em cut my heart out first. My own brother. Yella as a flower."
Would you feel this strongly if you thought your brother, or your best friend, was a coward? Would you be moved to tears? Eddie is. He is angry, ashamed and disappointed. Nothing can change the way he feels, unless.

EDDIE BARNES looked at the huge Adirondack hills, browning in the strong summer afternoon sun. He listened to his brother Lawrence practice finger-exercises on the piano inside the house, one-two-three- four-five, one-two-three-four-five, and longed for New York. He lay on his stomach in the long grass of the front lawn and delicately peeled his sunburned nose. Morosely he regarded a grasshopper, stupid with sun, wavering on a bleached blade of grass in front of his nose. Without interest he put out his hand and captured it. "Give honey," he said, listlessly. "Give honey or I'll kill yuh .... " But the grasshopper crouched unmoving, unresponsive, oblivious to Life or Death. Disgusted, Eddie tossed the grasshopper away. It flew uncertainly, wheeled, darted back to its blade of grass, alighted and hung there dreamily, shaking a little in the breeze in front of Eddie's nose. Eddie turned over on his back and looked at the high blue sky. The country! Why anybody ever went to the country... What things must be doing in New York now, what rash, beautiful deeds on the steaming, rich streets, what expeditions, what joy, what daring sweaty adventure among the trucks, the trolley cars, the baby- carriages! What cries, hoarse and humorous, what light laughter outside the red-painted shop where lemon ice was sold at three cents the double scoop, true nourishment for a man at fifteen. Eddie looked around him, at the silent, eternal, granite-streaked hills. Trees and birds, that's all. He sighed, torn with thoughts of distant pleasure, stood up, went over to the window behind which Lawrence seriously hammered at the piano, one-two-three-four-five. "Lawrrrence," Eddie called, the rrr's rolling with horrible gentility in his nose, "Lawrrrence, you stink." Lawrence didn't even look up. His thirteen-

year-old fingers, still pudgy and babyish, went one-two-three-four-five, with unswerving precision. He was talented and he was dedicated to his talent, and someday they would wheel a huge piano out onto the stage of Carnegie Hall and he would come out and bow politely to the thunder of applause and sit down, flipping his coat-tails back, and play, and men and women would laugh and cry and remember their first loves as they listened to him. So now his fingers went up and down, up and down, taking strength against the great day. Eddie looked through the window a moment more, watching his brother, sighed and walked around to the side of the house, where a crow was sleepily eating the radish seeds that Eddie had planted three days ago in a fit of boredom. Eddie threw a stone at the crow, and the crow silently flew up to the branch of an oak and waited for Eddie to go away. Eddie threw another stone at the crow. The crow moved to another branch. Eddie wound up and threw a curve, but the crow disdained it. Eddie picked his foot up the way he'd seen Carl Hubbell do and sizzled one across not more than three feet from the crow. Without nervousness the crow walked six inches up the branch. In the style now of Dizzy Dean, with terrifying speed, Eddie delivered his fast one. It was wild and the crow didn't even cock his head. You had to expect to be a little wild with such speed. Eddie found a good round stone and rubbed it professionally on his back pocket. He looked over his shoulder to hold the runner close to the bag, watched for the signal. Eddie Hubbell Dean Mungo Feller Ferrell Warnecke Gomez Barnes picked up his foot and let go his high hard one. The crow slowly got off his branch and regretfully sailed away. Eddie went over, kicked away the loose dirt, and looked at his radish seeds. Nothing was happening to them. They just lay there, baked and inactive, just as he had placed them. No green, no roots, no radishes, no anything. He was sorry he'd ever gone in for farming. The package of seeds had cost him a dime, and the only thing that happened to them was that they were eaten by crows. And now he could use that dime. Tonight he had a date. "I got a date," he said aloud, savoring the words. He went to the shade of the grape arbor to think about it.

He sat down on the bench under the cool flat leaves, and thought about it. He'd never had a date before in his life. He had thirty-five cents. Thirty-five cents ought to be enough for any girl, but if he hadn't bought the radish seeds he'd have had forty-five cents, really prepared for any eventuality. "Damn crow," he said, thinking of the evil black head feeding on his dime. Many times he'd wondered how you managed to get a date. Now he knew. It happened all of a sudden. You went up to a girl where she was lying on the raft in a lake and you looked at her, chubby in a blue bathing suit, and she looked seriously at you out of serious blue eyes where you stood dripping with lake water, with no hair on your chest, and suddenly you said, "I don't s'pose yuh're not doing anything t'morra night, are yuh?" You didn't know quite what you meant, but she did, and she said, "Why, no, Eddie. Say about eight o'clock?" And you nodded and dived back into the lake and there you were. Still, those radish seeds, that crow-food, that extra dime...

23. A Canary for One (by Ernest Hemingway)

THE TRAIN PASSED VERY QUICKLY A LONG, red stone house with a garden and four thick palm-trees with tables under them in the shade. On the other side was the sea. Then there was a cutting through red stone and clay, and the sea was only occasionally and far below against rocks.

“I bought him in Palermo,” the American lady said. “We only had an hour ashore and it was Sunday morning. The man wanted to be paid in dollars and I gave him a dollar and a half. He really sings very beautifully.”

It was very hot in the train and it was very hot in the lit salon compartment. There was no breeze came through the open window. The American lady pulled the window-blind down and there was no more sea, even occasionally. On the other side there was glass, then the corridor, then an open window, and outside the window were dusty trees and an oiled road and flat fields of grapes, with gray-stone hills behind them.

There was smoke from many tall chimneys—coming into Marseilles, and the train slowed down and followed one track through many others into the station. The train stayed twenty-five minutes in the station at Marseilles and the American lady bought a copy of The Daily Mail and a half-bottle of Evian water. She walked a little way along the station platform, but she stayed near the steps of the car because at Cannes, where it stopped for twelve minutes, the train had left with no signal of departure and she had gotten on only just in time. The American lady was a little deaf and she was afraid that perhaps signals of departure were given and that she did not hear them.

The train left the station in Marseilles and there was not only the switchyards and the factory smoke but, looking back, the town of Marseilles and the harbor with stone hills behind it and the last of the sun on the water. As it was getting dark the train passed a farmhouse burning in a field. Motorcars were stopped along the road and bedding and things from inside the farmhouse were spread in the field. Many people were watching the house burn. After it was dark the train was in Avignon. People got on and off. At the news-stand Frenchmen, returning to Paris, bought that day’s French papers. On the station platform were negro soldiers. They wore brown uniforms and were tall and their faces shone, close under the electric light. Their faces were very black and they were too tall to stare. The train left Avignon station with the negroes standing there. A short white sergeant was with them.

Inside the lit salon compartment the porter had pulled down the three beds from inside the wall and prepared them for sleeping. In the night the American lady lay without sleeping because the train was a rapide and went very fast and she was afraid of the speed in the night. The American lady’s bed was the one next to the window. The canary from Palermo, a cloth spread over his cage, was out of the draft in the corridor that went into the compartment wash-room. There was a blue light outside the compartment, and all night the train went very fast and the American lady lay awake and waited for a wreck.

In the morning the train was near Paris, and after the American lady had come out from the washroom, looking very wholesome and middle-aged and American in spite of not having slept, and had taken the cloth off the birdcage and hung the cage in the sun, she went back to the restaurant-car for breakfast. When she came back to the lit salon compartment again, the beds had been pushed back into the wall and made into seats, the canary was shaking his feathers in the sunlight that came through the open window, and the train was much nearer Paris.

“He loves the sun,” the American lady said. “He’ll sing now in a little while.”

The canary shook his feathers and pecked into them. “I’ve always loved birds,” the American lady said. “I’m taking him home to my little girl. There—he’s singing now.”

The canary chirped and the feathers on his throats stood out, then he dropped his bill and pecked into his feathers again. The train crossed a river and passed through a very carefully tended forest. The train passed through many outside of Paris towns. There were tram-cars in the towns and big advertisements for the Belle Jardinière and Dubonnet and Pernod on the walls toward the train. All that the train passed through looked as though it were before breakfast. For several minutes I had not listened to the American lady, who was talking to my wife.

“Is your husband American too?” asked the lady.

“Yes,” said my wife.

“We’re both Americans.”

“I thought you were English.”

“Oh, no.”

“Perhaps that was because I wore braces,” I said. I had started to say suspenders and changed it to braces in the mouth, to keep my English character. The American lady did not hear. She was really quite deaf; she read lips, and I had not looked toward her. I had looked out of the window. She went on talking to my wife.

24. The Sphinx Without a Secret/An etching (by O.Wilde)

One afternoon I was sitting outside the Cafe de la Paix, watching the splendour and shabbiness of Parisian life, and wondering over my vermouth at the strange panorama of pride and poverty that was passing before me, when I heard someone call my name. I turned round, and saw Lord Murchison. We had not met since we had been at college together, nearly ten years before, so I was delighted to come across him again, and we shook hands warmly. At Oxford we had been great friends. I had liked him immensely, he was so handsome, so high-spirited, and so honourable. We used to say of him that he would be the best of fellows, if he did not always speak the truth, but I think we really admired him all the more for his frankness. I found him a good deal changed. He looked anxious and puzzled, and seemed to be in doubt about something. I felt it could not be modern scepticism, for Murchison was the stoutest of Tories, and believed in the Pentateuch as firmly as he believed in the House of Peers; so I concluded that it was a woman, and asked him if he was married yet.

'I don't understand women well enough,' he answered.

'My dear Gerald,' I said, 'women are meant to be loved, not to be understood.'

'I cannot love where I cannot trust,' he replied.

'I believe you have a mystery in your life, Gerald,' I exclaimed; 'tell me about it.'

'Let us go for a drive,' he answered, 'it is too crowded here. No, not a yellow carriage, any other colour - there, that dark-green one will do;' and in a few moments we were trotting down the boulevard in the direction of the Madeleine.

'Where shall we go to?' I said.

'Oh, anywhere you like!' he answered - 'to the restaurant in the Bois; we will dine there, and you shall tell me all about yourself.'

'I want to hear about you first,' I said. 'Tell me your mystery.'

He took from his pocket a little silver-clasped morocco case, and handed it to me. I opened it. Inside there was the photograph of a woman. She was tall and slight, and strangely picturesque with her large vague eyes and loosened hair. She looked like a clairvoyante, and was wrapped in rich furs.

'What do you think of that face?' he said; 'is it truthful?'

I examined it carefully. It seemed to me the face of some one who had a secret, but whether that secret was good or evil I could not say. Its beauty was a beauty moulded out of many mysteries - the beauty, in face, which is psychological, not plastic - and the faint smile that just played across the lips was far too subtle to be really sweet.

'Well,' he cried impatiently, 'what do you say?'

'She is the Gioconda in sables,' I answered. 'Let me know all about her.'

'Not now,' he said; 'after dinner;' and began to talk of other things.

When the waiter brought us our coffee and cigarettes I reminded Gerald of his promise. He rose from his seat, walked two or three times up and down the room, and, sinking into an armchair, told me the following story: -

'One evening,' he said, 'I was walking down Bond Street about five o'clock. There was a terrific crush of carriages, and the traffic was almost stopped. Close to the pavement was standing a little yellow brougham, which, for some reason or other, attracted my attention. As I passed by there looked out from it the face I showed you this afternoon. I fascinated me immediately. All that night I kept thinking of it, and all the next day. I wandered up and down that wretched Row, peering into every carriage, and waiting for the yellow brougham; but I could not find ma belle inconnue, and at last I began to think she was merely a dream. About a week afterwards I was dining with Madame de Rastail. Dinner was for eight o'clock; but at half-past eight we were still waiting in the drawing-room. Finally the servant threw open the door, and announced Lady Alroy. It was the woman I had been looking for. She came in very slowly, looking like a moon-beam in grey lace, and, to my intense delight, I was asked to take her in to dinner. After we had sat down I remarked quite innocently, "I think I caught sight of you in Bond Street some time ago, Lady Alroy." She grew very pale, and said to me in a low voice, "Pray do not talk so loud; you may be overheard." I felt miserable at having made such a bad beginning, and plunged recklessly into the subject of French plays. She spoke very little, always in the same low musical voice, and seemed as if she was

afraid of some one listening. I fell passionately, stupidly in love, and the indefinable atmosphere of mystery that surrounded her excited my most ardent curiosity. When she was going away, which she did very soon after dinner, I asked her if I might call and see her. She hesitated for a moment, glanced round to see if any one was near us, and then said, "Yes; to-morrow at a quarter to five." I begged Madame de Rastail to tell me about her; but all that I could learn was that she was a window with a beautiful house in Park Lane, and as some scientific bore began a dissertation of widows, as exemplifying the survival of the matrimonially fittest, I left and went home.

25. A Haunted House (by Virginia Woolf)

Whatever hour you woke there was a door shutting. From room to room they went, hand in hand, lifting here, opening there, making sure--a ghostly couple.

"Here we left it," she said. And he added, "Oh, but here tool" "It's upstairs," she murmured. "And in the garden," he whispered. "Quietly," they said, "or we shall wake them."

But it wasn't that you woke us. Oh, no. "They're looking for it; they're drawing the curtain," one might say, and so read on a page or two. "Now they've found it,' one would be certain, stopping the pencil on the margin. And then, tired of reading, one might rise and see for oneself, the house all empty, the doors standing open, only the wood pigeons bubbling with content and the hum of the threshing machine sounding from the farm. "What did I come in here for? What did I want to find?" My hands were empty. "Perhaps its upstairs then?" The apples were in the loft. And so down again, the garden still as ever, only the book had slipped into the grass.

But they had found it in the drawing room. Not that one could ever see them. The windowpanes reflected apples, reflected roses; all the leaves were green in the glass. If they moved in the drawing room, the apple only turned its yellow side. Yet, the moment after, if the door was opened, spread about the floor, hung upon the walls, pendant from the ceiling--what? My hands were empty. The shadow of a thrush crossed the carpet; from the deepest wells of silence the wood pigeon drew its bubble of sound. "Safe, safe, safe" the pulse of the house beat softly. "The treasure buried; the room . . ." the pulse stopped short. Oh, was that the buried treasure?

A moment later the light had faded. Out in the garden then? But the trees spun darkness for a wandering beam of sun. So fine, so rare, coolly sunk beneath the surface the beam I sought always burned behind the glass. Death was the glass; death was between us, coming to the woman first, hundreds of years ago, leaving the house, sealing all the windows; the rooms were darkened. He left it, left her, went North, went East, saw the stars turned in the Southern sky; sought the house, found it dropped beneath the Downs. "Safe, safe, safe," the pulse of the house beat gladly. 'The Treasure yours."

The wind roars up the avenue. Trees stoop and bend this way and that. Moonbeams splash and spill wildly in the rain. But the beam of the lamp falls straight from the window. The candle burns stiff and still. Wandering through the house, opening the windows, whispering not to wake us, the ghostly couple seek their joy.

"Here we slept," she says. And he adds, "Kisses without number." "Waking in the morning--" "Silver between the trees--" "Upstairs--" 'In the garden--" "When summer came--" 'In winter snowtime--" "The doors go shutting far in the distance, gently knocking like the pulse of a heart.

Nearer they come, cease at the doorway. The wind falls, the rain slides silver down the glass. Our eyes darken, we hear no steps beside us; we see no lady spread her ghostly cloak. His hands shield the lantern. "Look," he breathes. "Sound asleep. Love upon their lips."

Stooping, holding their silver lamp above us, long they look and deeply. Long they pause. The wind drives straightly; the flame stoops slightly. Wild beams of moonlight cross both floor and wall, and, meeting, stain the faces bent; the faces pondering; the faces that search the sleepers and seek their hidden joy.

"Safe, safe, safe," the heart of the house beats proudly. "Long years--" he sighs. "Again you found me." "Here," she murmurs, "sleeping; in the garden reading; laughing, rolling apples in the loft. Here we left our treasure--" Stooping, their light lifts the lids upon my eyes. "Safe! safe! safe!" the pulse of the house beats wildly. Waking, I cry "Oh, is this your buried treasure? The light in the heart."

3 семестр Художественные тексты

1. Fair of Face (by C. Hare)

John Franklin, with whom I was at Oxford, invited me to stay with his people at Markhampton for the Markshire Hunt Ball'. He and his sister were arranging a small party for it, he said.
"I've never met your sister," I remarked. "What is she like?"
"She is a beauty," said John, seriously and simply.
I thought at the time that it was an odd, old-fashioned phrase, but it turned out to be strictly and literally true. Deborah Franklin was beautiful in the grand, classic manner. She didn't look in the least like a film star or a model. But looking at her you forgot everything. It was the sheer beauty of her face that took your breath away.
With looks like that, it would be asking too much to expect anything startling in the way of brains, and I found Deborah, a trifle dull. She was of course well aware of her extraordinary good looks, and was perfectly prepared to discuss them, just as a man seven feet high might talk about the advantages and inconveniences of being tall.
Most of our party were old friends of the Franklins, who took Deborah for granted as a local phenomenon, but among them was a newcomer – a young man with a beard named Aubrey Melcombe, who had lately taken charge of the local museum. As soon as he set eyes on Deborah he said:
"We have never met before, but your face, of course, is perfectly familiar."
Deborah had evidently heard that one before.
"I never give sitting to photographers," she said, "but people will snap me in the street. It's such a nuisance."
"Photographs!" said Aubrey. "I mean your portrait – the one that was painted four hundred years ago. Has nobody ever told you that you are the living image of the Warbeck Titian?"
"I've never heard of the Warbeck Titian," said Deborah, "You shall judge for yourself," – said Aubrey.

"I'll send you a ticket for the opening of the exhibition."
Then he went off to dance with Rosamund Clegg, his assistant at the museum, who was said to be his fiancé.
I did not care much' for Aubrey, or for his young woman, but I had to admit that they knew, their job when I came to the opening of the exhibition a few months later. They had gathered in treasures of every sort from all over the county and arranged them admirably. The jewel of the show was, of course, the great Titian. It had a wall to itself at the end of the room and I was looking at it when Deborah came in. The likeness was fantastic. Lord Warbeck had never had his paintings cleaned, so that Titian's flesh tints were golden and carmine, in vivid contrast to Deborah's pink and white. But the face behind the glass might have been her mirror image. By a happy chance she had chosen to wear a very plain black dress, which matched up well to the portrait's dark clothes. She stood there still and silent, staring at her centuries-old likeness. I wondered what she felt.
A pressman's camera flashed and clicked. First one visitor and then another noticed the resemblance and presently the rest of the gallery was deserted. Everyone was crowding round the Titian to stare from the painted face to the real one and back again. The only clear space was round Deborah herself. People were moving to get a good view of her profile, without losing sight of the Titian, which fortunately was in profile also. It must have been horribly embarrassing for Deborah, but she never seemed to notice them. She went on peering into the picture, for a very long time. Then she turned round and walked quickly out of the building. As she passed me I saw that she was crying – a surprising display of emotion in one so calm.
About ten minutes later Aubrey discovered that a pair of Degas' statuettes was missing from a stand opposite the Titian. They were small objects and very valuable. The police were sent for and there was a considerable fuss, but nothing was found. I left as soon as I could and went to the Franklins. Deborah was in.
"Have you got the statuettes?" I asked.
She took them out of her handbag.
"How did you guess?"
"It seemed to me that your reception in front of the Titian was a performance," I explained. "It distracted attention from everything else in the room while the theft took place."
"Yes," said Deborah, "Aubrey arranged it very cleverly, didn't he? He thought of everything. He even helped me choose this dress to go with the one in the picture, you know."
"And the press photographer? Had he been laid on too?"
"Oh, yes. Aubrey arranged for someone to be there to photograph me. He thought it would help to collect a crowd."
Her coolness was astonishing. Even with the evidence of the statuettes in front of me I found it hard to believe that I was talking to a thief.
"It was a very clever scheme altogether," I said. "You and Aubrey must have put a lot of work into it. Ihad no idea that you were such friends."
There was a flush on her cheeks as she replied:
"Oh yes, I've been seeing a good deal of him lately.
Ever since the Hunt Ball, in fact."
After that there didn't seem to be much more to say.

"There's one thing I don't quite understand," I said finally. "People were surrounding you and staring at you up to the moment you left the gallery. How did Aubrey manage to pass the statuettes to you without anyone seeing?"
She rounded on me in a fury of surprise and indignation.
"Pass the statuettes to me?" she repeated. "Good God! Are you suggesting that I helped Aubrey to steal them?"
She looked like an angry goddess, and was about as charming.
"But – but – " I stammered. "But if you didn't who will?
"Rosamund, of course. Aubrey gave them to her while all was going on in front of the Titian. She simply put them in her bag and walked out. I'd only just got them back from her when you came in."
"Rosamund!" It was my turn to be surprised. "Then the whole thing was a put-up job between them?"
"Yes. They wanted to get married and hadn't any money, and she knew a dealer who would give a price for things like these with no questions asked and –and there you are."
"Then how did you come into it?" I asked.
"Aubrey said that if I posed in front of the Titian it would be wonderful publicity for the exhibition – and, of course, I fell for it." She laughed. "I've only just remembered. When Aubrey wanted to make fun of me he used to say I'd make a wonderful cover girl. That's just what I was – a cover girl for him and Rosamund."
She stood up and picked up the statuettes.
"These will have to go back to the gallery, I suppose," she said, "Can it be done without too much fuss? It's silly of me, I know, but I'd rather they didn't prosecute Aubrey."
I made sympathetic noises.
"It was Rosamund's idea in the first place," she went on. "I'm sure of that. Aubrey hasn't the wits to think of anything so clever."
"It was clever enough," I said. "But you saw through it at once. How was that?"
Deborah smiled.
"I'm not clever," she said. "But that old dark picture with the glass on it made a perfect mirror. Aubrey told me to stand in front of it, so I did. But I'm not interested in art, you know. I was looking at myself. And of course I couldn't help seeing what was happening just behind me..."

2. Then in Triumph (by F. L. Parke)

There were cars in front of the house. Four of them. Clifford Oslow cut across the lawn and headed for the back steps. But not soon enough. The door of a big red car opened and a woman came rushing after him. She was a little person, smaller even than Clifford himself. But she was fast. She reached him just as he was getting through the hedge.
"You're Mr. Oslow, aren't you?" she said. She pulled out a little book and a pencil and held them under his nose. "I've been trying to get her autograph all week," she explained. "I want you to get it f or me. Just drop the book in a mail-box. It's stamped and the address is on it."
And then she was gone and Clifford was standing there holding the book and pencil in his hand.
He put the autograph book in his pocket and hurried up the steps.

There was a lot of noise coming from the living-room. Several male voices, a strange woman's voice breaking through now and then, rising above the noise. And Julia's voice, rising above the noise, clear and kindly and very sure.
"Yes," she was saying. And, "I'm very glad." And, "People have been very generous to me."
She sounded tired.
Clif f ord leaned against the wall while he finished the sandwich and the beer. He left the empty bottle on the table, turned off the kitchen light and pushed easily on the hall door.
A man grabbed him by the arm and pushed him along the hall and into the parlor . «Here he is,» somebody shouted. "Here's Mr. Oslow!"
There were a half-a-dozen people there, all with notebooks and busy pens. Julia was in the big chair by the fireplace, looking plumper than usual in her new green dress.
She smiled at him affectionately but, it seemed to him, a little distantly. He'd noticed that breach in her glance many times lately. He hoped that it wasn't superiority, but he was afraid that it was.
"Hello, Clifford," she said.
"Hello, Julia," he answered.
He didn't get a chance to go over and kiss her. A reporter had him right against the wall. How did it seem to go to bed a teller' at the Gas Company and to wake up the husband of a best-selling novelist? Excellent, he told them. Was he going to give up his job? No, he wasn't. Had he heard the news that "Welcome Tomorrow" was going to be translated into Turkish? No, he hadn't.
And then the woman came over. The one whose voice he'd heard back in the kitchen where he wished he'd stayed.
"How", she inquired briskly, "did you like the story?"
Clifford didn't answer immediately. He just looked at the woman. Everyone became very quiet. And everyone looked at him. The woman repeated the question. Clifford knew what he wanted to say. "I liked it very much," he wanted to say and then run. But they wouldn't let him run. They'd make him stay. And ask him more questions. Which he couldn't answer.
"I haven't," he mumbled, "had an opportunity to read it yet. But I'm going to," he promised. And then came a sudden inspiration. "I'm going to read it now!" There was a copy on the desk by the door. Clifford grabbed it and raced for the front stairs.
Before he reached the second flight, though, he could hear the woman's voice on the hall phone. "At last", she was saying, "we have discovered aï adult American who has not read "Welcome Tomorrow". He is, of all people, Clifford Oslow, white, 43, a native, of this city and the husband of..."
On the second floor Clifford reached his study, turned on the light over the table and dropped into the chair before it. He put Julia's book right in front of him, but he didn't immediately open it.
Instead he sat back in the chair and looked about him. The room was familiar enough. It had been his for over eighteen years. The table was the same. And the old typewriter was the one he had bought before Julia and he were married.
There hadn't been many changes. All along the bookcase were the manuscripts of his novels. His rejected novels. On top was his latest one, the one that had stopped going the rounds six months before.
On the bottom was his earliest one. The one he wrote when Julia and he were first married.
Yes, Clifford was a writer then. Large W. And he kept on thinking of himself as one for many years after, despite the indifference of the publishers. Finally, of course, his writing had become merely a gesture. A

stubborn unwillingness to admit defeat. Now, to be sure, the defeat was definite. Now that Julia, who before a year ago hadn't put pen to paper, had written a book, had it accepted and now was looking at advertisements that said, "over four hundred thousand copies."
He picked up "Welcome Tomorrow" and opened it, as he opened every book, in the middle. He read a paragraph. And then another. He had just started a third when suddenly he stopped. He put down Julia's book, reached over to the shelf and pulled out the dusty manuscript of his own first effort. Rapidly he turned over the crisp pages. Then he began to read aloud.
Clifford put the manuscript on the table on top of the book. For a long time he sat quietly. Then he put the book in his lap and left the manuscript on the table and began to read them, page against page. He had his answer in ten minutes.
And then he went back downstairs. A couple of reporters were still in the living-room. "But, Mrs. Oslow, naturally our readers are interested," one was insisting. "When," he demanded, "will you finish your next book?"
"I don't know," she answered uneasily.
Clifford came across the room to her, smiling. He put his arm around her and pressed her shoulder firmly but gently. "Now, now, Julia," he protested. "Let's tell the young man at once."
The reporter looked up.
"Mrs. Oslow's new novel," Clifford announced proudly, "will be ready in another month."
Julia turned around and stared at him, quite terrified.
But Clifford kept on smiling. Then he reached into his pocket and brought out the autograph book and pencil that had been forced on him on his way home.
"Sign here," he instructed.

3. The Happy Man by W.S. Maugham

It is a dangerous thing to order the lives of others and I have often wondered at the self-confidence of politicians, reformers and such like who are prepared to force upon their fellows measures that must alter their manners, habits and points of view. I have always hesitated to give advice, for how can one advise another how to act unless one knows that other as well as one knows oneself? Heaven knows, I know little enough of myself: I know nothing of others. We can only guess at the thoughts and emotions of our neighbours. And life, unfortunately, is something that you can lead but once; and who am I that I should tell this one and that how he should lead it?
But once I knew that I advised well.
I was a young man and I lived in a modest apartment in London near Victoria Station. Late one afternoon, when I was beginning to think that I had worked enough for that day, I heard a ring at the bell. I opened the door to a total stranger. He asked me my name; I told him. He asked if he might come in.
“Certainly”.
I led him into my sitting-room and begged to sit down. He seemed a trifle embarrassed. I offered him a cigarette and he had some difficulty in lighting it.
“I hope you don't mind my coming to see you like this”, he said, “My name is Stephens and I am a doctor. You're in the medical, I believe?”
“Yes, but I don't practise”.

“No, I know. I've just read a book of yours about Spain and I wanted to ask you about it”.
“It's not a very good book, I'm afraid”.
“The fact remains that you know something about Spain and there's no one else I know who does. And I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me some information”.
“I shall be very glad”.
He was silent for a moment. He reached out for his hat and holding it in one hand absent-mindedly stroked it with the other.
“I hope you won't think it very odd for a perfect stranger to talk to you like this”. He gave an apologetic laugh. “I'm not going to tell you the story of my life”.
When people say this to me I always know that it is precisely what they are going to do. I do not mind. In fact I rather like it.
“I was brought up by two old aunts. I've never been anywhere. I've never done anything. I've been married for six years. I have no children. I'm a medical officer at the Camberwell Infirmary. I can't bear it anymore”.
There was something very striking in the short, sharp sentences he used. I looked at him with curiosity. He was a little man, thickset and stout, of thirty perhaps, with a round red face from which shone small, dark and very bright eyes. His black hair was cropped close to a bullet-shaped head. He was dressed in a blue suit a good deal the worse for wear. It was baggy at the knees and the pockets bulged untidily.
“You know what the duties are of a medical officer in an infirmary. One day is pretty much like another. And that's all I've got to look forward to for the rest of my life. Do you think it's worth it?”
“It's a means of livelihood”, I answered.
“Yes, I know. The money's pretty good”.
“I don't exactly know why you've come to me”.
“Well, I wanted to know whether you thought there would be any chance for an English doctor in Spain?”
“Why Spain?”
“I don't know, I just have a fancy for it”.
“It's not like Carmen, you know”, I smiled.
“But there's sunshine there, and there's good wine, and there's colour, and there's air you can breathe. Let me say what I have to say straight out. I heard by accident that there was no English doctor in Seville. Do you think I could earn a living there? Is it madness to give up a good safe job for an uncertainty?”
“What does your wife think about it?”
“She's willing”.
“It's a great risk”.
“I know. But if you say take it, I will: if you say stay where you are, I'll stay”.
He was looking at me with those bright dark eyes of his and I knew that he meant what he said. I reflected for a moment.
“Your whole future is concerned: you must decide for yourself. But this I can tell you: if you don't want money but are content to earn just enough to keep body and soul together, then go. For you will lead a wonderful life”.
He left me, I thought about him for a day or two, and then forgot. The episode passed completely from my memory.
Many years later, fifteen at least, I happened to be in Seville and having some trifling indisposition asked

the hotel porter whether there was an English doctor in the town. He said there was and gave me the address. I took a cab and as I drove up to the house a little fat man came out of it. He hesitated, when he caught sight of me.
“Have you come to see me?” he said. “I'm the English doctor”.
I explained my matter and he asked me to come in. He lived in an ordinary Spanish house, and his consulting room was littered with papers, books, medical appliances and lumber. We did our business and then I asked the doctor what his fee was. He shook his head and smiled.
“There's no fee”.
“Why on earth not?”
“Don't you remember me? Why, I'm here because of something you said to me. You changed my whole life for me. I'm Stephens”.
I had not the least notion what he was talking about. He reminded me of our interview, he repeated to me what we had said, and gradually, out of the night, a dim recollection of the incident came back to me.
“I was wondering if I'd ever see you again”, he said, “I was wondering if ever I'd have a chance of thanking you for all you've done for me”.
“It's been a success then?”
I looked at him. He was very fat now and bald, but his eyes twinkled gaily and his fleshy, red face bore an expression of perfect good humour. The clothes he wore, terribly shabby they were, had been made obviously by a Spanish tailor and his hat was the wide brimmed sombrero of the Spaniard. He looked to me as though he knew a good bottle of wine when he saw it. He had an entirely sympathetic appearance.
“You might have hesitated to let him remove your appendix”, but you could not have imagined a more delightful creature to drink a glass of wine with.
“Surely you were married?” I said.
“Yes. My wife didn't like Spain, she went back to Camberwell, she was more at home there”.
“Oh, I'm sorry for that”.
His black eyes flashed a smile.
“Life is full of compensations”, he murmured.
The words were hardly out of his mouth when a Spanish woman, no longer in her first youth, but still beautiful, appeared at the door. She spoke to him in Spanish, and I could not fail to feel that she was the mistress of the house.
As he stood at the door to let me out he said to me:
“You told me when last I saw you that if I came here I should earn just enough money to keep body and soul together, but that I should lead a wonderful life. Well, I want to tell you that you were right. Poor I have been and poor I shall always be, but by heaven I've enjoyed myself. I wouldn't exchange the life I've had with that of any king in the world”.

4. Rikki- Tikki- Tavi (by R. Kipling)

This is the story of the great war that Rikki-tikki-tavi fought all alone. Darzee, the tailor-bird, helped him, and Chuchundra, the muskrat, who never comes out into the middle of the room, but always creeps round by the walls, gave him advice, but Rikki-tikki-tavi did the real fighting.

He was a mongoose, but in his fur and tail he was like a little cat, and like a weasel in his head and habits. His eyes and the end of his restless nose were pink; he could scratch himself anywhere he liked, with any leg, front or back; he could fluff up his tail till it looked like a bottle brush, and his war-cry as he ran through the long grass, was: "Rikk-tikk-tikki-tikki-tchk!"

One day, a hard summer rain washed him out of the hole where he lived with his father and mother, and carried him down a roadside ditch. There he found some grass, and clung to it till he lost his senses. When he came to himself, he was lying in the hot sun in the middle of a garden path, and a small boy was saying: "Here's a dead mongoose. Let's have a funeral."

"No," said his mother; "let's take him home and dry him. Perhaps he isn't really dead."

They took him into the house, and a big man picked him up and said he was not dead but half choked," so they wrapped him in cotton-wool, and warmed him, and he opened his eyes and sneezed.

"Now," said the big man (he was an Englishman who had just moved into the bungalow); "don't frighten him, and we'll see what he'll do."

It is the hardest thing in the world to frighten a mongoose, because he is full of curiosity from nose to tail. The motto of all the mongoose family is, "Run and find out"; and Rikki-tikki was a true mongoose. He looked at the cotton-wool, decided that it was not good to eat, ran all round the table, sat up and put his fur in order, scratched himself, and jumped on the small boy's shoulder.

"Don't be frightened, Teddy," said his father. "That's how he makes friends."

Rikki-tikki looked down at the boy's neck, sniffed at his ear, and climbed dovrn to the floor, where he sat rubbing his nose.

"And that is a wild creature!" said Teddy's mother. "I suppose he is so tame because we have been kind to him."

"All mongooses are like that," said her husband. "If Teddy doesn't pull him by the tail, or try to put him in a cage, he'll run in and out of the house all day long. Let's give him something to eat."

They gave him a little piece of raw meat. Rikki-tikki liked it very much, and when he finished he went out into the veranda and sat in the sunshine and fluffed up his fur to make it dry to the roots. Then he felt better.

"I can find out about more things in this house," he said to himself, "than all my family could find out in all their lives. I shall certainly stay and find out."

He spent all that day running over the house. He nearly drowned himself in the bath-tubs, put his nose into the ink on a writing-table, and burned it on the end of the big man's cigar, for he climbed up in the big man's lap to see how he was writing. In the evening he ran into Teddy's room to watch how kerosene lamps were lighted, and when Teddy went to bed Rikki-tikki climbed up too, but he was a restless companion, because he had to get up and find out about every noise all the night long. When Teddy's mother and father came in to look at their boy, Rikki-tikki was sitting on the pillow. "I don't like that," said Teddy's mother; "he may bite the child." "He'll not do such a thing," said the father. "Teddy is safe with that little beast. If a snake comes into the room now"

But Teddy's mother didn't even want to hear of such a terrible thing.

Early in the morning Rikki-tikki came to breakfast in the veranda riding on Teddy's shoulder, and they gave him banana and some boiled egg; and he sat on all their laps one after the other, because Rikki-tikki's mother (she used to live in a general's house) had told him what to do if ever he came to the house of Man.

Rikki-tikki went out into the garden. It was a large garden with bushes, fruit trees, bamboos and high

grass. Rikki-tikki licked his lips. "This is a splendid hunting-ground," he said and he ran up and down the garden, sniffing here and there till he heard very sorrowful voices in a bush.
It was Darzee, the tailor-bird, and his wife. They had made a beautiful nest of two big leaves, cotton and fluff. The nest swayed to and fro, as they sat in it and cried.
"What is the matter?" asked Rikki-tikki.
"We are very unhappy," said Darzee. "One of our babies fell out of the nest yesterday and Nag ate him."
"H'm!" said Rikki-tikki, "that is very sad – but I am a stranger here. Who is Nag?"
Darzee and his wife only bent down in the nest without answering, for from the thick grass at the foot of the bush there came a low hiss – a terrible sound that made Rikki-tikki jump back almost two feet. Then out of the grass rose up the head and hood of Nag, the big black cobra, and he was five feet long from tongue to tail. When he had lifted one-third of himself from the ground, he looked at Rikki-tikki with the wicked snake's eyes that never change their expression.
"Who is Nag?" he said. "I am Nag. The great god Brahm put his mark upon all our people when the first cobra' spread his hood to keep the sun off Brahm as he slept. Look, and be afraid!"
He spread out his hood, and Rikki-tikki saw the spectacle-mark' on the back of it and at that moment he was afraid; but it is impossible for a mongoose to be afraid for a long time, and though Rikki-tikki had never met alive cobra before, his mother had given him dead ones to eat, and he knew that a grown mongoose's business in life was to fight and eat snakes. Nag knew that too, and at the bottom of his cold heart he was afraid.
"Well," said Rikki-tikki, and his tail began to fluff up again, "marks or no marks, do you think it is right for ii you to eat babies out of a nest?"
Nag was thinking to himself, and watching each little movement in the grass behind Rikki-tikki. He knew that mongooses in the garden meant death sooner or later for him and his family; but he wanted to get Rikki-tikki off his guard.' So he dropped his head a little, and put it on one side.
"Let us talk," he said. "You eat eggs. Why should not I eat birds?"
"Behind you! Look behind you!" sang Darzee.
Rikki-tikki jumped up in the air as high as he could, and just under him whizzed by the head of Nagaina, Nag's wicked wife. She crept up behind him as he was talking, to make an end of him; and he heard her savage hiss as the stroke missed.' He came down almost on her back, and then was the time to break her back with one bite – but he was a young mongoose and did not know it and he was afraid of the terrible return-stroke of the cobra. He bit, indeed, but did not bite long enough, and he jumped off her tail, leaving Nagaina wounded and angry.
"Wicked, wicked Darzee!" said Nag, lifting up his head as high as he could toward the nest; but Darzee had built it out of reach' of snakes, and it only swayed to and fro. Rikki-tikki felt that his eyes were growing red and hot (when a mongoose's eyes grow red, he is angry), and he sat back on his tail and hind legs like a little kangaroo, and looked all around him angrily, but Nag and Nagaina had disappeared into the grass. When a snake misses its stroke, it never says anything or gives any sign of what it is going to do next. Rikki-tikki did not want to follow them, for he was not sure that he could manage two snakes at once. So he trotted of to the path near the house, and sat down to think. It was a serious matter for him.

5. The Mistery of the Blue Jar (by Agatha Christie)

Going home that evening, he looked through the evening papers anxiously to see if there were any mention of a crime having been committed. But there was nothing, and he hardly knew whether to be relieved or disappointed.

The following morning was wet – so wet that even the most ardent golfer might have his enthusiasm damped.

Jack rose at the last possible moment, ate his breakfast, ran for the train and again eagerly looked through the papers. Still no mention of any tragic discovery having been made. The evening papers told the same tale.

"Queer," said Jack to himself, "but there it is. Probably some little boys having a game together up in the woods."

He was out early the following morning. As he passed the cottage, he noted out of the tail of his eye that the girl was out in the garden again weeding. Evidently a habit of hers. He did a particularly good shot, and hoped that she had noticed it.

"Just five and twenty past seven," he murmured. "I wonder –"

The words were frozen on his lips. From behind him came the same cry which had so startled him before. A woman's voice, in distress.

"Murder – help! murder!"

Jack raced back. The pansy girl was standing by the gate. She looked startled, and Jack ran up to her triumphantly, crying out: "You heard it this time, anyway."

Her eyes were wide with some emotion and he noticed that she shrank back from him as he approached, and even glanced back at the house, as though she was about to run for shelter.

She shook her head, staring at him.

"I heard nothing at all," she said wonderingly.

It was as though she had struck him a blow between the eyes. Her sincerity was so evident that he could not disbelieve her. Yet he couldn't have imagined it – he couldn't – he – couldn't –…

He heard her voice speaking gently – almost with sympathy. "You have had the shell-shock', yes?"

In a flash he understood her look of fear, her glance back at the house. She thought that he suffered from delusions...

And then, like a douche of cold water, came the horrible thought, was she right? Did he suffer from delusions?

In horror of the thought he turned and stumbled away without saying a word. The girl watched him go, sighed, shook her head, and bent down to her weeding again.

Jack tried to reason matters out with himself.

"If I hear the damned thing again at twenty-five minutes past seven," he said to himself, "it's clear that I've got hold of a hallucination of some sort. But I won't hear it."

He was nervous all that day, and went to bed early determined to put the matter to the proof the following morning.

As was perhaps natural in such a case, he remained awake half the night, and finally overslept himself. It was twenty past seven by the time he was clear of the hotel and running towards the links. He realised that he would not be able to get to the fatal spot by twenty-five past, but surely, if the voice were a hallucination pure and simple, he would hear it anywhere. He ran on, his eyes fixed on the hands of his watch.

Twenty-five past. From far off came the echo of a woman's voice, calling. The words could not be distinguished, but he was convinced that it was the same cry he had heard before, and that it came from the same spot, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the cottage.
Strangely enough, that fact reassured him. It might, after all, be a hoax'. Unlikely as it seemed, the girl herself might be playing a trick on him.
The girl was in the garden as usual. She looked up this morning, and when he raised his cap to her, said good morning rather shyly... She looked, he thought, lovelier than ever.
"Nice day, isn't it?" Jack called out cheerily.
"Yes, indeed, it is lovely."
"Good for the garden, I expect?"
The girl smiled a little.
"Alas, no! For my flowers the rain is needed. See, they are all dried up. Monsieur is much better today, I can see."
Her encouraging tone annoyed Jack intensely.
"I'm perfectly well," he said irritably.
"That is good then," returned the girl quickly and soothingly.
Jack had the irritating feeling that she didn't believe him.
He played a few more holes and hurried back to breakfast.
As he ate it, he was conscious, not for the first time, of the close scrutiny of a man who sat at the table next to him. He was a man of middle-age, with a powerful forceful face. He had a small dark beard and very piercing grey eyes. His name, Jack knew, was Lavington, and he had heard vague rumours' as to his being a well-known medical specialist, but as Jack was not a frequenter of Harley Street, the name had told little or nothing to him.
But this morning he was very conscious of the quiet observation under which he was being kept, and it frightened him a little. Was his secret written plainly in his face for all to see?
Jack shivered at the thought. Was it true? Was he really going mad? Was the whole thing a hallucination, or was it a gigantic hoax?
And suddenly a very simple way of testing the solution occurred to him He had hitherto been alone on the course. Supposing someone else was with him? Then ane out of three things might happen. The voice might be silent. They might both hear it. Or – he only.might hear it.
That evening he proceeded to carry his plan into effect. Lavington was the man he wanted with him. They fell into conversation easily enough – the older man might have been waiting for such an opening. It was clear that for some reason or other Jack interested him. The latter was able to come quite easily and naturally to the suggestion that they might play a few holes together before breakfast. The arrangement was made for the following morning.
They started out a little before seven. It was a perfect day, still and cloudless, but not too warm. The doctor was playing well, Jack awfully. He kept glancing at his watch.
The girl, as usual, was in the garden as they passed. She did not look up as they passed.
It was exactly twenty-five minutes past seven.
"If you didn't mind waiting a minute," he said, "I think I'll have a smoke."
They paused a little while. Jack filled and lit the pipe with fingers that trembled a little in spite of himself. An enormous weight seemed to have lifted from his mind.

"Lord, what a good day it is," he remarked. "Go on, Lavington, your shot."
And then it came. Just at the very instant the doctor was hitting. A woman's voice, high and agonised.
"Murder – Help! Murder!"
The pipe fell from Jack's nerveless hand, as he turned round in the direction of the sound, and then, remembering, gazed breathlessly at his companion.
Lavington was looking down the course, shading his eyes.
He had heard nothing.
The world seemed to spin round with Jack. He took a step or two and fell. When he recovered himself, he was lying on the ground, and Lavington was bending over him.
"There, take it easy now, take it easy."
"What did I do?"
"You fainted, young man – or gave a very good try at it."
"My God!" said Jack, and groaned.
"What's the trouble? Something on your mind?"
"I'll tell you in one minute, but I'd like to ask you something first."
The doctor lit his own pipe and settled himself on the bank. "Ask anything you like," he said comfortably.
"You've been watching me for the last day or two.
Why?"
Lavington's eyes twinkled a little.
"That's rather an awkward question. A cat can look at a king, you know."
"Don't put me off. I'm earnest. Why was it? I've a vital reason for asking."
Lavington's face grew serious.
"I'll answer you quite honestly. I recognised in you all
the signs of a man who is under acute strain', and it intrigued me what that strain could be."
"I can tell you that easily enough," said Jack bitterly.
"I'm going mad."
He stopped dramatically, but as his statement did not seem to arouse the interest he expected, he repeated it.
"I tell you I'm going mad."
"Very curious," murmured Lavington. "Very curious indeed."
“I suppose that's all it does seem to you. Doctors are so damned callous”.
“To begin with, although I have taken my degree, I do not practise medicine. Strictly speaking, I am not a doctor – not a doctor of the body, that it”.
Jack looked at him keenly.
"Of the mind?"
"Yes, in a sense, but more truly I call myself a doctor of the soul.""O}1!"
"I see you do not quite believe me, and yet you've got to come to terms with the soul, you know, young man. I can assure you that it really did strike me as very curious that such a well-balanced and perfectly normal young man as yourself should suffer from the delusion that he was going out of his mind."
"I'm out of my mind, all right. Absolutely mad."
"You will forgive me for saying so, but I don't believe it."
"I suffer from delusions."

"After dinner?"
"No, in the morning."
"Can't be done," said the doctor.
"I tell you I hear things that no one else hears."
"It's quite possible that the delusions of to-day may be the proved scientific facts of to-morrow."
In spite of himself, Lavington's matter-of-fact manner was having its effect upon Jack. He felt awfully cheered. The doctor looked at him attentively for a minute or two and then nodded.
"That's better," he said. "The trouble with you young fellows is that you're so sure nothing can exist outside your own philosophy that you get the wind up when something occurs that may change your opinion. Let's hear your grounds for believing that you're going mad, and we'll decide whether or not to lock you up afterwards."
As faithfully as he could, Jack told the whole series of occurrences.
"But what I can't understand," he ended, "is why this morning it should come at half past seven – five minutes late."

6. The Mistery of the Blue Jar (by Agatha Christie)

Jack arrived home. Now he believed Lavington completely.
He found his new friend waiting for him in the hall when he came down for dinner, and the doctor suggested that they should dine together at the same table.
"Any news, sir?" asked Jack anxiously.
"I've collected the life history of Heather Cottage all right. It was tenanted first by an old gardener and his wife. The old man died, and the old woman went to her daughter. Then a builder got it, and modernised it with great success, selling it to a city gentleman who used it for week-ends. About a year ago, he sold it to some people called Turner – Mr. and Mrs. Turner. They seem to have been rather a curious couple from all I can make out". They lived very quietly, seeing no one, and hardly ever going outside the cottage garden. The local rumour goes that they were afraid of something. And then suddenly one day they departed and never came back. The agents here got a letter from Mr. Turner, written from London, instructing him to sell up the place as quickly as possible. The furniture was sold off, and the house itself was sold. The people who have it now are a French professor and his daughter. They have been there just ten days."
Jack digested this in silence.
"I don't see that that gets us anywhere," he said at last.
"Do you?"
"I rather want to know more about the Turners," said Lavington quietly. "They left very early in the morning, you remember. As far as I can make out, nobody actually saw them go. Mr. Turner has been seen since – but I can't find anybody who has seen Mrs. Turner."
Jack paled.
"It can't be – you don't mean."
"Don't excite yourself, young man. Let us drop the subject – for to-night at least," he suggested.
Jack agreed readily enough, but did not find it so easyto vanish the subject from his own mind.
During the week-end, he made inquiries" of his own,but succeeded in getting little more than the doctor

had done. He had definitely given up playing golf before breakfast.
On getting back one day, Jack was informed that a young lady was waiting to see him. To his surprise it proved to be the girl of the garden – the pansy girl, as he always called her in his own mind. She was very nervous and confused.
"You will forgive me, Monsieur, for coming to see you like this? But there is something I want to tell you."
She looked round uncertainly.
"Come in here," said Jack.
"Now, sit down, Miss, Miss…"
"Marchaud, Monsieur. Felise Marchaud."
"Sit down, Mademoiselle Marchaud, and tell me all about it."
Felise sat down obediently. She was dressed in dark green to-day, and the beauty and charm of the proud little face was more evident than ever. Jack's heart beat faster as he sat down beside her.
"It is like this," explained Felise. "We have been here but a short time, and from the beginning we hear the house – our so sweet little house – is haunted". No servant will stay in it.
This talk of ghosts, I think it is all folly" – that is until four days ago. Monsieur, four nights running, I have had the same dream. A lady stands there – she is beautiful, tall and very f air. In her hands she holds a blue china jar. She is distressed – very distressed, and continually she holds out her jar to me, as though asking me to do something with it. But alas!" She cannot speak, and I – I do not know what she asks. That was the dream for the first two nights – but the night before last, there was more of it. She and the blue jar faded away", and suddenly I heard her voice crying out – I know it is her voice, you understand – and, oh! Monsieur, the words she says are those you spoke to me that morning. "Murder – Help! Murder!" I awoke in terror. I say to myself – it is a nightmare", the words you heard are an accident. But last night the dream came again. Monsieur, what is it? You too have heard. What shall we do?"
Felise's face was terrified. Her small hands clasped themselves together, and she gazed at Jack. The latter pretended to look calm.
"That's all right, Mademoiselle Marchaud. You mustn't worry. I tell you what I'd like you to do, if you don't mind, repeat the whole story to a friend of mine who is staying here, a Dr. Lavington."
Felise showed her willingness; and Jack went off in search of Lavington. He returned with him a few minutes later.
Lavington gave the girl a keen scrutiny as he acknowledged Jack's hurried introductions. With a few reassuring words, he soon put the girl at her ease, and he, in his turn, listened attentively to her story.
"Very curious," he said, when she had finished. "You have told your father of this?"
Felise shook her head.
"I have not liked to worry him. He is very ill still" – her eyes filled with tears – "I keep from him anything that might excite or agitate him."
"I understand," said Lavington kindly. "And I am glad you came to us, Mademoiselle Marchaud. Hartington here, as you know, had an experience something similar to yours. I think I may say that we are well on the track now. There is nothing else that you can think of?"
Felise gave a quick movement.
"Of course! How stupid I am. It is the point of the whole story. Look, Monsieur, at what I found at the back of one of the cupboards where it had slipped behind the shelf."

She held out to them a dirty piece of drawing-paper on which was made in water colours a sketch of a woman. It was a mere sketch, but the likeness was probably good enough. She was standing by a table on which was standing a blue china jar.
"I only found it this morning," explained Felise. "Monsieur le docteur, that is the face of the moman I saw in my dream, and that is the identical blue jar."
"Extraordinary," commented Lavington. "The key to the mystery is evidently the blue jar. It looks like a Chinese jar to me, probably an old one. It seems to have a curious raised pattern over it."
"It is Chinese," declared Jack. "I have seen an exactly similar one in my uncle's collection – he is a great collector of Chinese porcelain, you know, and I remember noticing a jar just like this a short time ago."
"The Chinese jar," mused Lavington. He remained a minute or two lost in thought, then raised his head suddenly, a curious light shining in his eyes. "Hartington, how long has your uncle had that jar?"
"How long? I really don't know."
"Think. Did he buy it lately?"
"I don't know – yes, I believe he did."
"Less than two months ago? The Turners left Heather Cottage just two months ago."
"Yes, I believe it was."
"Your uncle attends country sales sometimes?"
"He always goes to sales."
"Then there is a probability that he bought this particular piece of porcelain at the sale of the Turners' things. A curious coincidence. Hartington, you must find out from your uncle at once where he bought this jar."
Jack's face fell.
"I'm afraid that's impossible. Uncle George is away on the Continent. I don't even know where to write to him."
"How long will he be away?"
"Three weeks to a month at least."
There was a silence. Felise sat looking anxiously from one man to the other.
"Is there nothing that we can do?" she asked.

7. The Mistery of the Blue Jar (by Agatha Christie)

Her eyes were alight with enthusiasm. Jack did not feel nearly so enthusiastic – in fact, he was afraid of it, but nothing would have forced him to admit the fact before Felise. The doctor acted as though his suggestion were the most natural one in the world.
"When can you get the jar?" asked Felise, turning to Jack.
"To-morrow," said the latter, unwillingly.
Re went to his uncle's house the following evening and took away the jar in question. He was more than ever convinced when he saw it again that it was the identical one pictured in the water colour sketch.
It was eleven o'clock when he and Lavington arrived at Heather Cottage. Felise was on the look-out for them, and opened the door softly before they had time to knock.
"Come in," she whispered. "My father is asleep upstairs, and we must not wake him. I have made coffee for you in here."
She led the way into a small cosy sitting-room.
Jack unwrapped the Chinese jar. Felise gasped as her eyes fell on it.

"But yes, but yes," she cried eagerly. "That is it – I would know it anywhere."
Meanwhile Lavington was making his own preparations. He removed all the things from a small table and set it in the middle of the room. Round it he placed three chairs. Then, taking the blue jar from Jack, he placed it in the centre of the table.
"Now," he said, "we are ready. Turn off the lights, and let us sit round the table in the darkness."
The others obeyed him. Lavington's voice spoke again out fo the darkness.
"Think of nothing – or of everything. Do not force the mind. It is possible that one of us has mediumistic powers. If so, that person will go into a trance. Remember, there is nothing to fear. Cast out fear" from your hearts, and drift-drift."
It was not fear that Jack felt – it was panic. And he was almost certain that Felise felt the same way. Suddenly he heard her voice, low and terrified.
"Something terrible is going to happen. I feel it."
"Cast out fear," said Lavington. "Do not fight against the influence."
The darkness seemed to get darker and the silence more acute. And nearer and nearer came that indefinable sense of menace.
Jack felt himself choking – stifling – the evil thing was very near.
And then the moment of conflict passed. He was drifting, drifting down stream – his lids closed – peace – darkness…
Jack stirred slightly"-'-. His head was heavy – heavy as lead. Where was he?
Sunshine ... birds ... He lay staring up at the sky.
Then it all came back to him. The little sitting-room. Felise and the doctor. What had happened?
He sat up and looked round him. He was lying not far from the cottage. No one else was near him. He took out his watch. To his surprise it registered half past twelve.
Jack struggled to his feet", and ran as fast as he could in the direction of the cottage. They must have been alarmed by his failure to come out of the trance, and carried him out into the open air.
Arrived at the cottage, he knocked loudly on the door. But there was no answer, and no signs of life about it. They must have gone off to get help. Or else – Jack felt an indefinable fear invade him. What had happened last night?
He made his way back to the hotel as quickly as possible. He was about to make some inquiries at the office, when he got a colossal punch in the ribs which nearly knocked him off his feet. Turning in some indignation, he saw a white haired old gentleman merrily laughing.
"Didn't expect me, my boy. Didn't expect me, hey?" said this individual.
"Why, Uncle George, I thought you were miles away – it Italy somewhere."
"Ah! but I wasn't. Landed at Dover last night. Thought I'd motor up to town and stop here to see you on the way. And what did I find. Out all night, hey? Nice goings on" "Uncle George," Jack checked him firmly. "I've got the most extraordinary story to tell you. I dare say you won't believe it."
"I dare say I shan't," laughed the old man. "But do your best, my boy."
"But I must have something to eat," continued Jack. "I'm hungry."
He led the way to the dining-room, and over a substantial meal, he told the whole story.
"And God knows what's become of them," he ended.
His uncle seemed on the verge of apoplexy.
"The jar," he managed to cry out at last. “THE BLUE JAR!” What's become of that?"
Jack stared at him without understanding, but under the torrent of words that followed he began to-understand.
It came with a rush: "Worth ten thousand pounds at least – offer from Hoggenheimer, the American millionaire – only one of its kind in the world – what have you done with my BLUE JAR?"
Jack rushed from the room. He must find Lavington. The young lady at the office eyed him coldly.
"Dr. Lavington left late last night – by motor. He left a note for you."
Jack tore it open. It was short and to the point.

'My Dear Young Friend, Is the day of the supernatural over? Kindest regards from Felise, invalid father, and myself. We have twelve hours start, which is quite enough.
Yours ever, Ambrose Lavington, Doctor of the Soul'

8. The Flock of Geryon (by A. Christie)

"I really apologize for bothering you, M. Poirot."
Miss Carnaby leaned forward, looking anxiously into Poirot's face. She said: "You do remember me, don't you?"
Hercule Poirot smiled. He said: "I remember you as one of the most successful criminals that I have ever met."
"Oh dear me, M. Poirot, must you really say such things? You were so kind to me. Emily and I often talk about you, and if we see anything about you in the paper we cut it out at once. As for Augustus, we have taught him a new trick. We say, “Die for M. Hercule Poirot”, and he goes down and lies like a log."
"I'm gratified," said Poirot. "He is so clever. But what has brought you here, Miss Carnaby?"
Miss Carnaby's nice round face grew worried and sad. She said: "Oh M. Poirot, I was going to consult you. I have been anxious lately about a friend of mine. Of course, you may say it is all an old maid's fancy – just imagination."
"I do not think you would imagine things, Miss Carnaby. Tell me what worries you."
"Well, I have a friend, a very dear friend, though I have not seen very much of her lately. Her name is Emmeline Clegg. She married a man and he died a few years ago leaving her a big sum of money. She was unhappy and lonely after his death and I am afraid she is in some ways a rather foolish woman. Religion, M. Poirot, can be a great help and consolation – but not these odd sects there are so many around. They have a kind of emotional appeal but sometimes I have very grave doubts as to whether there are any true religious feelings behind them at all."
"You think your friend has become a victim of a sect of this kind?"
"I do. Oh! I certainly do. The Flock of the Shepherd,'
they call themselves. Their headquarters is in Devonshire – a very love}y estate by the sea. The whole sect centres round the head of the movement, the Great Shepherd, he is called. A Dr. Andersen. A very handsome man, I believe."
"Which is attractive to the women, yes?"
"I am afraid so," Miss Carnaby sighed.
"Are the members of the sect mostly women?"
"At least three quarters of them, I think. It is upon the women that the success of the movement depends and – and on the funds they supply."
"Ah," said Poirot. "Now I see. Frankly, you think the whole thing is a ramp?"
"Frankly, M. Poirot, I do. And another thing worries me. I know that my poor friend is so devoted to this reli- gion that she has recently made a will leaving all her property to the movement. What really worries me is--."
"Yes, go on”.
"Several very rich women have been among the devotees. In the last year three of them have died."
"Leaving all their money to this sect?"

Poirot nodded thoughtfully. Miss Carnaby hurried on: "Of course I've no right to suggest anything at all. From what I have been able to find out, there was nothing wrong about any of these deaths. One, I believe, was pneumonia following influenza and another was attributed to gastric ulcer. There were absolutely no suspicious circumstances and the deaths did not take place in Devonshire, but at their own homes. I've no doubt it is quite all right, but all the same – I – well – I shouldn't like anything to happen to Emmie."
Poirot was silent for some minutes. Then he said:
"Will you give me, or will you find out for me, the names and addresses of these members of the sect who have recently died?"
"Yes indeed, M. Poirot."
Poirot said slowly: "Mademoiselle, I think you are a woman of great courage and determination. Will you be able to do a piece of work that may be associated with considerable danger?"
"I should like nothing better," said the adventurous Miss Carnaby.
Poirot said warningly:
"If there is a risk at all, it will be a great one. You understand – either this is all a mare's nest' or it is serious.
To find out which it is, it will be necessary for you yourself to become a member of the Great Flock. You'll pretend to be a rich woman with no definite aim in life. You'll allow your friend Emmeline to persuade you to go down to Devonshire. And there you will fall a victim to the magnetic power of Dr. Andersen. I think I can leave that to you?"

9. The Flock of Geryon (by A. Christie)

Lady Western died of tuberculosis. Had suffered from it many years ago. Miss Lee died of typhoid somewhere in the north of England. There is nothing to connect these deaths withthe Great Flock or with Andersen's place down in Devonshire. Must be no more than coincidence."
Hercule Poirot sighed. He said: "And yet, mon cher, I have a feeling that this Dr. Andersen is the Monster Geryon whom it is my mission to destroy."
Hercule Poirot said: "You must obey my instructions very carefully, Miss Carnaby. You understand?"
"Oh yes, Mr. Poirot. You may rely on me.
"You have spoken of your intention to benefit the sect?"
"Yes, Mr. Poirot, I spoke to the Master – excuse me, to Dr. Andersen, myself. I told him very emotionally how I had come to Flock and remained to believe. Really it seemed quite natural to say all these things. Dr. Andersen, you know, has a lot of magnetic charm."
"So I think," said Hercule Poirot dryly.
"His manner was most convincing. One really feels he doesn't care about money at all. "Give what you can," he said smiling. "It does not matter. You are one of the Flock just the same." "Oh, Dr. Andersen," I said, "I am not poor at all." And then I explained that I had inherited a considerable amount of money from a distant relative and that I wanted to leave in my will all I had to the Brotherhood. I explained that I had no near relatives."
"And he accepted the gift?"
"He was very indifferent about it. Said it would be many long years before I died, that he could tell I had a long life of joy in front of me. He really speaks most movingly."

"So it seems."
Poirot's tone was dry. He went on: "You mentioned your health?"
"Yes, Mr. Poirot, I told him I had lung trouble, though why it is necessary for me to say that I am ill when my lungs are as sound as a bell I really cannot see."
"Be sure it is necessary. You mentioned your friend?"
"Yes. I told him strictly confidentially that dear Emmeline, besides the fortune she had inherited from her husband, would inherit an even larger sum shortly from an aunt who was deeply attached to her."
"Good. That must keep Mrs. Clegg safe for some time."
"Oh, Mr. Poirot, do you really think there is anything wrong?"
"That is what I am going to find out. Have you met a Mr. Cole at the Sanctuary?"
"There was a Mr. Cole there last time I went down to Devonshire. A most extraordinary man. He wears grass-green shorts and eats nothing but cabbage. He is a very ardent believer."
"All progresses well – I make you my compliments on the work you have done – all is now set for the Autumn Festival."
On the afternoon preceding the Festival Miss Carnaby met Hercule Poirot in a small restaurant. Miss Carnaby was flushed and even more breathless than usual.
Poirot asked several questions to which she replied only "yes" or "no". Then he said: "Good. You know what you have to do?"
There was a moment's pause before Miss Carnaby said in a rather odd voice:
"I know what you told me, Mr. Poirot."
"Very good."
Then Amy Carnaby said clearly and distinctly:
"But I am not going to do it."
Hercule Poirot stared at her. Miss Carnaby rose to her feet. Her voice was fast and hysterical.
"You sent me here to spy on Dr. Andersen. You suspected him of all sorts of things. But he is a wonderful man – a great Teacher. I believe in him heart and soul. And I am not going to do your spying work any more, M. Poirot. I am one of the Sheep of the Shepherd. And I'll pay for my tea myself."
With these words Miss Carnaby threw down one shilling and rushed out of the restaurant.
The waitress had to ask him twice before Poirot realised that she was giving him the bill. He met the curious stare of an unfriendly looking man at the next table, flushed, paid the bill and went out.
The Sheep were assembled for the traditional festival.
The Festival took place in the white concrete building called by the Sheep the Sacred Fold. Here the devotees assembled just before the setting of the sun. They wore sheep-skin cloaks and had sandals on their feet. Their arms were bare. In the centre of the Fold on a raised platform stood Dr. Andersen. The big man, golden-haired and blue-eyed, with his fair beard and handsome profile had never seemed more magnificent. He was dressed in a green robe and carried a shepherd's crook of gold.
The ritual questions and answers had been chanted.
Then the Great Shepherd said: "Are you prepared for the Sacrament?"
“We are”.
“Shut your eyes and hold out your right arm”.
The crowd obediently shut their eyes. Miss Carnaby like the rest held her arm out in front of her. The Great Shepherd, magnificent in his green robe, moved along the waiting lines... He stood by Miss

Carnaby. His hands touched her arm…
"No, you won't do it!"
Mr. Cole aided by another devotee grasped the hand of the Great Shepherd who was struggling to get himself free. In rapid professional tones, the former Mr. Cole was saying: "Dr. Andersen, I have here a warrant for your arrest."
There were other figures now at the door of the Sheep Fold – blue uniformed figures.
Someone cried, "It's the police. They're taking the Master away. They're taking the Master..."
Everyone was shocked – horrified... To them the Great Shepherd was a martyr, suffering, as all great teachers, from the ignorance and persecution of the outside world.
Meanwhile Detective Inspector Cole was carefully packing up the syringe that had fallen from the Great Shepherd's hand.

10. The Flock of Geryon (by A. Christie)

"Oh dear!" Miss Carnaby was flattered. "It's so kind of you to say so. And I'm afraid, that I've really enjoyed it all. The excitement, you know, and playing my part. I really felt I was one of those foolish women."
"That's where your success lay," said Japp. "You were very genuine. Otherwise you wouldn't have been hypnotised by that gentleman. He's a pretty smart scoundrel."
Miss Carnaby turned to Poirot.
"That was a terrible moment in the restaurant. I didn't know what to do. It was such a shock. Just when we had been talking confidentially I saw in the glass that Lipscomb, who keeps the Lodge of the Sanctuary, was sitting at the table behind me. I don't know now if it was an accident or if he had actually followed me. I had to do the best I could in this situation and hope that you would understand."
Poirot smiled.
"I did understand. There was only one person sitting near enough to overhear anything we said and as soon as I left the restaurant I followed him. He went straight back to the Sanctuary. So I understood that I could rely on you and that you would not let me down – but I was afraid because it increased the danger for you."
"Was – was there really danger? What was there in the syringe?"
Japp said: "Will you explain or shall I?"
Poirot said gravely:
"Mademoiselle, this Dr. Andersen devised a scheme of exploitation and murder – scientific murder. Most of his life has been spent in bacteriological research. Under a different name he has a chemical laboratory in Sheffield. There he makes cultures of various bacilli. It was his practice at the Festivals to inject into his followers a small but sufficient dose of Cannabis Indica – which is also known by the name of Hashish. It gives the sensation of great and pleasurable enjoyment. It bound his devotees to him. These were the Spiritual Joys that he promised them."
"Most remarkable," said Miss Carnaby. "Really a most remarkable sensation."
Hercule Poirot nodded.
"That was the secret of his popularity – a dominating personality, the power of creating mass hysteria and the reactions produced by this drug. But he had a second aim in view."

"Lonely women made wills leaving their money to the Cult. One by one, these women died. Without being too technical I will try to explain. It is possible to make intensified cultures of certain bacteria. The bacillus coli communis, for instance, is the cause of ulcerative colitis. Typhoid bacilli can be introduced into the system. So can the Pneumococcus. You realize the cleverness of the man? These deaths would occur in different parts of the country, with different doctors attending them and without any risk of arousing suspicion.
"He's a devil, if there ever was one," said Chief Inspector Japp.
Poirot went on.
"By my orders, you told him that you suffered from tuberculosis. There was a tuberculin in the syringe when Cole arrested him. It is harmless to a healthy person but stimulates any old tubercular lesion into activity. Since you were a healthy person it would not have harmed you, that is why I asked you to tell him you had suffered from a tubercular trouble. I was afraid that even now he might choose some other germ, but I respected your courage and I had to let you take the risk."
"Oh, that's all right," said Miss Carnaby brightly. "I don't mind taking risks. I'm only frightened of bulls in fields and things like that. But have you enough evidence to convict this dreadful person?"
Japp grinned. "Plenty of evidence," he said. "We've got his laboratory and his cultures and the whole equipment."
Poirot said: "It is possible, I think, that he has committed a long line of murders."
Miss Carnaby sighed.
"I was thinking," she said, "of a marvellous dream I had. I arranged the whole world so beautifully! No wars, no poverty, no diseases, no cruelty…"
"It must have been a fine dream," said Japp enviously.
Miss Carnaby jumped up. She said: "I must get home. Emily has been so anxious. And dear Augustus has been missing me terribly, I hear."
Hercule Poirot said with a smile:
"He was afraid, perhaps, that like him, you were going to 'die for Hercule Poirot'!"

11. Blue Lenses
(by D. du Maurier)

This was the day for the bandages' to be removed and the blue lenses fitted'. Marda West put her hand up to her eyes and felt the bandage. The days had passed into weeks since her operation, and she had lain there suffering no physical discomfort, but only the darkness, a feeling that the world and the life around was passing her by. As for the operation itself, it had been successful.
"You will see," the surgeon' told her, "more clearly than ever before."
But always during these days of waiting, she had the fear that everybody at the hospital was being too kind. Therefore, when at last it happened, when at his evening visit the surgeon said, "Your lenses will be fitted tomorrow," surprise was greater than joy. She could not say anything, and he had left the room before she could thank him. "You won't know you've got them, Mrs West" – the day-nurse assured her, leaving.
Such a calm, comfortable voice, and the way she held the glass to the patient's lips. These things gave

confidence that she could not lie.
"Tomorrow I shall see you", said Marda West, and the nurse, with the cheerful laugh answered, "Yes, I'll give you your first shock."
"Aren't you feeling excited?" This was the low, soft voice of her night-nurse, who, more than the rest of them, understood what she had endured4. Nurse Brand was a person of sunlight, of bearing in fresh flowers, of admitting visitors.
Meals, too, even the dullest of lunches were made to appear delicacies through her method of introduction.
The night brought consolation and Nurse Ansel. She did not expect courage. It was she who had smoothed the pillows and held the glass to the lips. At night the patient had only to touch the bell, and in a moment Nurse Ansel was by the bed. "Can't sleep? I know, it's bad for you. I'll give you just two and a half grains, and the night won't seem so long".
All she did was faultless. She never annoyed. And when she went off duty, at five minutes to eight in the morning, she would whisper, "Until this evening."
It was with a special secret sympathy that Nurse Ansel would announce the evening visitor. "Here is someone you want to see, a little earlier than usual," the tone suggesting that Jim was not the husband of ten years but a troubadour, a lover, someone whose bouquet of flowers had been plucked in an enchanted garden and now brought to a balcony. Then shyly, the voice would murmur, "Good evening, Mr. West. Mrs. West is waiting for you." She would hear the gentle closing of the door, the tip-toeing out with the flowers and the almost soundless return, the scent of the flowers filling the room.
It must have been during the fifth week that Marda West had suggested, first to Nurse Ansel and then to her husband, that perhaps when she returned home the night-nurse might go with them for the first week. Just a week. Just so that Marda West could settle to home again.
"Aren't you feeling excited?", asked Nurse Ansel.
"In a way", said Marda West. "It's like being born again. I've forgotten how the world looks."
"Such a wonderful world," murmured Nurse Ansel, "and you've been patient for so long."
"It's strange," said Marda West, "tomorrow you won't be a voice to me anymore. You'll be a person."
"Aren't I a person now?"
"Yes, of course, but it will be different."
"Sleep, then. Tomorrow will come too soon. Good night, Mrs West. Ring if you want me."
"Thank you. Good night."
"Well, we can't complain of the weather!" Now it was the day itself, and Nurse Brand coming in like the first breeze of morning.
"All ready for the great event?" she asked.
Then the surgeon removed the bandages and did something to her eyelids.
"Now, don't be disappointed," he said. "You won't know any difference for about half an hour. Then it will gradually clear. I want you to lie quietly during that time."
The dark lenses, fitted inside her lids, were temporary' for the first few days. Then they would be removed and others fitted.
"How much shall I see?" she asked at last.
"Everything. But not immediately in colour. Just like wearing sunglasses on a bright day. Rather pleasant."

His cheerful laugh gave confidence, and when he and Nurse Brand had left the room she lay back again, waiting for the fog to clear.
Little by little the mist dissolved.
All was in focus now. Flowers, the wash-basin, the glass with the thermometer in it, her dressing-gown.
Wonder and relief were so great that they excluded thought.
"They weren't lying to me," she thought. "It's happened, It's true."
Colour was not important. To see, to feel. It was indeed rebirth, the discovery of a world long lost to her.
She heard Nurse Brand's voice outside, and turned her head to watch the opening door.
"Well... are we happy once more?"
Smiling, she saw the figure dressed in uniform come into the room, bearing a tray, her glass of milk upon it. Yet, absurd, the head with the uniformed cap was not a woman's head at all. The thing bearing down upon her was a cow … a cow on a woman's body. The frilled cap was upon wide horns. The eyes were large and gentle, but cow's eyes, the nostrils broad and humid, and the way she stood there, breathing, was the way a cow stood placidly in pasture".
"Feeling a bit strange?"
The laugh was a woman's laugh, a nurse's laugh, Nurse Brand's laugh, and she put the tray down on the cupboard beside the bed. The patient said nothing. She shut her eyes, then opened them again. The cow in the nurse's uniform was with her still. It was important to gain time. The patient stretched out her hand carefully for the glass of milk. She sipped the milk slowly. The mask must be worn on purpose'. Perhaps it was some kind of experiment connected with the fitting of the lenses – though how it was supposed to work she could not imagine.
"I see very plainly," she said at last. "At least, I think I do."
Nurse Brand stood watching her. The broad uniformed figure was much as Marda West had imagined it, but that cow's head tilted, the ridiculous frill of the horns... where did the head join the body, if mask it in fact was?
"Is it a trick?" Marda West asked.
"Is what a trick?"
"The way you look ... your ... face?"

12. Blue Lenses
(by D. du Maurier)

She was spared explanation because the door opened and the surgeon came into the room. At least, the surgeon's voice was recognizable as he called. "Hullo! How goes it?" and his figure in the dark coat was all that an eminent surgeon's should be, but... that terrier's head, ears pricked, the inquisitive, searching glance?
This time the patient laughed.
"Mrs. West thinks us a bit of a joke," the nurse said. But her voice was not over-'pleased.
The surgeon came and put his hand out to his patient, and bent close to observe her eyes. She lay very still. He wore no mask either. He was even marked, one ear black, the other white.
"I'll be in on Thursday," he said, "to change the lenses." Marda West could not demand an explanation. Instinct warned her that he would not understand. The terrier was saying something to the cow, giving

instructions.
As they moved to the door the patient made a last attempt.
"Will the permanent lenses," she asked, "be the same as these?"
"Exactly the same." said the surgeon, "except that they won't be tinted. You'll see the natural colour. Until Thursday, then."
He was gone, and the nurse with him. She could hear the murmur of voice outside the door. What happened now? If it was really some kind of test, did they remove their masks instantly? She slipped out of bed and went to the door. She could hear the surgeon say, "One and a half grains. She's a little tired. It's the reaction, of course".
Bravely, she flung open the door. They were standing there in the passage, wearing the masks still.
"Do you want anything, Mrs West?" asked Nurse Band.
Marda West stared beyond them down the corridor. The whole floor was in the deception". A maid, carrying dustpan and brush, coming from the room next door, had a weasel's" head upon her small body, and the nurse advancing from the other side was a little kitten, her cap coquettish on her furry curls, the doctor beside her a proud lion.
Fear came to Marda West. How could they have known she would open the door at that minute?
Something of her fear must have shown in her face, for Nurse Brand, the cow, took hold of her and led her back into her room.
"I'm rather tired," Marda West said. "I'd like to sleep."
"That's right," said Nurse Brand and gave her a sedative".
The sedative acted swiftly.
Soon peaceful darkness came, but she awoke, to lunch brought in by the kitten. Nurse Brand was off duty.
"How long must it go on for?" asked Marda West. She had adjusted herself" to the trick.
"How do you mean, Mrs. West?" asked the kitten, smiling. Such a flighty little thing, with its pursed-up mouth, and even as it spoke it put a hand to its cap.
"This test on my eyes," said the patient, uncovering the boiled chicken on her plate. "I don't see the point of it."
"I'm sorry, Mrs. West," the kitten said, "I don't follow you. Did you tell Nurse Brand you couldn't see properly yet?"
"It's not that I can't see," replied Marda West. "I see perfectly well. The chair is a chair. The table is a table. I'm about to eat boiled chicken. But why do you look like a kitten?" 'I see what I see,' said the patient. "You are a cat, if you like, and Nurse Brand's a cow."
This time the insult must sound deliberate. Nurse Sweeting, that was the cat's name, had fine whiskers to her mouth. The whiskers bristled.
"If you please, Mrs. West," she said, "will you eat your chicken, and ring the bell when you are ready for the next course?"
She left the room.
No, they could not be wearing masks. And the staff of the hospital could not possibly put on such an act for one patient, for Marda West alone – the expense would be too great. The fault must lie in the lenses, then.
A sudden thought stuck her, and pushing the trolley table aside she climbed out of bed and went over the dressing-table. Her own face stared back at her from the looking-glass. The dark lenses concealed the

eyes, but the face was at least her own.
"Thank heaven for that," she said to herself, but it swung her back to thoughts of trickery". Her first idea of masks had been the right one. But why?

13. Blue Lenses
(by D. du Maurier)

She would try one further proof. She stood by the window, the curtain concealing her, and watched for passersby. For the moment there was no one in the street. It was the lunch-hour, and traffic was slack. Then, at the other end of the street, a taxi crossed, too far away for her to see the driver's head. She waited. A van drew near, but she could not see the driver... yes, he slowed as he went by the nursing-home and she saw the frog's head.
Sick at heart, she left the window and climbed back into bed. She had no further appetite and pushed away her plate, the rest of the chicken untasted. She did not ring her bell, and after a while the door opened. The kitten, put the coffee down without a word, and Marda West irritated – for surely, if anyone was to show annoyance, it should be herself? – said sharply, "Shall I pour you some milk in the saucer?"
The kitten turned. "A joke's a joke, Mrs. West," she said, "and I can take a laugh with anyone. But I can't stand rudeness."
"Miaow," said Marda West.
The patient was in disgrace. She did not care. If the staff of the nursing-home thought they could win this battle, they were mistaken. Marda went to the telephone and asked the exchange to put her through to her husband's office. She remembered a moment afterwards that he would still be at lunch. Nevertheless, she got the number, and as luck had it he was there.
"Jim... Jim, darling,"
The relief to hear the loved familiar voice. She lay back on the bed, the receiver to her ear.
"Darling, when can you get here?"
"Not before this evening, I'm afraid. Well, how did it go? Is everything O.K.?"
"Not exactly."
"What do you mean? Can't you see?"
How was she to explain what had happened to her? It sounded so foolish over the telephone.
"Yes, I can see. I can see perfectly. It's just that ... that all the nurses look like animals. And the surgeon too. He's a fox terrier."
"What on earth are you talking about?"
He was saying something to his secretary at the same time, something about another appointment, and she knew from the tone of his voice that he was very busy, very busy, and she had chosen the worst time to ring him up.
Marda West knew it was no use. She must wait till he came. Then she would try to explain everything, and he would be able to find out for himself what lay behind it.
"Oh, never mind," she said. "I'll tell you later."
"I'm sorry," he told her, "but I really am in a hurry."
Then she rang off. She put down the telephone.

It was much later in the afternoon that Matron called in to have a word with her. She knew it was Matron because of her clothes. But inevitably now, without surprise, she observed the sheep's head.
"I hope you're quite comfortable, Mrs. West?"
"Yes, thank you."
Marda West spoke guardedly". It would not do to anger the Matron.
"The lenses fit well?"
"Very well."
"I'm so glad. It was a nasty operation, and you've stood the period of waiting so very well. Mrs. West…"
The Matron seemed uncomfortable, and turned her sheep's head away from the woman in the bed, "Mrs. West, I hope you won't mind what I'm going to say, but our nurses do a fine job here and we are all very proud of them. They work long hours, as you know, and it is not really very kind to mock" them, although I am sure you intend it in f un."
"Is it because I called Nurse Sweeting a kitten?"
"I don't know what you called her, Mrs. West, but she was quite distressed". She came to me in the office nearly crying."
"It won't happen again. But Matron," said Marda West, "What is the object of it all?"
"The object of what, Mrs. West?"
"This dressing up."
There was silence. The Matron moved slowly to the door.
"I hope," she said, "when you leave us in a few days, Mrs. West, that you will look back on us with greater tolerance than you appear to have now."
She left the room. Marda West closed her eyes. She opened them again. Why was it only people had changed? What was so wrong with people? She kept her eyes shut when her tea was brought to her, and when the voice said pleasantly. "Some flowers for you, Mrs. West," she did not even open them, but waited for the owner of the voice to leave the room. The flowers were carnations". The card was Jim's. And the message on it said, "Cheer up. We're not as bad as we seem."
She smiled, and buried her face in the flowers. Nothing false about them. Nothing strange about the scent. Carnations were carnations, fragrant, graceful. Even the nurse on duty who came to put them in water could not irritate her with her pony's head. After all, it was a trim little pony, with a white star on its forehead. "Thank you,"smiled Marda West.
The curious day dragged on, and she waited restlessly for eight o'clock. She realized, so strange had been the day, that she had not once thought about Nurse Ansel. Dear, comforting Nurse Ansel. Nurse Ansel, who was due to come on duty at eight. was she also in the conspiracy?" If she was, then Marda West would have a showdown". Nurse Ansel would never lie. She would go up to her, and put her hands on her shoulders, and take the mask in her two hands, and say to her, "There, now take it off. You won't deceive me."
At that moment the door opened and a long snake's head came into view.
"How does it feel to see yourself again?"
Nurse Ansel's voice coming from the head seemed grotesque and horrible. Marda West felt sick at the sight other.
"Poor dear, they should have kept you quiet, the first day," Nurse Ansel said.
"Tell me," she continued, "do I look as you expected me to look?"

She must be careful, Marda West thought. The question might be a trap".
"I think you do," she said slowly.
"When I go home with you," said Nurse Ansel, "I needn't wear uniform – that is, if you don't want me to. You see, you'll be a private patient then, and I your personal nurse for the week I'm with you."
Marda West felt suddenly cold. In the rush of the day she had forgotten the plans. Nurse Ansel was to be with them for a week. It was all arranged. The vital thing was not to show fear. Nothing must seem chanted. And then, when Jim arrived, she would tell him everything. If he could not see the snake's head as she did – and indeed, it was possible that he would not, if her hypervision was caused by the lenses – he must just understand that for reasons too deep to explain she no longer trusted Nurse Ansel, could not, in fact, bear her to come home. The plan must be altered. She wanted no one to look after her. She only wanted to be home again, with him.
The telephone rang on the bedside-table and Marda West seized it. It was her husband.
"Sorry to be late," he said. "I'll jump into a taxi and be with you right away."
He rang off, and looking up she saw the snake's head watching her. No doubt, thought Marda West, no doubt you would like to know what we were saying to one another.
"You must promise not to get too excited when Mr. West comes." Nurse Ansel stood with her hand upon the door.
"I'm not excited. I just long to see him, that's all."
"You're looking very flushed".
"It's warm in here."
"I'll open the window just a trifle at the top."
Then the neck settled in the collar, the tongue darted rapidly in and out, and with a gliding motion Nurse Ansel left the room.

14. Blue Lenses
(by D. du Maurier)

Marda West waited for the sound of the taxi in the street outside. She wondered if she could persuade Jim to stay the night in the nursing-home. If she explained her fear, her terror, surely he would understand.
The taxi came at last. She heard it slow down, and then the door slammed and, Jim's voice rang out in the street below. The taxi went away. Her heart began to beat fast, and she watched the door. She heard his footstep outside, and then his voice again – he must be saying something to the snake.
The door opened, the familiar umbrella und bowler hat the first objects to appear round the corner, then the comforting burly figure, but – God … no … please God, not Jim too, not Jim, forced into a mask, forced into an organisation of devils, of liars … Jim had a vulture's" head. She could not mistake it. As she lay in sick and speechless horror, he stood the umbrella in a corner and put down the bowler hat and the folder overcoat.
"I gather you're not too well," he said, turning his vulture's head and staring at her, "feeling a bit sick and out of sorts. I won't stay long. A good night's rest will put you right."
She was too numb to answer. She lay quite still as he approached the bed and bent to kiss her. The vulture's beak was sharp.

"It's reaction, Nurse Ansel says," he went on, "the sudden shock of being able to see again. It works differently with different people. She says it will be much better when we get you home."
We ... Nurse Ansel and Jim. The plan still held-", then.
"I don't know," she said faintly, "that I want Nurse Ansel to come home."
"Not want Nurse Ansel?" He sounded startled. "But it was you who suggested it. You can't suddenly change."
There was no time to reply. She had not rung the bell, but Nurse Ansel herself came into the room. "Cup of coffee, Mr. West?" she said. It was the evening routine. Yet tonight it sounded strange, as though it had been arranged outside the door.
"Thanks, Nurse, I'd love some. What's this nonsense about not coming home with us?" The vulture turned to the snake, the snake's head wriggled, and Marda West knew, as she watched them, the snake with darting tongue, the vulture with his head hunched between his man's shoulders, that the plan for Nurse Ansel to come home had not been her own after all; she remembered now that the first suggestion had come from Nurse Ansel herself. It had been Nurse Ansel who had said that Marda West needed care. The suggestion had come after Jim had spent the evening laughing and joking and his wife had listened, her eyes bandaged, happy to hear him. Now, watching the smooth snake she knew why Nurse Ansel wanted to return with her, and she knew too why Jim had not opposed it, why in fact he had accepted the plan at once, had declared it a good one.
The vulture opened its blood-stained beak. "Don't say you two have fallen out?"
"Impossible." The snake twisted its neck, looked sideways at the vulture, and added, "Mrs. West is just a little bit tired tonight. She's had a trying day, haven't you, dear?"
How best to answer? Neither must know. Neithei the vulture, nor the snake.
"I'm all right," she said. "A bit mixed-up. As Nurse Ansel says, I'll be better in the morning."
"Did you really mean that," Jim asked, "about Nurse Ansel?"
A vulture needed sharp claws for tearing its victim.
"I don't know," she said. "It seemed to me rather silly to go home with a nurse, now that I can see again."
"I think she's treasure," he said. "I vote we stick to the plan. After all, if it doesn't work we can always send her away."
"Perhaps," said his wife.
"What will you do this evening?" she asked quietly. "Have dinner at the club, I suppose," he answered. "It's becoming rather monotonous. Only two more days of it, thank goodness. Then you'll be home again."
Yes, but once at home, once back there, with a vulture and a snake, would she not be more completely at their mercy than she was here?
"You look unwell," he said suddenly. "Shall I call Nurse Ansel?"
"No..." It broke from her, almost a cry.
"I think I'd better go. She said not to stay long."
He got up from the chair, a heavy, hooded figure, and she closed her eyes as he came to kiss her good night. "Sleep well, my poor pet, and take it easy."
When he had gone she began to moan, turning her head upon the pillow.
"What am I to do?" she said. "What am I to do?"
The door opened again and she put her hand to her mouth. They must not hear her cry. They must not see her cry. She pulled herself together with a tremendous effort.

"How are you feeling, Mrs. West?"

15. Blue Lenses
(by D. du Maurier)

The snake stood at the bottom of the bed, and by her side the house physician. She had always liked him, a young pleasant man, and although like the others he had an animal's head it did not frighten her. It was a dog's head, an Aberdeen's and the brown eyes seemed to quiz her.
"Could I speak to you alone?" she asked.
"Of course. Do you mind, nurse?" He jerked his head at the door, and she had gone. Marda West sat up in bed and clasped her hands.
"You'll think me very foolish," she began, "but it's the lenses. They make everyone look strange."
"They're supposed to do that, you know. They don't show colour." His voice was cheerful, friendly.
"Yes," she said. His voice, even his head, gave her confidence. "Have you known people who've had this operation before?"
"Yes, scores of them". In a couple of days you'll be as right as rain". You'll actually see more clearly in every way. One patient told me that it was as though she had been wearing spectacles all her life, and then, because of the operation, she realized she saw all her friends and her family as they really were."
"As they really were?" She repeated his words after him.
"Exactly. Her sight had always been poor, you see. She had thought her husband's hair was brown, but in reality it was red, bright red. A bit of a shock at first. But she was delighted."
The Aberdeen moved from the bed and nodded his head.
She repeated the words he had used himself. Marda West could see people as they really were. And those whom she had loved and trusted most were in truth a vulture and a snake…
The door opened and Nurse Ansel, with the sedative, entered the room.
"Ready to settle down, Mrs. West?" she asked.
"Yes, thank you."
The voice that had once seemed tender was oversmooth and false. How deceptive'-' are ears, thought Marda West, what traitors to truth. And for the first time she became aware of her own new power, the power to tell truth from falsehood, good from evil.
"Good night, Mrs. West."
"Good night."
Lying awake, Marda West decided upon her plan. She got out of bed. She took her clothes from the wardrobe and began to dress. She put on her coat and shoes andtied a scarf over her head. When she was ready she went to the door and softly turned the handle. All was quiet in the corridor. She stood there motionless. Then she took one step across the threshold and looked to the left, where the nurse on duty sat. The snake was there. The snake was sitting bent over a book.
Marda West waited. She was prepared to wait for hours. Presently the sound she hoped for came, the bell from a patient. The snake lifted its head from the book and checked the red light on the wall. Then, she glided down the corridor to the patient's room. She knocked and entered. Directly she had disappeared Marda West left her own room and went downstairs and into the street.

Marda West was walking down the street. She turned right, and left, and right again, and in the distance she saw the lights of Oxford Street. She began to hurry. The friendly traffic drew her like a magnet, the distant lights, the distant men and women. When she came to Oxford Street she paused, wondering of a sudden where she should go, whom she could ask for refuge. And it came to her once again that there was no one, no one at all; because the couple passing her now, a toad's"-' head on a short black body clutching a panther's" arm, could give her no protection, and the policeman standing at the corner was a baboon", the woman talking to him a little pig. No one was human, no one was safe, the man a pace or two behind her was like Jim, another vulture. There were vultures on the pavement opposite. Coming towards her, laughing, was a jackal.

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

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

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

They had replaced the bandages over her eyes, and for this she was thankful.

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

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

"Where are your masks?" asked the patient.

"We didn't need masks for this little job," said the surgeon. "We were only taking out the temporary lenses.

That's better, isn't it?"

16. Blue Lenses
(by D. du Maurier)

She looked around. She was back again all right. All was in natural colour.

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

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

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

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

"It was very terrible," said the patient. "I can never explain how terrible."

"Don't try," said Mr Greaves. "I can promise you it won't happen again."

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

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

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

Aberdeen."
She turned to Nurse Brand. "I thought you were a cow," she said, "a kind cow. But you had sharp horns."
Everybody took it in good part.
The doctors were moving towards the door, laughing,
and Marda West, sensing the normal atmosphere, the absence of all strain, asked Nurse Brand, "Who found me, then? What happened? Who brought me back?"
Mr. Greaves glanced back at her from the door. "You didn't get very far, Mrs. West. The porter followed you. The person who really had the full shock was poor Nurse Ansel when she found you weren't in your bed."
"Nurse Ansel is here now," said Nurse Brand. "She was so upset when she went off duty that she wouldn't go back to the hostel to sleep. Would you care to have a word with her?"
Before she could answer the house doctor opened the door and called down the passage.
"Mrs. West wants to say good morning to you," she said. Marda West stared, then began to smile, and held out her hand.
"I'm sorry," she said, "you must forgive me."
How could she have seen Nurse Ansel as a snake! The hazel eyes, the clear olive skin, the dark hair trim under the frilled cap. And that smile, that slow, understanding smile.
"Forgive you, Mrs. West?" said Nurse Ansel. "What have I to forgive you for? You've been through a terrible thing."
Patient and nurse held hands. They smiled at one another. Nurse Ansel was so pretty, so gentle. "Don't think about it," she said, "You're going to be happy from now on. Promise me?"
"I promise," said Marda West.
The telephone rang, and Nurse Ansel let go her patient's hand and reached for the receiver. "You know who this is going to be," she said. "Your poor husband." She gave the receiver to Marda West.
"Jim... Jim, is that you?"
The loved voice sounding so anxious at the other end. "Are you all right?" he said. "I've been through to Matron twice, she said she would let me know. What the devil has been happening?"
Marda West smiled and handed the receiver to the nurse.
"You tell him," she said.

17. Blue Lenses
(by D. du Maurier)

Marda West reached once more for the receiver.
"Jim, I had a hideous'4 night," she said. "I'm only just beginning to understand it now. A nerve in the brain…"
"So, I understand," he said. "Don't excite yourself. I'll be along later."
His voice went. Marda West gave the receiver to Nurse Ansel, who replaced it on the stand.
"Did Mr. Greaves really say I could go home tomorrow?" she asked.
"Yes, if you're good." Nurse Ansel smiled and patted her patient's hand. "Are you sure you still want me to come with you? she asked.

"Why, yes," said Marda West. "Why, it's all arranged."
"The most precious thing in the world," she said to Nurse Ansel, "is sight. I know now. I know what I might have lost."
Nurse Ansel nodded her head in sympathy. "You've got your sight back," she said, "that's the miracle. You won't ever lose it now."
She moved to the door. "I'll slip back to the hostel and get some rest," she said. "Now I know everything is well with you I'll be able to sleep. Is there anything you want before I go?"
"Give me my face-cream and my powder," said the patient, "and the lipstick and the brush and comb."
Nurse Ansel fetched the things from the dressing-table and put them within reach upon the bed. She brought the hand-mirror, too, and the bottle of scent.
Already, thought Marda West, Nurse Ansel fitted in. She saw herself putting flowers in the small guest-room, choosing the right books, fitting a portable wireless in case Nurse Ansel should be bored in the evenings.
"I'll be with you at eight o'clock."
The door closed. Nurse Ansel had gone.
Marda West lifted the hand-mirror and looked into it. Nothing changed in the room, the street noises came from outside, and presently the little maid who had seemed a weasel yesterday came in to dust the room. She said, "Good morning," but the patient did not answer. Perhaps she was tired. The maid dusted, and went her way.
Then Marda West took up the mirror and looked into it once more. No, she had not been mistaken. The eyes that stared back at her were doe's" eyes, weary before sacrifice", and the timid deer's" head was meek, already bowed"

18. The Last Inch (by J. Aldridge)

At forty you were lucky if you still enjoyed flying after twenty years of it, and you were lucky if you could still feel that artistic pleasure of a beginner when you brought the plane down well.
It was all gone; and he was forty-three and his wife had gone back to Linnean Street, Cambridge, Mass., and was leading the life she liked to lead, taking the streetcar to Harvard Square, shopping at the market, living in her old man's decent old farm house which made a decent life for a decent woman.
He had promised to join her before the summer but he knew he would never do it. He also knew he would never get another flying job at his age, not for his sort of flying, even in Canada.
That left him with an apathetic wife who didn't want him, and a ten-year-old boy who had come too late and was, Ben knew in his heart, not part of either of them: a very lonely boy lost between them, who understood, at ten, that his mother had no interest in him, and that his father was a stranger who couldn't talk to him and was too sharp with him in the rare moments when they were together.
This particular moment was no better than the others. Ben had the boy with him in an Auster bumping violently down the 2,000 feet corridor over the Red Sea coast, waiting for the boy to be airsick.
"If you want to be sick," he said to the boy, "put your head well down on the floor so that you don't make the plane dirty."
"Yes," the boy said miserably.
"Are you afraid?"

"A little," the boy answered: a rather pale, shy and serious voice for a North-American boy. "Can these bumps smash the plane?"
Ben had no way of comforting him, excepting the truth. "Only if the plane has not been looked after and periodically checked."
"Is this..." the boy began, but he was too sick to go on.
"It's all right," his father said irritably. "It's a good enough plane."
The boy had his head down and was beginning to cry quietly.
"Don't cry!" Ben ordered him now. "There's no need to cry. Get your head up, Davy! Get it up!"
"How do you know where the wind is?" the boy asked.
"The waves, the odd cloud, the feel," Ben shouted back.
But he no longer knew what directed his flying. Without thinking about it he knew to a foot where he would put the plane down. He had to know here, because there were no feet to spare-' on this piece of natural sand, which was impossible to approach in anything but a small plane. It was a hundred miles from the nearest native village. It was dead desert country.
"This is what is important," Ben said. "When you level off it's got to be' six inches. Not one foot, or three feet. Six inches! If it's too high and you come down hard, you'll wreck the plane. If it's too low, you hit a bump and go over. It's the last inch that's important."
Davy nodded. He knew. He had seen an Auster like this one go over at Embaba. The student flying it had been killed.
"See!" his father shouted. "Six inches. When she begins to sink, I ease back the stick. I ease it back. Now!" he said and the plane touched down like a snowflake. The last inch! He cut off the engine instantly and put on the heel brakes4 which stopped them short of the sudden drop into the water by six or seven feet.

19. The Last Inch (by J. Aldridge)

The two pilots who had discovered this bay had called it Shark Bay, not for its shape but for its population. It was always well filled with good-sized Red Sea sharks who came into it after the big shoals of herring and mullet which looked for a safe place in here from time to time.
It was sharks Ben was here for; and now that he was here he forgot the boy, except to instruct him how to help unload, how to pack the food bag in wet sand, how to keep the sand wet with buckets of sea water, and to bring the tools and the small things necessary for his aqualung and cameras.
"Does anybody ever come here?" Davy asked him.
Ben was too busy to hear him now, but he shook his head. “Nobody! Nobody could get here, except in a light plane. Bring me the two green bags from the floor”, he said, “and keep your head covered against the sun. I don't want you to get sunstroke”.
It was Davy's last question. He had asked his questions seriously trying in that way to soften his father's hard answers. But he gave up the attempt and simply did as he was told. He watched carefully while his father prepared his aqualung equipment and underwater cameras to go into the perfect clear coral water to film sharks.
"Don't go near the water!" his father ordered.
Davy said nothing.

"These sharks," his father warned, "will be glad to take a bite at you,' especially on the surface; so don't even put your feet in."
Davy shook his head.
Ben wished he could do more for the boy, but it was too late by many years. When he was away flying (which had been most of the time since Davy was born and since he was a baby, and now when he was growing into his teens) he had never had contact with him. In Colorado, in Florida, in Canada, in Iraq, in Bahrein, and here in Egypt: it should have been his wife's work, Joannie's work, to keep the boy lively and happy.
In the early days he had tried himself to make friends with the boy. But he was very rarely at home, and the "home" was some outlandish place of Arabia which Joannie had hated and had continually compared with the clear summer evenings and cold sparkling winters and quiet college streets of that New England town. She had found nothing interesting in the mud houses of Bahrein at 110 degrees with 100 degrees humidity; nor in the iron encampments of oilfields, nor even in the dusty streets of Cairo. But all that apathy, (which had increased until it had beaten her) should be disappearing, now when she was at home. He would take the boy back to her, and hope that she would begin to take some interest in him now when she was where she wanted to be. Butshe hadn't shown much interest yet, and she'd left three months ago.
"Fix that strap between my legs," he told Davy.
He had the heavy aqualung on his back. Its two cylinders of compressed air, 56 lbs in weight, would give him the possibility to be thirty feet below for more than an hour. There was no need to go deeper. The sharks didn't.

20. The Last Inch (by J. Aldridge)

Davy handed him the glass-fronted mask for his face. "I'll be down there about twenty minutes," Ben told him. “Then I'll come up and have lunch because the sun is already too high. You can put some stones on each side of the plane's wheels, and then sit under the wing out of the sun. Do you get that?”
"Yes," Davy said.
Davy watched the sea swallow his father and sat down to watch for a moment, as if there was something to see. But there was nothing at all, except the air-bubble breaking the surface from time to time.
There was nothing on the surface of the sea, which disappeared in the far horizon; and when he climbed up the hot sand-hill to the highest side of the sand bay, he could see nothing but the bare desert behind him.
Below, there was only the aeroplane, the little silver Auster. He felt free enough now, with no one in sight for a hundred miles, to sit inside the plane and study it. But the smell of it began to make him sick again, so he got out and poured a bucket of water around the sand where the lunch was, and then sat down to see if he could watch the sharks his father was photographing. He could see nothing below surface at all; and in the hot silence and loneliness he wondered what would happen if his father didn't come up again.
Ben was having trouble with the valve' that gave the right amount of air. He wasn't deep, only twenty feet, but the valve worked irregularly.
The sharks were there, but at a distance, just out of camera range.
"This time," he told himself, "I'm going to get three thousand dollars."
He was paid by the Commercial Television Stock Company; a thousand dollars for every five hundred

feet of shark film, and a special thousand dollars for any shot of a hammerhead.
While they ate their silent lunch he changed the film in the French camera and fixed the valve of his aqualung, and it was only when he began to open one of the bottles of lager that he remembered that he had brought nothing lighter to drink for his son.
"Did you find something to drink?" he asked Davy.
"No," Davy told him. "There is no water…"
"You'll have to drink some of this," he told Davy. "Open a bottle and try it, but don't drink too much of it."
He did not like the idea of a ten-year-old drinking beer but there was nothing else. Davy opened a bottle, took a quick drink, but swallowed it with difficulty. He shook his head and gave the bottle back to his father.
"You had better open a can of peaches," Ben said.
A can of peaches was no good in this dry noonday heat, but there was nothing else to give him. Ben lay back when he had finished eating, covered the equipment carefully with a wet towel, looked at Davy to see that he was not ill or in the sun, and went to sleep.
"Does anyone know we are here?" Davy was asking him when he was getting into the water again after his sweaty rest.
"Why do you ask that? What's the matter?"
"I don't know. I just thought…"
"Nobody knows we're here," Ben said. "We get permission from the Egyptians to fly to Hurgada; but they don't know that we come down this far. They must not know either. Remember that!"
"Could they find us?"

21. The Last Inch (by J. Aldridge)

He looks educated, Ben thought, and knew it was a strange idea. But his serious-faced boy was like him himself: a stern surface over something harder and wilder within. But the pale, rather square face did not look like a happy face, not now or ever, and when Davy saw his father look so closely at him he turned away and began to cry.
"Never mind, kid," Ben said slowly.
"Are you going to die?" Davy asked him.
"Do I look that bad?" Ben said without thinking about it.
"Yes," Davy said into his tears.
Ben knew that he had made a mistake, and he must never speak to the boy again without thinking carefully of what he was saying.
"Don't let all this blood and mess fool you. I have been smashed up like this before, two or three times. I don't think you remember when I was in hospital up in Saskatoon…"
Davy nodded. "I remember, but you were in hospital."
"Sure! Sure! That's right," he was trying to overcome his wish to faint of f again. "I'll tell you what we'll do. You get that big towel and put it near me and I'll roll on it somehow, and I'll get up to the plane. How about that, eh?"
"I won't be able to pull you up," the boy said, in defeat. "Ahhh," Ben said with a special gentleness. "You don't know what you can do until you try, kid. I suppose you're thirsty. There's no water, is there?"

"No, I'm not thirsty..." Davy had gone off to get the towel, and Ben said into the air with especial care: "Next time we'll bring a dozen Coca-Cola. Ice too."
Davy brought the towel and lay it down near him, and by a sideways movement that seemed to tear his arm and chest and legs apart he got his back on to the towel and felt his heels dig into the sand, but he did not pass out.
"Now get me up to the plane," Ben said faintly.
"You pull, and I'll push with my heels. Never mind the bumps, just get me there!"
"How can you fly the plane?" Davy asked from in front of him.
Ben closed his eyes to think of how this boy felt. Ben was thinking, He must not know he has to fly it, the thought will frighten him terribly.
"These little Austers fly themselves," he said. "You just have to set the course, that's easy…"
"But you can't use your arms and hands. And you don't open your eyes."
"Don't give it a thought, Davy. I can fly blindfold with my knees. Start pulling!"
"How are you?" he said to the boy who was breathing heavily, all tired out. "You look all in."
"No, I'm not," Davy said angrily. "I'm all right."
That surprised Ben because he had never heard the tone of revolt or anger in his son's voice before; but still it must be there with a face like that. He wondered how a man could have lived with a son so long and never seen his face clearly. The shock was wearing off. But he was physically too weak, and he could feel the blood gently flowing out of his left arm, and he couldn't raise a limb, even a finger (if he had one) to help himself. Davy would have to get the plane off and fly it, and land it.
It would be enough if he could survive long enough to talk this boy down with the plane" at Cairo. That would be absolutely enough. That was the only chance.
That thought was what helped him get into the plane. Then he was trying to tell the boy what to do, but he could not get it out. The boy was going to panic, Ben turned his head and felt it, and he said, "Did I bring up the camera, Davy? Or did I leave it on the bottom?"
"It's down near the water."
"Go and get it."
"It's going to be you, Davy. You will have to do it. So listen. Are the wheels clear?"
"Yes, I pulled all the stones away." Davy was sitting there with his teeth clenched.
"What's that shaking us?"
"The wind."
He had forgotten that. "Now this is what you do, Davy," he said, and thought it out slowly. "Give the throttle an inch, not too much. Do it now. Put your whole foot on the brakes, Davy. Good! You've done that! Now switch her on; the black switch on my side. That's fine, Davy. Now you have to push the button; and when the plane starts you open up the throttle a little."
"I can do it," the boy said, and Ben thought he heard the sharp note of his own voice in it, but not quite.
"There's so much wind now," the boy said. "It's too strong and I don't like it."
"Are we facing into wind, Davy? Did you get us down wind? Don't be afraid of the wind."
He'll do it, though, Ben decided wearily and happily. Then he passed out into the depths he had tried to keep out of for the boy's sake. And even as he went out, deep, he thought he would be lucky this time if he came out of it at all. He was going too far. And the boy would be lucky if he came out of it. That was all he could think of before he lost contact with himself.

At three thousand feet on his own Davy did not think he could cry again in his lifetime. He had dried himself out of tears. He had boasted only once in his ten years that his father was a pilot. He had remembered everything his father had told him about this plane, and he guessed a lot more which his father had not told him.

22. The Last Inch (by J. Aldridge)

Ben thought the boy was afraid that they would be caught for doing something wrong. "No, no one could ever reach us either by sea or by land."
"Doesn't anyone know?" the boy asked, still worried.
"I told you," Ben said irritably. But suddenly he realised and too late that Davy was afraid not of being caught, but of being left alone. "Don't worry about it," Ben said. "You'll be all right."
"It's getting windy," Davy said in his quiet way.
"I know that. I'll be under water about half an hour. Then I'll come up and put in a new film and go down for another ten minutes. So find something to do while I'mgone. You should have brought a fishing line with you."
There were five of them now in the silver space where the coral joined the sand. He was right; The sharks came in almost immediately, smelling the blood of the meat, or feeling it somehow. He kept very still.
"Come on! Come on!" he said quietly.
They came straight for the piece of horsemeat, first the familiar tiger and then two or three smaller sharks of the same shape. They did not swim nor even propel their bodies. They simply moved forward like grey rockets. As they came to the meat they moved a little on one side and took passing bites at it.
He took films of all of it: the approach, the opening of their jaws as if they had tooth-ache, and the grabbing, messy bites that were as ugly a sight as he had seen in his life.
Like every underwater man, he hated and admired them on sight and was afraid of them.
They came back again, and his hundred feet of film was almost finished so he would have to leave all this, go up, reload, and return as quickly as he could. He looked down at the camera for a moment. When he looked up again he saw the unfriendly tiger coming at him.
"Git! Git! Git!"" he shouted through his mouthpiece.
The tiger simply rolled over in his approach, and Ben knew that he was being attacked.
The side-gashing teeth caught Ben's right arm in one sweep and passed across the other arm like a razor.
Ben panicked, and in ten seconds he felt rather than saw the next attack. He felt the shark hit him along the legs, and even as he saw one of the smaller sharks come at him, he kicked out at in and rolled over backwards.
He had come to the surface ledge.
He rolled out of the water in a bleeding mess.
When he came to" he remembered at once what had happened, and he wondered how long he had been out – and what happened next.
"Davy!" he shouted.
He could hear his son's voice, but he could hardly see. He knew the physical shock had come upon him.
But he saw the boy then, his terrified face looking down at him, and he realised he had only been out for a second, but he could hardly move.

"What shall I do?" Davy was crying. "Look what happened to you!"
Ben closed his eyes to think clearly for a moment. He – knew he could never fly that plane; his arms were like fire and lead, and his legs could not move, and he was not entirely conscious.
"Davy," he said carefully with his eyes closed. "How are my legs?"
"It's not your legs," he heard from Davy's sick-sounding voice. "It's your arms. They're all cut up, they're horrible."
"I know that," he said angrily through his teeth. "What about my legs?"
"They're covered in blood and they're cut up too."
"Badly?"
"Yes, but not like your arms. What do I do?"

23. The Last Inch (by J. Aldridge)

Ben looked at his arms then, and saw that the right one seemed almost cut off, and he could see muscle and sinew and not much blood. The left one looked like a chewed-up piece of meat and it was bleeding greatly, and he bent it up, wrist to shoulder, to stop the blood and groaned with pain.
He knew there wasn't much hope.
But then he knew there had to be; because if he died now the boy would be left here and that was a bad prospect. That was a worse prospect than his own condition. They would never find the boy in time – if they could, in fact, find him at all.
"Davy," he said. "Listen to me. Get my shirt and tear it up and wrap up my right arm. Are you listening?"
"Tie up my left arm tight above all those cuts to stop the blood. Then tie my wrist up to my shoulder so me how, as hard as you can. Do you understand? Tie up both my arms."
"Yes, I understand."
"Tie them tight. Do my right arm first, but close up the wound. Do you understand? Is it clear…"
Ben did not hear the answer because he felt himself losing consciousness again, and this time it was longer, and he came to himself and saw the boy working on his left arm with his serious pale face expressing fear and terror and desperation.
“Is that you, Davy?” Ben said and heard his own indistinct speech, and went on. "Listen, boy," he said with difficulty. "I'm going to tell it all to you, in case I lose consciousness again. Bandage my arms, so that I don't lose more blood. Fix my legs, and then get me out of this aqualung. It's killing me."
"I've tried to get you out of it," Davy said in his hopeless voice. "But I can't. I don't know how to get you out."
"You'll have to get me out!" Ben said sharply in his old way, but he knew then that the only hope he had for the boy, as well as for himself, was to make Davy think for himself, make him believe that he could do what he had to do.
"I'm going to tell it to you, Davy, so that you understand. Do you hear me?" Ben could hardly hear himself and he didn't' feel the pain for a moment. "You will have to do all this, I'm sorry but you'll have to do it. Don't be upset if I shout at you. That's not important. That's never important. Do you understand me?"
"Yes." He was lying up the left arm and he wasn't listening.
"Good boy!" Ben tried to get a little encouragement into his words, but he couldn't do it. He did not know yet how to get to the boy," but he would find the way somehow. This ten-year-old boy had a super-human

job before him if he was to remain alive.
"Get my knife out of my belt," Ben said, "and cut off all the straps of the aqualung." That was the knife he had had no time to use. "Don't cut yourself."
"I'll be all right," Davy said, standing up and looking sick at the sight of his own bloody hands. "If you could lift your head a little I could pull one of the straps off, the one I undid."
"All right. I'll lift my head!"
Ben lifted his head and wondered why he felt so paralysed. With this movement he passed out again, and this time into the terrible black pain that seemed to last too long, although he only half-felt it. He came to slowly and felt a little rested and not so paralysed.
"Hello, Davy," he said from his far distance.
"I got you off the aqualung," he heard the boy's frightened voice say. "You're still bleeding down the legs…"
"Never mind my legs," he said and opened his eyes and tried to rise up a little to see what shape he was in, but he was afraid of passing out, and he knew he could not sit up or stand up; and now when the boy had tied his arms back he was helpless from the waist up.'4 The worst had yet to come, and he had to think about it for a moment.
The only chance for the boy now was the plane, and Davy would have to fly it. There was no other chance, no other way. But now he had to think. He must not frighten the boy off. If he told Davy he would have to fly the plane, it would frighten him. He had to think carefully about how to do this; about how to think this into the boy" and persuade him to do it without knowing it. He had to feel his way into his son's frightened, childish mind. He looked closely at Davy then and he realised that it was a long time since he had really seen the boy.

24. The Last Inch (by J. Aldridge)

It was clam and almost white up here. The sea was green. The desert was very dirty-looking with the high wind blowing a sheet of dust over it. In front the horizon was not clear any more, and the dust was coming up higher, but he could see the sea very clearly.
He understood maps. They were not difficult to understand. He knew where the chart was and he pulled it out of the door pocket and wondered what he must do at Suez. He knew that too. There was a toad to Cairo which went west across the desert. West would be easy. The road would be easy to see, and he would know Suez because that was where the sea ended and the canal began. There, you turned left.
He was afraid of his father, or he had been. But now he couldn't look at his father because he was asleep with his mouth open, and was horribly covered with blood and half-naked and tied up. He did not want his father to die; and he did not want his mother to die; or anyone; and yet that was what happened. People did die."
He did not like to be so high. It was unpleasant, and the plane moved so slowly over the earth. He had noticed that. But he would be afraid to go down into the wind again when he had to land. He did not know what he would do. He would not have control of the plane when it began to bump and lurch. He wouldn't keep it straight," and he wouldn't be able to level it off when it came near the ground.
His father might be dead. He looked and saw the quick breaths that came not very often. The tears that Davy thought had dried up in him were on the lower lids of his dark eyes and he felt them run over and

come down his cheeks. He licked them in and watched the sea.
It was at the last inch from the ground that Davy lost his nerve at last; and he was lost in his own fears and in his own death, and he could not speak nor shout nor cry nor sob. He was trying to shout Now! Now! Now! but the fear was too great and in that last moment he felt the lift of the nose, and heard the hard roar of the engine still rotating and felt the bump as the plane hit the ground with its wheels, and the sickening rise and the long wait for the next touch-down; and then he left the touch- down on the tail and the wheels, the last inch of it. The plane turned as the wind threw it around in a ground circle, and when it stopped dead he heard the stillness.[...]
When they brought Davy in, it seemed to Ben that this was the same boy, with the same face he had discovered not long ago. What he had discovered was one thing. But the boy had probably not made any such discoveries about his father.
"Well, Davy?" he said shyly to the boy. "That was pretty good, wasn't it!""
Davy nodded. Ben knew he didn't think it pretty good at all; but some day he would. Some day the boy would understand how good it was. That was worth working on.
Ben smiled. Well, at least it was the truth. This would take time. It would take all the time the boy had given him. But it seemed to Ben, looking at those pale eyes and non-American face, that it would be such valuable time. It would be time so valuably spent that nothing else would be so important. He would get to the boy. Sooner or later he would get to him. That last inch, which parted all things, was never easy to overcome, until you knew how. But knowing how'-' was the flyer's business, and at heart Ben remained a very good flyer.

25. (The Bramble Bush by Ch. Mergcndahl)

As Fran Walker, one of the nurses of the Mills Memorial Hospital, was sitting between rounds behind her duty desk, she often recollected her childhood, which would return to her as it had existed in reality '96 bewildering, lonely, and frustrating.
Her father, Mr. Walker, had owned a small lumber business' in Sagamore, one of Indiana's numerous smaller towns, where Fran had lived in a large frame house on six acres of unused pasture land'. The first Mrs. Walker had died, when Fran was still a baby, so she did not remember her real mother at all. She remembered her stepmother, though – small, tight-lipped, thin-faced, extremely possessive of her new husband and the new house which had suddenly become her own. Fran had adored her father, tried desperately to please him. And since he desired nothing more than a good relationship between his daughter and his second wife, she had made endless attempts to win over her new mother. But her displays of affection had not been returned. Her stepmother had remained constantly jealous, resentful, without the slightest understanding of the small girl's motives and emotions.
Fran felt herself losing out, slipping away into an inferior position. She began to exaggerate – often lie about friends, feelings, grades at school, anything possible to keep herself high in her father's esteem, and at the same time gain some small bit of admiration from her mother. The exaggerations, though, had constantly turned back on her, until eventually a disgusted Mrs. Walker had insisted she be sent away to a nearby summer camp. "They award a badge of honour there," she had said, "and if you win it – not a single untruth all summer – then we'll know you've stopped lying and we'll do something very special for you."
"We'll give you a pony," her father had promised.
Fran wanted the pony. More than the pony, she wanted to prove herself. After two months of near painful honesty, she finally won the badge of honour, and brought it home clutched tight in her fist, hidden in her

pocket while she waited, waited, all the way from the station, all during the tea in the living-room for the exact proper moment to make her announcement of glorious victory.
"Well?" her mother had said finally. "Well, Fran?"
"Well – ", Fran began, with the excitement building higher and higher as she drew in her breath and thought of exactly how to say it.
"You can't hide it any longer, Fran." Her mother had sighed in hopeless resignation. "We know you didn't win it, so there's simply no point in lying about it now."
Fran had closed her mouth. She'd stared at her mother, then stood and gone out to the yard and looked across the green meadow where the pony was going to graze. She had taken the green badge from her pocket, fingered it tenderly, then buried it beneath a rock in the garden. She had gone back into the house and said, "No, I didn't win it," and her mother had said, "Well, at least you didn't lie this time," and her father had held her while she'd cried and known f inally that there was no further use in trying.
Her father had bought her an Irish setter as a consolation prize.

Рекомендации по написанию краткого изложения текста (Summary)

A summary is a clear concise orderly retelling of the contents of a passage or a text and is ordinarily about 1/3 or 1/4 as long as the original.

The student who is in the habit of searching for the main points, understanding them, learning them, and reviewing them is educat¬ing himself. The ability to get at the essence of a matter is impor¬tant. The first and most important step in making a summary is reading the passage thoroughly. After it write out clearly in your own words the main points of the selection. Subordinate or elimi¬nate minor points. Retain the paragraphing of the original, unless the summary is extremely short. Preserve the proportion of the original.

Change direct narration to indirect whenever it is possible, use words instead of word combinations and word combinations in¬stead of sentences. Omit figures of speech, repetitions, and most examples. Don't use personal pronouns, use proper names.

Do not introduce any extra material by way of opinion, interpre¬tation or appreciation.

Read the selection again and criticize and revise your words.

Рекомендации по написанию сочинения (Essay):

1.Narrative Essay (эссе-рассказ)

In narrative essays you are required to tell a story or write about an event.

Instructions:

1.You must do all you can to make your essay interesting. To achieve this it is necessary to include incident and details which are drawn from everyday life or which you have imagined. Once you've found something definite to say your essay will be interesting to read.

2.Unity. Just as it is important to connect your sentences within a paragraph, you should make sure that your paragraphs lead on naturally to each other. Do not repeat yourself. Make sure that every paragraph adds something new to the essay.

3.Balance and proportion. The length of a paragraph will depend on what you want to say. However, do not let yourself be carried away by fascinating but unimportant details. Never attempt to write an essay in a single paragraph.

4.Do not address the teacher or make comments on what you want to say like "I do not like the subject and do not know how to begin ..." or "...and now it is time to finish my essay", etc.

5.It is absolutely necessary to read your work through when you have finished writing. While doing so keep a sharp look out for grammatical mistakes.

6. After you've finished your essay choose a suitable short tail. Make sure that it has to do with the subject, but it shouldn't give the reader too much information.

Planning:

It is always best to tell things the way in which they happened. Your first paragraph should set the scene. The most exciting part of your story should come at the end, on the way you'll keep the read-er in suspense.

The general outline for stories should be as follows:

- Before the Event.

- The Event.

- After the Event.

Before working on your plan try to decide what the main event will be so that you can build up your story round it. It is not always necessary to make out a full detailed plan. But it is wise to note a few ideas under each heading so that you have a fairly clear picture of what you are going to say before you begin writing. Remember that a plan is only a guide.

Example:

Title: The Stranger on the Bridge.

Main Event: Late at night a man climbs over a wall surrounding a big house.

Plan:

(a) Before the Event:

1. Midnight: bridge — cold — dark.

2.Frank on bridge. Someone approaching. Effect on him.

3.Steps come nearer. Frank turns to look.

4.Pretends to stop — sees stranger: description. The Event:

5.Conversation: man wants information.

6.Frank suspicious: why? Follows. Outside the house. Lights, man over wall.

(b)After the Event:

7.Frank now sure — telephone box.

***Note: 1—7 — numbers of paragraphs in the essay.

2. Descriptive Essay (эссе-описание)

In descriptive essay there is no underlying "story" to hold your composition together so it is necessary to think of a central idea to which everything you describe can be related.

Instructions:

In descriptive writing there is no single event which will keep the reader in suspense as there is in a story. Whether or not your essay will be exciting to read will depend entirely on the interest¬ing details you include.

In your first paragraph you should consider the subject in general and deal with details in the paragraphs that follow. Your description may take the form of a personal impression or may be purely imaginary.

The general outline for descriptive essay should be as follows:

1) Introduction.

2) Development.

3) Conclusion.

It is absolutely necessary to make out a plan noting but a few ideas under each heading. In this way you will avoid repeating yourself.

Example:

Title: A Walk on Sunday Morning.

Central Idea: A day spent in the city can be quite as interesting as the one in the country.

Plan:

1) Introduction.

Decision to spend day in the city: square — gardens. First impressions.

2) Development.

Arrival at square: people — pigeons — statue. Incident: boy and pigeons.

Leave square. Public Gardens: different atmosphere.

Pond most interesting. Various boats.

Rest. Join crowd-man-model of ship.

3) Conclusion.

Midday.

Leave for home.

Surprise that city could be so pleasant.

Рекомендации по написанию реферата:

Реферат является одной из важных форм самостоятельной работы, поскольку позволяет

структурировать знания обучаемых.

Реферат – письменный доклад или выступление по определённой теме с обобщением информации из одного или нескольких источников. Реферат предполагает осмысленное изложение содержания главного и наиболее важного (с точки зрения автора) в научной литературе по определенной проблеме в письменной или устной форме.

Этапы работы над рефератом:

1) Выбор темы. Выбор темы должен иметь практическое и теоретическое обоснование, в то же время тема не должна быть слишком общей и глобальной, так как небольшой

объем работы (до 20 страниц) не позволит раскрыть ее. Желательно, чтобы тема реферата

была связана с будущей магистерской работой. При выборе темы необходимо учитывать

полноту ее освещения в имеющейся научной литературе.

2) После выбора темы составляется список изданной по теме (проблеме) литературы,

опубликованных статей, необходимых справочных источников. Знакомство с любой научной проблематикой следует начинать с освоения имеющейся основной научной литературы. При этом следует сразу же составлять библиографические выходные данные (автор, название, место и год издания, издательство, страницы) используемых источников. Названия работ иностранных авторов приводятся только на языке оригинала.

Начинать знакомство с избранной темой лучше всего с чтения обобщающих работ по данной проблеме, постепенно переходя к узкоспециальной литературе.

3) На основе анализа прочитанного и просмотренного материала по данной теме следует составить тезисы по основным смысловым блокам, с пометками, собственными суждениями и оценками.

Составление плана.

Правильно построенный план помогает систематизировать материал и обеспечить последовательность его изложения.

Наиболее традиционной является следующая структура реферата:

Титульный лист

Содержание

Введение

Глава1 (полное наименование главы).

1.1. (полное название параграфа, пункта);

1.2. (полное название параграфа, пункта).

Глава 2 (полное наименование главы).

2.1. (полное название параграфа, пункта);

2.2. (полное название параграфа, пункта).

Заключение

Библиографический список

Приложения (по усмотрению автора).

Во *введении* обосновывается актуальность выбранной темы, формулируются цели работы и основные вопросы, которые предполагается раскрыть в реферате, указываются используемые материалы и дается их краткая характеристика с точки зрения полноты освещения избранной темы. Объем введения не должен превышать1-1,5 страницы.

Основная часть реферата может быть представлена одной или несколькими главами, которые могут включать 2-3 параграфа (подпункта, раздела). Здесь достаточно полно и логично излагаются главные положения в используемых источниках, раскрываются все пункты плана с сохранением связи между ними и последовательности перехода от одного к другому. Материал в реферате рекомендуется излагать своими словами, не допуская дословного переписывания из литературных источников. В тексте обязательны ссылки на первоисточники. Работа должна быть написана грамотным литературным языком.

Заключение. В этой части обобщается изложенный в основной части материал, формулируются общие выводы с учетом опубликованных в литературе различных точек зрения по проблеме, рассматриваемой в реферате, сопоставления их и личного мнения автора реферата. Заключение по объему не должно превышать 1,5-2 страниц.

Библиография (список литературы). Здесь указывается реально использованная для написания реферата литература, периодические издания и электронные источники информации. Список составляется согласно правилам библиографического описания.

Оформляется реферат в соответствии с требованиями ГОСТа.

Рекомендации по организации устного ответа в формате доклада-презентации:

Приблизительный набор клише, приведенных в логической последовательности:

1) Good morning (Good afternoon. Good evening), ladies and gentlemen/colleagues/dear guests/teachers...

2) My name is Ivan Petrov and I am a student at the Faculty of Russian Philology.

3) Today I would like to present my report on …. (topic).

The subject/topic of my talk is …

I'm going to talk about ...

My objective today is to outline/clarify …

My purpose today is to review/analyze/describe/demonstrate…

This morning I am going to be reporting on …

4)I have divided my presentation/report into three…logical parts:…

I am going to divide my talk into three (four, etc.) sections/parts.

In today's presentation on …, I'm hoping to cover three points: 1,2,3.

5)The first part of my talk will concern/ will deal with ...

I will begin by ….

Firstly, I'm going to look at ...

Secondly, I would like to make a few observations about ...

Next/then, I will turn to discussing ….

Finally, I'd like to sum up all the above mentioned.

6)My report will take 5-7 minutes.

7)If you have any questions you would like to ask, I will be happy to answer them at the end of my talk.

Perhaps we can leave any questions you may have until the end of the presentation.

Please feel free to interrupt me if you have questions.

I'll come back to your questions later if I may.

8)Allow me to begin/start.

To begin/start with I would like to introduce you to the problem of ….

Let me start with/start by looking at …

9)Now let's move on to ...

Next I'd like to take a look at …

Moving on to the next section, let's take a look at …

10)As I have said/mentioned earlier, …

As we saw earlier, it is important to …

As I said at the beginning,

You may recall that I explained/told you about …

11)This can be shown / illustrated by …

A good example of this is ...

This slide shows…

Take a look at this slide

If you look at this slide, you will see …

This slide/chart illustrates …

As you can see, the chart is filled with information on/covering…

12)This clearly shows ...

From this, we can see/understand/ prognose how/why/what/where/who …

In other words…

So what I'm saying is… To put it more simply…

To put it another way…

What I meant is…

Let me just clarify/explain…

The main explanation for this is…

A key point/problem is that…

13)There are two reasons/explanations for this. First, … Second, …

This can be explained by two factors.

Where does that lead us?

Let's consider this in more detail.

I'd like to draw your attention to the fact that / I'd like to point out that …

I'd like to highlight the fact that …

I'd like you to focus on the chart.

14) My (own) (personal) view (on this matter) is that …

Personally, I think that …

As you already know, …

As I'm sure you are all aware …

15)I hope everything is clear/obvious.

Well, that brings us to the end of the final section. Now, I'd like to summarize my talk.

Now, just to summarize, let us quickly look at the main points again.

To sum up, …

The conclusions which can be drawn from my report/presentation are …

To conclude, …/ In conclusion, …

So, as we have seen in this presentation today, …

Finally, let me remind you of some of the issues we've covered.

16)I would like to thank you for your interest and attention.

Thank you (very much) for your attention.

Thank you for being such an attentive audience (formal).

Thank you for being such a great audience. (informal)

17)If you have any questions, I'll be happy/glad to answer them.

Now I'll try to answer any questions you may have.

Are there any final questions?

If anyone has any questions, I'll do my best to answer them.

18) *** if difficult questions arise***

That's an interesting question.

I'm afraid I'm unable to answer that at the moment.

That's a very good question. However, I can't give you an accurate answer.

Unfortunately, I'm not the best person to answer that.

Actually, I've never thought of it that way, but that could be an interesting approach.

Can you clarify your question, please?

That wasn't where I focused my research. I was more interested in ….

Could you please explain what you meant by…

Примерная тематика устного ответа (беседа по одной из изученных тем)

1 семестр

1.Статус иностранного языка (английского) в современном мире.

2.Преимущества и недостатки жизни в городах и пригородах.

3.Семейные традиции – связь поколений.

4.Культурное разнообразие и национальные стереотипы.

5.Структура образования в России и стране изучаемого языка.

2 семестр

1.Здоровый образ жизни: спорт, режим питания, баланс сна и бодрствования.

2.Путешествия по России и странам изучаемого языка.

3.Экологические катастрофы современного общества (засухи, наводнения, извержения вулканов, таяния ледников и т.д.).

4.Современное искусство – разнообразие жанров.

3 семестр

1.Официальная пресса и таблоиды в России, Великобритании и США.

2.Проблемы современного мегаполиса.

3.Суть концепции «устойчивого развития»

4.Крупнейшие техногенные катастрофы XX-XXI вв.

5.Цифровизация общества – потенциал искусственного интеллекта (плюсы и минусы)

Примерная тематика доклада-презентации

1 семестр

1.Современные «искусственные» языки: вклад киноиндустрии в их создание.

2.Типы семей в современном обществе – взгляд через призму статистических данных.

3.Королевская семья Великобритании – традиции Британской монархии.

4.По следам истории: символика традиционного британского костюма.

5.Английское чаепитие как самая известная британская традиция.

6.Элитарное образование в школах-пансионах Великобритании.

7.История создания «краснокирпичных» университетов, их современный статус.

8.Старейшие университеты Великобритании.

2 семестр

1.Британия как эпицентр модных течений: облик современного британца.

2.Транспортная система Великобритании и США: сходства и отличия.

3.Современное градостроительство: уровни застройки и понятие «экологического» здания (архитектура сэра Нормана Фостера).

4.Направления в британском и американском современном искусстве.

5.Великие памятники архитектуры. Древние и современные «чудеса света».

6.Роль музыки в нашей жизни.

7.Достижения в технике, науке и спорте в России и стране изучаемого языка.

3 семестр

1.История развития цифровых СМИ: известные СМИ в России и стране изучаемого языка.

2.Инженерия окружающей среды как молодое направление в экологической науке.

3.Киберпреступность как угроза современному информационному обществу. Глобальные прецеденты в России и странах изучаемого языка.

4.Альтернативные источники энергии и рациональное использование энергетических ресурсов.

5.Ресурсы для развития профессиональных качеств на примере профессии филолога-педагога.

6.Роль униформы. Корпоративный дресс-код: индустрии, где ключевым является его соблюдение.

Примерная тематика сочинений (essays)

1 семестр:

1. Атмосфера British countryside и ее эволюция на протяжении последних веков.

2. Моя университетская жизнь: развитие навыков тайм менеджмента.

3. Известные представители правящей королевской династии.

2 семестр:

1. Экстремальные виды спорта: существует ли такое понятие как адреналинозависимость?

2. Генри Мур и его вклад в современное искусство Великобритании.

3. Стресс и современное общество: методики борьбы со стрессом, стрессоустойчивость.

3 семестр:

1. Печатные или электронные СМИ: за какими из них будущее?

2. Популярные социальные сети и их возможности. Личный опыт пользования социальными сетями.

3. Роль «апсайклинга» в жизни современного человека.

Примерная тематика рефератов

3 семестр

1. Современная Великобритания: уникальные обычаи и традиции.

2. Значимые события в истории современной Великобритании.

3. Викторианская эпоха в Англии: век стабильности и развития.

4. Заслуги королевы Англии Елизаветы II и английское общество периода ее правления.

5. Выдающиеся современные деятели Великобритании.

6. Культура цифровой цивилизации англоязычного мира.

4. Методические материалы, определяющие процедуры оценивания знаний, умений, навыков и (или) опыта деятельности, характеризующих этапы формирования компетенций

Основными формами текущего контроля являются: выполнение лексико-грамматических упражнений, тестирование, реферат, эссе, краткое изложение текста, доклад-презентация, проект, устный ответ, аудирование.

Зачет и экзамен проводится по результатам выполнения всех видов учебной работы, предусмотренных рабочей программой дисциплины, при этом учитываются результаты текущего контроля успеваемости в течение семестра.

Максимальное количество баллов, которое можно набрать в течение семестра за текущий контроль, равняется 80/70 баллам.

Максимальная сумма баллов, которые бакалавр может получить на зачёте, равняется 20 баллам.

Максимальная сумма баллов, которые бакалавр может получить на экзамене, равняется 30 баллам

Формой промежуточной аттестации является экзамен, который проходит в форме устного собеседования по вопросам.

Зачёт может проводиться по билетам. Вопросы охватывают все содержание программы учебной дисциплины. Зачёт состоит из двух вопросов. За семестр студент может набрать максимально 100 баллов.

Экзамен проходит в три этапа, представляющих собой 1) беседу по одной из изученных тем (10 баллов), 2) чтение, перевод, передача содержания отрывка аутентичного художественного текста. (10 баллов), 3) аудирование, понимание которого проверяется в форме краткого письменного изложения прослушанного текста по изученной тематике. (10 баллов)

I семестр (80 баллов — учебный процесс, 20 баллов — зачет)

1. Посещение занятий и работа на парах
50% занятий — 10 баллов
70% занятий — 14 баллов
100% занятий — 20 баллов
2. Самостоятельная работа (выполнение домашних заданий, творческих заданий, подготовка устных выступлений):
- работа выполнена частично, с большим количеством ошибок — 10 баллов
- работа выполнена в полном объеме, но с ошибками — 15 баллов
- работа выполнена в полном объеме, допускаются незначительные недочеты — 20 баллов

3. Тестирование. — 25 баллов
4. Другие виды работ:
- групповой проект по страноведческой тематике — 15 баллов

Содержание зачета:

1. Чтение, перевод и передача содержания фрагмента аутентичного художественного текста. (10 баллов)
2. Беседа по одной из пройденных тем. (10 баллов)

II семестр (80 баллов — учебный процесс, 20 баллов —зачет)
1. Посещение занятий и работа на парах
50% занятий — 10 баллов
70% занятий — 14 баллов
100% занятий — 20 баллов
2. Самостоятельная работа (выполнение домашних заданий, творческих заданий, подготовка устных выступлений):
- работа выполнена частично, с большим количеством ошибок — 10 баллов
- работа выполнена в полном объеме, но с ошибками — 15 баллов
- работа выполнена в полном объеме, допускаются незначительные недочеты — 20 баллов
3. Тестирование. — 20 баллов
4. Другие виды работ:
- групповой проект по страноведческой тематике — 20 баллов

Содержание зачета:

1. Чтение, перевод и передача содержания фрагмента аутентичного художественного текста. (10 баллов)
2. Беседа по одной из пройденных тем. (10 баллов)

III семестр (70 баллов — учебный процесс, 30 баллов — экзамен)
1. Посещение занятий и работа на парах
50% занятий — 8 баллов
70% занятий — 10 баллов
100% занятий — 15 баллов
2. Самостоятельная работа (выполнение домашних заданий, творческих заданий, подготовка устных выступлений):
- работа выполнена частично, с большим количеством ошибок — 5 баллов
- работа выполнена в полном объеме, но с ошибками — 10 баллов
- работа выполнена в полном объеме, допускаются незначительные недочеты — 15 баллов
3. Тестирование. — 20 баллов
4. Другие виды работ:

- Реферат по страноведческой тематике — 20 баллов

Содержание экзамена: ***(70 баллов – учебный процесс, 30 баллов – экзамен)***

1) Беседа по одной из изученных тем (10 баллов)
2) Чтение, перевод и передача содержания фрагмента аутентичного художественного текста. (10 баллов)
3) Аудирование текста, понимание которого проверяется в форме краткого письменного изложения прослушанного текста по изученной тематике. (10 баллов)

Критерии оценивания проектной деятельности

Критерий	***Показатели***	***Баллы***
План работы	План работы над проектом есть	2
	План работы отсутствует	0
Глубина раскрытия темы проекта	Тема раскрыта фрагментарно	2
	Тема раскрыта полностью	4
	Знания автора проекта превзошли рамки проекта	6
Разнообразие источников информации, целесообразность их использования	Большая часть информации не относится к теме Использован незначительный объём подходящей информации из ограниченного числа однотипных источников	***2*** ***4***
	Представлена полная информация из разнообразных источников	***6***
Соответствие требованиям оформления письменной части и презентации	Отсутствует установленный правилами порядок, структура Внешний вид и речь автора не соответствуют правилам проведения презентации	***2***
	Предприняты попытки оформить работу в соответствии с установленными правилами Внешний вид и речь автора соответствуют правилам проведения презентации, но автор не владеет культурой общения, не уложился в регламент	***4***
	Чёткое и грамотное оформление Внешний вид и речь автора соответствуют правилам проведения презентации, автор владеет культурой	***6***

	общения, уложился в регламент, ему удалось вызвать большой интерес	
	ИТОГО	***20 баллов***

Работа с аутентичным художественным текстом

Показатели	Баллы
Полное понимание текста, его точный перевод (допускаются незначительные стилистические ошибки 1–4). Грамотный ответ на вопросы, демонстрирующий полное понимание.	10 баллов
Письменный перевод текста с незначительными ошибками и замечаниями, передача основного содержания с незначительными ошибками, не искажающими смысл прочитанного текста (допускаются незначительные ошибки, исправляемые при дополнительных вопросах экзаменаторов).	7 баллов
Неполный или неточный перевод текста, (5–7 стилистических и грамматических ошибок). Частичное понимание текста, неточные ответы на вопросы.	4 балла
Неправильный перевод текста или выполнение менее 70% текста, большое количество ошибок. Ответы на вопросы неверны.	2 балла

Показатели устной монологической речи

Показатели	Баллы
Коммуникативная задача не решена. Высказывание сводится к отдельным словам и словосочетаниям.	1
Коммуникативная задача не решена. В высказывании отсутствуют логика и связность. Используемые языковые и речевые средства не соответствуют ситуации / теме / проблеме. Объем высказывания значительно ниже программных требований. Речь очень медленная, со значительным количеством пауз. Допущено значительное количество ошибок, препятствующих коммуникации.	2
Коммуникативная задача решена частично. В высказывании отсутствуют логика и последовательность изложения. Оно носит незавершенный характер. Используемые языковые и речевые средства часто не соответствуют ситуации / теме / проблеме. Объем высказывания значительно ниже программных требований. Речь небеглая, со значительным количеством пауз. Компенсаторные умения не используются. Допущено значительное количество произносительных, лексических и грамматических ошибок, затрудняющих коммуникацию.	3
Коммуникативная задача решена частично. В высказывании значительно нарушена логика и последовательность изложения. Оно носит незавершенный характер, отсутствует вывод. Используемые языковые и речевые средства не всегда соответствуют ситуации / теме / проблеме.	4

Объем высказывания ниже программных требований. Речь небеглая, со значительным количеством пауз. Компенсаторные умения не используются. Допущен ряд произносительных и лексических ошибок и значительное количество грамматических ошибок, затрудняющих коммуникацию.	
Коммуникативная задача решена не полностью. В высказывании значительно нарушены логика и последовательность изложения. Отсутствует вывод, не выражено свое отношение к обсуждаемой теме / проблеме. Используемые языковые и речевые средства не всегда соответствуют ситуации / теме / проблеме, они недостаточно разнообразны. Объем высказывания ниже программных требований. Речь недостаточно беглая. Компенсаторные умения не используются. Допущен ряд произносительных, лексических и грамматических ошибок, частично влияющих на процесс коммуникации.	5
Коммуникативная задача в основном решена. Высказывание носит завершенный характер, но имеются нарушения логики и последовательности изложения. Отсутствует вывод, не выражено свое отношение к обсуждаемой теме / проблеме. Используемые языковые и речевые средства не всегда соответствуют ситуации / теме / проблеме, они недостаточно разнообразны. Используемые связующие элементы не всегда адекватны решаемой задаче. Объем высказывания несколько ниже программных требований. Речь недостаточно беглая. Компенсаторные умения используются недостаточно. Допущен ряд произносительных, лексических и грамматических ошибок, частично влияющих на процесс коммуникации.	6
Коммуникативная задача решена относительно полно. Высказывание носит завершенный характер, но имеются незначительные нарушения логики и последовательности. Отсутствует вывод, есть затруднения в выражении своего отношения к обсуждаемой теме / проблеме. Используемые языковые и речевые средства в основном соответствуют ситуации / теме / проблеме, но их разнообразие ограничено. Используемые связующие элементы в основном адекватны решаемой задаче. Объем высказывания соответствует программным требованиям. Речь достаточно беглая. В случае затруднений используются компенсаторные умения. Допущены отдельные произносительные, лексические и грамматические ошибки.	7
Коммуникативная задача решена относительно полно. Высказывание носит завершенный характер, построено логично и связно. Есть затруднения в выражении своего отношения к обсуждаемой теме / проблеме. Используемые языковые и речевые средства соответствуют ситуации / теме / проблеме и варьируются в пределах изученного материала. Используемые связующие элементы в основном адекватны. Объем высказывания соответствует программным требованиям. Речь беглая. В случае затруднений используются компенсаторные умения. Допущены отдельные произносительные, лексические и грамматические ошибки, не препятствующие коммуникации.	8
Коммуникативная задача решена полностью. Высказывание построено	9

логично и связно и имеет завершенный характер. Выражено свое отношение к обсуждаемой теме / проблеме. Используемые языковые и речевые средства соответствуют ситуации / теме / проблеме и варьируются в пределах изученного материала. Используются адекватные связующие элементы. Объем высказывания соответствует программным требованиям. Речь беглая. В случае необходимости используются компенсаторные умения. Допущены единичные произносительные и грамматические ошибки, не препятствующие коммуникации.	
Коммуникативная задача решена полностью. Высказывание построено логично, связно и имеет завершенный характер. Выражено свое отношение к обсуждаемой теме / проблеме. Используемые языковые и речевые средства соответствуют ситуации / теме / проблеме и варьируются в пределах изученного материала. Используются адекватные связующие элементы. Объем высказывания соответствует программным требованиям. Речь беглая. Допущены единичные произносительные ошибки, не препятствующие коммуникации	10

Показатели письменной речи (краткое изложение содержания)

Показатели	Баллы
Краткое изложение полностью отражает содержание текста. Структура четкая, отражает логическое деление текста. Использованы речевые клише. Грамматические и пунктуационные ошибки отсутствуют.	10 баллов
Краткое изложение не совсем точно передает содержание текста. Структура изложения не достаточно верно передает логическое членение текста. Присутствуют незначительные грамматические и пунктуационные ошибки (2-4).	6 баллов
Краткое изложение частично передает содержание текста. Структура изложения не соответствует логике построения текста. Речевые клише использованы неуместно, присутствуют грамматические и пунктуационные ошибки.	2 балла

КРИТЕРИИ ОЦЕНКИ ОТВЕТА

«Отлично»/ «Зачтено»

Студент демонстрирует отличное знание предмета (сформированность умений и навыков иноязычного общения в 4-х сферах коммуникации: повседневно-бытовой, учебно-образовательной, социокультурной и профессиональной):

- произношение соответствует программным требованиям; адекватно использует ритмику и мелодику иноязычной речи для выражения своих коммуникативных намерений.
- умеет работать с текстами разных типов, полно и точно передает содержание. Логично и последовательно выражает свои мысли. Речь отличается разнообразием языковых средств и

точностью их употребления.

- при работе с прочитанным, передает содержание в точности, соблюдает смысловую связанность и целостность изложения.
- способен вести беседу в соответствии с коммуникативной задачей. Умеет точно формулировать свои мысли и выражать свое мнение. Владеет умением спонтанно реагировать на изменения речевого поведения партнера. Владеет техникой ведения беседы: может дать информацию, расспросить, выразить свое видение проблемы, использует в речи сложные грамматические конструкции (в рамках программы) и демонстрирует большой словарный запас.

«Хорошо»/ «Зачтено»

Студент демонстрирует хорошее знание предмета:

- произношение в целом соответствует программным требованиям, но встречаются случаи отклонения от нормы. В основном умеет использовать ритмику, мелодику иноязычной речи, хотя иногда речь может быть недостаточно выразительной;
- демонстрирует полное понимание текста, речевые высказывания состоят из простых предложений;
- владеет навыками письменной речи.
- способен вести беседу в соответствии с коммуникативной задачей, излагая не только факты, но и свое личное мнение. Владеет техникой ведения беседы, но не всегда может спонтанно отреагировать на речевое поведение партнера. Может допускать коммуникативно незначимые грамматические ошибки. Демонстрирует словарный запас в рамках программы.

«Удовлетворительно» /«Зачтено»

Студент демонстрирует отдельные речевые навыки и умения:

- делает ошибки в произношении и речевой интонации;
- не совсем верно понимает содержание текста. Пересказ состоит из крайне простых предложений, при этом допускаются грамматические ошибки;
- допускает грубые ошибки в понимании содержания и при оформлении письменной речи.
- может участвовать в беседе, используя упрощенные лексико-грамматические структуры для выражения своих мыслей. Реагирует на вопросы собеседника. Часто при ответах на вопросы использует заученный текст. Обладает ограниченным лексическим запасом.

«Неудовлетворительно»/ «Не зачтено»

Студент демонстрирует отсутствие сформированности умений и навыков иноязычного общения:

- при частичном понимании текста не может передать его содержание. Отвечает лишь на простые вопросы, при этом допускает грамматические и синтаксические ошибки;
- не способен вести беседу. При ответах на вопросы использует заученные фрагменты тем. Не владеет достаточным количеством устойчивых фраз и выражений для ведения беседы. Не умеет адекватно реагировать на вопросы собеседника. Владеет минимальным запасом лексики, но не умеет его использовать.

Шкала оценивания зачета

Баллы	**Критерии оценивания**
7	**Беседа по теме:** Незначительный объем высказывания, которое не в полной мере соответствует теме; не отражены

	некоторые аспекты, указанные в задании, стилевое оформление речи не в полной мере соответствует типу задания, аргументация не на соответствующем уровне, нормы вежливости не соблюдены. Обучающийся делает большое количество грубых лексических ошибок. Обучающийся делает большое количество грубых грамматических ошибок. **Чтение, перевод и передача содержания фрагмента аутентичного художественного текста:** имеется 2-4 серьезных или несколько мелких искажений при передаче информации; имеются серьезные отклонения от нейтрального тона либо серьезные искажения при изложении содержания в 1–2 местах.
14	**Беседа по теме:** Не полный объем высказывания. Высказывание соответствует теме; не отражены некоторые аспекты, указанные в задании, стилевое оформление речи соответствует типу задания, аргументация не всегда на соответствующем уровне, но нормы вежливости соблюдены. Лексические ошибки незначительно влияют на восприятие речи учащегося. Грамматические незначительно влияют на восприятие речи учащегося. **Чтение, перевод и передача содержания фрагмента аутентичного художественного текста социокультурной направленности, понимание которого проверяется в форме беседы по содержанию:** имеется 1–2 серьезных искажения при передаче текста; имеются незначительные ошибки при произношении и лексико-грамматическом оформлении ответа, а также незначительные отклонения от нейтрального тона либо незначительные искажения авторской мысли при переводе.
20	**Беседа по теме:** Соблюден объем высказывания. Высказывание соответствует теме; отражены все аспекты, указанные в задании, стилевое оформление речи соответствует типу задания, аргументация на уровне, нормы вежливости соблюдены. Лексика адекватна поставленной задаче и требованиям данного года обучения языку. Использованы разные грамматические конструкции в соответствии с задачей и требованиям данного года обучения языку. **Чтение, перевод и передача содержания фрагмента аутентичного художественного текста, понимание которого проверяется в форме беседы по содержанию:** вся фактическая информация передана точно и без искажений; изложение нейтрально либо авторская оценка описываемых событий передана правильно; текст перевода связный, структура прозрачная, логика прослеживается, деление на абзацы оправдано.

Итоговая шкала оценивания результатов освоения дисциплины

Итоговая оценка по дисциплине выставляется по приведенной ниже шкале. При выставлении итоговой оценки преподавателем учитывается работа обучающегося в течение освоения дисциплины, а также оценка по промежуточной аттестации

Баллы, полученные по текущему контролю и промежуточной аттестации	Оценка в традиционной системе
81-100	зачтено
61-80	зачтено
41-60	зачтено

0-40	не зачтено

Шкала оценивания экзамена

Баллы	Критерии оценивания
10	**Аудирование:** Ставится обучающемуся, который понял менее 50 % текста и выделил из него менее половины основных фактов ; не смог решить поставленную перед ним речевую задачу. **Чтение, перевод и передача содержания фрагмента аутентичного художественного текста:** имеется 2-4 серьезных или несколько мелких искажений при передаче информации; имеются серьезные отклонения от нейтрального тона либо серьезные искажения при изложении содержания в 1–2 местах. **Беседа по теме:** Незначительный объем высказывания, которое не в полной мере соответствует теме; не отражены некоторые аспекты, указанные в задании, стилевое оформление речи не в полной мере соответствует типу задания, аргументация не на соответствующем уровне, нормы вежливости не соблюдены. Обучающийся делает большое количество грубых лексических ошибок. Обучающийся делает большое количество грубых грамматических ошибок.
20	**Аудирование:** Ставится обучающемуся, который понял только 65 % текста. Отдельные факты понял неправильно. Не сумел полностью решить поставленную перед ним речевую задачу, частично выполнил задание. **Чтение, перевод и передача содержания фрагмента аутентичного художественного текста:** имеется 1–2 серьезных искажения при передаче текста; имеются незначительные ошибки при произношении и лексико-грамматическом оформлении ответа, а также незначительные отклонения от нейтрального тона либо незначительные искажения авторской мысли при переводе. **Беседа по теме:** Не полный объем высказывания. Высказывание соответствует теме; не отражены некоторые аспекты, указанные в задании, стилевое оформление речи соответствует типу задания, аргументация не всегда на соответствующем уровне, но нормы вежливости соблюдены. Лексические ошибки незначительно влияют на восприятие речи учащегося. Грамматические незначительно влияют на восприятие речи учащегося.
30	**Аудирование:** обучающийся понял основные факты сумел выделить отдельную, значимую для себя информацию, догадался о значении части незнакомых слов по контексту Сумел использовать информацию для решения поставленной задачи. **Чтение, перевод и передача содержания фрагмента аутентичного художественного текста:** вся фактическая информация передана точно и без искажений; изложение нейтрально либо авторская оценка описываемых событий передана правильно; текст перевода связный, структура прозрачная, логика прослеживается, деление на абзацы оправдано. **Беседа по теме:** Соблюден объем высказывания. Высказывание соответствует теме; отражены все аспекты, указанные в задании, стилевое оформление речи соответствует типу задания, аргументация на уровне, нормы вежливости соблюдены. Лексика адекватна поставленной задаче и требованиям данного года обучения языку. Использованы разные грамматические конструкции в соответствии с задачей и

	требованиям данного года обучения языку.

Итоговая шкала оценивания результатов освоения дисциплины

Итоговая оценка по дисциплине выставляется по приведенной ниже шкале. При выставлении итоговой оценки преподавателем учитывается работа обучающегося в течение освоения дисциплины, а также оценка по промежуточной аттестации

Баллы, полученные по текущему контролю и промежуточной аттестации	Оценка в традиционной системе
81-100	отлично
61-80	хорошо
41-60	удовлетворительно
0-40	не удовлетворительно