

**O'ZBEKISTON RESPUBLIKASI OLIY VA
O'RTA MAXSUS TA'LIM VAZIRLIGI
SAMARQAND DAVLAT CHET TILLAR INSTITUTI**

**English for teenager
learners**
(O'quv-uslubiy qo'llanma)

Samarqand – 2013

Ingliz tili fanidan iqtidorli talabalar bilan ishlash mashg'ulotlari uchun Uslubiy qo'llanma. – Samarqand, - SamDChTI nashri, 2013 – 66 bet.

Tuzuvchilar: SamDChTI fakultetlararo chet tili kafedrasida katta o'qituvchisi, filologiya fanlari nomzodi
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Ushbu uslubiy qo'llanma o'quv yurtlarida ingliz tili fanidan iqtidorli talabalar bilan ishlash, va ularda mustaqil ta'limni tashkil etish, zamonaviy ped texnologiyalarni qo'llashni samaradorligini oshirishga qaratilgan. Berilgan uslubiy tavsiyalardan amaliy mashg'ulotlarda unumli foydalanish va talabalarni o'zlashtirish darajasini yuksaltirish maqsadida foydalansa bo'ladi.

Qo'llanma ingliz tili fanidan dars beradigan o'qituvchilar va talabalarga mo'ljallangan.

SamDChTI ilmiy kengashi tomonidan yil 29 mart kuni kuni yig'ilishining 7-son bayonnomasi bilan nashrga tavsiya etilgan

Introduction

Language is the chief means by which the human personality expresses itself and fulfills its basic need for social interaction with other persons. Robert Lado wrote that language functions owing to the language skills. A person who knows a language perfectly uses a thousand and one grammar lexical, phonetic rules when he is speaking. Language skills help us to choose different words and models in our speech. However, no one knows exactly how people learn languages although a great deal of research has been done into the subject. Many methods have been proposed for the teaching of foreign language. And they have met with varying degrees of success and failure. Some have had their heyday and have fallen into relative obscurity; others are widely used now; still others have a small following, but contribute insights that may be absorbed into the generally accepted mix.

The presidential decree under number 18/75 underlines the fact that basic knowledge of English is taught in educational establishments must be renovated, makes us find out methods of teaching suitable for the teaching at schools, liceums and universities mentioning the level of students. Given brochure, dedicating for self study students and for special extra curriculum courses at educational establishments includes activities and materials which can develop not only language skills of pupils, but also improve speech activities of them.

In the given brochure we have implemented various methods and ways of teaching: both historical and modern ones. We tried to give detailed materials to work with conversant students of all levels.

The aim of this work was to introduce the modern approaches to teaching process so that to make it easy to perceive for those willing to keep up their educational and scientific carrier in the science of English language, it was purposed to broaden their view on ways of teaching and peculiar features.

Theme one
About myself

Hi!

My name is _____. I come from _____. I live in _____.
I am _____ years old. I have a _____.
Her name is _____, and she is _____ years old.

My favourite food is _____. I also like to eat _____
and _____, but I don't like _____ and I never eat _____.

My favourite drink is _____. I also like to drink _____
and _____. I don't like _____.



My favourite TV show is _____.

My favourite film star is _____.

My favourite colour is _____. I also like _____
colour. I never wear _____.

My favourite toy is _____. I also like to
play with _____ and _____,
but I don't like _____.



My favourite season is _____.

During _____
I go _____ and I can play _____.
I also like _____,
but I don't like _____.



About myself

Let me introduce myself, My name is Zafar. I'm sixteen years old. I'm at 1st course at academic liceum. I'm tall, slender, dark-haired boy with brown eyes.

I live in Samarkand. I have a brother and a sister. My elder brother Akbar is twenty, he studies at the Uzbekistan National University, and he will be a lawyer. My younger sister Aziza is ten, she studies at school. By the way, we have one more member of our family, cat Qoravoy. We love him very much.

My Mum is forty-two, she is a Spanish teacher. My Dad is forty-five, he is a computer programmer.

My grandparents are already retired. My Grandma likes gardening, and Grandpa likes fishing. They live in our city and visit us at weekends.

I have many friends. We spend a lot of time together. We play football, volleyball, basketball. In summer we like swimming in river and lakes.

Besides Liceum, I go in for sports. I play tennis. It's exciting game, and I like it very much. Sometimes I take part in different tennis competition.

Soon I will graduate a school and I have to choose a profession. However, I have many interests and hobbies, for example, sports, travelling, music, so it's not so easy to choose an occupation. My parents want me to be a computer programmer, like my Dad.

Grammar notes

	A (an,the) + ot Prepos. + ot	Ot o'zidan oldin artikl va predlog olishi mumkin	A table, the table, on the table,
		Otning vazifasi	
	Ega		The train leaves at six o'clock.
	Ot kesim tarkibida		He is a teacher .
	To'ldiruvchi		I've received a telegram . We've sent the buyers a telegram. I'll speak to the manager .
	Aniqllovchi		This is the manager's room.
	Hol		There is a hospital in the village .

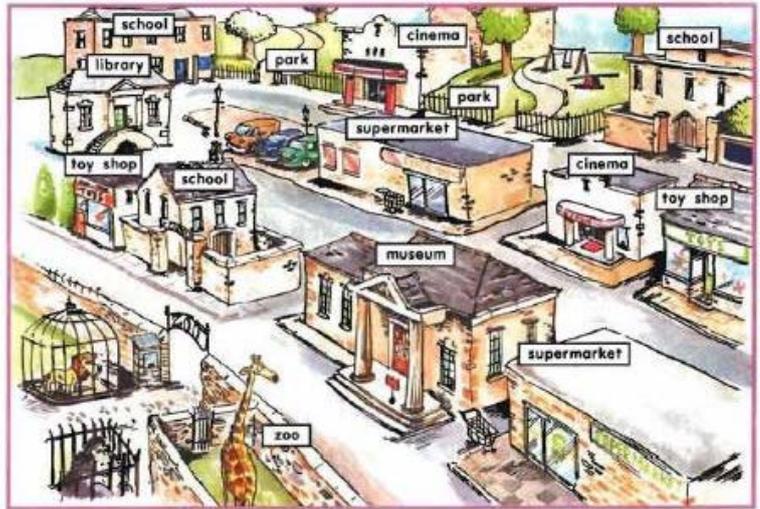
Exercise 1

1. How many (cinema) are there in London?
2. How many (fly) have you swatted?
3. How many (house) are there in your street?
4. Is your cat catching (mouse)?
5. How many (goose) do you have on your farm?
6. Where do (moose) live?
7. How many (fish) are there in the sea?
8. How many (abbey) are there in the UK?
9. How many (pencil case) do we have in stock?
10. How many (sheep) do you have on your farm?

Theme Two My city

CORRECT THE WRONG SENTENCES

- 1-THE PARK IS BETWEEN THE SCHOOL AND THE CINEMA.
- 2-THE TOY SHOP IS BEHIND THE LIBRARY.
- 3.THERE ARE FOUR CARS NEXT TO THE SUPERMARKET.
- 4-THERE ARE TWO LIONS IN THE ZOO.
- 5-THERE ARE TWO PARKS IN THE CITY.
- 6- THE ZOO IS OPPOSITE THE MUSEUM



COMPLETE THE SENTENCES USING THE PREPOSITIONS OF PLACE

OPPOSITE - NEXT TO - BEHIND - BETWEEN - NEAR

- 1-THE SCHOOL ISTHE PARK
- 2-THE CINEMA ISTHE SUPERMARKET AND THE TOY SHOP
- 3-THE TOY SHOP ISTHE SCHOOL.
- 4-THE ZOO ISTHE MUSEUM
- 5-THE CAR PARK ISTHE SUPERMARKET
- 6- THE TOY SHOP IS.....THE SUPERMARKET

COMPLETE THE SENTENCES USING THE WORDS FROM THE BOX

ZOO-BEHIND - SCHOOLS - SMALL - IS - I -READ - IN SUPERMARKET - QUIET - GIRAFFE - ZOOKEEPER -CAR PARK

MY CITY ISAND.....THERE IS A.....OPPOSITE THE MUSEUM.MY FATHER WORKS THERE. HE IS THE..... I LOVE ANIMALS. MY FAVOURITE ANIMAL IS THE.....THERE ARE THREE.....IN MY CITY. MY SCHOOL ISTHE LIBRARYTHE AFTERNOON,..... GO TO THE LIBRARY.THERE ARE INTERESTING BOOKS TO.....
MY MOTHER DOES THE SHOPPING IN THE..... THE SUPERMARKET IS NEXT TO THE.....

READ THE DESCRIPTIONS AND MATCH

- 1- YOU CAN SEE ANIMALS HERE
- 2-KIDS LEARN SUBJECTS HERE
- 3-YOU CAN BUY TOYS HERE
- 4-YOU CAN BUY FOOD HERE
- 5-YOU CAN BORROW BOOKS HERE
- 6-KIDS PLAY HERE
- 7- YOU CAN SEE FILMS HERE

- A-PARK
- B-SUPERMARKET
- C-LIBRARY
- D-TOY SHOP
- E-ZOO
- F-SCHOOL
- G-CINEMA

COMPLETE THE QUESTIONS USING THE QUESTION WORDS FROM THE BOX.

**WHERE(2) IS THERE(2) WHAT
HOW MANY IS ARE THERE**

- 1- TWO CINEMAS IN THE CITY ? YES, THERE ARE.
- 2-.....SCHOOLS ARE THERE IN THE CITY? THERE ARE THREE
- 3-.....IS THE ZOO? IT IS OPPOSITE THE MUSEUM.
- 4-..... A CAR PARK ? YES, THERE IS.
- 5-.....CAN YOU DO IN THE LIBRARY? I CAN READ BOOKS-
- 6-.....DOES THE FATHER WORK? HE WORKS IN THE ZOO.
- 7-..... A THEATRE IN THE CITY? NO, THERE ISN'T.
- 8-..... THE CITY NOISY? NO, IT ISN'T.

Discussion Words:

pavement	optician's	school	college
bed and	building site	community	village
breakfast	mosque	centre	town hall
office	clothes shop	building	lake
bakery	football	cathedral	bridge
apartment	stadium	traffic lights	police station
block	post office	department	holiday resort
bank	casino	store	public toilets
church	library	market place	city
bookshop	river	chemist	tax office
bus stop	tennis court	university	

General Questions:

1. Are there any words that you don't know? Use a dictionary to find the meanings.
2. Take some cards. Describe the word on a card without saying it.
3. How many words have... a) 1 syllable, b) 2 syllables, c) 3 syllables, d) 4 syllables, e) 5 syllables, f) 6 syllables?
4. Put words with more than one syllable into groups according to where the strong stress falls.
5. Put the words into alphabetical order.
6. Put together words that have the same number of letters.
7. Put together words that start with the same letter.
8. How many words can you remember when they are all turned over?

My city

Uzbekistan Republic is one of the four Republics of Central Asia. Uzbekistan is situated between the Amu Darya and Syr Darya, the greatest Asian rivers. It is the region of flat-lands, mountains and deserts. The territory of the Republic covers 447,4 thousand square kilometers and is larger than Great Britain or Italy. The Republic consists of 12 regions and the Karakalpak Republic. There are about 80 towns and 86 settlements of urban type here.

The climate is continental. A great number of bright sunny days are good for cotton growing. Uzbekistan is one of the most important producers of cotton and silk. If you look at the map of the Uzbek Republic you will see coal, oil and natural gas resources, deposits of marble, non-ferrous and other metals including gold.

Uzbekistan is the land of ancient culture. At the present time more than 200,000 tourists almost from 80 countries visit Uzbekistan every year. They want to see the remarkable monuments of the past in Bukhara, Samarkand, Khiva, Tashkent.

Samarkand is one of the oldest and most important cities amongst the many in the historic region of Central Asia known as Transoxiana. Located in the Zerafshan River valley, the city enjoys the benefits of abundant natural resources and occupies as well a key place on the trade routes of Central Asia.

The Zerafshan is fed by the snow melt from mountains to the south and east (shown here from the air) and flows into the Oxus (Amu Darya). Those who ruled Samarkand developed a complex network of irrigation channels, as shown in this map. As we know from the authors of historic accounts, its surroundings also provided pastureland, something that is evident even today if we look south from the highlands to the east of the city.

Lesson Questions:

1. Where could I go to have my eyes tested and buy some new glasses?
2. a) Put together all the places where I could buy something and think of 5 more kinds of shop. b) What could I buy at each place?
3. Where could I buy some cakes?
4. Put together the places where I could study.
5. Which place is especially for tourists?

Grammar notes:

	Atoqli ot	Alohida shaxs yoki buyumning nomi	Karim, Salim, Nigora, London, Uzbekistan
	Turdosh otlar	Alohida buyumlar	A tree, a pen, a book
		Moddiy otlar	Water, wool
		Mavhum otlar	Honesty, bravery, love, work, history
	Donalab sanaladigan otlar-	Alohida buyumlar	I have bought a book . I have bought two books . There is a library in this street.
		Moddadan yasalgan bu-yumni yoki moddaning sortini bildiradi va sanaladigan otga aylanadi	He carried a brick . The boy threw a stone into the water. It is a good wine .
		Mavhum ot konkretlashadi va donalab sanaladigan otga aylanadi	He made a speech yesterday.
	Donalab sanalmaydigan otlar	Moddiy otlar	Coal is produced in many districts of our country.
		Mavhum otlar	Knowledge is power .

Exercise 1. Make up sentences by putting in the sentence order.

- 1) It, take, please.
- 2) Go, they, to, school.
- 3) Live, we, Samarqand, in.
- 4) Up, Stand, please.
- 5) Go, please, home.
- 6) Book, this, take.
- 7) Write, I, book, my.
- 8) Read, book, my.

Theme three

My family



READ THE DESCRIPTIONS AND find them in the picture

1-I'M LUCY. I HAVE GOT RED HAIR. I'M WEARING A YELLOW DRESS, A GREEN SCARF AND BLACK SHOES

2-MY FATHER'S NAME IS ALAN. HE HAS GOT DARK HAIR. HE IS WEARING A GREEN SWEATER AND BLACK JEANS

3-MY MOTHER'S NAME IS RENATA. SHE HAS RED HAIR. SHE IS WEARING A LIGHT GREEN SHIRT, A LIGHT GREEN SKIRT AND LIGHT GREEN SHOES.

4-THE TWINS' NAME ARE WALTER AND JIM. THEY HAVE GOT BLONDE HAIR. THEY ARE WEARING STRIPED SWEATERS AND BLUE JEANS.

5-MY AUNT'S NAME IS LILI. SHE HAS GOT DARK HAIR. SHE'S WEARING A LIGHT BLUE T-SHIRT AND RED TROUSERS

6-MY GRANDMOTHER'S NAME IS ANNA. SHE HAS GOT WHITE HAIR. SHE IS WEARING A GREY DRESS AND BLACK SHOES

7-MY GRANDFATHER'S NAME IS TOM. HE HAS GOT GREY HAIR AND GREY MOUSTACHES. HE IS WEARING AN ORANGE SWEATER, GREEN TROUSERS AND BROWN SHOES

8-MY BABY BROTHER'S NAME IS NICOLE. SHE HAS GOT BLONDE HAIR

WRITE THE RELATIONSHIP NEXT TO THE SENTENCES

**WIFE – GRANDFATHER – AUNT – HUSBAND
– COUSINS –
GRANDMOTHER – DAUGHTER**

1-LILI IS MY MOTHER'S SISTER. SHE IS MY

2-THE TWINS ARE LILI'S CHILDREN. THEY ARE MY

3-TOM IS MY FATHER'S FATHER. HE IS MY

4-ANNA IS MY FATHER'S MOTHER. SHE IS MY

5-NICOLE IS MY SISTER. SHE IS MY PARENTS'

6-MY MOTHER IS MY FATHER'S

7-MY FATHER IS MY MOTHER'S

ANSWER THE QUESTIONS

1-WHERE IS THE FAMILY?

2-IS THE FATHER IN THE LIVING-ROOM TOO?

3-WHERE IS HE?

4-WHAT IS HE DOING?

5-WHAT'S THE TIME?

Discussion Words:

mother	dad	family
son	nephew	fiancée
grandchild	mum	sister-in-law
father-in-law	uncle	cousin
girl	woman	father
niece	grandson	husband
granddad	daughter	sister
child	parent	boy
grandma	brother	fiancé
brother-in-law	baby	wife
mother-in-law	exaunt	granddaughter

General Questions:

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5. Put the words into alphabetical order.
6. Put together words that have the same number of letters.
7. Put together words that start with the same letter.
8. How many words can you remember when they are all turned over?

My Family

I am Temur Sattorov. Temur is my name and Sattorov is my surname. I am seventeen years old. I want to tell you a few words about my family. My family is not large. I have got mother, father and grandmother. There are four of us in the family.

First of all some words about my parents. My mother is a teacher of biology. She works in a school. She likes her profession. She is a good-looking woman with brown hair. She is 44 but she looks much younger.

My father is programmer. He is forty-six. My father often sings and when we are at home and have some free time I play guitar and we sing together. He is also handy with many things. When he was small he liked to take everything to pieces. My grandmother told me a story that once my father tried to repair their kitchen clock but without success. They had to give it to a repairman. But it happened a long time ago. Now he can fix almost everything.

My parents have been married for 18 years. They have much in common, but they have different views on music, books, and films. For example my father likes horror films and my mother likes soap operas. My father is fond of tennis. My mother doesn't go in for sports.

My parents are hard working people. My mother keeps house and takes care of my father and me. She is very good at cooking. My grandmother is a pensioner. She lives with us and helps to run the house. She is fond of knitting.

I want to become a student. I'd like to learn foreign languages. I always try to be in a good mood.

We have got a lot of relatives.

Theme Four

Food and drink



WRITE COUNTABLE (C) OR UNCOUNTABLE (U) NEXT TO THE WORDS

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| 1-.....SALT | 8-.....BANANA |
| 2-.....WATER | 9-.....EGGS |
| 3-.....CEREALS | 10-.....YOGHURT |
| 4-.....ORANGE | 11-.....EGG PLANT |
| 5-.....CHEESE | 12-..... |
|WATERMELON | |
| 6-.....FISH | 13-.....CARROT |
| 7-.....MEAT | 14-.....PEPPER |
| | 15-.....MILK |

LOOK AT THE PICTURE AND COMPLETE THE SENTENCES USING THERE IS/ISN'T, THERE ARE/AREN'T

- 1-.....SOME SALT
- 2-.....ANY COFFEE
- 3-.....SOME MEAT
- 4-.....TWO CARROTS
- 5-.....ANY TOMATOES
- 6-.....SOME WATER
- 7-.....THREE EGGS
- 8-.....AN EGG PLANT
- 9-.....SOME CHEESE
- 10-.....ANY SUGAR
- 11-.....SOME CEREALS
- 12-.....A LEMON
- 13-.....ANY BISCUITS
- 14-.....AN ORANGE
- 15-.....SOME PEPPER

CHOOSE THE RIGHT OPTION SOME OR ANY, A OR AN

- 1-THERE ISMILK
- 2-THERE AREN'TAPPLES
- 3-IS THERE.....ORANGE?
- 4-THERE AREEGGS
- 5-THERE ISMEAT
- 6- ARE THERECARROTS?
- 7-THERE ISN'TCOFFEE
- 8-WOULD YOU LIKECHEESE?
- 9-THERE ISSALT
- 10-IS THEREYOGHURT?
- 11-ARE THERETOMATOES?
- 12-T HERE ISEGG PLANT
- 13- THERE ISN'TRICE
- 14-THERE AREFISH
- 15-THERE ISWATERMELON

COMPLETE THE PARAGRAPH WITH ONE OF THESE WORDS

**VEGETARIAN DESSERT RESTAURANT
STARTER
EAT OUT TAKE-AWAY MAIN COURSE COOK**

IF YOU ARE AYOU AVOID EATING MEAT. ALTHOUGH MANY.....OFFER VEGETARIAN MENUS. A THREE COURSE MEAL BEGINS WITH.....THEN THE.....FOLLOWS AND FINALLY THEIF YOU ARE TIRED TO OR TOO BUSY TO..... YOU MAYOR GET ATO EAT AT HOME.

COMPLETE THE SENTENCES WITH A SUITABLE WORD:

**ADD BAKE BOIL CHOP FRY MIX
PEEL ROAST**

- 1- JOHN DECIDED TOTHE BEEF FOR TWO HOURS.
- 2- PUT THE MILK AND FLOUR IN A BOWL ANDTHEM.
- 3-THE ONIONS INTO SMALL PIECES.
- 4-TASTE THE SAUCE ANDSALT IF NECESSARY.
- 5-THE POTATOES, AND THEN PUT THEM IN WATER.
- 6- I WANT TOA CAKE FOR THIS WEEKEND.
- 7-THE RICE FOR TEN MINUTES.

Discussion Words:

milk

carrot

rice

soup

orange

bread

tomato

banana

pizza

mineral water

fruit

cereal

meal

sausage

potato

wine

crisps

cheese

lemonade

lamb

onion

nut

butter

fruit juice

meat

chocolate

fish

flour

vegetable

chicken

Discussion Questions:

1. What is your favourite food?

Why do you like it? How often do you eat it? What is your favourite drink?

Why?

2. What is your least favourite food?

Why don't you like it? What is your least favourite drink? Why?

3. Where do you shop for food and drink?

Do you enjoy food shopping? How long does it take you normally?

4. What do you think about vegetarians? Are you a vegetarian, or do you know anyone who is? What do you / they eat?

5. What do you eat for... a) breakfast, b) lunch, c) dinner, d) a snack?

6. Are you hungry? Are you thirsty?

7. Do you watch cookery programmes on TV? What do you think of them?

8. If your favourite film star asked you to make them a sandwich, what would you put in it?

My favorite food

There is a good proverb that I like very much: "We eat to live, but do not live to eat." I think this is true because food is something that we need to stay alive. Food is a source of energy. Nevertheless I like eating tasty food even though I am not much into it. So, for some people food is a source of pleasure, too. But the food that we eat should also be healthy.

I eat similar food every day. It is usually very simple. My daily meal consists of light breakfast, lunch (at school), dinner and supper.

In the morning I usually have some tea with cheeseburgers or hamburgers, some porridge or cottage cheese with sugar or jam.

I like tea with toast and home-made jam. I have a sweet tooth, so I like chocolate and different cakes, sweets very much.

I usually have lunch at school – it's juice or tea and sandwiches that I take from home. I can also go to a canteen.

For dinner when I come home I have vegetable soup. Actually I don't like soup. But I have to eat it because it's healthy. But when I come to my granny I can't stop trying her specialty - borsch or shi. Soup with meat balls that my mom cooks is my favourite. I can also have a salad or fried fish. I usually do not have desserts. Maybe some green or black tea with lemon.

For supper we usually have different kinds of potato dishes or pasta. I like meat very much. But I also like fish and other sea products – shrimps, squids, salmon and mackerel.

Well, of course, my family likes to try new dishes. So my mom always invents a new salad or cooks a new an interesting recipe if she has time on weekends.

I try not to eat just before I go to bed.

Lesson Questions:

1. Which foods do you like? Which foods don't you like? Which foods haven't you tried?
2. Put all the vegetables together in one group and think of 5 more vegetables.
3. Which foods are often served in Italian restaurants?
4. Put all the drinks together in one group and think of 5 more drinks.
5. Which food can be boiled, fried, scrambled, poached, or made into an omelette?

Grammar notes:

	A, an - noaniq artikl	One bir so'zidan kelib chiq-qan, donalab sanaladigan birlikdagi otlar oldida ishlatiladi	A house, a book, a student
	An	Unli tovush bilan boshlangan so'zlar oldida ishlatiladi	An apple, an arm, an old man, an hour, an uncle
	A	Qolgan hollarda ishlatiladi	A union, a university, a hunter, a baook
	The	That o'sha olmoshidan	

Exercise 1

1. Would you like coffee?
2. Do you want apple? No, thanks.
3. I'd like cornflakes, please.
4. Please, give me sandwich.
5. There is milk in the fridge.
6. We need eggs to bake a cake.
7. Oh, yeah, there is orange juice left.
8. Would you like toast?
9. Take butter!
10. There is egg on the floor.

Theme Five

Shops and shopping

Customer Good morning!
Shop assistant Good morning! Can I help you?
Customer Yes, please. Do you have a . . . (any . . .)?
Shop assistant Sorry! I don't have any But I have a (some) nice . . .
. . .
Do you want a . . . (any)?
Customer Yes, please!
Shop assistant Here you are!
Customer Thank you!
Shop assistant You are welcome!

Mr. Black I'd like some apples, please.
Shop assistant What apples would you like: green, red or yellow?
Mr. Black Green, please.
Shop assistant How many apples would you like?
Mr. Black Can I have five apples?
Shop assistant Of course.

Customer Good morning!
Shop assistant Good morning!
Customer I want a loaf of bread, please.
Shop assistant Here you are.
Customer Thank you.
Shop assistant Do you want anything else?
Customer Yes. I'd like a bottle of milk, a packet of sugar
pounds of
apples and two cans of Cola-Cola. How much is all that?
Shop assistant Five pounds fifty, please.
Customer Here's six pounds.
Shop assistant That's 50 pence change. Thank you very much and come
again.



SHOPS AND SHOPPING

There are different kinds of shops. Some of them sell bread. Others have tea, sugar, coffee, butter, cheese, sausages, meal, and fruit.

When we want to buy something, we take our shopping-bag and go to a shop. There we can see shop-girls and shop men who sell things.

Many people do their shopping at the market. There the farmers sell the vegetables and fruit which they grow themselves. They sell meat, milk and other things too.

Large shops with many departments are department stores. In these stores we can buy almost all we want. In the windows we see all the things which they sell there – food, suits, dresses, coats, boots, shoes, radio and TV sets and many other things.

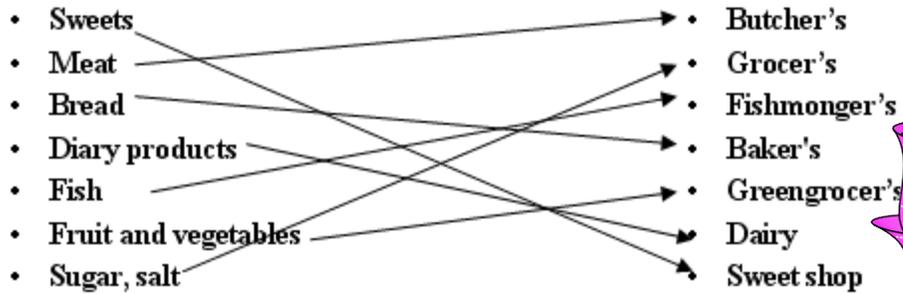
Shops are very important in our life.

In the past there were no supermarkets ['su:pəma:kits] in Great Britain, but there were a lot of small shops.

Fifty years ago people went to the shops almost every day. They went to the butcher's to buy meat. They went to the grocer's for tea, sugar, flour and cheese. They bought butter and milk at the dairy. They bought bread at the baker's. They bought fruit and vegetables at the greengrocer's. Customers pointed to all the packets, bottles, boxes, cans, cartons, jars, and tins they wanted to buy.

Shop	(Am.E. Store)
chemist's (shop)	drugstore, pharmacy
bakery, baker's (shop)	
grocer's/grocery (shop)	grocery store, grocer's
toyshop	
bookshop	bookshop, bookstore
butcher's (shop)	
shoe shop	shoe store
fish shop, fishmonger's (shop)	
shopping centre	(shopping) mall
department store	
supermarket	
jeweller's (shop), jewellery shop	jewelry store, jeweler's

We buy . . . at the . . .



We buy bread at bakery ['beikəri] = the baker's
 meat at a butchery ['butʃəri] = the butcher's
 fish at a fishmongery ['fiʃmʌŋgəri] = the fishmonger's
 butter and milk at a dairy [dæəri]
 vegetables at a greengrocery ['gri:ngrouəsəri] = the greengrocer's
 tobacco at a tobacco shop / the tobacconist's

Put the words in the box in the right column.

cheese a shirt fruit mushrooms cereal jumper a film
 aspirin a dress soap toothpaste shorts shampoo a suit

Clothes shop

Food

Chemist's

Look at the phrases from a conversation between a shop assistant and a customer.

Who says which phrase?

E.g.: Can I help you? – Shop assistant

1. Can I try it on?
2. It suits you.
3. It doesn't fit me.
4. It looks nice.
5. The changing rooms are over there.
6. How much is it?
7. I'm just looking, thanks.

Answer the following questions:

1. Do you like to go shopping?
2. Is there a shop near your house?
3. How often do you go shopping?
4. Do you prefer supermarkets? Why?
5. When do you like to do the shopping on weekdays or at the weekend?
6. Do you agree that women are fonder of shopping than men?
7. What do you usually buy?
8. Where can you buy it / them?
9. What is your favourite shop?



Answer the questions:

1. Where can you buy medicine?
2. Where can you buy pens and pencils?
3. Where can you watch a film?
4. Can you buy sausages at the grocer's?
5. Can you buy fruit at the greengrocer's?
6. Where can you read books?
7. Can you buy newspapers at the bookshop?
8. Where can you buy sweets?
9. Can you buy a cake at the baker's?
10. Where can you buy a bike?

Write the dialogue in order:

- _____ You: Yes, I'm looking for a T-shirt.
_____ You: I'm small.
_____ Shop-assistant: Can I help you?
- _____ You: Yes, that's nice, can I try it on?
_____ Shop-assistant: What size are you?
- _____ You: Perfect, I'll take it. How much is it?
_____ Shop-assistant: Certainly, madam. How does it fit?
- _____ Shop-assistant: It's \$ 20. How would you like to pay?
- _____ You: Here is my credit card.
_____ You: Thanks. Goodbye.
_____ Shop-assistant: Thank you. Have a nice day.
- _____ You: Do you take credit cards?
_____ Shop-assistant: Yes, we do.
- _____ Shop-assistant: How about this one?



Theme six

Health

Grammar notes:

Artiklning ishlatilmasligi

1	<p><i>Next – kelasi; last – o‘tgan ma’nosida ishlatilganida, quyidagi birikmalarda artiklsiz ishlatiladi:</i></p> <p>next week – kelasi hafta, next month – kelasi oy, next year – kelasi yil, last week – o‘tgan hafta, last month – o‘tgan oy, last year – o‘tgan yil va boshqa birikmalarda.</p>	<p>I sent her a wire and she met me at the station next day.</p>
2	<p>Otning oldida birorta ko‘rsatkich bo‘lsa artikl ishlatilmaydi:</p>	<p>My room is large. This book is interesting. I want some matches.</p>
3	<p>Donalab sanalmaydigan otlar noaniq artikl ishlatilmaydi:</p>	<p>She was making great progress. They promised Jackson further assistance. Water is necessary for life. I like milk. Salt can be obtained from sea water. This steamer burns oil (and not coal).</p>
4	<p>Donalab sanaladigan, birlikdagi ot biror holatda yagona bo‘lgan mansab yoki unvonni ifodalab, gapda ot-kesim tarki-bida kelsa, izohlovchi bo‘lib kelsa yoki to elect – saylamoq, to appoint – Otayin-lamoq, to make – qilmoq fe’llaridan keyin kelsa artiklsiz ishlatiladi:</p>	<p><i>My brother is chief of this Expedition.</i> <i>We’ll discuss the matter with Mr. Bell, dean of our faculty.</i> He has been appointed captain of the “Minsk”.</p>
5	<p>Salad, steak, coffee kabi moddiy otlar oldida noaniq artikl ishlatilmaydi:</p>	<p>Would you like a cup of coffee?</p>
6	<p>Breakfast, lunch, dinner, supper so‘zlari have fe’li bilan kelganda artiklsiz ishlatiladi:</p>	<p>When do you usually have lunch?</p>

Technology and your Health



I have believed for a while that mobiles, mobile phone masts and another technology is harmful to our health, due to the exposure of radiation. Scientists at the very least think mobile phones should be used as little as possible. They think it is better to be cautious about using mobiles and a lot of scientists believe **they** are harmful to your health. Mobile phones are particularly bad for children. The phone companies will tell you that they are safe. But remember **they** are selling a product so they are hardly going to put you off buying their product by telling you it is unsafe. Where there is a lot of money involved there tends to be corruption. So don't think that they or the government, who get a tax of the money from the use of masts and mobile phones that are put up, have your best interests in mind.

After all people said that smoking, asbestos, a medication called Thalidomide, pesticides and so on were either safe or wouldn't cause you serious harm. However they were wrong as they caused cancer, disability and terrible illnesses.

I think technology will be to the next generation what drink, smoking and drugs have been to previous generations. In fact research claims mobile phones could kill more people than smoking. Wireless (wi-fi) can cause headaches, nausea, tiredness and memory loss in some people. Technology can be particularly hazardous if you are sensitive to **it**. We have so much technology now there is 24 hour television, computers, Nintendo games, phones and so on. It is not just mobiles but Dect phones (cordless) too and on top of all this there is wireless as well. Electrical gadgets in the bedroom can also cause sleep problems. It is best to have no electronic items in your bedroom. But if you can't do without **them** at least make sure you don't have a computer, cordless phone or mobile in **your** bedroom or at least make sure that are turned off. Cordless phones emit a high amount of radiation this is because they have to be on all the time so that the phone can be charged up. If you didn't do **this** the phone wouldn't work. So keep your technology use to a limited amount of time each day. Particularly keep your use of mobile phones to a minimum and use a landline instead, because mobile phones can cause cancerous brain tumours if they are used for a long period of time over the years.

A) Say who or what the following words refer to.

1. they -----
2. they -----
3. it -----
4. them -----
5. your -----
6. this -----
7. it -----

B) Match the equivalent words.

- | | | | |
|-----------|---|---|---------------|
| a while | ● | ● | careful |
| harmful | ● | ● | secure |
| cautious | ● | ● | some time |
| safe | ● | ● | exhaustion |
| tiredness | ● | ● | release |
| emit | ● | ● | without wires |
| wireless | ● | ● | dangerous |

C) Say if the following statements are True or False. Correct the false ones.

1. The author of the text is against the use of technology.

2. We should use mobile phones as much as possible.

3. Scientists consider mobile phones shouldn't be used by children.

4. Scientists and phone companies' opinion on mobile security diverge.

5. Research claims smoking kills much more than mobile phone use.

6. Electrical appliances in the bedroom are advisable.

D) Answer the following questions about the text.

1. What's the author's position about the use of technology?

2. Why do phone companies say mobile phone use is safe?

3. Which symptoms may wireless cause in human beings?

4. Why does the author advise us not to have turned on wireless gadgets in our bedrooms?

5. Which possible hazard may excess use of mobiles cause?

6. Which piece of advice does the author give at the end of the text?

E) Topics for discussion.

1. Have you got a mobile phone?

2. How many hours a day do you spend talking on your mobile?

3. Could you do without it?

4. What's your opinion about the subject raised in the text?

5. Have you ever felt some of the symptoms the text refers?

6. What are the advantages and disadvantages of mobile phones?

7. Are you worried about radiation from your mobile phone?

8. At what age do you think you should be allowed to have a mobile phone?

9. What could happen if mobile phones were banned?

Theme seven

Transport

Grammar notes:

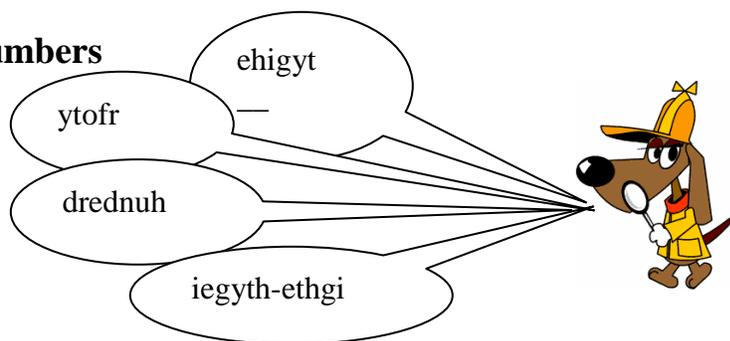
Son (The numeral)

1. Buyumning miqdori yoki tartibini bildirgan soʻzlar sonlardir.
2. Sonlar sanoq sonlar (Cardinal Numerals) va tartib sonlarga (Ordinal Numerals) boʻlinadi.
3. Sanoq sonlar shaxs yoki buyumlarning miqdorini bildirib how many? nechta? soʻrogʻiga javob boʻladi. Masalan: one , two, three va hok..
4. Tartib sonlar predmetlarning tartibini bildiradi va which? qaysi? nechanchi? soʻrogʻiga javob boʻladi. Masalan: first birinchi, second ikkinchi, third uchinchi va hok.

SANOQ SONLAR (CARDINAL NUMERALS)

1-12	13-19	20-90	100 va boshqa sonlar
1 one	13 thirteen	20 twenty	100 a (one) hundred
2 two	14 fourteen	21 twenty-one	101 a (one) hundred and one
3 three	15 fifteen	22 twenty-two	102 a (one) hundred and two va h.
4 four	16 sixteen	va h.	200 two hundred
5 five	17 seventeen	30 thirty	300 three hundred
6 six	18 eighteen	40 forty	400 four hundred va h.
7 seven	19 nineteen	50 fifty	1,000 a (one) thousand
8 eight		60 sixty	1,001 a (one) thousand and one
9 nine		70 seventy	1,250 a (one) thousand two hundred and fifty
10 ten		80 eighty	2,000 two thousand
11 eleven		90 ninety	2.235 two thousand two hundred and thirty-five
12 twelve			3,000 three thousand
			100,000 a (one) hundred thousand
			1,000,000 a (one) million
			1,000,000,000 a (one) milliard (Angliyada); a (one) billion (AQShda)

Find the numbers



Discussion Words:

fare	train	ship
petrol pump	commuter	road sign
tyre	engine	reservation
boat	aeroplane	motorbike
ticket	ferry	flight
bus	tractor	service station
take-off	car	airport
motorway	taxi	roundabout
fine	cancellation	garage
cruise	bike	runway
passenger	emergency exit	van
canoe	driving licence	journey
station	car park	
driver	road	

General Questions:

1. Are there any words that you don't know? Use a dictionary to find the meanings.
2. Take some cards. Describe the word on a card without saying it.
3. How many words have... a) 1 syllable, b) 2 syllables, c) 3 syllables, d) 4 syllables, e) 6 syllables?
4. Put words with more than one syllable into groups according to where the strong stress falls.
5. Put the words into alphabetical order.
6. Put together words that have the same number of letters.
7. Put together words that start with the same letter.
8. How many words can you remember when they are all turned over?



Conversation cards

How do you get to school?
(or)
How do you get to work?

How long does it take you to
get here?
(e.g. 5 minutes, 20 minutes, 1 hour)

How far do you live from
here?
(e.g. 200 metres, 10 kilometres)

Do you (or your parents)
have a car?
Talk about it.

How often do you take a
taxi?
Are taxis expensive?

What's your favourite form
of transport?
Why?

How often do you use public
transport?
Talk about it.

Which means of public
transport do you know?
Make a list.

Is petrol (gasoline)
expensive where you live?
How can we use less?

Is a car considered a luxury
in your country?
What's your dream car?

How many kinds of transport
have you used?
What's your favourite?

Driving causes pollution.
How can we prevent this?

What do you think is the
safest kind of transport?
Why?

How can we solve the
problem of traffic jams?

Have you ever ridden a
horse? A camel? An
elephant? A motorcycle?

Have you ever been in a
traffic accident? Have you
seen one? Talk about it.

What makes of car are
popular in your country?
(e.g. Toyota, Peugeot, BMW)

Sedan (also saloon), hatchback
or station wagon (also estate).
Which do you prefer? Why?



Lesson Questions:

1. I need this if I want to drive a car or motorbike legally.
2. Which words are modes of transport?
3. What do I use to put fuel into my car?
4. This is very annoying when it happens because it means that you will either have to wait, or change your plans altogether.
5. Where can I go to put fuel into my car and buy a snack or some oil?
6. Which modes of transport have you used and which haven't you used?
7. Which word sounds like... a) wrote, b) fuss, c) very, d) fire, e) pair, f) hike?
8. This is what you are if somebody drives you somewhere.
9. Put the modes of transport in order from slowest to fastest.
10. You might have to pay to leave your car here, or it might be free, if you're lucky!
11. Which vehicle is used by farmers in fields?
12. What do I have to pay if I want to travel on a bus, train, or plane?

Complete the text:

check in	look around	run up	touch down	go off	check
out	set off	come back	see (somebody) off		

Angela and I went to Puerto Rico last year. We _____ at 7am and my parents _____ at the airport. There was a huge queue when we _____ but fortunately we boarded the plane on time. As soon we _____ we went to the hotel, got out our bikinis and _____ to the beach. During the week we had plenty time to _____. We saw the Bacardi Rum Plant, the Ermita Espinar Ruins and the Punta Borinquen Lighthouse. When we _____ we had a shock. We'd _____ a £100 bill at the hotel bar. Oh, well it was worth it. We had so much fun that we didn't want to _____.

Theme eight

Clothes

Grammar notes:

Much va many olmoshlari

1. Much va many olmoshlari olmosh-sifat va olmosh-ot bo'lib keladi.

<p>Much va many olmoshlari <i>ko'p</i> ma'-nosida olmosh-sifat bo'lib keladi. Much donalab sanalmaydigan otlar oldida, many donalab sanaladigan otlar oldida ishlatiladi:</p>	<p>I haven't much work to do to-day. Mening bugun qila-digan ishim ko'p emas. Do you spend much time on your home work? Uy ishingizga Siz ko'p vaqt sarf laysizmi? Has he many friends in London? Uning Londonda do'st-lari ko'pmi? Many people attended the meeting. Yig'ilishda ko'p odam qatnashdi.</p>
<p>Much va many <i>ko'pchilik, ko'pi</i> ma'nosida olmosh-ot bo'lib keladi. Ushbu holda much va manydan keyin ko'pincha of predlogi ishlatiladi:</p>	<p>Much of what you say is true. Aytganlaringizning ko'pi to'g'ri. Much of the work was done before dinner. Ishning ko'pi tushlikdan oldin qilindi. Many of the students of the third course will take part in this work. Uchinchi kurs talabalarining ko'pchiligi bu ishda ishtirok etadilar.</p>
<p>Much va many asosan so'roq va bo'lishsiz gaplarda ishlatiladi:</p>	<p>Have you much work to do to-day? Bugun qiladigan ishingiz ko'pmi? I haven't many French books. Mening ko'p fransuzcha kitoblarim yo'q.</p>
<p>Much va many ega bo'lib kelsa, egaga aniqlovchi bo'lib kelsa yoki very, rather, too, so, as, how so'zlari bilan aniqlanib kelsa bo'lishli gaplarda ishlatiladi:</p>	<p>There are very many illustrations in this magazine. Bu jurnalda ko'p suratlar bor. He has so many friends in London! Uning Londonda do'stlari shuncha-lik ko'p! You spent too much time on this translation. Siz bu tarjimaga juda ko'p vaqt sarfladingiz. Many people attended the meeting yesterday. Kecha yig'ilishda ko'p odam qatnashdi. Much water has flowed under the bridge since that time. O'sha paytdan buyon bu ko'pri ostidan ko'p suv oqib o'tdi.</p>

Write some or any.

1. There ismilk in your mug.
2. There isn'tham for breakfast.
3. There are.....apples in the basket.
4. Are there.....sausages in the fridge?
5. There aren't.....oranges left.
6. There's.....cheese on the table.

Write much or many.

1. How.....sandwiches would you like?
2. How.....jam do you need?
3. How.....tea do you drink for dinner?
4. How.....eggs are there on the table?
5. How.....yoghurt have you got?
6. How.....rolls would you like?

Read the text and then decide whether the statements are true or false.

Hi! My name's Alex. I always have a sandwich and tea for breakfast. My favourite sandwiches are ham and tomatoes sandwiches. They're delicious! And I also like cheese sandwiches. On weekdays I have lunch at school. I take a packed lunch with me. I have some sandwiches, an apple or a banana and I usually drink hot chocolate or tea. For dinner I have jacket potatoes with cheese and some salad, pizza or fish and chips. But I like spaghetti the most because it is my favourite food.

1. He has hot chocolate for breakfast. ___
2. He likes cheese sandwiches. ___
3. He doesn't have fruit for lunch. ___
4. He drinks tea or hot chocolate at school. ___
5. He doesn't eat sandwiches for dinner. ___
6. His favourite food is pizza. ___

Discussion Words:

slipper	trousers	shorts
zip	high heels	knickers
vest	t-shirt	coat
tracksuit	jumper	pyjamas
tie	pants	scarf
buttons	underwear	sock
earring	ring	belt
blouse	necklace	shoe
nightdress	tights	jacket
bra	jeans	top
dress	skirt	trainer
suit	glasses	shirt

General Questions:

1. Are there any words that you don't know? Use a dictionary to find the meanings.
2. Take some cards. Describe the word on a card without saying it.
3. How many words have... a) 1 syllable, b) 2 syllables, c) 3 syllables?
4. Put words with more than one syllable into groups according to where the strong stress falls.
5. Put the words into alphabetical order.
6. Put together words that have the same number of letters.
7. Put together words that start with the same letter.
8. How many words can you remember when they are all turned over?

Phrasal Verbs Relating to Clothes

Circle the phrasal verbs in the following sentences:



1. I think I need to go on a diet. I can't get into my jeans.
2. These jeans are too small for me. I'll give them away to my friend.
3. Do these shoes go with this dress?
4. I'm looking for my slippers. Do you know where they are?
5. It's really difficult to pick out a dress. They're all so beautiful.
6. I need to pick up my suit from the dry cleaners today.
7. Teenagers never put away their clothes.
8. Put on a coat. It's cold.
9. Take off that hat. It looks ridiculous.
10. Don't throw away clothes. Recycle them instead.
11. I always try on shoes before I buy them.
12. Children wear out their clothes quickly because they play so much.

Match the phrasal verbs with their definitions:

Phrasal verb	Meaning
1. take off ____	A. To remove an item of clothing.
2. throw away ____	B. To choose something.
3. try on ____	C. To put something in your wardrobe or drawer.
4. put on ____	D. To coordinate with another item.
5. put away ____	E. To search for something.
6. wear out ____	F. To collect something.
7. give away ____	G. To place an item of clothing on your body.
8. get into ____	H. To ruin an item of clothing through repeated use.
9. pick up ____	I. To donate clothes to another person.
10. pick out ____	J. To fit your body in an item of clothing.
11. look for ____	K. To check an item of clothing fits you.
12. go with ____	L. To dispose of an item of clothing.

Work through these conversation questions with a partner:

1. Have you ever found it difficult to take something off in a changing room?
2. When you put away your clothes in a neat and orderly fashion or throw them in your wardrobe?
3. Do spend a long time picking out clothes when you go shopping?
4. Have you ever bought clothes without trying them on first?
5. How do you choose what to put on in the morning?
6. Do you ever wear clothes until they wear out?
7. How often do you throw away clothes?
8. Do you ever give away your clothes?
9. Of all the items in your wardrobe, what's the most difficult to get into?
10. Do you have anything in your wardrobe that won't go with anything else?

Lesson Questions:

1. I need to do these up to keep my jacket or shirt from being open.
2. You may need to wear these to improve your vision.
3. Put together things that only women can wear or use.
4. Which word sounds like... a) sing, b) press, c) you, d) flipper, e) laugh, f) classes?
5. You could wear these if you were going jogging, or exercising at the gym.
6. This is a kind of shirt that women can wear.
7. Which words are kinds of jewellery?
8. What can be worn under a shirt?

Theme Nine

The world of books

Discussion Words:

Novel	front cover	paragraph
chapter	genre	ebook
non-fiction	story	introduction
fantasy	plot	page
bookshop	title	poetry
paperback	fiction	literature
author	thriller	quotation
romance	spine	contents
science fiction	play	translation
library	hardback	autobiography
word index	character	back cover
illustration	biography	reader

Discussion Questions

1. What is your favourite book? Why? What is it about? When did you read it? Why you were first attracted to it? Have you read any other books by the same author? What is the worst book that you've ever read? Why? Did you finish it?
2. Who is your favourite author? Why do you like them? What kind of books do they write? Tell me about some of them. Describe how you imagine they would spend a typical day.
3. How important is reading? Should children read more often, e.g. at home as well as at school? How can we encourage children to read more? What benefits does reading give an individual?
4. Do libraries do a good job? What services do they offer? What new services should they provide? When did you last visit a library? Why did you go? Have you ever been told to be quiet in a library? Tell me some of the things that people shouldn't do in a library. Have you ever done any of them?
5. Do you have a book in you? If you could write a book, what kind of book (genre) would it be? Why? What audience would it be aimed at? Tell me an outline of the story, or subject matter. What would you include in the book? Would it have any illustrations? If yes, what?

Read the text and give your attitude to books.

Books... We can't live without them. Books are our friends during all life. They are the source of knowledge and the means of self-perfection. In ancient times books were written by hand. It was difficult to write a book with a pen. Then printing came into our life. Printing played an important role in the development of literature and culture. Now there are a lot of books of different genres to read in the shops, there are many books in our flats. Perhaps, there are more books on our planet than men alive. But it is difficult to buy all books which we want to read. That's why we get books in public libraries. Nowadays many of them can be seen and read in the Net. When you have some problems and it is difficult to solve them, books can always help you. They'll always stay a spiritual treasure for people, despite of numerous gadgets of our modern life. The proverb says "A room without books is a body without a soul". It's really so.

Types of books

1. Novels of everyday life
2. Adventure stories
3. Love stories
4. Historical novels
5. Travel books
6. Detective stories
7. Science fiction
8. Fantasy
9. Reminiscences
10. Social novels
11. Psychological drama
12. Folklore

Work in pairs. Ask and answer the questions

1. Are you fond of reading?
2. What kind of reading do you prefer?
3. Where do you get books for reading?
4. What is your favourite book?
5. What is your favourite author?
6. When did you last time read a book?
7. What is your favourite character?
8. Was your favourite book screened? Was it close to the book and well-done?
9. If you were a writer what kind of book you'd write?

Roleplay the dialogue

- A: Do you like reading?
B: I enjoy reading! I simply cannot imagine my life without books.
A: And what kind of reading do you prefer?
B: Oh, I'm fond of historical novels. I also like reading adventure stories and science fiction.
A: What about fantasy? I've just read one of such kind.
B: As for me I don't like fantasy. I find it boring.
A: Do you? How strange! To my mind, fantasy is exciting reading.
B: Well, I don't think it's exciting. And by the way, I prefer instructive reading.
A: But I'm keen on reading for entertainment. I prefer adventure and thrilling fantastic plots.
B: Tastes differ. Anyway we both like books!

Fill the prepositions in the gaps

1. "Jane Eyre" is written ... Charlotte Bronte.
2. I am fond ... love stories.
3. I draw books ... the local library.
4. What kind ... reading does he like?
5. Here are some new publications: collections ... folklore, legends, ballads, myths, fables.

Give the brief analyses of your favourite book

1. The title of the book.
 2. The genre of the book.
 3. Short contents (plot)
 4. Characters of the book.
- Useful phrases: It's worth reading, the plot is interesting, the characters are well drawn, the scenes ..., there are a lot of (funny, tragic, humorous, sad) episodes, if you like ..., I advise you to read the book.

Grammar notes:

PREDLOG

(THE PREPOSITION)

Predlog deb ot (yoki olmoshning) gapdagi boshqa soʻzlarga munosabatini koʻrsatuvchi yordamchi soʻzlarga aytiladi. Ingliz tilida kelishik qoʻshimchalari yoʻqligi uchun ular koʻp hollarda oʻzbek tilidagi kelishik qoʻshimchalari vazifasini bajaradi.

Har bir predlog bir nechta mustaqil maʼnolarda kelishi mumkin. Masalan, **in** predlogi quyidagi maʼnolarda ishlatiladi:

a) **-da** (joyga nisbatan ishlatiladi):

He lives **in** London. U Londonda yashaydi.

b) **-da** (vaqtga nisbatan ishlatiladi, oy va yil oldida):

He will arrive **in** May. U may oyida keladi.

b) **keyin** maʼnosida:

He will return **in** an hour. U bir soatdan keyin qaytib keladi.

c) **-da, ichida, mobaynida:**

The house was built **in** three months. Uy uch oy ichida qurildi.

2. Koʻp hollarda u yoki bu predlogning ishlatilishi undan oldin kelayotgan feʼlga, sifatga yoki otga bogʻliq boʻladi. Masalan, **to depend** feʼli oʻzidan keyin **on** predlogini talab qiladi:

It doesn't **depend on** me. Bu menga bogʻliq emas.

To laugh feʼli oʻzidan keyin **at** predlogini talab qiladi:

He **laughed at** me. U mening ustimdan kuldi.

Sure sifati oʻzidan keyin **of** predlogini talab qiladi:

He was **sure of** it. U bunga amin edi.

Objection oti oʻzidan keyin **to** predlogini talab qiladi:

I have no **objection to** that. Menda bunga eʼtiroz yoʻq.

4. Baʼzi feʼllar turli predloglar bilan kelib, maʼnosi turlicha boʻladi:

He is **looking at** the child. U bolaga qarayapti.

He is **looking for** the child. U bolani izlayapti.

He is **looking after** the child. U bolaga qarayapti (gʻamxoʻrlik qilayapti).

5. Predloglar koʻpgina iboralar va birikmalar tarkibiga kiradi – **in vain** behuda, bekorga, **at last** nihoyat, **for ever** umrbod, abadiy, **on the one (other) hand** bir (boshqa) tomondan va boshq.

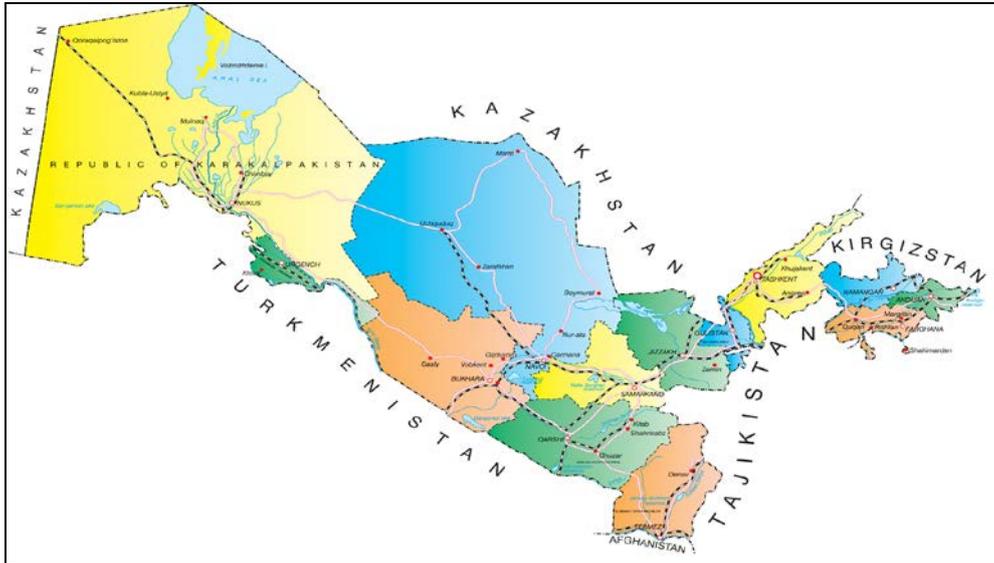
6. Predloglar quyidagi guruhlarga boʻlinadi:

a) sodda (**in, to, at**, va hokazo)

b) qoʻshma (**into, upon, throughout va boshq.**)

c) predlog vazifasini bajaruvchi soʻzlar guruhi: (**according to, by means of, instead of, in front of** va hokazo);

Theme Ten Uzbekistan



Uzbekistan is a country in [Central Asia](#). Its [capital](#) and largest city is [Tashkent](#).

There are about 26,593,000 people living in Uzbekistan. The neighboring countries are [Afghanistan](#), [Kazakhstan](#), [Kyrgyzstan](#), [Tajikistan](#) and [Turkmenistan](#). It is a doubly [landlocked](#) country, of which there are [only two](#) in the world.

Most people in Uzbekistan speak a language called [Uzbek](#), a Turkic language similar to [Uyghur](#) and [Turkish](#). In the Uzbek language, Uzbekistan is called "O'zbekiston" and it means "the land of the true nobles".

Uzbekistan has a long history. Humans first lived in Uzbekistan from before the 2nd [millenium BC](#).

The president today is [Islam Karimov](#).

Uzbekistan has the fourth largest gold deposits in the world. The country mines 80 tons of gold annually, seventh in the world. Uzbekistan's copper deposits rank tenth in the world and its uranium deposits twelfth. The country's uranium production ranks seventh globally.^{[34][35][36]} The Uzbek national gas company, [Uzbekneftgas](#), ranks 11th in the world in natural gas production with an annual output of 60 to 70 billion cubic meters. The country has significant untapped reserves of oil and gas: there are 194 deposits of hydrocarbons in Uzbekistan, including 98 condensate and natural gas deposits and 96 gas condensate deposits.

The largest corporations involved in Uzbekistan's energy sector are the [China National Petroleum Corporation \(CNPC\)](#), [Petronas](#), the [Korea National Oil Corporation](#), [Gazprom](#), [Lukoil](#), and [Uzbekneftgas](#).

The first people known to inhabit the Central Asian region of modern-day Uzbekistan were nomads who arrived from the northern grasslands of what is now Kazakhstan sometime in the first millennium BC. These nomads settled in Central Asia and began to build an extensive irrigation system along the rivers of the region. At this time, cities such as Bukhoro (Bukhara), Samarqand (Samarkand) and Chash (Tashkent) began to appear as centers of emerging government and high culture. By the 5th century BC, the [Bactrian](#), [Soghdian](#),

and [Tokharian](#) states dominated and ruled over the region. Following the death of Genghis Khan in 1227, his empire was divided among his four sons and his family members. Despite the potential for serious fragmentation, Mongol law of the Mongol Empire maintained orderly succession for several more generations, and control of most of Mawarannahr stayed in the hands of direct descendants of [Chagatai Khan](#), the second son of Genghis Khan. Orderly succession, prosperity, and internal peace prevailed in the Chaghatai lands, and the Mongol Empire as a whole remained strong and United Kingdom.

In the early 14th century, however, as the empire began to break up into its constituent parts, the Chaghatai territory also was disrupted as the princes of various tribal groups competed for influence. Amir [Timur](#) (Tamerlane), emerged from these struggles in the 1380s as the dominant force in Mawarannahr. Although he was not a descendant of Chinggis, Timur became the de facto ruler of Mawarannahr and proceeded to conquer all of western Central Asia, Iran, Asia Minor, and the southern steppe region north of the Aral Sea. He also invaded Russia, Turkey, Iraq, and placed under his command Iran and India, before dying during an invasion of China in 1405.

Timur initiated the last flowering of Mawarannahr by gathering in his capital, Samarqand, numerous artisans and scholars from the vast lands he had conquered. By supporting such people, Timur imbued his empire with a very rich Perso-Islamic culture. During Amir Timur's reign and the reigns of his immediate descendants, a wide range of religious and palatial construction masterpieces were undertaken in Samarqand and other population centres. Timur also initiated exchange of medical thoughts and patronized physicians, scientists and artists from the neighboring countries like India; his grandson [Ulugh Beg](#) was one of the world's first great astronomers.



Grammar notes:**The Simple Present Tense (Oddiy hozirgi zamon)****Oddiy hozirgi zamon (Simple Present)ning yasalishi**

Ega + V (s)	Bo'lishli shakli
Ega + do (does) + not + V	Bo'lishsiz shakli
Do/Does + ega + V ?	So'roq shakli

Og'zaki nutqda quyidagi qisqartirmalar qo'llaniladi:

I don't

He (she, it) doesn't work.

We (you, they) don't

Oddiy hozirgi (Simple Present)ning ishlatilishi

The postman brings us the newspaper in the morning. He lives in Moscow. He speaks French well.	Odatiy, doimiy, umuman sodir bo'ladigan
I see a ship in the distance. Don't talk so loudly, I hear you well. I don't understand this sentence.	See. Hear, understand, want, recognize, Hozir davom etayotgan ish-harakat
If he comes, I shall ask him about it. I shall go there unless it rains. I shall stay here until he returns. We shall send you the documents as soon as we receive them from Moscow.	If, unless, provided that, when, until, till, as soon as, as long as, before Payt va shart ergash gaplarda kelasi zamondagi ish-harakatni bildiradi
Does your wife arrive on Monday? The steamer sails tomorrow	Leave-jo'namoq, start-jo'namoq, sail-suzib ketmoq, return -qaytib kelmoq, arrive-yetib kelmoq, go-bormoq, come-kelmoq f e'llari bilan kelasi zamondagi ish-harakatni ifodalaydi, faqat kelasi zamon vaqt ko'rsatkichi bo'lishi kerak

A YEAR IN MY COUNTRY



Hi Friends! I'm Amir Jamolov from Uzbekistan. I attend the academic lyceum. I just want to talk about a year in my country. School starts on 1st September. (Children are not very keen on it!) It's often sunny in the beginning of autumn. And it is a rich season because trees are full of fruit. But in October and November it's usually cold and windy. It rains a lot and it's often foggy. The leaves of the trees fall down.

Winter is usually very cold. The temperature falls below zero. It often snows and there are stormy winds. It is good to sit inside by the fire when the cold wind is blowing outside. There are usually hard frosts. Many people like winter because of winter sports like skating, sledging, skiing, snowboarding etc. In Uzbekistan there aren't very high mountains so people go abroad skiing.

I like spring a lot because after the long cold, wet and foggy days it is warm again. Trees and bushes are full of blossom. You can see lovely spring flowers everywhere. The weather is quite changeable especially in April. It often rains and there can be hard winds too. Sometimes it's cloudy but most of the time it is warm and sunny.

My favourite season is summer. It is very hot in July and August. Sometimes there are quick showers or rainstorms with thunder and lightning. There are lots of fruit in summer.

Children prefer the summer to all other seasons because there is no school and we can take our holidays.

Are the statements true (✓), false (✗) or doesn't it say (∅)?

- 1 Children like the beginning of September.
- 2 In autumn there are lots of fruit.
- 3 It is frosty in winter.
- 4 In winter you can go skiing.
- 5 The weather is warm in spring.
- 6 Children usually ride their bikes in spring.
- 7 There are quick showers and rainstorms in summer.
- 8 You can't find much fruit in summer in Uzbekistan.
- 9 There is no school in July and August.
- 10 Everybody likes summer.

Put the words in the correct order.

1 snowy / often / it's / winter

2 August / hot and sunny / it's / in / usually

3 spring / in / cloudy / sometimes / it's

4 never / in / snowy / it's / July

Answer the questions.

1 When does school year start in Uzbekistan?

2 What can you do in winter?

3 What is the weather like in April?

4 Why do children like summer the best?

5 What is your favourite season?

HOME READING

The Boarded Window (By Ambrose Bierce)

In 1830, only a few miles away from what is now the great city of Cincinnati, Ohio, lay a huge and almost endless forest.

The area had a few settlements established by people of the frontier. Many of them had already left the area for settlements further to the west. But among those remaining was a man who had been one of the first people to arrive there.

He lived alone in a house of logs surrounded on all sides by the great forest. He seemed a part of the darkness and silence of the forest, for no one had ever known him to smile or speak an unnecessary word. His simple needs were supplied by selling or trading the skins of wild animals in the town.

His little log house had a single door. Directly opposite was a window. The window was boarded up. No one could remember a time when it was not. And no one knew why it had been closed. I imagine there are few people living today who ever knew the secret of that window. But I am one, as you shall see.

The man's name was said to be Murlock. He appeared to be seventy years old, but he was really fifty. Something other than years had been the cause of his aging.

His hair and long, full beard were white. His gray, lifeless eyes were sunken. His face was wrinkled. He was tall and thin with drooping shoulders—like someone with many problems.

I never saw him. These details I learned from my grandfather. He told me the man's story when I was a boy. He had known him when living nearby in that early day.

One day Murlock was found in his cabin, dead. It was not a time and place for medical examiners and newspapers. I suppose it was agreed that he had died from natural causes or I should have been told, and should remember.

I know only that the body was buried near the cabin, next to the burial place of his wife. She had died so many years before him that local tradition noted very little of her existence.

That closes the final part of this true story, except for the incident that followed many years later. With a fearless spirit I went to the place and got close enough to the ruined cabin to throw a stone against it. I ran away to avoid the ghost which every well-informed boy in the area knew haunted the spot.

But there is an earlier part to this story supplied by my grandfather.

When Murlock built his cabin he was young, strong and full of hope. He began the hard work of creating a farm. He kept a gun--a rifle—for hunting to support himself.

He had married a young woman, in all ways worthy of his honest love and loyalty. She shared the dangers of life with a willing spirit and a light heart. There is no known record of her name or details about her. They loved each other and were happy.

One day Murlock returned from hunting in a deep part of the forest. He found his wife sick with fever and confusion. There was no doctor or neighbor within miles. She was in no condition to be left alone while he went to find help. So Murlock tried to take care of his wife and return her to good health. But at the end of the third day she fell into unconsciousness and died.

From what we know about a man like Murlock, we may try to imagine some of the details of the story told by my grandfather.

When he was sure she was dead, Murlock had sense enough to remember that the dead must be prepared for burial. He made a mistake now and again while performing this special duty. He did certain things wrong. And others which he did correctly were done over and over again.

He was surprised that he did not cry — surprised and a little ashamed. Surely it is unkind not to cry for the dead.

"Tomorrow," he said out loud, "I shall have to make the coffin and dig the grave; and then I shall miss her, when she is no longer in sight. But now -- she is dead, of course, but it is all right — it must be all right, somehow. Things cannot be as bad as they seem."

He stood over the body of his wife in the disappearing light. He fixed the hair and made finishing touches to the rest. He did all of this without thinking but with care. And still through his mind ran a feeling that all was right -- that he should have her again as before, and everything would be explained.

Murlock had no experience in deep sadness. His heart could not contain it all. His imagination could not understand it. He did not know he was so hard struck. That knowledge would come later and never leave.

Deep sadness is an artist of powers that affects people in different ways. To one it comes like the stroke of an arrow, shocking all the emotions to a sharper life. To another, it comes as the blow of a crushing strike. We may believe Murlock to have been affected that way.

Soon after he had finished his work he sank into a chair by the side of the table upon which the body lay. He noted how white his wife's face looked in the deepening darkness. He laid his arms upon the table's edge and dropped his face into them, tearless and very sleepy.

At that moment a long, screaming sound came in through the open window. It was like the cry of a lost child in the far deep of the darkening forest! But the man did not move. He heard that unearthly cry upon his failing sense, again and nearer than before. Maybe it was a wild animal or maybe it was a dream. For Murlock was asleep.

Some hours later, he awoke, lifted his head from his arms and listened closely. He knew not why. There in the black darkness by the side of the body, he remembered everything without a shock. He strained his eyes to see -- he knew not what.

His senses were all alert. His breath was suspended. His blood was still as if to assist the silence. Who — what had awakened him and where was it!

Suddenly the table shook under his arms. At the same time he heard, or imagined he heard, a light, soft step and then another. The sounds were as bare feet walking upon the floor!

He was afraid beyond the power to cry out or move. He waited—waited there in the darkness through what seemed like centuries of such fear. Fear as one may know, but yet live to tell. He tried but failed to speak the dead woman's name. He tried but failed to stretch his hand across the table to learn if she was there. His throat was powerless. His arms and hands were like lead.

Then something most frightful happened. It seemed as if a heavy body was thrown against the table with a force that pushed against his chest. At the same time he heard and felt the fall of something upon the floor. It was so violent a crash that the whole house shook. A fight followed and a confusion of sounds impossible to describe.

Murlock had risen to his feet. Extreme fear had caused him to lose control of his senses. He threw his hands upon the table. Nothing was there!

There is a point at which fear may turn to insanity; and insanity incites to action. With no definite plan and acting like a madman, Murlock ran quickly to the wall. He seized his loaded rifle and without aim fired it.

The flash from the rifle lit the room with a clear brightness. He saw a huge fierce panther dragging the dead woman toward the window. The wild animal's teeth were fixed on her throat! Then there was darkness blacker than before, and silence.

When he returned to consciousness the sun was high and the forest was filled with the sounds of singing birds. The body lay near the window, where the animal had left it when frightened away by the light and sound of the rifle.

The clothing was ruined. The long hair was in disorder. The arms and legs lay in a careless way. And a pool of blood flowed from the horribly torn throat. The ribbon he had used to tie the wrists was broken. The hands were tightly closed.

And between the teeth was a piece of the animal's ear.

Pigs Is Pigs (By Ellis Parker Butler)

Mike Flannery, the agent of the Interurban Express Company, leaned over the desk in the company's office in Westcote and shook his fist. Mr. Morehouse, angry and red, stood on the other side of the desk shaking with fury. The argument had been long and hot. At last Mr. Morehouse had become speechless.

The cause of the trouble lay on the desk between the two men. It was a box with two guinea pigs inside.

"Do as you like, then!" shouted Flannery. "Pay for them and take them. Or don't pay for them and leave them here. Rules are rules, Mr. Morehouse. And Mike Flannery is not going to break them."

"But you stupid idiot!" shouted Mr. Morehouse, madly shaking a thin book beneath the agent's nose. "Can't you read it here – in your own book of transportation rates? 'Pets, domestic, Franklin to Westcote, if correctly boxed, twenty-five cents each.'"

He threw the book on the desk. "What more do you want? Aren't they pets? Aren't they domestic? Aren't they correctly boxed? What?"

He turned and walked back and forth rapidly, with a furious look on his face. "Pets," he said. "P-E-T-S! Twenty-five cents each. Two times twenty-five is fifty! Can you understand that? I offer you fifty cents."

Flannery reached for the book. He ran his hand through the pages and stopped at page sixty-four.

"I don't take fifty cents," he whispered in an unpleasant voice. "Here's the rule for it: 'When the agent be in any doubt about which two rates should be charged on a shipment, he shall charge the larger. The person receiving the shipment may put in a claim for the overcharge.' In this case, Mr. Morehouse, I be in doubt. Pets them animals may be. And domestic they may be, but pigs I'm sure they do be. And my rule says plain as the nose on your face, 'Pigs, Franklin to Westcote, thirty cents each.'"

Mr. Morehouse shook his head savagely. "Nonsense!" he shouted. "Confounded nonsense, I tell you! That rule means common pigs, not guinea pigs!"

"Pigs is pigs," Flannery said firmly.

Mr. Morehouse bit his lip and then flung his arms out wildly. "Very well!" he shouted. "You shall hear of this! Your president shall hear of this! It is an outrage! I have offered you fifty cents. You refuse it. Keep the pigs until you are ready to take the fifty cents. But, by George, sir, if one hair of those pigs' heads is harmed, I will have the law on you!" He turned and walked out, slamming the door. Flannery carefully lifted the box from the desk and put it in a corner.

Mr. Morehouse quickly wrote a letter to the president of the transportation express company. The president answered, informing Mr. Morehouse that all claims for overcharge should be sent to the Claims Department.

Mr. Morehouse wrote to the Claims Department. One week later he received an answer. The Claims Department said it had discussed the matter with the agent at Westcote. The agent said Mr. Morehouse had refused to accept the two guinea pigs shipped to him. Therefore, the department said, Mr. Morehouse had no claim against the company and should write to its Tariff Department.

Mr. Morehouse wrote to the Tariff Department. He stated his case clearly. The head of the Tariff Department read Mr. Morehouse's letter. "Huh! Guinea pigs," he said. "Probably starved to death by this time." He wrote to the agent asking why the shipment was held up. He also wanted to know if the guinea pigs were still in good health.

Before answering, agent Flannery wanted to make sure his report was up to date. So he went to the back of the office and looked into the cage. Good Lord! There were now eight of them! All well and eating like hippopotamuses.

He went back to the office and explained to the head of the Tariff Department what the rules said about pigs. And as for the condition of the guinea pigs, said Flannery, they were all well. But there were eight of them now, all good eaters.

The head of the Tariff Department laughed when he read Flannery's letter. He read it again and became serious.

"By George!" he said. "Flannery is right. Pigs is pigs. I'll have to get something official on this. He spoke to the president of the company. The president treated the matter lightly. "What is the rate on pigs and on pets?" he asked.

"Pigs thirty cents, pets twenty-five," the head of the Tariff Department answered. "Then of course guinea pigs are pigs," the president said.

"Yes," the head of the Tariff Department agreed. "I look at it that way too. A thing that can come under two rates is naturally to be charged at the higher one. But are guinea pigs, pigs? Aren't they rabbits?"

"Come to think of it," the president said, "I believe they are more like rabbits. Sort of half-way between pig and rabbit. I think the question is this – are guinea pigs of the domestic pig family? I'll ask Professor Gordon. He is an expert about such things."

The president wrote to Professor Gordon. Unfortunately, the professor was in South America collecting zoological samples. His wife forwarded the letter to him.

The professor was in the High Andes Mountains. The letter took many months to reach him. In time, the president forgot the guinea pigs. The head of the Tariff Department forgot them. Mr. Morehouse forgot them. But agent Flannery did not. The guinea pigs had increased to thirty-two. He asked the head of the Tariff Department what he should do with them.

"Don't sell the pigs," agent Flannery was told. "They are not your property. Take care of them until the case is settled."

The guinea pigs needed more room. Flannery made a large and airy room for them in the back of his office.

Some months later he discovered he now had one hundred sixty of them. He was going out of his mind.

Not long after this, the president of the express company heard from Professor Gordon. It was a long and scholarly letter. It pointed out that the guinea pig was *the cavia aparoea*, while the common pig was the genus *sus* of the family *suidae*.

The president then told the head of the Tariff Department that guinea pigs are not pigs and must be charged only twenty-five cents as domestic pets. The Tariff Department informed agent Flannery that he should take the one hundred sixty guinea pigs to Mr. Morehouse and collect twenty-five cents for each of them.

Agent Flannery wired back. "I've got eight hundred now. Shall I collect for eight hundred or what? How about the sixty-four dollars I paid for cabbages to feed them?"

Many letters went back and forth. Flannery was crowded into a few feet at the extreme front of the office. The guinea pigs had all the rest of the room. Time kept moving on as the letters continued to go back and forth.

Flannery now had four thousand sixty-four guinea pigs. He was beginning to lose control of himself. Then, he got a telegram from the company that said: "Error in guinea pig bill. Collect for two guinea pigs -- fifty cents."

Flannery ran all the way to Mr. Morehouse's home. But Mr. Morehouse had moved. Flannery searched for him in town but without success. He returned to the express office and found that two hundred six guinea pigs had entered the world since he left the office.

At last, he got an urgent telegram from the main office: "Send the pigs to the main office of the company at Franklin." Flannery did so. Soon, came another telegram. "Stop sending pigs. Warehouse full." But he kept sending them.

Agent Flannery finally got free of the guinea pigs. "Rules may be rules," he said, "but so long as Flannery runs this express office, pigs is pets and cows is pets and horses is pets and lions and tigers and Rocky Mountain goats is pets. And the rate on them is twenty-five cents."

Then he looked around and said cheerfully, "Well, anyhow, it is not as bad as it might have been. What if them guinea pigs had been elephants?"

Athenaise (By Kate Chopin)

Athenaise went away one morning to visit her parents, ten miles back on the Bon Dieu River in Louisiana. She did not return in the evening, and Cazeau, her husband, was worried.

Cazeau expressed his worries to his servant, Felicite, who served him dinner.

He ate alone by the light of a coal-oil lamp. Felicite stood nearby like a restless shadow.

"Only married two months and she has her head turned already to leave! It is not right!" she said.

Cazeau shrugged his shoulders. Felicites opinion of his wifes behavior after two months of marriage did not matter to him. He was used to being alone and did not mind a night or two of it. Cazeau stood up and walked outside.

The night was beginning to deepen and gather black around the groups of trees in the yard. Far away, he could hear the sound of someone playing an accordion. Nearby, a baby was crying.

Cazeaus horse was waiting, saddled. He still had much farm work to do before bed time. He did not have time to think about Athenaise. But he felt her absence like a deep pain.

Before he slept that night Cazeau was visited by an image of Athenaises pale, young face with its soft lips and sensual eyes. The marriage had been a mistake. He had only to look into her eyes to feel that, to sense her growing dislike of him. But, the marriage could not be undone. And he was ready to make the best of it and expected the same effort from her.

These sad thoughts kept Cazeau awake far into the night. The moon was shining and its pale light reached into the room. It was still outside, with no sound except the distant notes of the accordion.

Athenaise did not return the next day, although her husband sent a message to do so through her brother, Monteclin. On the third day, Cazeau prepared his horse and went himself in search of her.

Athenaises parents, the Miches, lived in a large home owned by a trader who lived in town. The house was far too big for their use. Upstairs, the rooms were so large and empty that they were used for parties. A dance at the Miche home and a plate of Madame Miches gumbo were pleasures not to be missed.

Madame Miche was sitting on the porch outside the house. She stood up to greet Cazeau. She was short and fat with a cheery face. But she was clearly tense as Cazeau arrived.

Monteclin was there too. But he was not uneasy. He made no effort to hide his dislike of Cazeau.

"Dirty pig!" He said under his breath as Cazeau climbed the stairs to the porch. Monteclin disliked Cazeau for refusing to lend him money long ago. Now that this man was his sisters husband, he disliked him even more.

Miche and his oldest son were away. They both respected Cazeau and talked highly of him.

Cazeau shook hands with Madame Miche who offered him a chair. Athenaise had shut herself in her room.

"You know, nothing would do last night," Madame Miche said. "Athenaise just had to stay for a little dance. The boys would not let their sister leave!"

Cazeau shrugged his shoulders to show he knew nothing about last night.

"Didnt Monteclin tell you we were going to keep Athenaise?" she asked. But Monteclin had told him nothing.

"And how about the night before?" asked Cazeau. "And last night? Do you have dances every night?"

Madame Miche laughed and told her son to go tell Athenaise her husband had arrived. Monteclin did not move.

"You know as well as I do that it is no use to tell Athenaise anything," said Monteclin. "You and pa have been talking to her since Monday. When Athenaise said she was not returning to Cazeau she meant it."

Two fiery red spots rose to Cazeaus cheeks. What Monteclin said was true.

Upon arriving home, Athenaise had announced she was there to stay. It was difficult for her to understand why she had married. Girls were just expected to get married. And she did like Cazeau.

Monteclin had asked Athenaise to explain herself. He had asked her if Cazeau abused her, or if he drank too much.

"No!" Athenaise had said. "It is just being married that I hate. I do not like being Missus Cazeau. I want to be Athenaise Miche again. I do not like living with a man, all his clothing everywhere and his ugly bare feet."

At the time, Monteclin had been sorry his sister had no serious evidence to use against Cazeau.

And now, there was Cazeau himself looking like he wanted to hit Monteclin.

Cazeau stood up and went inside the house to his wifes room.

"Athenaise, get ready," he said quietly. "It is late and we do not have time to lose."

Athenaise was not prepared for his calm request. She felt a sense of hopelessness about continuing to rebel against the idea of marriage. She gathered her hat and gloves. Then, she walked downstairs past her brother and mother, got on her horse and rode away. Cazeau followed behind her.

It was late when they reached home. Cazeau once more ate dinner alone. Athenaise sat in her room crying.

Athenaises parents had hoped that marriage would bring a sense of responsibility so deeply lacking in her character. No one could understand why she so hated her role as wife. Cazeau had never spoken angrily to her or called her names or failed to give her everything she wanted. His main offense seemed to be that he loved her.

And Athenaise was not a woman to be loved against her will.

At breakfast, Athenaise complained to her husband.

"Why did you have to marry me when there were so many other girls to choose from?" she asked. "And, it is strange that if you hate my brother so much, why would you marry his sister!"

"I do not know what any of them have to do with it," Cazeau said. "I married you because I loved you. I guess I was a fool to think I could make you happy. I do not know what else to do but make the best of a bad deal and shake hands over it."

It now seemed to Athenaise that her brother was the only friend left to her in the world. Her parents had turned from her and her friends laughed at her. But Monteclin had an idea for securing his sisters freedom. After some thought, Athenaise agreed to his plan.

The next morning, Cazeau woke up to find his wife was gone. She had packed her belongings and left in the night.

Cazeau felt a terrible sense of loss. It was not new; he had felt it for weeks.

He realized he had missed his chance for happiness. He could not think of loving any other woman, and could not imagine Athenaise ever caring for him. He wrote her a letter stating that he did not want her back unless she returned of her own free will.

Athenaise had escaped to the big city of New Orleans. She was staying at a private hotel that Monteclin had chosen and paid to rent for a month. A woman named Sylvie owned the hotel and took good care of Athenaise.

Athenaise soon became friends with Mr. Gouvernail who was also staying at the hotel. This friendship helped her feel less lonely about missing her family. But Mr. Gouvernail soon started to fall in love with Athenaise. He knew she was uninformed, unsatisfied and strong-willed. But he also suspected that she loved her husband, although she did not know it. Bitter as this belief was, he accepted it.

Athenaises last week in the city was coming to an end. She had not found a job and was too homesick to stay any longer. Also, she had not been feeling well. She complained in detail about her sickness to Sylvie. Sylvie was very wise, and Athenaise was very

stupid. Sylvie very calmly explained to Athenaise that she was feeling sick because she was pregnant.

Athenaise sat very still for a long time thinking about this new information. Her whole being was overcome with a wave of happiness. Then, she stood up, ready to take action.

She had to tell her mother! And Cazeau! As she thought of him, a whole new sense of life swept over her. She could not wait to return to him.

The next day Athenaise spent travelling home. When she arrived at Cazeaus, he lifted her out of the horse carriage and they held each other tight. The country night was warm and still except for a baby crying in the distance.

"Listen, Cazeau!" said Athenaise. "How Juliettes baby is crying! Poor darling, I wonder what is the matter with it?"

The Luck of Roaring Camp (By Bret Harte)

Roaring Camp was the noisiest gold mining town in California. More than one-hundred men from every part of the United States had come to that little camp – stopping there for a short time on their way to getting rich.

Many of these gold miners were criminals. All of them were violent. They filled the peaceful mountain air with shouting and gun shots. The noise of their continual fighting finally gave the camp its strange name.

On a sunny morning in eighteen fifty, however, the men of Roaring Camp were quiet. A crowd was gathered in front of a small wooden house by the river. Inside that cabin was "Cherokee Sal," the only woman in camp. She was all alone and in terrible pain. Cherokee Sal was having a baby.

Deaths were not unusual in Roaring Camp. But a birth was big news.

One of the men turned to another and ordered: "Go in there, Stumpy, and see what you can do." Stumpy opened the cabin door, and disappeared inside. The rest of the men built a campfire outside and gathered around it to wait.

Suddenly, a sharp cry broke the air...the cry of a new-born baby. All the men jumped to their feet as Stumpy appeared at the cabin door. Cherokee Sal was dead. But her baby, a boy, was alive.

The men formed a long line. One by one they entered the tiny cabin. On the bed, under a blanket, they could see the body of the unlucky mother. On a pine table, near that bed, was a small wooden box. Inside lay Roaring Camps newest citizen, wrapped in a piece of bright red cloth.

Someone had put a large hat near the babys box. And as the men slowly marched past, they dropped gifts into the hat. A gold tobacco box. A silver gun. A diamond ring. A lace handkerchief. And about two hundred dollars in gold and silver.

Only one incident broke the flow of the men through the cabin. As a gambler named Kentucky leaned over the box, the baby reached up and held one of the mans fingers. Kentucky looked embarrassed.

"That funny little fellow," he said, as he gently pulled his hand out of the box. He held up his finger and stared at it. "He grabbed my finger," he told the men. "That funny little fellow."

The next morning, the men of Roaring Camp buried Cherokee Sal. Afterwards, they held a formal meeting to discuss what to do with the baby. Everyone in the camp voted to keep the child. But nobody could agree on the best way to take care of it.

Tom Ryder suggested bringing a woman into the camp to care for the baby. But the men believed no good woman would accept Roaring Camp as her home. And they decided that they didnt want any more of the other kind.

Stumpy didnt say a word during these long discussions. But when the others finally asked his opinion, he admitted that he wanted to continue taking care of the baby himself. He had been feeding it milk from a donkey, and he believed he could raise the baby just fine.

There was something original, independent, even heroic about Stumpys plan that pleased the men of Roaring Camp. Stumpy was hired.

All the men gave him some gold to send for baby things from the city of Sacramento. They wanted the best that money could buy.

By the time the baby was a month old, the men decided he needed a name. All of them had noticed that since the babys birth, they were finding more gold than ever before. One day Oakhurst declared that the baby had brought "The Luck" to Roaring Camp. So "Luck" was the name they chose for him, adding before it, the first name "Tommy."

A name day was set for him. The ceremony was held under the pine trees with Stumpy saying the simple words: "I proclaim you Thomas Luck, according to the laws of the United States and the state of California, so help me God."

Soon after the ceremony, Roaring Camp began to change. The first improvements were made in the cabin of Tommy or "The Luck" as he was usually called. The men painted it white, planted flowers around it and kept it clean.

Tuttles store, where the men used to meet to talk and play cards, also changed. The owner imported a carpet and some mirrors. The men – seeing themselves in Tuttlers mirrors – began to take more care about their hair, beards and clothing.

Stumpy made a new law for the camp. Anyone who wanted the honor of holding The Luck would have to wash daily. Kentuck appeared at the cabin every afternoon in a clean shirt, his face still shining from the washing hed given it.

The shouting and yelling that had given the camp its name also stopped. Tommy needed his sleep, and the men walked around speaking in whispers. Instead of angry shouts, the music of gentle songs filled the air. Strange new feelings of peace and happiness came into the hearts of the miners of Roaring Camp.

During those long summer days, The Luck was carried up the mountain to the place where the men were digging for gold. He would lie on a soft blanket decorated with wild flowers the men would bring.

Nature was his nurse and playmate. Birds flew around his blanket. And little animals would play nearby. Golden sunshine and soft breezes would stroke him to sleep.

During that golden summer The Luck was with them, the men of Roaring Camp all became rich. With the gold they found in the mountains came a desire for further improvement. The men voted to build a hotel the following spring. They hoped some good families with children would come to live in Roaring Camp.

But some of the men were against this plan. They hoped something would happen to prevent it. And something did.

The following winter, the winter of eighteen fifty-one, is still remembered for the heavy snows in the mountains. When the snow melted that spring, every stream became an angry river that raced down the mountains tearing up trees and bringing destruction.

One of those terrible streams was the North Fork River. Late one night, it leaped over its banks and raced into the valley of Roaring Camp.

The sleeping men had no chance to escape the rushing water, the crashing trees and the darkness. When morning came, Stumpys cabin near the river was gone. Further down in the valley they found the body of its unlucky owner.

But the pride, the hope, the joy, The Luck of Roaring Camp had disappeared.

Suddenly, a boat appeared from around a bend in the river. The men in it said they had picked up a man and a baby. Did anyone know them? Did they belong here?

Lying on the bottom of the rescue boat was Kentuck. He was seriously injured, but still holding The Luck of Roaring Camp in his arms. As they bent over the two, the men saw the child was pale and cold.

"Hes dead," said one of them.

Kentuck opened his eyes. "Dead?" he whispered. "Yes, Kentuck. And you are dying, too."

Kentuck smiled. "Dying!" he repeated. "He is taking me with him. Tell the boys Ive got The Luck with me."

And the strong man, still holding the small child, drifted away on the shadowy river that flows forever to the unknown sea.

The Devil and Tom Walker (by Washington Irving)

Before we begin our story, let us go back three hundred years to the late sixteen hundreds. In those years, one of the most famous men in the world was Captain William Kidd. Captain Kidd was a pirate. He sailed the seas, capturing any ships he found. He and his men took money from these ships. Captain Kidd hid this money in different places.

Captain Kidd was captured by the English in Boston, Massachusetts and executed in the year seventeen-oh-one.

From that time on, people all over the world searched in many places for Captain Kidds stolen money.

The people who lived in Massachusetts in the seventeen hundreds believed Captain Kidd buried some of his treasure near Boston. Not far from Boston was a small river which ran into the Atlantic Ocean. An old story said that Captain Kidd had come up this river from the ocean. Then he buried his gold and silver and jewels under a big tree.

The story said that this treasure was protected by the devil himself, who was a good friend of Captain Kidd.

In the year seventeen twenty-seven, a man named Tom Walker lived near this place. Tom Walker was not a pleasant man. He loved only one thing -- money. There was only one person worse than Tom. That was his wife. She also loved money. These two were so hungry for money that they even stole things from each other.

One day, Tom Walker was returning home through a dark forest. He walked slowly and carefully, so that he would not fall into a pool of mud.

At last, he reached a piece of dry ground. Tom sat down on a tree that had fallen. As he rested, he dug into the earth with a stick. He knew the story that Indians had killed prisoners here as sacrifices to the Devil. But this did not trouble him. The only devil Tom was afraid of was his wife.

Toms stick hit something hard. He dug it out of the earth. It was a human skull. In the skull was an Indian ax.

Suddenly, Tom Walker heard an angry voice: "Dont touch that skull!"

Tom looked up. He saw a giant sitting on a broken tree. Tom had never seen such a man. He wore the clothes of an Indian. His skin was almost black and covered with ashes. His eyes were big and red. His black hair stood up from his head. He carried a large ax.

The giant asked, "What are you doing on my land?" But Tom Walker was not afraid. He answered, "What do you mean? This land belongs to Mr. Peabody."

The strange man laughed and pointed to the tall trees. Tom saw that one of the trees had been cut by an ax. He looked more closely and saw that the name Peabody had been cut into the tree. Mr. Peabody was a man who got rich by stealing from Indians.

Tom looked at the other trees. Every one had the name of some rich, important man from Massachusetts. Tom looked at the tree on which he was sitting. It also had a name cut into it -- the name of Absalom Crowninshield. Tom remembered that Mr. Crowninshield was a very rich man. People said he got his money as Captain Kidd did - - by stealing ships.

Suddenly, the giant shouted: "Crowninshield is ready to be burned! Im going to burn many trees this winter!"

Tom told the man that he had no right to cut Mr. Peabodys trees. The stranger laughed and said, "I have every right to cut these trees. This land belonged to me a long time before Englishmen came to Massachusetts. The Indians were here. Then you Englishmen killed the Indians. Now I show Englishmen how to buy and sell slaves. And I teach their women how to be witches."

Tom Walker now knew that the giant was the Devil himself. But Tom Walker was still not afraid.

The giant said Captain Kidd had buried great treasures under the trees, but nobody could have them unless the giant permitted it. He said Tom could have these treasures. But Tom had to agree to give the giant what he demanded.

Tom Walker loved money as much as he loved life. But he asked for time to think.

Tom went home. He told his wife what had happened. She wanted Captain Kidds treasure. She urged him to give the Devil what he wanted. Tom said no.

At last, Misses Walker decided to do what Tom refused to do. She put all her silver in a large piece of cloth and went to see the dark giant. Two days passed. She did not return home. She was never seen again.

People said later that Tom went to the place where he had met the giant. He saw his wifes cloth hanging in a tree. He was happy, because he wanted to get her silver. But when he opened the cloth, there was no silver in it -- only a human heart.

Tom was sorry he lost the silver, but not sorry he lost his wife. He wanted to thank the giant for this. And so, every day he looked for the giant. Tom finally decided that he would give the giant what he wanted in exchange for Captain Kidds treasure.

One night, Tom Walker met the giant and offered his soul in exchange for Captain Kidds treasure. The Devil now wanted more than that. He said that Tom would have to use the treasure to do the Devils work. He wanted Tom to buy a ship and bring slaves to America.

As we have said, Tom Walker was a hard man who loved nothing but money. But even he could not agree to buy and sell human beings as slaves. He refused to do this.

The Devil then said that his second most important work was lending money. The men who did this work for the Devil forced poor people who borrowed money to pay back much more than they had received.

Tom said he would like this kind of work. So the Devil gave him Captain Kidds treasure.

A few days later, Tom Walker was a lender of money in Boston. Everyone who needed help -- and there were many who did -- came to him. Tom Walker became the richest man in Boston. When people were not able to pay him, he took away their farms, their horses, and their houses.

As he got older and richer, Tom began to worry. What would happen when he died? He had promised his soul to the Devil. Maybe. . .maybe. . . he could break that promise.

Tom then became very religious. He went to church every week. He thought that if he prayed enough, he could escape from the Devil.

One day, Tom took the land of a man who had borrowed money. The poor man asked for more time to pay. "Please do not destroy me!" he said. "You have already taken all my money!"

Tom got angry and started to shout, "Let the Devil take me if I have taken any money from you!"

That was the end of Tom Walker. For just then, he heard a noise. He opened the door. There was the black giant, holding a black horse. The giant said, "Tom, I have come for you." He picked up Tom and put him on the horse. Then he hit the horse, which ran off, carrying Tom.

Nobody ever saw Tom Walker again. A farmer said that he saw the black horse, with a man on it, running wildly into the forest.

After Tom Walker disappeared, the government decided to take Toms property. But there was nothing to take. All the papers which showed that Tom owned land and houses were burned to ashes. His boxes of gold and silver had nothing in them but small pieces of wood. The wood came from newly cut trees. Toms horses died, and his house suddenly burned to ashes.

The Cask of Amontillado (by Edgar Allan Poe).

Fortunato and I both were members of very old and important Italian families. We used to play together when we were children.

Fortunato was bigger, richer and more handsome than I was. And he enjoyed making me look like a fool. He hurt my feelings a thousand times during the years of my childhood. I never showed my anger, however. So, he thought we were good friends. But I promised myself that one day I would punish Fortunato for his insults to me.

Many years passed. Fortunato married a rich and beautiful woman who gave him sons. Deep in my heart I hated him, but I never said or did anything that showed him how I really felt. When I smiled at him, he thought it was because we were friends.

He did not know it was the thought of his death that made me smile.

Everyone in our town respected Fortunato. Some men were afraid of him because he was so rich and powerful. He had a weak spot, however. He thought he was an excellent judge of wine. I also was an expert on wine. I spent a lot of money buying rare and costly wines. I stored the wines in the dark rooms under my family's palace.

Our palace was one of the oldest buildings in the town. The Montresor family had lived in it for hundreds of years. We had buried our dead in the rooms under the palace. These tombs were quiet, dark places that no one but myself ever visited.

Late one evening during carnival season, I happened to meet Fortunato on the street. He was going home alone from a party. Fortunato was beautiful in his silk suit made of many colors: yellow, green, purple and red. On his head he wore an orange cap, covered with little silver bells. I could see he had been drinking too much wine. He threw his arms around me. He said he was glad to see me.

I said I was glad to see him, too because I had a little problem.

"What is it?" he asked, putting his large hand on my shoulder.

"My dear Fortunato," I said, "I'm afraid I have been very stupid. The man who sells me wine said he had a rare barrel of Amontillado wine. I believed him and I bought it from him. But now, I am not so sure that the wine is really Amontillado."

"What!" he said, "A cask of Amontillado at this time of year. An entire barrel? Impossible!"

"Yes, I was very stupid. I paid the wine man the full price he wanted without asking you to taste the wine first. But I couldn't find you and I was afraid he would sell the cask of Amontillado to someone else. So I bought it."

"A cask of Amontillado!" Fortunato repeated. "Where is it?"

I pretended I didn't hear his question. Instead I told him I was going to visit our friend Lucrese. "He will be able to tell me if the wine is really Amontillado," I said.

Fortunato laughed in my face. "Lucrese cannot tell Amontillado from vinegar."

I smiled to myself and said "But some people say that he is as good a judge of wine as you are."

Fortunato grabbed my arm. "Take me to it," he said. "I'll taste the Amontillado for you."

"But my friend," I protested, "it is late. The wine is in my wine cellar, underneath the palace. Those rooms are very damp and cold and the walls drip with water."

"I don't care," he said. "I am the only person who can tell you if your wine man has cheated you. Lucrese cannot!"

Fortunato turned, and still holding me by the arm, pulled me down the street to my home. The building was empty. My servants were enjoying carnival. I knew they would be gone all night.

I took two large candles, lit them and gave one to Fortunato. I started down the dark, twisting stairway with Fortunato close behind me. At the bottom of the stairs, the damp air wrapped itself around our bodies.

"Where are we?" Fortunato asked. "I thought you said the cask of Amontillado was in your wine cellar."

"It is," I said. "The wine cellar is just beyond these tombs where the dead of my family are kept. Surely, you are not afraid of walking through the tombs."

He turned and looked into my eyes. "Tombs?" he said. He began to cough. The silver bells on his cap jingled.

"My poor friend," I said, "how long have you had that cough?"

"Its nothing," he said, but he couldnt stop coughing.

"Come," I said firmly, "we will go back upstairs. Your health is important. You are rich, respected, admired, and loved. You have a wife and children. Many people would miss you if you died. We will go back before you get seriously ill. I can go to Lucrese for help with the wine."

"No!" he cried. "This cough is nothing. It will not kill me. I wont die from a cough."

"That is true," I said, "but you must be careful." He took my arm and we began to walk through the cold, dark rooms. We went deeper and deeper into the cellar.

Finally, we arrived in a small room. Bones were pushed high against one wall. A doorway in another wall opened to an even smaller room, about one meter wide and two meters high. Its walls were solid rock.

"Here we are," I said. "I hid the cask of Amontillado in there." I pointed to the smaller room. Fortunato lifted his candle and stepped into the tiny room. I immediately followed him. He stood stupidly staring at two iron handcuffs chained to a wall of the tiny room. I grabbed his arms and locked them into the metal handcuffs. It took only a moment. He was too surprised to fight me.

I stepped outside the small room.

"Where is the Amontillado?" he cried.

"Ah yes," I said, "the cask of Amontillado." I leaned over and began pushing aside the pile of bones against the wall. Under the bones was a basket of stone blocks, some cement and a small shovel. I had hidden the materials there earlier. I began to fill the doorway of the tiny room with stones and cement.

By the time I laid the first row of stones Fortunato was no longer drunk. I heard him moaning inside the tiny room for ten minutes. Then there was a long silence.

I finished the second and third rows of stone blocks. As I began the fourth row, I heard

Fortunato begin to shake the chains that held him to the wall. He was trying to pull them out of the granite wall.

I smiled to myself and stopped working so that I could better enjoy listening to the noise. After a few minutes, he stopped. I finished the fifth, the sixth and the seventh rows of stones. The wall I was building in the doorway was now almost up to my shoulders.

Suddenly, loud screams burst from the throat of the chained man. For a moment I worried. What if someone heard him? Then I placed my hand on the solid rock of the walls and felt safe. I looked into the tiny room, where he was still screaming. And I began to scream, too. My screams grew louder than his and he stopped.

It was now almost midnight. I finished the eighth, the ninth and the tenth rows. All that was left was a stone for the last hole in the wall. I was about to push it in when I heard a low laugh from behind the stones.

The laugh made the hair on my head stand up. Then Fortunato spoke, in a sad voice that no longer sounded like him.

He said, "Well, you have played a good joke on me. We will laugh about it soon over a glass of that Amontillado. But isn't it getting late. My wife and my friends will be waiting for us. Let us go."

"Yes," I replied, "let us go."

I waited for him to say something else. I heard only my own breathing. "Fortunato!" I called. No answer. I called again. "Fortunato!" Still no answer.

I hurried to put the last stone into the wall and put the cement around it. Then I pushed the pile of bones in front of the new wall I had built.

That was fifty years ago. For half a century now, no one has touched those bones. "May he rest in peace!"

Luck (by Mark Twain)

I was at a dinner in London given in honor of one of the most celebrated English military men of his time. I do not want to tell you his real name and titles. I will just call him Lieutenant General Lord Arthur Scoresby.

I cannot describe my excitement when I saw this great and famous man. There he sat, the man himself, in person, all covered with medals. I could not take my eyes off him. He seemed to show the true mark of greatness. His fame had no effect on him. The hundreds of eyes watching him, the worship of so many people did not seem to make any difference to him.

Next to me sat a clergyman, who was an old friend of mine. He was not always a clergyman. During the first half of his life he was a teacher in the military school at Woolwich. There was a strange look in his eye as he leaned toward me and whispered – "Privately – he is a complete fool." He meant, of course, the hero of our dinner.

This came as a shock to me. I looked hard at him. I could not have been more surprised if he has said the same thing about Napoleon, or Socrates, or Solomon. But I was sure of two things about the clergyman. He always spoke the truth. And, his judgment of men was good. Therefore, I wanted to find out more about our hero as soon as I could.

Some days later I got a chance to talk with the clergyman, and he told me more. These are his exact words:

About forty years ago, I was an instructor in the military academy at Woolwich, when young Scoresby was given his first examination. I felt extremely sorry for him. Everybody answered the questions well, intelligently, while he – why, dear me – he did not know anything, so to speak. He was a nice, pleasant young man. It was painful to see him stand there and give answers that were miracles of stupidity.

I knew of course that when examined again he would fail and be thrown out. So, I said to myself, it would be a simple, harmless act to help him as much as I could.

I took him aside and found he knew a little about Julius Caesar's history. But, he did not know anything else. So, I went to work and tested him and worked him like a slave. I made him work, over and over again, on a few questions about Caesar, which I knew he would be asked.

If you will believe me, he came through very well on the day of the examination. He got high praise too, while others who knew a thousand times more than he were sharply criticized. By some strange, lucky accident, he was asked no questions but those I made him study. Such an accident does not happen more than once in a hundred years.

Well, all through his studies, I stood by him, with the feeling a mother has for a disabled child. And he always saved himself by some miracle.

I thought that what in the end would destroy him would be the mathematics examination. I decided to make his end as painless as possible. So, I pushed facts into his stupid head for hours. Finally, I let him go to the examination to experience what I was sure would be his dismissal from school. Well, sir, try to imagine the result. I was shocked out of my mind. He took first prize! And he got the highest praise.

I felt guilty day and night – what I was doing was not right. But I only wanted to make his dismissal a little less painful for him. I never dreamed it would lead to such strange, laughable results.

I thought that sooner or later one thing was sure to happen: The first real test once he was through school would ruin him.

Then, the Crimean War broke out. I felt that sad for him that there had to be a war. Peace would have given this donkey a chance to escape from ever being found out as being so stupid. Nervously, I waited for the worst to happen. It did. He was appointed an officer. A captain, of all things! Who could have dreamed that they would place such a responsibility on such weak shoulders as his.

I said to myself that I was responsible to the country for this. I must go with him and protect the nation against him as far as I could. So, I joined up with him. And anyway we went to the field.

And there – oh dear, it was terrible. Mistakes, fearful mistakes – why, he never did anything that was right – nothing but mistakes. But, you see, nobody knew the secret of how stupid he really was. Everybody misunderstood his actions. They saw his stupid mistakes as works of great intelligence. They did, honestly!

His smallest mistakes made a man in his right mind cry, and shout and scream too – to himself, of course. And what kept me in a continual fear was the fact that every mistake he made increased his glory and fame. I kept saying to myself that when at last they found out about him, it will be like the sun falling out of the sky.

He continued to climb up, over the dead bodies of his superiors. Then, in the hottest moment of one battle down went our colonel. My heart jumped into my mouth, for Scoresby was the next in line to take his place. Now, we are in for it, I said...

The battle grew hotter. The English and their allies were steadily retreating all over the field. Our regiment occupied a position that was extremely important. One mistake now would bring total disaster. And what did Scoresby do this time – he just mistook his left hand for his right hand...that was all. An order came for him to fallback and support our right. Instead, he moved forward and went over the hill to the left. We were over the hill before this insane movement could be discovered and stopped. And what did we find? A large and unsuspected Russian army waiting! And what happened – were we all killed? That is exactly what would have happened in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. But no – those surprised Russians thought that no one regiment by itself would come around there at such a time.

It must be the whole British army, they thought. They turned tail, away they went over the hill and down into the field in wild disorder, and we after them. In no time, there was the greatest turn around you ever saw. The allies turned defeat into a sweeping and shining victory.

The allied commander looked on, his head spinning with wonder, surprise and joy. He sent right off for Scoresby, and put his arms around him and hugged him on the field in front of all the armies. Scoresby became famous that day as a great military leader – honored throughout the world. That honor will never disappear while history books last.

He is just as nice and pleasant as ever, but he still does not know enough to come in out of the rain. He is the stupidest man in the universe.

Until now, nobody knew it but Scoresby and myself. He has been followed, day by day, year by year, by a strange luck. He has been a shining soldier in all our wars for years. He has filled his whole military life with mistakes. Every one of them brought him another honorary title. Look at his chest, flooded with British and foreign medals. Well, sir, every one of them is the record of some great stupidity or other. They are proof that the best thing that can happen to a man is to be born lucky. I say again, as I did at the dinner, Scoresby's a complete fool.

One Thousand Dollars (by O. Henry)

"One thousand dollars," said the lawyer Tolman, in a severe and serious voice. "And here is the money."

Young Gillian touched the thin package of fifty-dollar bills and laughed.

"It's such an unusual amount," he explained, kindly, to the lawyer. "If it had been ten thousand a man might celebrate with a lot of fireworks. Even fifty dollars would have been less trouble."

"You heard the reading of your uncle's will after he died," continued the lawyer Tolman. "I do not know if you paid much attention to its details. I must remind you of one. You are required to provide us with a report of how you used this one thousand dollars as soon as you have spent it. I trust that you will obey the wishes of your late uncle."

"You may depend on it," said the young man respectfully.

Gillian went to his club. He searched for a man he called Old Bryson.

Old Bryson was a calm, anti-social man, about forty years old. He was in a corner reading a book. When he saw Gillian coming near he took a noisy, deep breath, laid down his book and took off his glasses.

"I have a funny story to tell you," said Gillian.

"I wish you would tell it to someone in the billiard room," said Old Bryson. "You know how I hate your stories."

"This is a better one than usual," said Gillian, rolling a cigarette, and I'm glad to tell it to you. It's too sad and funny to go with the rattling of billiard balls.

I've just come from a meeting with my late uncle's lawyers. He leaves me an even thousand dollars. Now, what can a man possibly do with a thousand dollars?"

Old Bryson showed very little interest. "I thought the late Septimus Gillian was worth something like half a million."

"He was," agreed Gillian, happily. "And that's where the joke comes in. He has left a lot of his money to an organism. That is, part of it goes to the man who invents a new bacillus and the rest to establish a hospital for doing away with it again. There are one or two small, unimportant gifts on the side. The butler and the housekeeper get a seal ring and ten dollars each. His nephew gets one thousand dollars."

"Were there any others mentioned in your uncle's will?" asked Old Bryson.

"None." said Gillian. "There *is* a Miss Hayden. My uncle was responsible for her. She lived in his house. She's a quiet thing...musical... the daughter of somebody who was unlucky enough to be his friend. I forgot to say that she was in on the ring and ten dollar joke, too. I wish I had been. Then I could have had two bottles of wine, given the

ring to the waiter and had the whole business off my hands. Now tell me what a man can do with a thousand dollars."

Old Bryson rubbed his glasses and smiled. And when Old Bryson smiled, Gillian knew that he intended to be more offensive than ever.

There are many good things a man could do with a thousand dollars," said Bryson. "You?" he said with a gentle laugh. "Why, Bobby Gillian, there's only one reasonable thing you could do. You can go and buy Miss Lotta Lauriere a diamond necklace with the money and then take yourself off to Idaho and inflict your presence upon a ranch. I advise a sheep ranch, as I have a particular dislike for sheep."

"Thanks," said Gillian as he rose from his chair. "I *knew* I could depend on you, Old Bryson. You've hit on the very idea. I wanted to spend the money on one thing, because I have to turn in a report for it, and I hate itemizing."

Gillian phoned for a cab and said to the driver: "The stage entrance of the Columbine Theatre."

The theater was crowded. Miss Lotta Lauriere was preparing for her performance when her assistant spoke the name of Mr. Gillian.

"Let it in," said Miss Lauriere. "Now, what is it, Bobby? I'm going on stage in two minutes."

"It won't take two minutes for me. What do you say to a little thing in the jewelry line? I can spend one thousand dollars."

"Say, Bobby," said Miss Lauriere, "Did you see that necklace Della Stacey had on the other night? It cost two thousand two hundred dollars at Tiffany's."

Miss Lauriere was called to the stage for her performance.

Gillian slowly walked out to where his cab was waiting. "What would you do with a thousand dollars if you had it?" he asked the driver.

"Open a drinking place," said the driver, quickly. "I know a place I could take money in with both hands. I've got it worked out--if you were thinking of putting up the money."

"Oh, no," said Gillian. "I was just wondering."

Eight blocks down Broadway, Gillian got out of the cab. A blind man sat on the sidewalk selling pencils. Gillian went out and stood in front of him.

"Excuse me, but would you mind telling me what you would do if you had a thousand dollars?" asked Gillian.

The blind man took a small book from his coat pocket and held it out. Gillian opened it and saw that it was a bank deposit book.

It showed that the blind man had a balance of one thousand seven hundred eighty-five dollars in his bank account. Gillian returned the bank book and got back into the cab.

"I forgot something," he said. "You may drive to the law offices of Tolman & Sharp."

Lawyer Tolman looked at Gillian in a hostile and questioning way.

"I beg your pardon," said Gillian, cheerfully. "But was Miss Hayden left anything by my uncle's will in addition to the ring and the ten dollars?"

"Nothing," said Mr. Tolman.

"I thank you very much, Sir," said Gillian, and went to his cab. He gave the driver the address of his late uncle's home.

Miss Hayden was writing letters in the library. The small, thin woman wore black clothes. But you would have noticed her eyes. Gillian entered the room as if the world were unimportant.

"I have just come from old Tolman's," he explained. "They have been going over the papers down there. They found a..." Gillian searched his memory for a legal term. "They found an amendment or a post-script or something to the will. It seemed that my uncle had second thoughts and willed you a thousand dollars. Tolman asked me to bring you the money. Here it is."

Gillian laid the money beside her hand on the desk. Miss Hayden turned white. "Oh!" she said. And again, "Oh!"

Gillian half turned and looked out the window. In a low voice he said, "I suppose, of course, that you know I love you."

"I am sorry," said Miss Hayden, as she picked up her money.

"There is no use?" asked Gillian, almost light-heartedly.

"I am sorry," she said again.

"May I write a note?" asked Gillian, with a smile. Miss Hayden supplied him with paper and pen, and then went back to her writing table.

Gillian wrote a report of how he spent the thousand dollars: "Paid by Robert Gillian, one thousand dollars on account of the eternal happiness, owed by Heaven to the best and dearest woman on earth."

Gillian put the note into an envelope. He bowed to Miss Hayden and left.

His cab stopped again at the offices of Tolman & Sharp.

"I have spent the one thousand dollars," he said cheerfully, to Tolman. "And I have come to present a report of it, as I agreed." He threw a white envelope on the lawyer's table.

Without touching the envelope, Mr. Tolman went to a door and called his partner, Sharp. Together they searched for something in a large safe. They brought out a big

envelope sealed with wax. As they opened the envelope, they shook their heads together over its contents. Then Tolman became the spokesman.

"Mr. Gillian," he said, "there was an addition to your uncle's will. It was given to us privately, with instructions that it not be opened until you had provided us with a full report of your handling of the one thousand dollars received in the will.

"As you have satisfied the conditions, my partner and I have read the addition. I will explain to you the spirit of its contents.

"In the event that your use of the one thousand dollars shows that you possess any of the qualifications that deserve reward, you stand to gain much more. If your disposal of the money in question has been sensible, wise, or unselfish, it is in our power to give you bonds to the value of fifty thousand dollars. But if you have used this money in a wasteful, foolish way as you have in the past, the fifty thousand dollars is to be paid to Miriam Hayden, ward of the late Mr. Gillian, without delay.

"Now, Mr. Gillian, Mr. Sharp and I will examine your report of the one thousand dollars."

Mr. Tolman reached for the envelope. Gillian was a little quicker in taking it up. He calmly tore the report and its cover into pieces and dropped them into his pocket.

"It's all right," he said, smilingly. "There isn't a bit of need to bother you with this. I don't suppose you would understand these itemized bets, anyway. I lost the thousand dollars on the races. Good-day to you, gentlemen."

Tolman and Sharp shook their heads mournfully at each other when Gillian left. They heard him whistling happily in the hallway as he waited for the elevator.

MUNDARIJA

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