



O. WILDE. 1854-1900



H. G. WELLS 1866 - 1946



W. SHAKESPEARE. 1564-1616



H. BEECHER. 1811-1896



J. GALSWORDY. 1867-1933



E. M. HEMINGWAY. 1899-1961



A. J. CRONIN. 1896-1981



L. HUGHES. (1902-1967)



MARK TWAIN-1835-1910



E. B. LEACOCK. 1869-1944



O. HENRY (1862-1910)



J. LONDON. 1876-1916

Collected texts & Assignments

COLLECTED BY DJALOLOV.F.F

**Ingliz tili fanidan uslubiy ko'rsatma « Xorijiy tillar »
kafedrasining umumiy yig'ilishida muhokama qilindi va institut
uslubiy kengashiga tavsiya qilindi.**

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Quyida havola etilgan uslubiy ko'rsatma Britaniyalik va Amerikalik mashhur yozuvchilarining hikoyalari yig'ini bo'lib. U ingliz tili kurslarida o'qiydigan o'quvchilar hamda akademik litseylar, kasb-hunar kollejlari va oliygoh bakalavr yo'nalishi talabalarining o'qish, nutq va grammatik qobiliyatini o'stirishga mo'ljallangan. Hikoyalar mavzusi, tili va uslubi bo'yicha xilma xildir va shu bilan birga qiziqarli syujetlarga ega bo'lib muammoli savollarini muhokama qilish va osongina og'zaki holda aytib berish imkonini beradi.

Ko'rsatmaning ushbu bo'limida siz leksik va grammatik ma'lumotlar bilan ishlash, qo'yilgan savollarga javob berish va matn muhokamsiga ko'p vaqt yo'qotmasdan ishtirok etish imkonini ham beradi. Berilgan har bir matn maxsus mashqlar bilan ta'minlangan. O'ylaymizki sizga ushbu uslubiy ko'rsatma ingliz tilini o'zlashtirishga yordam beradi.

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Unit 1

THE SCHOLARSHIP from “*Green Years*” by A. J. Cronin

... Robert Shannon will be able to continue his studies only if he gets the scholarship founded by Sir John Marshall, but his best friend Gavin becomes his rival.

It was the first day of the Easter Holidays. I was going fishing with Gavin. The last pleasure I allowed myself before beginning to prepare for the Marshall.

We met early in the morning. Gavin was waiting for me. Impossible to describe the silent joy of our meeting... We walked side by side through the quiet village to the lake.

“No fishing until evening, I am afraid”, Gavin murmured. “No wind and the day is too bright”.

Until the sun went down, Gavin and I sat on an upturned boat, outside his father's fishing hut. We spoke very little. At seven o'clock, after Mrs. Glen, the woman of the cottage had giving us some tea and boiled eggs and milk, we pushed the boat into the water. I took the oars. When we were far from the shore, Gavin spoke, hidden by the growing darkness.

“I understand you are sitting the Marshall, Robie?”

I was greatly surprised. “Yes... How did you know?”

“Mrs. Keith told my sister”, Gavin paused, breathing heavily. “I am trying for it too”.

I looked at him in silence. I was shocked and confused.

“But Gavin... You do not need the money!”

Gavin frowned. "You'll be surprised." He spoke slowly. "My father has had trouble in the business". He paused. "He has done so much for me... now then he is worried, I would like to do something for him."

I was silent. I knew that Gavin adored his father; and I had heard whispers that all was not well with the Mayor's business. Yet his words came as an unexpected blow.

"All the cleverest boys in the country are competing," he continued. "One more won't make much difference. Besides, there is the honour of the town. It is twelve years since a Levenford boy took the scholarship." He drew a deep breath. “One of us must win it”.

“You may be the one, Gavin”, I said in a low voice; I knew he was a fine scholar.

Gavin replied slowly. “I would like to win for my father’s sake. But I think you have a better chance”. He paused. “If you win, will you go on to be a doctor?”

Gavin was the only person on earth to whom I could tell the truth. I said: “I wish with all my heart to be a medical biologist, you know, a doctor who does research”. There was a long pause.

“Yes”, Gavin said thoughtfully. “It is bad that we have to fight each other over the scholarship. But, it will not affect our friendship, of course”.

Yet I felt a sudden sadness in my heart. I thought: "Gavin and I... One of us must be defeated".

NOTES:

rival – raqib / конкурент

scholarship – stipendiya / стипендия

Easter Holidays – pasxa bayrami / пасхальные каникулы

oars – eshkak / весла

to sit the Marshall – Marshal stipendiyasi uchun imtixonlar topshirmoq / сдавать экзамены на стипендию Маршалла

Exercises and Assignments on the Text

Assignment № 1. Give English equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text

1. so'zsiz shodlik / молчаливая радость – _____
2. yonma - yon borardik / шли рядом – _____
3. to'nkarilgan qayiq / перевернутая лодка – _____
4. suvga itardik / столкнули в воду – _____
5. ...ga imtixon topshirmoq / сдавать экзамен на ... – _____
6. og'ir nafas olib / тяжело дыша – _____
7. otasini (juda) yaxshi ko'rardi / обожал отца - _____
8. Menga mish-mishlar etib keldi / до меня дошли слухи – _____
9. chuqur nafas oldi / глубоко вздохнул – _____
10. juda yaxshi o'quvchi / прекрасный ученик – _____
11. dunyoda yagona / единственный на свете – _____
12. bu bizning o'rtoqligimizga halaqit bermaydi / это не мешает нашей дружбе - _____;

Assignment №2. Write from the text Uzbek or Russian equivalents of the giving below English words and phrases and write to each three sentences

to prepare for smth. – _____

to be greatly surprised – _____

in silence – _____

to be confused – _____

to compete in smth. – _____

for smb's sake – _____

to do research – _____

to be defeated – _____

Assignment № 3. Reply to the next question.

1) Who was Robie?

Robie was _____.

2) What did he want to become?

Robie wanted to become a _____.

3) Why couldn't he study without the scholarship?

4) What shows, that he was seriously preparing for the exams?

Assignment № 8. Find from the text all sentences which belong to direct speech and write them in indirect speech.

Unit 2

***A DOG AND THREE DOLLARS* by M. Twain**

I have always believed that a man must be honest. "Never ask for money you have not earned", I always said.

Now I shall tell you a story which will show you how honest I have always been all my life.

A few days ago at my friend's house I met General Miles. General Miles was a nice man and we became great friends very quickly.

"Did you live in Washington in 1867?" the general asked me.

"Yes, I did," I answered.

"How could it happen that we did not meet then?" said General Miles.

"General", said I. "We could not meet then. You forget that you were already a great general then, and I was a poor young writer whom nobody knew and whose books nobody read. You do not remember me, I thought, but we met once in Washington at that time."

I remember it very well. I was poor then and very often I did not have money even for my bread. I had a friend. He was a poor writer too. We lived together. We did everything together: worked, read books, went for walks together. And when we were hungry, we were both hungry. Once we were in need of three dollars. I don't remember why we needed these three dollars so much, but I remember well that we had to have the money by the evening.

"We must get these three dollars," said my friend. "I shall try to get the money, but you must also try."

I went out of the house, but I did not know where to go and how to get the three dollars. For an hour I was walking along the streets of Washington and was very tired. At last I came to a big hotel. "I shall go in and have a rest," I thought.

I went into the hall of the hotel and sat down on a sofa. I was sitting there when a beautiful small dog ran into the hall. It was looking for somebody. The dog was nice and I had nothing to do, so I called it and began to play with it.

I was playing with the dog, when a man came into the hall. He wore a beautiful uniform and I knew at once that he was General Miles. I knew him by his pictures in the newspapers. "What a beautiful dog!" said he. "Is it your dog?"

I did not have time to answer him when he said, "Do you want to sell it?"

"Three dollars", I answered at once.

"Three dollars?" he asked. "But that is very little. I can give you fifty dollars for it."

"No, no. I only want three dollars."

"Well, it is your dog. If you want three dollars for it, I shall be glad to buy your dog."

General Miles paid me three dollars, took the dog and went up to his room.

Ten minutes later an old man came into the hall. He looked round the hall. I could see that he was looking for something.

"Are you looking for a dog, sir?" I asked.

"Oh, yes! Have you seen it?" said the man.

"Your dog was here a few minutes ago and I saw how it went away with a man," I said. "If you want, I shall try to find it for you."

The man was very happy and asked me to help him.

"I shall be glad to help you, but it will take some of my time and..."

"I am ready to pay you for your time," cried the man. "How much do you want for it?"

"Three dollars," answered I.

"Three dollars?" said the man. "But it is a very good dog. I shall pay you ten dollars if you find it for me."

"No sir, I want three dollars and not a dollar more," said I.

Then I went up to General Miles's room. The General was playing with his new dog. "I came here to take the dog back", said I.

"But it is not your dog now – I have bought it. I have paid you three dollars for it," said the General.

"I shall give you back your three dollars, but I must take the dog back", answered I. "But you have sold it to me, it is my dog now."

"I could not sell it to you, sir, because it was not my dog."

"Still you have sold it to me for three dollars." "How could I sell it to you when it was not my dog? You asked me how much I wanted for the dog, and I said that I wanted three dollars. But I never told you that it was my dog."

General Miles was very angry now.

"Give me back my three dollars and take the

dog," he shouted. When I brought the dog back to its master, he was very happy and paid me three dollars with joy. I was happy too because I had the money, and I felt I earned it.

Now you can see why I say that honesty is the best policy and that a man must never take anything that he has not earned.

Exercises and Assignments on the Text

Assignment № 1. Give English equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own

1. to'g'riso'z bo'lmoq / БЫТЬ ЧЕСТНЫМ _____
2. yo'qimli kishi приятный / человек – _____
3. hech kim bilmagan kimsa / КОТОРОГО НИКТО НЕ ЗНАЛ – _____
4. hatto ponga ham / даже на хлеб – _____
5. kechga qadar / к вечеру – _____
6. dam olmoq / отдохнуть – _____
7. mening shug'ulanishim uchun hech narsa
yo'q edi / мне было нечем заняться – _____
8. darhol fahmlamoq / сразу догадаться – _____
9. o'n daqiqadan so'ng / через десять минут – _____
10. to'lash uchun tayyor / ГОТОВ ЗАПЛАТИТЬ – _____
11. men itni olib ketishim shart / я должен забрать собаку – _____
12. itni egasiga qaytardim / вернул собаку хозяину – _____

Assignment № 2. Write from the text Uzbek or Russian equivalents of the giving below English words and phrases and write to each three sentences

earn some (a lot of, little) – _____

become great friends – _____

be in need for smth – _____

wear a uniform – _____

_____ it takes
(took, will take) smb. some time to do smth. – _____

to be angry with – _____

with joy – _____

Assignment № 3. Reply to the next questions:

1) Whom did the author meet at his friend's house one day?

One day the author met _____.

2) Did General Miles recognise the author? Why could not he?

General Miles _____.

3) Prove that the author's childhood was very hard.?

4) Why did the boy find himself in the hotel one day?

5) Who ran into the hall suddenly? It was a funny little dog, was not it?

6) Why did the boy sell the dog to General Miles for three dollars?

7) What happened ten minutes later?

8) What brilliant idea came to the boy's mind?

9) How did he manage to take the dog back?

10) Did the boy's behaviour prove his words, "Never ask for money you haven't earned"?

Assignment № 4. Comment the next proverb and discuss it in English "Honesty is the Best Policy"

Assignment № 5. Retell the story by the name of General Maylz 2) Old man 3) the boy's friend;

Assignment № 6. Write a short contence of the text by 10 sentences

Assignment № 7. Find the irregular verbs from the text and fill the table giving their forms

Assignment № 8. Find in the text all the sentences which belongs to future and present continuous

Assignment № 9. Give a question to matched words

1) A few days ago at my friend's house I met General Miles.

_____ ?

2) We did everything together: worked, read books, went for walks.

_____ ?

3) For an hour I was walking along the streets of Washington.

_____ ?

4) I shall pay you ten dollars if you find it for me.

_____ ?

Assignment № 10. Retell the scene which happened in the General Maylz's room by using indirect speech

Unit 3

A DAY'S WAIT by E. Hemingway

He came into the room to shut the windows while we were still in bed and I saw he looked ill. He was shivering, his face was white, and he walked slowly as though it ached to move.

"What's the matter, Schatz?"

"I've got a headache".

"You better go back to bed".

"No, I am all right".

"You go to bed. I'll see you when I'm dressed".

But when I came downstairs he was dressed, sitting by the fire, looking a very sick and miserable boy of nine years. When I put my hand on his forehead I knew he had a fever.

"You go up to bed," said, "you are sick".

"I am all right", he said.

When the doctor came he took the boy's temperature.

"What is it?" I asked him.

"One hundred and two."

Downstairs, the doctor left three different medicines in different coloured capsules with instructions for giving them. He seemed to know all about influenza and said there was nothing to worry about if the fever did not go above one hundred and four degrees. This was a light epidemic of influenza and there was no danger if you avoided pneumonia.

Back in the room I wrote the boy's temperature down and made a note of the time to give the various capsules.

"Do you want me to read to you?"

"All right. If you want to," said the boy. His face was very white and there were dark areas under his eyes. He lay still in the bed and seemed very detached from what was going on.

I read about pirates from Howard Pyle's "Book of Pirates", but I could see he was not following what I was reading.

"How do you feel, Schatz?" I asked him.

"Just the same, so far," he said.

I sat at the foot of the bed and read to myself while I waited for it to be time to give another capsule. It would have been natural for him to go to sleep, but when I looked up he was looking at the foot of the bed.

"Why, don't you try to go to sleep? I'll wake you up for the medicine."

"I'd rather stay awake."

After a while he said to me. "You don't have to stay in here with me, Papa, if it bothers you."

"It doesn't bother me."

"No, I mean you don't have to stay if it's going to bother you."

I thought perhaps he was a little light-headed and after giving him the prescribed capsules at eleven o'clock I went out for a while...

At the house they said the boy had refused to let any one come into the room.

"You can't come in," he said. "You mustn't get what I have." I went up to him and found him in exactly the same position I had left him, white-faced, but with the tops of his cheeks flushed by the fever, staring still, as he had stared, at the foot of the bed.

I took his temperature.

"What is it?"

"Something like a hundred," I said. It was one hundred and two and four tenths.

"It was a hundred and two," he said.

"Who said so? Your temperature is all right," I said. "It's nothing to worry about."

"I don't worry," he said, "but I can't keep from thinking."

"Don't think," I said. "Just take it easy."

"I'm taking it easy," he said and looked straight ahead.

He was evidently holding tight onto himself about something.

"Take this with water."

"Do you think it will do any good?"

"Of course, it will."

I sat down and opened the "Pirate" book and commenced to read, but I could see he was not following, so I stopped.

"About what time do you think I'm going to die?" he asked.

"What?"

"About how long will it be before I die?"

"You aren't going to die. What's the matter with you?"

"Oh, yes, I am. I heard him say a hundred and two."

"People don't die with a fever of one hundred and two. That's a silly way to talk."

"I know they do. At school in France the boys told me you can't live with forty-four degrees. I've got a hundred and two."

He had been waiting to die all day, ever since nine o'clock in the morning.

"You poor Schatz," I said. "It's like miles and kilometres. You aren't going to die."

That's a different thermometre. On that thermometre thirty-seven is normal. On this kind it's ninety-eight."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely," I said. "It's like miles and kilometres. You know, like how many kilometres we make when we do seventy miles in the car?"

"Oh," he said.

But his gaze at the foot of the bed relaxed slowly. The hold over himself relaxed too, finally, and the next day he was very slack and cried very easily at little things that were of no importance.

NOTES:

Schatz (nem.) – Qadrdon / дорогой

Ferengeyt bo'yicha 102 gradus = Selsiy bo'yicha 38,9 gradus / 102 gradusov po Farengeyту = 38,9 gradusov po Celsiyu

so far – hozircha / пока

Exercises and Assignments on the Text

Assignment № 1. Give English equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own.

1. qimirlash og'riqli edi / было больно двигаться – _____
2. kasal va omadsiz / больной и несчастный – _____
3. uning issig'I bor / у него жар – _____
4. grip shakli / форма гриппа – _____
5. dorilarning qabul qilish vaqtini yo'zib berdi / записал время приема лекарств – _____
6. ko'z ostidagi qora doiralalar / темные круги под глазами – _____
7. men nima o'qiyatganimni eshitmadi / не слушал, что я читаю – _____
8. biroz alahsirardi / немного бредил – _____
9. xonaga hech kimni qo'ymasdi / никого не пускал в комнату – _____
10. bu tentaklik / это глупости – _____
11. uning nigohi endi unchalik asabiy emas edi / его взгляд уже не был таким напряженным – _____

Assignment № 2. Write from the text Uzbek or Russian equivalents of the giving below English words and phrases and write to each three sentences.

look ill – _____

take smb's temperature – _____

there is something (nothing) to worry about – _____

there is some (no) danger – _____

to go to sleep – _____

can't keep from doing smth – _____

do good – _____

be of some (much, no) importance – _____

Assignment № 3. Reply to the next questions

1) What signs of illness could the boy's father notice when he came into the room?

_____.

2) Did the boy go to bed as his father had asked him?

_____.

3) What did the doctor say? What did he prescribe?

_____.

4) Find in the text the sentences which prove that something serious worried the boy.

_____.

5) Why didn't the boy let anyone come into the room?

_____.

Assignment № 8. Change all the questions in the text into direct speech

Assignment № 9. Make up dialogues using giving expressions

1. it aches to move
2. have a headache
3. look very sick
4. have a fever
5. take one's temperature
6. give medicines
7. avoid smth.

Assignment № 10. Describe your last visit to the doctor using words from the text

Assignment № 11. Comment the next proverbs and give equivalents in your language
“An apple a day keeps a doctor away”

1. “Health is above wealth”.
2. “Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise”.

Unit 4

THE GREEN DOOR by O. Henry

Rudolf Steiner, a young piano salesman, was a true adventurer. Few were the evenings when he did not go to look for the unexpected. It seemed to him that the most interesting things in life might lie just around the corner. He was always dreaming of adventures.

Once when he was walking along the street his attention was attracted by a Negro handing out a dentist's cards. The Negro slipped a card into Rudolf's hand. He turned it over and looked at it. Nothing was written on one side of the card; on the other three words were written: "The Green Door". And then Rudolf saw, three steps in front of him, a man throw away the card the Negro had giving him as he passed. Rudolf picked it up. The dentist's name and address were printed on it.

The adventurous piano salesman stopped at the corner and considered. Then he returned and joined the stream of people again. When he was passing the Negro the second time, he again got a card. Ten steps away he examined it. In the same handwriting that appeared on the first card "The Green door" was written upon it. Three or four cards were lying on the pavement. On all of them were the name and the address of the dentist. Whatever the written words on the cards might mean, the Negro had chose him twice from the crowd.

Standing aside from the crowd, the young man looked at the building in which he thought his adventure must lie. It was a five-storey building. On the first floor there was a store. The second up were apartments.

After finishing his inspection Rudolf walked rapidly up the stairs into the house. The hallway there was badly lighted. Rudolf looked toward the nearer door and saw that it was

green. He hesitated for a moment, then he went straight to the green door and knocked on it. The door slowly opened. A girl not yet twenty stood there. She was very pale and as it seemed to Rudolf was about to faint. Rudolf caught her and laid her on a sofa. He closed the door and took a quick glance round the room. Neat, but great poverty was the story he read.

"Fainted, didn't I?" the girl asked weakly. "Well, no wonder. You try going without anything to eat for three days and see."

"Heavens!" cried Rudolf, jumping up. "Wait till I come back." He rushed out of the green door and in twenty minutes he was back with bread and butter, cold meat, cakes, pies, milk and hot tea.

"It is foolish to go without eating. You should not do it again," Rudolf said. "Supper is ready."

When the girl cheered up a little she told him her story. It was one of a thousand such as the city wears with indifference every day – a shop girl's story of low wages; of time lost through illness; and then of lost jobs, lost hope and unrealised dreams and – the knock of the young man upon the door.

Rudolf looked at the girl with sympathy.

"To think of you going through all that," he exclaimed. "And you have no relatives or friends in the city?"

"None whatever."

"As a matter of fact, I am all alone in the world too," said Rudolf after a pause.

"I am glad of that," said the girl, and somehow it pleased the young man to hear that she approved of his having no relatives.

Then the girl sighed deeply. "I'm awfully sleepy," she said.

Rudolf rose and took his hat.

"How did it happen that you knocked at my door?" she asked.

"One of our piano tuners lives in this house. I knocked at your door by mistake."

There was no reason why the girl should not believe him.

In the hallway he looked around and discovered to his great surprise that all the doors were green.

In the street he met the same Negro. "Will you tell me why you gave me these cards and what they mean?" he asked.

Pointing down the street to the entrance to a theatre with a bright electric sign of its new play, "The Green Door", the Negro told Rudolf that the theatre agent had giving him a dollar to hand out a few of his cards together with the dentist's.

"Still it was the hand of Fate that showed me the way to her," said Rudolf to himself.

Exercises and Assignments on the Text

Assignment № 1. Give English equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own.

1. haqiqiy sarguzashtlar ishqibozi / истинный искатель приключений –

2. kutilmagan hodisalarni izlab / в поисках неожиданного –

3. undan uch qadam narida / в трех шагах от него –

4. negr oldidan ikkinchi marta o'tdi / проходил мимо негра во второй раз –

5. bir xil husni-xat bilan / тем же почерком – _____
6. bir oz ikkilandi / некоторое время колебался – _____
7. hushsiz bo'lib yiqilishga tayyor edi / была готова упасть без сознания -

8. tezda xonani ko'zdan kechirib chiqdi / быстро оглядел комнату /-

9. ko'pgina hikoyalardan biri / одна из многих историй –

10. amalgam oshmagan orzular / неосуществленные мечты –

11. sozlovchi / настройщик – _____
12. taqdir qo'li / рука судьбы – _____

Assignment № 2. Write from the text Uzbek or Russian equivalents of the giving below English words and phrases and write to each three sentences

dream of smth. – _____

attract smb's attention – _____

see smb. do smth – _____

walk up (down) the stairs – _____

look at smb. with sympathy – _____

approve of smth. – _____

by mistake – _____

to one's surprise – _____

Assignment № 3. Reply to the next questions

1) Who was Rudolf Steiner and what was his favourite occupation?

Rudolf Steiner was _____.

2) Who attracted Rudolf's attention as he was walking along the street?

Rudolf's attention was attracted by _____.

3) What was written on the card which Rudolf got and on the card which he picked up?

_____.

4) What happened when Rudolf was passing the Negro the second time?

5) What did Rudolf do next?

6) Whom did he see behind the door?

7) Why was the girl so pale and weak?

8) In what way did the young man help the girl?

9) What did the girl tell him about herself?

10) How did Rudolf explain to the girl his unexpected visit?

11) What was the real reason why Rudolf had got the card with the words “The Green Doctor”?

Assignment № 4. Retell short content of the text by 10 sentences

Assignment № 5. Retell the story by the name of 1) Rudolf Steiner; 2) The Girl

Assignment № 6. Discuss next themes

1. Why does the author call the girl's story “one of a thousand such as the city wears with indifference every day”?
2. Try to imagine the girl's life described by the author as follows: “It was a story of low wages, of time lost through illnesses, of lost jobs, lost hopes and unrealised dreams”.
3. Why did Rudolf know the real reason of his meeting with the girl still called it “the hand of fate”?

Assignment № 7 Find the irregular verbs from the text and fill the table giving their forms

Assignment № 8. Find in the text the sentences which are given in the passive voice

Assignment № 9. Find from the text all the direct speech sentences.

Unit 5

BRAVE MOTHER (from "Uncle Tom's Cabin") by H. Beecher-Stowe

Part I

Mr. Shelby had a large plantation and many slaves in the South of America. He never had enough money. He borrowed large sums from a man named Haley, whose business was to buy and sell slaves. Mr. Shelby could not pay the money back, and Haley said he would take Shelby's house or some slaves. Mr. Shelby decided to sell Tom, who helped him to look after the farm.

"Tom is a good man," said Mr. Shelby; "he helps me on the farm and I trust him."

"Well, I'll take your Tom if you add a boy or a girl to him," answered Haley.

"I don't think I have a boy or a girl that I could sell. If I could pay the money back I wouldn't sell slaves at all."

Here the door opened and a small Negro boy, between four and five years of age, entered the room. Mr. Shelby gave him some fruit and said, "Now, Harry, show this gentleman how you can dance and sing." The boy began to sing one of the most popular Negro songs in a clear voice.

"Bravo!" said Haley, throwing the boy a piece of an orange.

"Now, boy, walk like an old man!" said Mr. Shelby. The boy began walking about the room, his master's stick in his hand, in imitation of an old man.

"Hurrah! Bravo! What a boy!" said Haley. "Shelby, I like that boy, if you add him, the business is done." At this moment the door opened and a young Negro woman about twenty-five entered the room. You could tell immediately, that she was the mother of the boy. The same beautiful dark eyes and silky black hair.

"Well, Elisa?" asked her master as she stopped and looked at him.

"I was looking for Harry, please, Sir."

The boy ran to his mother showing her the nice things which he had got from the men for his performance.

"Well, take him away, then," said Mr. Shelby; and she quickly left the room, carrying the child in her arms.

"I say, Shelby," said the trader, "that is a fine woman. You could get much money for her in New Orleans, any day. I've seen a thousand dollars paid for a girl like that."

"I don't want any money for her. My wife likes her and wouldn't part with her. I don't want to speak about it."

"Well, you'll let me have the boy, won't you?" said the trader.

"What do you want the boy for?" asked Shelby.

"I have a friend who sells good boys in the market. He sells them to rich people. Boys can be waiters, open doors and help in the house."

"I don't want to take the boy from his mother," said Mr. Shelby.

"Oh, you can send the woman away for a day or a week; then your wife can give her a new dress or some other thing to make it up with her."

"I'll think it over and talk to my wife," said Mr. Shelby.

"But I want to know the result as soon as possible," said Haley, rising and putting on his coat.

"Well, come this evening between six and seven, and you shall have my answer," said Mr. Shelby, and the trader left the house.

Part II

In the evening Mr. Shelby told his wife that he had sold Tom and little Harry to Haley. Elisa was in the next room and heard the conversation. She decided to take her boy and run away to Canada, where Negroes were free. She packed some of her things, took the boy in her arms and quietly left the house.

To get to Canada Elisa had to cross the Ohio River. She knew the road to the river, as she had of ten gone with her mistress to visit some friends in the little village near the Ohio River. Elisa walked all the night. In the morning, when people and horses began to move along the road, she sat down behind the trees and gave little Harry something to eat. After a short rest they continued their way. In the afternoon she stopped at a small farm-house to rest and buy some dinner for the boy and herself.

When the sun was already low, they came to the Ohio River. Elisa was tired but strong in heart. She looked at the river that was on her way to freedom. It was spring and the river was swollen, large pieces of ice were floating in the water. She understood that it would be difficult to get a boat and cross the river at such a time.

At a small inn she asked about the boats. The woman there told Elisa that the boats had stopped running, and she looked with curiosity at the woman and her child.

"My boy is dangerously ill, I walked the whole day in the hope to get to the boat," said Elisa. The woman was sorry for the poor mother and asked her husband for advice.

"He said he would try. There is a man who crosses the river very often. He will be here to supper in the evening, so you may stay here and wait," said the woman. "Take the child into this room" continued she, opening the door into a small bedroom, where stood a comfortable bed.

Elisa put the tired boy upon the bed, and held his hands in hers till he was asleep. There was no rest for her. She was afraid that the trader and her master would follow her and take little Harry away from her. Elisa stood at the window looking at the river. "How can I get to the other side?" she thought. "I must get over the river with my child, then no one will be able to catch us."

Suddenly she heard men's voices and saw Haley. Her room had a door opening to the river. She caught up the boy and ran down to the river. The men saw her and started running after her. She heard their shouts. In a moment she jumped onto a large piece of ice in the river. It was a dangerous jump. Haley and the men cried something to her and lifted their hands. The piece of ice creaked as Elisa jumped onto it, but she did not stay there. She jumped to another and still another piece, falling and jumping again. She lost her shoes, her stockings were cut from her feet, blood marked her every step on the ice; but Elisa saw nothing, felt nothing, till, as in a dream, she saw the other bank of the Ohio, and a man helping her up the bank.

Exercises and Assignments on the Text

Assignment № 1. Give English equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own.

1. qarz olmoq / брать займы – _____
2. unga ishonaman / доверяю ему – _____
3. ish bajarildi / дело сделано – _____
4. undan ajralmaydi / не расстанется с ней – _____
5. bolani onadan ajratmoq / отрывать ребенка от матери – _____;
6. o'zining xo'jayini bilan tez-tez borib turardi / часто ходила со своей хозяйкой – _____;
7. ruhan kuchli / сильна духом – _____
8. daryo toshdi / река разлилась – _____
9. orqasidan kuzatmoq / преследовать – _____
10. daryoga chiqadigan / выходящая к реке – _____
11. katta muz bo'lagi / большая льдина – _____
12. tushdagidek / как в сне – _____

Assignment № 2. Write from the text Uzbek or Russian equivalents of the giving below English words and phrases and write to each three sentences

imitate smb. – _____

let smb. do smth. – _____

as soon as possible – _____

look with curiosity at smb. – _____

be dangerously ill – _____

ask smb's for advice – _____

start (stop) doing smth. – _____

Assignment № 3. Reply to the next questions

1) Why did Mr. Shelby decide to sell his slaves?

Assignment № 6. Find from the text all Past Perfect and Future in the Past tenses sentences

Assignment № 7. Give questions to the matched words

1) In the morning Elisa sat down behind the trees and gave little Harry something to eat.

_____?

2) Large pieces of ice were floating in the water.

_____?

3) Haley's friend sells boys in the market to rich people.

_____?

Assignment № 8. Find from the text all sentences which belongs to direct speech and write them to indirect speech

Assignment № 9. Think of giving them below and discuss. You can write an essay which consist 200-450 words

1. Characterize Eliza. Prove that she was a devoted mother.
2. Say what you know about slave-traders and slave-markets. Read another extract from the book "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and explain:
 - a) how the slave-traders try not to shock respectable society;
 - b) why slave-trading is inhuman.

A slave-market! You may think that this is a horrible place without light and air.

But no, my friend; in these days men have learned to do crimes with great art, so as not to shock respectable society. The prices of human goods are high in the market and the slaves are well fed, washed and looked after. They must come to the auction strong and shining. A slave-market in New Orleans is like many other such markets. Every day you may see lines of Negro men and women in front of the market building. They stand there to show that people are sold in the market. Then you will be invited to come in and examine the Negroes and you will find a great choice of husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers and young children to be sold separately or in lots, as you wish.

It is morning. Orders are giving to every one to put on their best faces and be lively. Then they are marched up to the auction.

Tom was standing with the other slaves near one of the platforms. A man came up to Tom and began to examine him. He opened Tom's mouth to see his teeth; made him show his muscles; turned him round, made him jump.

"Where were you born?" he asked.

"In Kentucky, master," said Tom, looking about, as if for help.

"What have you done?"

"Looked after the master's farm," said Tom.

When the auction began, Tom went on the platform. The trader called the price in French and in English; the buyers shouted their prices. Then the final price was called and Tom was sold and had a new master – the man who had examined him before the auction.

Unit 6

THE READING PUBLIC by S. Leacock

"Wish to look about the store? Oh, by all means, sir," said the manager of one of the biggest book stores in New York. He called to his assistant, "Just show this gentleman our ancient classics – the ten-cent series." With this he dismissed me from his mind.

In other words he had guessed at a glance that I was a professor. The manager of the biggest book store cannot be deceived in a customer. He knew I would hang around for two hours, get in everybody's way, and finally buy the Dialogues of Plato for ten cents.

He despised me, but a professor standing in a corner buried in a book looks well in a store. It is a sort of advertisement.

So it was that standing in a far corner I had an opportunity of noticing something of this up-to-date manager's methods with his real customers.

"You are quite sure it's his latest?" a fashionably dressed woman was saying to the manager.

"Oh, yes, madam, this is Mr. Slush's very latest book, I assure you. It's having a wonderful sale." As he spoke he pointed to a huge pile of books on the counter with the title in big letters – Golden Dreams.

"This book," said the lady idly turning over the pages, "is it good?"

"It's an extremely powerful thing," said the manager, "in fact it's a masterpiece. The critics are saying that without exaggeration it is the most powerful book of the season. It is bound to make a sensation."

"Oh, really!" said the lady. "Well, I think I'll take it then."

Suddenly she remembered something. "Oh, and will you give me something for my husband? He's going down south. You know the kind of thing one reads on vacation?"

"Oh, perfectly, madam. I think we have just what your husband wants. Seven Weeks in the Sahara, dollars; Six Months in a Waggon, 6 dollars; Afternoons in an Oxcart, two volumes, 4 dollars 30 cents. Or here, now, Among the Cannibals of Corfu, or Among the Monkeys of New Guinea, 10 dollars." And with this the manager laid his hand on another pile as numerous as the pile of Golden Dreams.

' It seems rather expensive,» remarked the lady.

"Oh, a most expensive book," repeated the manager in a tone of enthusiasm. "You see, it's the illustrations, actual photographs of actual monkeys; and the paper."

The lady bought Among the Monkeys.

Another lady entered. A widow, judging by her black dress.

"Something new in fiction," repeated the manager, "yes, madam, here's a charming thing, Golden Dreams,— a very sweet story. In fact, the critics are saying it's the sweetest thing Mr. Slush has done."

"Is it good?" said the lady.

"It's a very charming love story. My wife was reading it aloud only last night. She could hardly read for tears."

"I suppose it's quite a safe book?" asked the widow anxiously. "I want it for my little daughter."

"A assure you it's perfectly safe. In fact, it is written quite in the old style, like the dear old books of the past; quite like —" here the manager paused with a slight doubt — "Dickens and Fielding and — er — so on."

The widow bought the Golden Dreams, received it wrapped up, and passed out.

"Have you any good light reading?" called out the next customer in a loud cheerful voice — he had the air of a man starting on a holiday.

"Yes," said the manager, and his face almost broke into a laugh.

"Here's an excellent thing, Golden Dreams; quite the most humorous book of the season. My wife was reading it last night. She could hardly read for laughing."

After that the customers came and went in a string. To one lady Golden Dreams was sold as exactly the reading for a holiday, to another as the very book to read after a holiday; another bought it as a book for a rainy day, and a fourth as the right sort of reading for a fine day.

Among the Monkeys was sold as a sea story, a land story, a story of the jungle, a story of the mountains; each time at a different price.

After a busy two hours I drew near and from a curiosity that I couldn't resist said, "That book, Golden Dreams, you seem to think it's a very wonderful book?"

The manager knew that I had no intention of buying the book, so he shook his head. "Frankly speaking, I imagine it's perfectly rotten."

"Haven't you read it?" I asked in amazement.

"Dear me, no!" said the manager. His air was that of a milkman who is offered a glass of his own milk. "A pretty time I'd have if I tried to read all the new books. It's quite enough to keep track of them without that."

"But those people," I went on, deeply puzzled, "won't they be disappointed?"

"By no means!" he said. "They won't read it. They never do."

"But at any rate your wife thought it a fine story," I insisted.

The manager smiled widely. "I am not married, sir."

NOTES:

rotten — (*slang*) bad

in a string — one after another

Exercises and Assignments on the Text

Assignment № 1. Give English equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own

1. boshqacha so'zlar bilan / другими словами – _____;
2. brinchi so'zdanoq tushundi / понял с первого слова – _____;
3. nafratlanardi / презирал – _____;
4. reklamaga oxshash narsa / нечто вроде рекламы – _____;
5. zamonaviy usullar / современные методы – _____;
6. yangilik / новинка – _____;
7. zamonaviy kiyingan / модно одетая – _____;
8. ishtiyoqsizlik bilan varaqlab / лениво переворачивая страницы – _____;
9. mubolag'asiz / без преувеличения – _____;
10. sizni ishontiramanki / уверяю Вас – _____;
11. o'qish uchun tog'ri keladigan / подходящее чтение для... – _____;
12. har qanday holatda ham / в любом случае – _____.

Assignment № 2. Write from the text Uzbek or Russian equivalents of the giving below English words and phrases and write to each three sentences.

get in smb.'s way – _____

have an opportunity of doing smth. – _____

be bound to – _____

could hardly read for tears (laughter) – _____

in a loud (sad, cheerful) voice – _____

break into a laugh (into tears) – _____

have an (no) intention of doing smth. – _____

shake one's head – _____

frankly speaking – _____

be disappointed – _____

ask in amazement – _____

Assignment № 6. *Make up a dialogue between manager and customer*

Assignment № 7. *Discuss next them*

1. Do you agree that the manager was really skillful in his business? Can you approve of his "up-to-date" methods?
2. What kind of book was "Golden Dreams"? What's your opinion of such literature?
3. The manager mentioned Dickens and Fielding. What do you think he knew about them? Are you fond of classics? Why do many people enjoy reading books by classical writers?
4. What kind of literature are you fond of? Explain why you prefer this or that genre. Name your favourite authors and books.
5. Do you need advice when you choose a book? Who (what) influences your choice?

Unit 7

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE by O. Wilde

"She said that she would dance with me if I brought her a red rose," cried the young student, "but there is not a single red rose in all my garden."

From her nest in the oak-tree the Nightingale heard him, and she looked out through the leaves and wondered.

"Not a single red rose in all my garden!" cried the student, and his beautiful eyes filled with tears. "Happiness depends so much on such little things! I have read all that the wise men have written, I know all the secrets of philosophy, but my life is unhappy because I have no red rose."

"Here at last is a true lover," said the Nightingale. "Night after night I have sung about him, though I did not know him; night after night I have told his story to the stars, and now I see him."

"The Prince gives a ball tomorrow night," whispered the young student, "and my love will be there. If I bring her a red rose, I shall hold her in my arms, and she will put her head upon my shoulder, and her hand will be in mine. But there is no red rose in my garden, so I shall sit alone, and she will pass me by, and my heart will break."

"Here indeed is a true lover," said the Nightingale. "What I sing about, he suffers; what is joy to me, to him is pain. Love is a wonderful thing. It is dearer than jewels."

"The musicians will play, and my love will dance," said the young student. "She will dance so lightly that her feet will not touch the floor. But she will not dance with me, for I have no red rose to give her," and he threw himself down on the grass and buried his face in his hands, and cried.

"Why is he crying?" asked a little green lizard, as he ran past him with his tail in the air.

"He is crying for a red rose," said the Nightingale.

"For a red rose? How funny." The little lizard laughed loudly.

But the Nightingale understood the secret of the student's sorrow, and she sat silent in the oak-tree, and thought about love.

Suddenly she spread her brown wings and flew up into the air. She passed through the wood like a shadow, and like a shadow she flew over the garden.

In the centre of the lawn was standing a beautiful rose-tree., and when she saw it, she flew over to it and said, "Give me a red rose and I will sing you my sweetest song." But the rose-tree shook its head.

"My roses are white," it answered, "whiter than the snow upon the mountains. But go to my brother who grows round the old sun-dial, and perhaps he will give you what you want."

So the Nightingale flew over to the rose-tree that was growing round the old sun-dial.

"Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will sing you my sweetest song."

But the rose-tree shook its head. "My roses are yellow," it answered. "But go to my brother who grows under the student's window, and perhaps he will give you what you want."

So the Nightingale flew over to the rose-tree that was growing under the student's window.

But the rose-tree shook its head.

"My roses are red," it answered. "But the winter has frozen my buds, and the storm has broken my branches, and I shall have no roses at all this year."

"One red rose is all I want," cried the Nightingale, "only one red rose! Is there no way how to get it?"

"There is a way," answered the rose-tree, "but it is so terrible that I am afraid to tell you about it."

"Tell me," said the Nightingale, "I am not afraid."

"If you want a red rose," said the tree, "you must build it out of music by moonlight, and crimson it with your own heart's blood. You must sing to me with your breast against a thorn. All night long you must sing to me, and the thorn must run through your heart and your blood must flow into my branches and become mine."

"Death is a great price to pay for a red rose," cried the Nightingale, "and life is very dear to all. It is pleasant to sit in the green wood, and to watch the sun, and the moon. Yet Love is better than life, and what is the heart of a bird compared to the heart of a man?"

So she spread her brown wings and flew into the air. She flew over the garden like a shadow and like a shadow she passed through the wood.

The young student was still lying on the grass where she had left him, and the tears were not yet dry in his beautiful eyes.

"Be happy," cried the Nightingale, "be happy. You shall have your red rose. I will build it out of music by moonlight, and crimson it with my own heart's blood. I only ask you in return to be a true lover, for love is wiser than philosophy and mightier than power."

The student looked up from the grass and listened, but he could not understand what the Nightingale was saying to him, for he only knew the things that are in books.

But the oak-tree understood, and felt sad, for he was very fond of the little Nightingale who had built her nest in his branches.

"Sing me one last song," he whispered, "I shall feel very lonely when you are gone."

So the Nightingale sang to the oak-tree.

When she had finished her song the student got up, and pulled a note-book and a pencil out of his pocket.

"She has form," he said to himself, as he walked away through the wood, "but has she got feeling? I am afraid not. In fact, she is like most artists. She thinks of music, and everybody knows the artists are selfish. Still, I must say that she has some beautiful notes in her voice. What a pity that they do not mean anything."

And he went into his room, and lay down on his bed, and began to think of his love; and, after a time, he fell asleep.

And when the moon shone in the sky the Nightingale flew to the rose-tree, and pressed her breast against the thorn. All night long she sang, and the thorn went deeper and deeper into her breast and her blood flowed out.

She sang of the birth of love in the heart of a boy and a girl. And on the top of the rose-tree appeared a beautiful rose. Pale it was at first, as the fog that hangs over the river – pale as the feet of the morning.

But the rose-tree cried to the Nightingale, "Press closer, little Nightingale, or the day will come before the rose is finished."

So the Nightingale pressed closer and closer against the thorn, and louder and louder grew her song, for she sang of the birth of passion in the soul of a man and a maiden.

The leaves of the rose became faintly pink. But the thorn had not yet reached the Nightingale's heart, so the rose's heart remained white, for only a Nightingale's blood can crimson the heart of a rose.

And the rose-tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer against the thorn. "Press closer, little Nightingale," cried the rose-tree, "or the day will come before the rose is finished."

So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and the thorn touched her heart, and she felt a sharp pain. Bitter, bitter was the pain, and wilder and wilder grew her song, for she sang about the love that never dies.

And the beautiful rose became crimson like the eastern sky. But the Nightingale's voice grew weaker and her little wings began to beat.

When day came, she gave one last burst of music. The white moon heard it, and she forgot that it was morning and remained in the sky. The red rose heard it, and it trembled all over and opened to the cold morning air.

"Look, look!" cried the rose-tree. "The rose is finished now!" But the Nightingale did not answer for she was lying dead in the long grass, with the thorn in her heart.

And at noon the student opened his window and looked out. "How wonderful!" he cried. "Here is a red rose! I have never seen any rose like this in all my life. It is so beautiful that I am sure it has a long Latin name," and he bent down and picked it with joy in his heart.

Then he put on his hat, and ran to the Professor's house with the rose in his hand.

The daughter of the Professor was sitting in the doorway and her little dog was lying at her feet.

"You said you would dance with me if I brought you a red rose," cried the student. "Here is the reddest rose in all the world. You will wear it tonight next to your heart, and when we dance together it will tell you how I love you."

But the girl answered.

"I am afraid it will not go with my dress, and besides, another man has sent me some real jewels, and everybody knows that jewels cost far more than flowers."

"Well, upon my word, you are very ungrateful," said the young student angrily and he threw the rose into the street and a cart-wheel went over it.

"Ungrateful!" said the girl. "I'll tell you what, you are rude; and, after all, who are you? Only a poor student!" and she got up from her chair and went into the house.

"What a silly thing love is," said the student as he walked away. "It is always telling us things that are not true. In fact, it is quite unpractical, and, as in this age to be practical is everything, I shall go back and study philosophy."

So he returned to his room and pulled out a great dusty book, and began to read.

Exercises and Assignments on the Text

Assignment № 1. Give English equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own.

1. birorta ham qizil atirgul yo'q / нет ни одной красной розы – _____

2. raqs kechasi uyushtiradi / дает бал – _____

3. oldimdan o'tib ketadi / пройдет мимо меня – _____

4. qimmat baho narsalardan ustun / дороже драгоценностей – _____

5. yuzini qo'li bilan yopti / закрыл лицо руками – _____

6. g'amgimligining sababi / причина его печали – _____

7. soyadek o'tib ketdi / промелькнул как тень – _____
8. mening ildizlarim muzlab qolgani / мои почки померзли – _____
9. hali ko'z yoshi qurumagandi / слезы еще не высохли – _____
10. hamma rassomlar xudbindir / все художники эгоисты – _____
11. yaqinroq kel / прижмись сильнее – _____
12. mening ko'yagingga to'g'ri kelmaydi / не пойдет к моему платью – _____

Assignment № 2. Write from the text Uzbek or Russian equivalents of the giving below English words and phrases and write to each three sentences

depend on smth. – _____

suffer smth. – _____

shake one's head – _____

there is a (no) way how to do smth. – _____

it is pleasant to do smth. – _____

compared to smth./smb. – _____

fall asleep – _____

feel a sharp pain – _____

Assignment № 3. Reply to the next questions

- 1) Why was the young student upset?
The young student was upset, because _____
- 2) Why did the Nightingale make up her mind to help the student?
The Nightingale made up her mind to help the student, because _____
- 3) What way out did the rose-tree propose to the Nightingale?

- 4) It was a great sacrifice for the bird, wasn't it? Why did she still decide to make it?

- 5) Why was the Nightingale's sacrifice made in vain?

Assignment № 4 .Retell the story by the name of 1) nightingale 2) the girl 3) young man

Assignment № 5. Find the irregular verbs from the text and fill the table giving their forms

Assignment № 6. Assignments on the text

1. Follow through the text how the author describes the appearing of a red rose. What does the writer compare the colour of the rose with?
2. Follow through the text how the song of the Nightingale was changing. What did she sing about at the beginning of the night and at the end of it?
3. Find in the text the sentences which prove that life was very dear to the bird but she thought love to be more important.
4. Do you think the young people were really devoted to each other? Did the red rose really mean a lot to the girl? Use the text to prove your answers.

Assignment № 7. Write giving direct speech sentences into indirect speech

- 1) The man said: "You will wear the rose next to your heart and when we dance together it will tell you how I love you".
- 2) "Sing me one last song", – the oak-tree said.
- 3) The rose-tree said: "The winter has frozen my buds, and the storm has broken my branches, and I shall have no roses this year."
- 4) "Give me a red rose," – she cried, "and I will sing you my sweetest song."
- 5) "Is there no way how to get a red rose?" – the bird asked.

Assignment №8. Discuss next statement

Comment on the proverb: "There is no rose without a thorn."

1. What kind of people to your mind can make a sacrifice for the sake of others? Can you give examples?
2. Is true love worth sacrificing?

Assignment №9. Analyze comparative degree of giving sentences

“The Nightingale pressed closer and closer and louder and louder grew her song”

Unit 8

MARTIN EDEN (extract) by J. London

Part I

Martin Eden, a strong man and talented worker, belongs to a working-class family. He meets Ruth Morse, a girl from a rich bourgeois family, and falls in love with her. He

decides to become her equal in knowledge and culture. He must make a career for himself and become famous. He begins to read and study and Ruth helps him.

A week of heavy reading had passed since the evening he first met Ruth Morse, and still he did not dare to go and see her. He was afraid of making mistakes in speech and manners.

Martin tried to read books that required years of preparatory work. One day he read a book on philosophy, and the next day a book on art. He read poetry, he read books by Karl Marx. He did not understand what he was reading but he wanted to know. He had become interested in economy, industry and politics. He sat up in bed and tried to read, but the dictionary was in front of him more often than the book. He looked up so many new words that when he saw them again, he had forgotten their meaning and had to look them up again. He decided to write the words down in a note-book, and filled page after page with them. And still he could not understand what he was reading. Poetry was not so difficult. He loved poetry and beauty, and there he found beauty, as he found it in music.

At last Martin Eden had enough courage to go and see Ruth. She met him at the door herself and took him into the living-room. They talked first of the books he had borrowed from her, then of poets. He told her of his plans to educate himself.

"You should go back and finish grammar school, and then go through the high school and university," Ruth said.

"But that takes money," he said.

"Oh!" she cried. "I had not thought of that. But then you have relatives, somebody who could help you?"

He shook his head.

"My father and mother are dead. I've two sisters and some brothers,— I'm the youngest,— but they never helped anybody. The oldest died in India. Two are in South Africa now, and another is on a fishing-boat at sea. One is travelling with a circus. And I think I am just like them. I've taken care of myself since I was eleven — that's when my mother died. I think I must study by myself, and what I want to know is where to begin."

"I should say the first thing of all would be to get a grammar. Your grammar is not particularly

He got red. "I know I talk a lot of slang. I know words, picked them up from books, but I cannot say them correctly, so I don't use them."

"It isn't what you say, so much as how you say it. You don't mind my saying that, do you? I don't want to hurt you."

"No, no," he cried. "Tell me everything. I must know, and I had better hear it from you than from anybody else."

"Well, then, you say 'You was', it must be 'You were'. You say 'I seen' for 'I saw'."

"That is clear," said Martin. "I never thought of it before."

"You'll find it all in the grammar," she said and went to the bookcase. She took one of the books from the shelf and gave it to Martin.

Several weeks went by, during which Martin Eden studied his grammar and read books. During those weeks he saw Ruth five or six times and each time he learned something. She helped him with his English, corrected his pronunciation and taught him arithmetic.

Part II

A few months after Martin had started to educate himself, he had to go to sea again as all his money was spent. He went as a sailor on a ship that was going to the South Sea.

The captain of the ship had a complete Shakespeare, which he never read. Martin had washed his clothes for him and in return was allowed to read the books. For a time all the world took the form of Shakespearean tragedy or comedy; even Martin's thoughts were expressed in the language of Shakespeare. This trained his ear and gave him a feeling for good English.

The eight months were spent well; he learned to understand Shakespeare and speak correctly, and what was most important, he learned much about himself. Now he knew that he could do more than he had done. He wanted to show Ruth the beauty of the South Sea and decided to do it in his letters.

And then the great idea came to him. He would describe the beauty of the world not only for Ruth but for other people as well. He could do it. He would be one of the eyes through which the world saw, one of the ears through which the world heard, one of the hearts through which it felt. He would be a writer. He would write – everything – poetry and prose, novels and descriptions, and plays like Shakespeare. There was career and the way to win Ruth.

For the first time he saw the aim of his life, and saw it in the middle of the great sea. Martin decided to begin writing when he comes back. He would describe the voyage to the South Sea and sell it to some San Francisco newspaper. He would go on studying, and then, after some time, when he had learned and prepared himself, he would write great things.

Part III

When Martin Eden returned to San Francisco, he began to write. He sent his works to newspapers and magazines, but the editors sent his manuscripts back. Martin continued to write and study at the same time.

Martin lived in a small room where he slept, studied, wrote and cooked his meals. Before the window there was the kitchen table that served as desk and library. The bed occupied two-thirds of the room. Martin slept five hours; only a man in very good health could work for nineteen hours a day. He never lost a moment. On the looking-glass were lists of words: when he was shaving or combing his hair, he learned these words. Some lists were on the wall over the kitchen table, and he studied them while he was cooking or washing the dishes. New lists were always put there in place of the old ones. Every new word he met in his reading was marked and later put down on paper and pinned to the wall or

looking-glass. He even carried them in his pockets and looked them through in the street or in the shop.

The weeks passed. All Martin's money was spent and publishers continued to send his manuscripts back. Day by day he worked on and day by day the postman delivered to him his manuscripts. He had no money for stamps, so the manuscripts lay on the floor under the table. Martin pawned his overcoat, then his watch.

One morning the postman brought him a short thin envelope. There was no manuscript in that envelope, therefore, Martin thought, they had taken the story. It was "The Ring of Bells". In the letter the editor of a San Francisco magazine said that the story was good. They would pay the author five dollars for it. And he would receive the check when the story was published.

Exercises and Assignments on the Text

Assignment № 1. Give English equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own

1. u bilan tengma teng bo'lish / быть наравне с ней – _____
2. uzoq vaqt tayorlanishni talab qilardi / требовали длительной подготовки –

3. so'zni lug'atdan qaramoq / смотреть слова в словаре –

4. betma- bet yozib to'ldirdi / исписывал страницу за страницей –

5. o'zi haqida o'zi qayg'urardi / заботился о себе сам –

6. xafa qilmoqchi emasman / не хочу обидеть –

7. Shekispinning to'liq asarlar to'plami / полное собрание сочинений Шекспира –

8. to'g'ri gapirmoq / говорить правильно –

9. yozuv stoli sifatida xizmat qilardi / служил письменным столом –

10. bir daqiqa ham yo'qotmasdi / не терял ни минуты –

11. qo'lyozmani qaytarmoq / возвращать рукописи –

12. kundan kun / день за днем – _____

13. garovga qo'ydi / заложил пальто – _____

Assignment № 2 . Write from the text Uzbek or Russian equivalents of the giving below English words and phrases and write to each three sentences

make a career – _____

to be greatly surprised – _____

dare to do smth. – _____

be afraid of doing smth. – _____

a book on philosophy (art) – _____

become interested in smth. – _____

get red (pale) – _____

do smth. in return – _____

go on doing smth. – _____

Assignment № 3. Reply to the next questions

1) What made Martin begin to read and study?

2) Using the text prove that Martin read books without any system.

3) Reading was hard work for him, wasn't it? What did Martin do to make it easier?

4) What did Ruth advise Martin when they met?

5) What did Martin tell Ruth about his family?

6) What were Ruth's remarks about Martin's grammar? Did they hurt him?

7) Why did the young man have to go to sea again?

8) In what way did Shakespeare's books help Martin to educate himself?

9) What idea came to him? What did he want to write about?

10) Describe Martin's room. Prove that while writing stories he continued to educate himself.

11) Why do you think publishers sent his manuscripts back?

12) What happened one day?

Assignment № 4. Retell the story by the name of 1) Martin Eden; 2) Ruth Moris; 3) The captain of the ship

Assignment № 5. Retell the story using 15 sentences -5 sentences for each part

Assignment № 6. Find the irregular verbs from the text and fill the table giving their forms

Assignment №9. Get ready to discuss next them

1. When Martin and Ruth were discussing the problem of his education and Martin said that it took money, Ruth answered, "I hadn't thought of that". Why do you think she said so? What else shows that the young people belonged to different stratas of society?
2. Do you agree that Martin was a very industrious and determined person? Find all the facts in the text to prove it. Say how it helped him in his work.
3. The book "Martin Eden" is autobiographical. Do you know any other books in which the writers used facts from their own life?

Assignment № 10. Find in the text all the Past Perfect, Future in the Past and Past Continuous sentences.

Assignment № 11. Find all the passive tense sentences

Assignment № 12. Change giving active sentences into passive

- 1) Martin washed the captain's clothes and he gave him his books to read.
- 2) He would describe the beauty of the world in his books.
- 3) Ruth corrected his pronunciation and taught him arithmetic.
- 4) He wrote the words down in a note-book and filled page after page with them.

Unit 9

***IS HE LIVING OR IS HE DEAD* by M. Twain**

"A long time ago I was a young artist and came to France where I was travelling from place to place making sketches. One day I met two French artists who were also moving from place to place making sketches and I joined them. We were as happy as we were poor, or as poor as we were happy, as you like it.

"Claude and Carl – these are the names of those boys – were always in good spirits and laughed at poverty. We were very poor. We lived on the money which we got from time to time for our sketches. When nobody wanted to buy our sketches we had to go hungry.

"Once, in the north of France, we stopped at a village. For some time things had been very difficult for us. A young artist, as poor as ourselves, lived in that village. He took us into his house, and saved us from starvation. The artist's name was Francois Millet.

"He wasn't greater than we were, then. He wasn't famous even in his own village; and he was so poor that very often he hadn't anything for dinner but cabbage, and sometimes he could not even get cabbage. We lived and worked together for over two years. One day Claude said:

"Boys, we've come to the end. Do you understand that? Everybody is against us. I've been all around the village and they do not want to sell food until we pay all the money". There was a long silence. At last Millet said, "What shall we do? I can't think of anything. Can you, boys?"

"We made no answer. Then Carl began to walk up and down the room. Suddenly he stopped in front of a picture and said: 'It's a shame! Look at these pictures! They are good, as good as the pictures of any well-known artist. Many people had said so too.

"But they don't buy our pictures,' said Millet.

"Carl sat down and said, 'I know now how we can become rich'".

"Rich! You have lost your mind".

"No, I haven't."

“Yes, you have – you've lost your mind. What do you call rich?”

“A hundred thousand francs for a picture”.

“He has lost his mind. I knew it”.

“Yes, he has. Carl, these troubles have been too much for you, and...”

“Carl, you must take some medicine and go to bed”.

“Stop it!” said Millet seriously, “and let the boy say what he wants to. Now, then – go on with your plan, Carl. What is it?”

“Well, then, to begin with, I will ask you to note this fact in human history: many great artists die of starvation. And only after their death people begin to buy their pictures and pay large sums of money for them. So the thing is quite clear”, he added, “one of us must die. Let us draw lots”. We laughed and gave Carl some medical advice, but he waited quietly, then went on again with his plan.

“Yes, one of us must die, to save the others – and himself. We will draw lots. He will become famous and all of us will become rich. Here is the idea. During the next three months the man who must die will paint as many pictures as he can, sketches, parts of pictures, fragments of pictures with his name on them, and each must have some particulars of his, that could be easily seen. Such things are sold too and collected at high prices for the world's museums, after the great man is dead. At the same time the others of us will inform the public that a great artist is dying, that he won't live over three months.

“But what if he doesn't die?” we asked Carl.

“Oh, he won't really die, of course; he will only change his name and disappear, we bury a dummy and cry over it and all the world will help us. And – ‘ But he wasn't allowed to finish. Everybody applauded him, we ran about the room, and fell on each others' necks, and were happy. For hours we talked over the great plan and quite forgot that we were hungry.

“At last we drew lots and Millet was elected to die. We collected the few things we had left and pawned them. So we got a little money for travel and for Millet to live on for a few days. The next morning Claude, Carl and I left the village. Each had some of Millet's small pictures and sketches with him. We took different roads. Carl went to Paris, where he would begin the work of building Millet's fame. Claude and I were going abroad.

“On the second day I began to sketch a villa near a big town because I saw the owner standing on the veranda. He came down to look on. I showed him my sketch and he liked it. Then I took out a picture by Millet and pointed to the name in the corner.

“Do you know the name?” I said proudly. “Well, he taught me!” I finished.

“The man looked confused.

“Don't you know the name of Francois Millet?” I asked him.

“Of course it is Millet. I recognise it now”, said the man, who had never heard of Millet before, but now pretended to know the name. Then he said that he wanted to buy the picture. At first I refused to sell it, but in the end I let him have it for eight hundred francs. I made a very nice picture of that man's house and wanted to offer it to him for ten francs,

but remembered that I was the pupil of such a master, so I sold it to him for a hundred. I sent the eight hundred francs straight back to Millet from that town and was on the road again next day.

"Now that I had some money in my pocket, I did not walk from place to place. I rode. I continued my journey and sold a picture a day. I always said to the man who bought it, "I'm a fool to sell a picture by Francois Millet. The man won't live three months. When he dies, his pictures will be sold at a very high price".

"The plan of selling pictures was successful with all of us. I walked only two days. Claude walked two – both of us afraid to make Millet famous too near the village where he lived – but Carl walked only half a day and after that he travelled like a king. In every town that we visited, we met the editor of the newspaper and asked him to publish a few words about the master's health. We never called Millet a genius. The readers understood that everybody knew Millet. Sometimes the words were hopeful, sometimes tearful. We always marked these articles and sent the papers to all the people who had bought pictures of us.

"Carl was soon in Paris. He made friends with the journalists and Millet's condition was reported to England and all over the continent, and America, and everywhere.

"At the end of six weeks from the start, we three met in Paris and decided to stop asking for more pictures from Millet. We saw that it was time to strike. So we wrote Millet to go to bed and begin to prepare for his death. We wanted him to die in ten days, if he could get ready. Then we counted the money and found that we had sold eighty-five small pictures and sketches and had sixty-nine thousand francs. How happy we were!

"Claude and I packed up and went back to the village to look after Millet in his last days and keep people out of the house. We sent daily bulletins to Carl in Paris for the papers of several continents with the information for a waiting world. The sad end came at last, and Carl came to the village to help us. Large crowds of people from far and near attended the funeral. We four carried the coffin. There was only a wax figure in it. Millet was disguised as a relative and helped to carry his own coffin.

"After the funeral we continued selling Millet's pictures. We got so much money that we did not know what to do with it. There is a man in Paris today who has seventy Millet's pictures. He paid us two million francs for them."

NOTES:

Francois Millet – Fransua Mille, fransuz rassomi (1814 – 1875) / Франсуа Милле, французский художник (1814 – 1875).

funeral – dafn qilish marosimi / похороны.

coffin – tobut / гроб.

Exercises and Assignments on the Text

Assignment № 1. Give English equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own.

1. xomqolipni chizmoq / делать набросок – _____
2. ochlikdan qutqarmoq / спас от голода – _____
3. karamdan tashqari hech narsa / ничего, кроме капусты – _____
4. boyib ketmoq / разбогатеть – _____
5. bu dalilni qayd qilmoq / отметить этот факт – _____
6. keling qur'a tashlaymiz / давайте бросим жребий – _____
7. o'ziga xos xususiyat / характерные особенности – _____
8. manekenni dafn qilmoq / хоронить манекен – _____
9. Milleni mashur qilmoq / создавать славу Милле – _____
10. o'zini biladigandek qilib ko'rsatdi / притворился, что знает – _____
11. kunida birta rasm sotardi / продавал по картине в день – _____
12. yaqin va uzoq joylardan / из ближних и дальних мест – _____
13. mumdan qilingan haykal / восковая фигура – _____
14. uni niqoblab qarindoshi qiyofiga kiritishdi / его замаскировали под родственника – _____

Assignment № 2. Write from the text Uzbek or Russian equivalents of the giving below English words and phrases and write to each three sentences

be in good sprit – _____

lose one's mind – _____

to begin with – _____

it's quite clear that... – _____

inform smb. – _____

applaud smb. – _____

go abroad – _____

look confused – _____

sell smth. at a high price – _____

be successful – _____

report smth. – _____

Assignment № 3. Reply to the next questions

1) Under what circumstances did the author get acquainted with Claude and Carl?

2) Describe their way of life.

3) Who joined their company some time later?

4) Why didn't people buy their pictures?

5) Which well-known fact of human history did Carl make use of in his plan?

6) Describe his plan in detail.

7) Which of the four was elected to die?

8) Prove that the plan was successful with all the young men.

9) What was the role of journalists in making Millet famous?

10) Describe the funeral.

11) What was the result of their successful “operation”?

Assignment №10. Change into indirect speech next direct speech sentences

1) "These troubles have been too much for you, Carl," – said Claude.

_____ ?

2) "Let the boy say what he wants to," – said Millet.

_____ ?

3) "Can you think of anything?" – said Claude.

_____ ?

4) "How much does the picture cost?" – asked the owner of the villa.

_____ ?

Unit 10

AS YOU LIKE IT by W. Shakespeare

Many years ago, there lived in France two girls who were the very best of friends. They were cousins, and both were beautiful. The taller and stronger of them was called Rosalind, and the name of the other was Celia. Rosalind's father was a great duke, but his brother, Celia's father, had driven him out of his own dukedom. Many noblemen, who hated the cruel brother, but loved Rosalind's father, went with him, to live in the Forest of Arden.

When Rosalind's father was driven from the castle, her uncle kept the girl there. She grew up together with his own little girl Celia. They grew up together, and Celia was so sweet and so kind to Rosalind that Rosalind sometimes forgot to be sad because her father had been driven away.

One of the truest friends of the former duke had been a brave knight called Sir Rowland. He was dead but he had left two sons. Oliver, the elder, was not a good brother. Instead of doing as his father had wished, and being kind to his younger brother whose name was Orlando, he gave him neither money nor any chance of learning anything, and made him take all his meals with the servants. He hated Orlando because he was so brave and strong and handsome, and he was kinder to his horses than he was to Orlando. Sir Rowland had had an old servant named Adam. Adam loved Orlando, and was very sorry that Oliver was so cruel to his younger brother.

One day, when Orlando felt that he could not bear Oliver's cruelty any longer, he asked him to give him the money that his father had left him and let him go and seek his fortune. He said he couldn't go on doing nothing and learning nothing. But Oliver only laughed at him, and so the brothers had a quarrel. Oliver hated Orlando more than ever after that quarrel. He thought of the best way to kill him and to keep for himself the money that their father had left for Orlando.

About this time Celia's father gave a great wrestling match. He had a very strong paid wrestler of his own. This man wrestled so well that only the bravest had the courage to

wrestle with him, for he often killed those with whom he wrestled. Orlando was a very good wrestler and was afraid of no one, so he made up his mind to go to the match and wrestle with this man.

When Oliver learned that Orlando intended to do this, he ordered the Duke's wrestler to come to his castle. He told the wrestler all sorts of lies about Orlando. He said that Orlando was one of the worst men in France, that the wrestler would be doing a good deed if he broke his neck. The wrestler promised to do his best to kill Orlando.

The following day the wrestling match took place on the grass in front of the Duke's castle. The Duke and all his noblemen came to see the sport, and Celia and Rosalind also came. For in those days it was the custom for ladies to look at things that now seem to us very cruel.

When Orlando came forward, he looked so young and brave and handsome that even the cruel duke who did not know who he was, was sorry to think that the wrestler would kill him.

"Try to persuade the lad not to wrestle," said the duke to Celia and Rosalind. "He has no chance at all. My man is sure to kill him."

Very kindly but urgently Celia and Rosalind begged Orlando not to wrestle.

But Orlando answered, "Do not think badly of me because I refuse to do what you wish. It is not easy to say 'no' to ladies who are so kind and so fair. Let your beautiful eyes and good wishes go with me."

Then the wrestling began, and everyone expected the duke's wrestler to kill Orlando. But Orlando lifted the strong man up in his arms and threw him on to the ground. All the people shouted in admiration, and the duke called out, "No more! No more!"

He turned to his wrestler and asked him how he felt. But the man lay quite still and quiet, he could neither speak nor move.

"He cannot speak, my lord," said one of the noblemen. So the duke ordered his men to carry his wrestler away.

"What is your name, young man?" he asked of Orlando.

"Orlando, my lord, the younger son of Sir Rowland."

"Your father was my enemy," said the duke. "I would have been better pleased with your brave deed if you had told me of another father."

Then the duke and his lords and his servants went away, and Orlando was left alone with Rosalind and Celia. The girls went up to Orlando and praised him for his bravery. Celia was sad that her father had spoken so unkindly to Orlando. And Rosalind, taking a gold chain off her own neck, gave it to him. She would have given him a richer gift, she said, if she had not been only a poor girl. Orlando loved them both for their goodness, but he loved Rosalind so much that he made up his mind to marry her one day, if she would agree to marry him.

Meanwhile the duke was angry with Orlando, the son of his enemy, for having defeated his wrestler, and he was angry with Rosalind for having giving Orlando her gold chain.

The more the duke thought of these things, the angrier he grew. At last he told Rosalind to leave his castle.

"If you are found even twenty miles from here within the next ten days, you shall die," he said.

Celia was very sad at her father's cruelty to Rosalind, who was so dear to her. She begged the duke not to be so unkind, but he refused to listen to her. Then she told him that if he sent Rosalind away, he must send her away, too, because she could not live without Rosalind.

"You are a fool!" her father shouted. He told Rosalind that she would be killed if she did not go at once.

But Celia would not let Rosalind go alone. So they made up their minds to travel together to the forest of Arden, where Rosalind's father and his friends were hiding. They knew they might meet robbers on their way, so Celia stained her face to make it look sunburned, and dressed herself like a poor country girl. Rosalind put on boy's clothes, and took a little axe and spear with her.

Now the duke, Celia's father, had a jester called Touchstone. This jester was a very funny fellow who was always talking nonsense and joking. He was very fond of his young mistress Celia.

"What if we took Touchstone with us?" said Rosalind when they were ready to start on their way. "Will he not be a comfort to us?"

"He will go all over the wide world with us," said Celia. "Let me ask him to come."

So when Rosalind and Celia went off to the forest, kind Touchstone led the way. In his red clothes, with the bells on his cap jingling, he cheerfully stepped out in front of them, carrying their bundle of food and clothes. And when night fell and the forest was dark, and Rosalind and Celia grew tired and sad, Touchstone's merry face and the jokes he made, soon cheered the two girls up again.

While these things were happening, Oliver was planning how to kill Orlando. He hated him all the more when he heard people praising him. He made up his mind to have him murdered in some way or other.

Adam, the old servant, warned Orlando of the danger. Orlando decided to go to the Forest of Arden, and Adam said he would go with him as well.

Orlando had no money, but Adam gave him all his savings, and so they too went off to the Forest. Far away, in the woods Rosalind's father and his friends led a happy life together. They hunted wild animals, and had plenty of good food. They often feasted under the thick green trees. As they feasted together one day, a young man rushed out from among the trees, his drawn sword in his hand.

"Stop, and eat no more!" he cried.

The duke and his friends asked him what he wanted.

"Food," he said. "I am almost dying for want of food."

They asked him to sit down and eat, but he refused because an old man who had followed him out of deep love was in the wood, dying of hunger. He said he would eat nothing until he had first fed him.

The young man was Orlando, and when the duke and his followers had helped him to bring Adam to where they were, and fed them both, the old man and his young master grew quite strong again. When the duke learned that Orlando was the son of his friend Sir Rowland, he welcomed him and the faithful old servant more warmly still.

So Orlando lived happily with the duke and his friends in the forest, but all the time he was thinking of Rosalind. Every day he wrote poems about her, and pinned them on trees in the wood or carved them deep in the bark of the trees.

Now Rosalind and Celia and Touchstone had also come safely to the forest, and were living in a little cottage that belonged to a shepherd there.

Rosalind loved Orlando as much as he loved her, and when she read the verses that Orlando had left on the trees, she was happy, for she knew that he had not forgotten her.

At last one day she and Celia met Orlando. He did not recognise them in the clothes they were wearing. And with their faces stained brown, he took them for the shepherd boy and his sister that they pretended to be.

He became great friends with them, and often came to see them in their little cottage, and talked to them of Rosalind, the beautiful lady that he loved.

Meanwhile Orlando's brother was punished severely for his cruelty. When Orlando went away, Celia's father thought that Oliver had killed his brother. He took Oliver's land away from him, and told him never to come back to his court until he had found Orlando.

So Oliver went away alone, to look for his brother. He looked for him week after week in vain, until his clothes were worn and his hair so long and dirty that he looked like a beggar. On his way from Rosalind's cottage, Orlando came on him one day. Oliver was lying fast asleep under an old oak. Round his neck there was a big snake that was just going to bite him and kill him when it saw Orlando and escaped. Even as it went away, Orlando saw another awful danger near his unkind brother. A hungry lion was hiding under some bushes, ready to kill the sleeping men.

For a moment Orlando thought only of his brother's cruelties. He knew that he well deserved death. Twice he turned away to leave him, but he had too kind a heart to do so cruel a thing, even to his worst enemy.

He fought the lion and killed it, but not before it had torn his arm with its sharp teeth.

The noise of the fight awoke Oliver, who saw that Orlando was risking his own life to save him. Ashamed of what he had done to Orlando, Oliver told his brother how sorry he was, and begged his pardon, and they became friends. Orlando took his brother to the duke, and he was fed and clothed there.

When Rosalind saw a handkerchief stained with Orlando's blood, and realised that he had been wounded, she fainted. Thinking that she was a boy, those who were near her, laughed at her for being so womanish.

But soon Rosalind told them her secret.

When the duke learned that Rosalind was his own daughter, and Orlando learned that the shepherd boy was his own fair Rosalind, there were no other men in all France as happy as the duke and Orlando.

Rosalind and Orlando were married at once, and on the same day Oliver, who was truly sorry for the bad deeds he had done, was married to Celia. Just then a messenger came to the duke and said that his brother, Celia's father had been sorry for his cruelty and had returned his brother's dukedom to him.

So they were all happy there under the green trees.

NOTES:

duke – gersog / герцог.

jester – masxaraboz, qiziqchi / шут.

shepherd – cho'ron / пастух.

Exercises and Assignments on the Text

Assignment № 1. Give English equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own.

1. o'zining egaligidan haydab chiqardi / выгнал из ее владений –

2. eng sodiq do'st / самый преданный друг –

3. sobiq gersog / бывший герцог –

4. xizmatkorlar bilan ovqatlanmoq / есть со слугами –

5. ortiq chidab turolmadi / не мог больше терпеть –

6. baxt qidirmoq / искать счастья –

7. arazlashib qolishdi / поссорились –

8. pulni o'zlashtirmoq / присвоить деньги –

9. gersogdan o'tindi / умоляла герцога –

10. qishloqi qiziday kiyinib oldi / переделалась деревенской девушкой / –

11. xavfdan ogohlantirdi / предупредил об опасности –

12. barcha o'zining yig'gan mablag'i / все свои сбережения –

13. bazm qurishardi / пировали –

14. qilgan ishidan uyalib / стыдяться того, что он сделал –

15. kechirim so'radi / попросил прощения –

Assignment № 2. Write from the text Uzbek or Russian equivalents of the giving below English words and phrases and write to each three sentences

instead of doing smth. –

neither... nor... –

be cruel (nice, kind) to smb. –

go on doing smth. –

make up one's mind –

do one's best –

take place – _____

persuade smb. – _____

refuse smth. (to do smth.) – _____

expect smb. to do smth. – _____

be angry with smb. – _____

let smb. do smth. – _____

be a comfort to smb. – _____

punish smb. for smth. – _____

risk one's life – _____

be sorry for smth. – _____

Assignment № 3. Reply to the next questions

1) Who were Rosalind and Celia?

2) How did it happen that Rosalind's father found himself in the Forest of Arden?

3) What were the relations between Oliver and Orlando?

4) How did Oliver make the wrestler promise to kill Orlando?

5) What was the result of the wrestling match and why was not the duke pleased to bark who the winner was?

6) Prove that Celia's father was very cruel and unkind to Rosalind.

7) What was the girls' plan?

8) Who cheered the girls up when they were going through the forest?

9) How did Adam help Orlando? Can you call him a true friend?

10) How did Rosalind's father get acquainted with Orlando?

11) Did Orlando recognise his fiancée when he met her in the forest?

12) Prove that in spite of his brother's cruelty and injustice Orlando helped him when he was in danger.

Assignment № 9. Translate the following sentences

"The more the duke thought of these things, the angrier he grew."

Make up your own sentences with the followings:

the sooner... the better...; the more... the better...; the more... the worse...; the less... the better....

Assignment № 10. Get ready to discuss next sentences

Characterise Oliver. What do you think caused his cruelty towards his brother? What role can envy play in the relations of people?

1. Compare the two brothers and the two sisters. What was different in their attitude to each other?

2. In fairy-tales good always wins over evil. And what about real life?

3. Read the following lines from Shakespeare's poem and explain how you understand them:

This above all: to thine own self true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Love all, trust a few, do wrong to none.

Assignment № 11. Give question to the matched words

1) Rosalind's father and his friends led a happy life in the Forest of Arden.

..... ?

2) The girls praised Orlando for his bravery.

..... ?

3) They made up their minds to travel to the Forest of Arden.

..... ?

4) Oliver was planning how to kill Orlando.

..... ?

Unit 11

***THE SNAKE AND THE BELL* by L. Becke**

When I was a child of eight years of age, a curious incident occurred in the house in which our family lived. The place was Mosman's Bay, one of the many picturesque indentations of the beautiful harbour of Sydney. In those days the houses were few and far apart, and our own dwelling was surrounded on all sides by the usual Australian forest far back from the main road.

The building itself was in the form of a quadrangle enclosing a courtyard, on to which nearly all the rooms opened; each room having a bell over the door, the wires running all round the square, while the front-door bell; hung in the hall.

One cold and windy evening about eight o'clock, my mother, my sisters, and myself were sitting in the dining-room awaiting the arrival of my brothers from Sydney – they attended school there, and rowed or sailed the six miles to and fro every day, generally returning home by dusk. On this particular evening, however, they were late, on account of the wind blowing rather freshly from the north-east; but presently we heard the front-door bell ring gently.

"Here they are at last," said my mother; "but how silly of them to go to the front-door on such a windy night!"

Julia, the servant, candle in hand, went along the lengthy passage, and opened the door. No one was there! She came back to the dining-room when the bell again rang – this time vigorously. My eldest sister threw down the book she was reading, and with an impatient exclamation herself went to the door, opened it quickly, and said sharply as she pulled it inwards – "Come in at once, you stupid things!" There was no answer, and she stepped outside on the veranda. No one was visible, and again the big bell in the hall rang!

She shut the door angrily and returned to her seat, just as the bell gave a curious, faint tinkle.

"Don't take any notice of them," said my mother, "they will soon get tired of playing such silly tricks, and be eager for their supper."

Presently the bell gave out three clear strokes. We looked at each other and smiled. Five minutes passed, and then came eight or ten gentle strokes.

"Let us catch them," said my mother, rising, and holding her finger up to us to preserve silence, as she stepped softly along the hall, we following on tiptoe.

Softly turning the handle, she suddenly threw the door wide open, just as the bell gave another jangle. Not a soul was visible!

My mother – one of the most placid-tempered women who ever breathed, now became annoyed, and stepping out on the veranda, addressed herself to the darkness – "Come inside at once, boys, or I shall be very angry. I know perfectly well what you have done; you have tied a string to the bell-wires, and are pulling it. If you don't stop you shall have no supper."

No answer – except from the hall bell, which gave another tinkle.

"Bring a candle and the step-ladder, Julia," said our mother, "and we shall see what these foolish boys have done to the bell-wire."

Julia brought the ladder; my eldest sister mounted it, and began to examine the bell. She could see nothing unusual, no string or wire, and as she descended, the bell swayed and gave one faint stroke!

We all returned to the sitting-room, and had scarcely been there five minutes when we heard my three brothers coming in, in their usual way, by the back door. They tramped

into the sitting-room, noisy, dirty, and hungry, and demanded supper in a loud voice. My mother looked at them angrily, and said they deserved none.

"Why, mum, what's the matter?" said Ted; "what have we been doing now, or what have we not done, that we don't deserve any supper, after pulling for two hours from Circular Quay."

"You know perfectly well what I mean. It is most inconsiderate of you to play such silly tricks upon us.

Ted gazed at her in astonishment. "Silly tricks, mother! What silly tricks?" (Julia crossed herself, and trembled visibly as the bell again rang.)

My mother, at once satisfied that Ted and my other brothers really knew nothing of the mysterious bell-ringing, quickly explained the cause of her anger.

"Let us go and see if we can find out," said Ted. "You two boys, and you, Julia, get all the lanterns, light them, and we'll start out together – two on one side of the house and two on the other."

We ran out, lit three lanterns, and my next eldest brother and myself, feeling horribly frightened, were told to go round the house, beginning from the left, and meet Ted at the hall door, he going round from the right.

With shaking limbs and gasping breath we made our portion of the circuit, sticking close to each other, and carefully avoiding looking at anything. We arrived on the veranda, and in front of the hall door, quite five minutes before Ted appeared.

"Well, did you see anything?" he asked, as he walked up the steps, lantern in hand.

"Nothing," we answered.

Ted looked at us contemptuously. "You miserable little curs! What are you so frightened of? You're no better than a pack of women and kids. It's the wind that has made the bell ring, or, if it's not the wind, it is something else which I don't know anything about; but I want my supper. Pull the bell, one of you."

Then Ted, raised his lantern so as to get a look upwards, and gave a yell.

"Oh, look there!"

We looked up, and saw the twisting coils of a huge carpet snake, which had wound its body round and round the bell-wire on top of the wall plate. Its head was downwards, and it did not seem at all alarmed at our presence, but went on wriggling and twisting.

Then the step-ladder was brought out, and Ted, seizing the reptile by the tail, uncoiled it with some difficulty from the wire, and threw it down upon the veranda.

It was over nine feet in length, and very fat, and had caused all the disturbance by trying to denude itself of its old skin by dragging its body between the bell-wire and the top of the wall.

NOTES:

1. indentation – egri – bugri joy (sohilga nisbatan)извилина (берега);

2. carpet snake – katta zaharsiz ilon, uzunligi 3 metr keladi. большая неядовитая змея до 3 метров в длину.
3. step-ladder – Narvon ; лестница-стремянка;

Exercises and Assignments on the Text

Assignment № 1. Give English equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own.

1. to'g'ri burchak shaklida / в форме прямоугольника –

2. kelishini kutib / ожидая приезда –

3. qosh qoraygan paytda / в сумерках –

4. qo'rslik qildi / резко сказала – _____
5. labiga barmog'ini bosib / прижав палец к губам –

6. oyoq uchida / на цыпочках – _____
7. jahlning sababi / причина гнева – _____
8. bir biriga yorishib / прижавшись друг к другу –

9. nafratlanib / презрительно – _____
10. qo'ng'iroqni bog'lab qo'u / привяжи колокол –

11. chiyratma ipga o'ralib olgandi / обвилась вокруг шнура –

12. ilonni dumidan qattiq ushlaganicha / схватив змею за хвост –

13. eski teridan xalos bo'lmoq / освободиться от старой кожи –

Assignment № 2. Write from the text Uzbek or Russian equivalents of the giving below English words and phrases and write to each three sentences

attend school (a lecture) – _____

on account of smth. – _____

take no notice of – _____

be (get) tired of doing smth. – _____

play a trick on smb. – _____

avoid doing smth. – _____

be alarmed – _____

Assignment № 3. Reply to the next questions

1) Where did the incident happen? How old was the author of the story at that time?

2) What was peculiar about the house?

3) Where did the elder brothers study? Prove that it was a long way from the house.

.....
4) What was the weather like that evening?

.....
5) Who opened the door when they heard the bell for the first time?

.....
6) Why was the boy's eldest sister angry?

.....
7) What was the mother's plan? What made her annoyed?

.....
8) Did they find anything when they had examined the bell?

.....
9) What assured everybody that the boys knew nothing about the bell-ringing?

.....
10) What did Ted suggest they should do?

.....
11) Find in the text the sentences which prove that the children were frightened.

.....
12) What did Ted notice on the wall?

.....
13) It was the snake who had played the trick, wasn't it?
.....

Assignment № 4. Retell the story by the name of 1) Mother, 2) One of the boys, 3) Ted;

Assignment № 5. Find the irregular verbs from the text and fill the table giving their forms

Assignment № 6. Give question to the matched words

1) A curious incident occurred in the house in which our family lived.

_____ ?

2) One cold and windy evening they were sitting in the dining-room awaiting the arrival of the boys.

_____ ?

3) Ted uncoiled the snake from the wire and threw it down upon the veranda.

_____ ?

Assignment № 7. Change next direct speech sentences which are giving an imperative mood form in to indirect speech

1) "Come inside at once, boys!" Mother said.

_____ ?

2) "Don't take any notice of them", she said.

_____ ?

3) "Bring a candle and the step-ladder, Julia", said Mother.

_____ ?

4) "Get all the lanterns and light them, boys", she said.

_____ ?

Assignment № 8. Work on the text.

1) Follow through the text how the anger and annoyance of the family were increasing.

2) Find in the text in what way the writer describes the voice of the bell.

3) Which sentences prove that Ted being the eldest brother wanted to take all the initiative and make everybody think that he knew the real cause of the disturbance.

Assignment № 9. Retell the story using 15 sentences

Unit 12

THE BANKS OF SACRAMENTO *by J. London*

"Young" Jerry was a fourteen-year-old boy with red hair, blue eyes and freckled skin. Together with his father "old" Jerry, he lived on the bank of the Sacramento in California. "Old" Jerry was an old sailor who had been giving a job at the Yellow Dream mine and was in charge of the ore cables that ran across the river. On the bank one could see a steel drum round which the endless cable passed. An ore car, when loaded, crossed the river, carried down by its own weight and dragging back, at the same time, an empty car travelling in the opposite direction along the same cable. The Yellow Dream mine had been abandoned and the cars were no longer used for carrying ore, but "old" Jerry still remained watchman over the cables.

That morning "young" Jerry was alone in the cabin. His father had gone to San Francisco and was not to be back till next day. It was raining heavily all the morning, and Jerry decided not to go out, when, at one o'clock, there came a knock at the door. A man and a woman came in. They were Mr. and Mrs. Spillane, ranchers who lived a dozen miles back from the river.

"Where is your father?" Spillane asked, and Jerry noticed that both he and his wife were excited.

"San Francisco," Jerry answered briefly.

"We've got to get across, Jerry," Spillane continued, taking his wife by the hand, "her father's been badly wounded in an explosion; he's dying. We've just been told. Will you run the cable for us?"

Jerry hesitated. Of course, he had worked the cable many times, but only with the help of his father.

"I'll stand for the risk," Spillane added, "don't you see, kid, we've simply got to cross."

Jerry nodded his head. They all came out into the raging storm, and the man and the woman got into the ore car.

"Let's get started!" Spillane shouted to make himself heard above the roar of the wind. Jerry slowly and carefully let the car go, and the drum began to go round and round. Jerry carefully watched the cable passing round the drum.

"Three hundred feet" he was saying to himself, "three hundred and fifty, four hundred —" The cable stopped. Something had gone wrong.

The boy examined the drum closely and found nothing the matter with it. Probably it was the drum on the other side that had been damaged ...

He was afraid at the thought of the man and woman hanging out there over the river in the driving rain. Nothing remained but to cross over to the other side by the Yellow Dragon cable some distance up the river. He was already wet to the skin as he ran along the path to the Yellow Dragon. Safely across, he found his way up the other bank to the Yellow

Dream cable. To his surprise, he found the drum in perfect working order. From this side the car with the Spillanes was only two hundred and fifty feet away. So he shouted to the man to examine the trolley of his car. The answering cry came in a few moments.

"She's all right, kid!"

Nothing remained but the other car which hung somewhere beyond Spillane's car.

The boy's mind had been made up. In the toolbox by the drum he found an old monkey-wrench, a short iron bar and a few feet of rope. With the rope he made a large loop round the cable on which the empty car was hanging. Then he swung out over the river, sitting in the rope loop and began pulling himself along the cable by his hands. And in the midst of the storm which half blinded him he arrived at the empty car in his swinging loop. A single glance was enough to show him what was wrong. The front trolley wheel had jumped off the cable, and the cable had been jammed between the wheel and the fork. It was clear that the wheel must be removed from the fork. He began hammering on the key that held the wheel on its axle. He hammered at it with one hand and tried to hold himself steady with the other. The wind kept on swinging his body and often made his blows miss. At the end of half an hour the key had been hammered clear but still he could not draw it out. A dozen times it seemed to him that he must give up in despair. Then an idea came to him – he searched his pockets and found a nail. Putting the nail through the looped head of the key he easily pulled it out. With the help of the iron bar Jerry got the wheel free, replaced the wheel, and by means of the rope pulled up the car till the trolley once more rested properly on the cable.

He dropped out of his loop and down into the car which began moving at once. Soon he saw the bank rising before him and the old familiar drum going round and round.

Jerry climbed out and made the car fast. Then he sank down by the drum and burst out crying. He cried because he was tired out, because his hands were all cut and cold and because he was so excited. But above all that was the feeling that he had done well, that the man and woman had been saved.

Yes, Jerry was proud of himself and at the same time sorry that his father had not been there to see!

NOTES:

1. freckled – serkilli; веснушчатый;
2. cable – tros; трос;
3. ore car – vagoncha; вагонетка;
4. monkey-wrench – sozlanadigan kalit; разводной ключ;
5. axle – o'q / ось.

Exercises and Assignments on the Text

Assignment № 1. Give English equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own.

1. malla soch / рыжеволосый – _____
2. o'z og'irligi ostida / под тяжестью собственного веса – _____
3. qarama qarshi yo'nalishda / противоположном направлении – _____
4. tashlandiq holatda edi / была заброшена – _____
5. kuchli yomg'ir yo'g'ayotgan edi / шел сильный дождь – _____
6. narigi qirg'oqqa o'tib olmoq / перебраться на другой берег – _____
7. trosni boshqarmoq / управлять тросом – _____
8. diqqat bilan kuzatdi / внимательно наблюдал – _____
9. ... haqidagi bir xayol u uchun qo'rqinchili edi / ему было страшно при одной мысли о... – _____
10. boshdan oyoq shallabo bo'ldi / промок до нитки – _____
11. bir qarashning o'zi yetarli bo'ldi / одного взгляда было достаточно – _____
12. trostan chiqib ketdi / соскочило с троса – _____
13. uning tanasini qimirlatishda davom etardi / продолжал раскачивать его тело – _____
14. tushkunlikka berilish / сдаться в отчаянии – _____

Assignment № 2. Write from the text Uzbek or Russian equivalents of the giving below English words and phrases and write to each three sentences

use no longer – _____

be excited – _____

be badly wounded – _____

stand for the risk – _____

nod (shake) one's head – _____

make oneself heard – _____

examine smth./smb. – _____

there's something (nothing) the matter with – _____

nothing remained but – _____

be in perfect order – _____

make up one's mind – _____

burst out crying – _____

be proud of – _____

Assignment № 3. Reply to the next questions

1) What was "old" Jerry in charge of?
_____.

2) What made ore cars move along the cable?
_____.

3) Who knocked at the door of Jerry's house one morning when "old" Jerry was away?
_____.

4) Why did Mr. and Mrs. Spillane have to cross the river?
_____.

5) Could Jerry work the cable? Why did he hesitate? Why did he agree at last?
_____.

6) What happened suddenly?
_____.

7) What did Jerry find out when he examined the drum?
_____.

8) What was Jerry's plan?
_____.

9) What was wrong with the car? How long did it take Jerry to repair it?
_____.

10) Why did Jerry burst out crying when everything was over?

Assignment № 4. Retell the story by the name of 1) Jerry, 2) Mr. Spillane, 3) Father of Jerri

Assignment № 5. Find the irregular verbs from the text and fill the table giving their forms

Assignment № 6. Try to finish the next sentences

- 1) It is perfectly impossible..._____.
- 2) It is perfectly clear that..._____.
- 3) It is enough that..._____.
- 4) It is beyond my power to..._____.

Assignment № 7. Discuss the next sentences

1) Was Jerry running a risk when he agreed to take the Spillanes across the river? He could have refused to help them, couldn't he? Why didn't he do it?

- 2) How does Jerry's behaviour characterise him? Make a character sketch of the boy.

_____?
3) Is bravery always connected with unselfishness? Give your grounds.

_____?
4) Jerry tried to be like his father, did not he? Which lines in the text prove it? How do you imagine Jerry's father?

_____?
Assignment № 8. Find in the text all Past Perfect and Past Perfect Passive sentences

Assignment № 9. Make up a plan and retell the story using 15 sentences

Assignment № 10. Find in the text the sentences which contents Complex Object

Assignment № 11. Rewrite the next sentences giving Disjunctive questions forms

- 1) The cars were no longer used for carrying ore.
- 2) Mr. Spillane and his wife were excited.
- 3) Let us get started!
- 4) You will run the cable for us.
- 5) He found the drum in perfect working order.

Unit 13

A SERVICE OF LOVE by O. Henry

Joe Larrabee dreamed of becoming a great artist. Even when he was six, people in the little western town where he lived used to say, "Joe has great talent, he will become a famous artist." At twenty, he left his home town and went to New York. He had his dreams – but very little money.

Delia had her dreams too. She played the piano so well in the little southern village where she lived that her family said, "She must finish her musical training in New York." With great difficulty they collected enough money to send her north "to finish".

Joe and Delia got acquainted at a friend's house where some art and music students had gathered to discuss art, music and the newest plays. They fell in love with each other, and in a short time they married.

Mr. and Mrs. Larrabee began their married life in a little room. But they very happy, for they had their Art, and they had each other. Joe was painting in, he class of the great Magister. Mr. Magister got a lot of money for his pictures – and he took a lot of money for his lessons. Delia was taking piano lessons from the great Rosenstock, and he was taking a lot of money from Delia.

The two young dreamers were very, very happy while their money lasted. But it didn't last very long. Soon, they didn't have enough to pay for their lessons and eat three times a day. When one loves one's Art, no service seems too hard. So Delia decided she must stop taking lessons and give lessons herself. She began to look for pupils. One evening, she came home very excited, with shining eyes.

"Joe, dear," she announced happily, "I've got a pupil. General Pinkney – I mean – his daughter, Clementina. He's very rich, and they have a wonderful house. She's so beautiful – she dresses in white; and she's so nice and pleasant! I'm going to give her three lessons a week; and just think, Joe! Five dollars a lesson. Now, dear, don't look so worried, and let's have supper. I've bought some very nice fish."

But Joe refused to listen to her. "That's all right for you, Dellie, but all wrong for me," he protested. "Do you suppose I'm going to let you work while I continue to study Art? No! Never! I can get a job as a mechanic or clean windows. I'll get some kind of work."

Delia threw her arms around him. "Joe, dear, you mustn't think of leaving Mr. Magister and your Art. I am not giving up music. The lessons won't interfere with my music. While I teach, I learn, and I can go back to Rosenstock when I get a few more pupils."

"All right," said Joe. "But giving lessons isn't Art."

"When one loves one's Art, no service seems too hard," said Delia.

During the next week, Mr. and Mrs. Larrabee had breakfast very early. Joe was painting some pictures in Central Park, and he needed the morning light especially, he said. Time flies when you love Art, and it was usually seven o'clock in the evening when Joe returned home. At the end of the week, Delia, very proud but a little tired put fifteen dollars on the

table. "Sometimes," she said, "Clementina is a very difficult pupil. And she always wears white. I'm tired of seeing the same colour."

And then Joe, with the manner of Monte Cristo, pulled eighteen dollars out of his pocket and put it on the table too. "I sold one of my pictures to a man from Washington," he said. "And now, he wants a picture of the East River to take with him to Washington."

"I'm so glad you haven't giving up your Art, dear," Delia said. "You are sure to win! Thirty-three dollars! We have never had so much money to spend."

The next Saturday evening, Joe came home first. He put his money on the table and then washed what seemed to look like a lot of paint from his hands. Half an hour later, Delia arrived. There was a big bandage on her right hand. "Dellie, dear, what has happened? What is the matter with your hand?" Joe asked.

Delia laughed, but not very happily. "Clementina," she explained, "asked me to have lunch with her and the General af ter our lesson. She's not very strong, you know, and when she was giving me some tea, her hand shook and she spilled a lot of very hot water over my hand. But General Pinkney bandaged my hand himself. They were both so sorry. Oh, Joe, did you sell another picture?" She had seen the money on the table.

"Yes," said Joe. "To the man from Washington. What time this afternoon did you burn your hand, Dellie?"

"Five o'clock, I think," said Delia. "The iron – the water was very hot. And Clementina cried, and General Pinkney..."

Joe put his arms round Delia. "Where are you working, Dellie? Tell me," he asked in a serious voice.

Delia was about to say something, but-suddenly tears appeared in her eyes and she began to cry. "I couldn't get any pupils," she said. "And I didn't want you to stop taking lessons, so I got a job ironing shirts in the big laundry on Twenty-Fourth Street. This afternoon, I burned my hand with a hot iron. Don't be angry with me, Joe. I did it for your Art. And now, you have painted those pictures for the rrian from Washington..."

"He isn't from Washington," said Joe slowly.

"It makes no difference where he is from," said Delia. "How clever you are, Joe! How did you guess that I wasn't giving music lessons?"

"I guessed", Joe said, "because about five o'clock this afternoon, I sent some oil up to the ironing-room. They said a girl had burned her hand. You see, dear, I work as a mechanic in that same laundry on Twenty-Fourth Street."

"And the man from Washington...?"

"Yes, dear", Joe said. "The man from Washington and General Pinkney are both creations of the same art, but you cannot call it painting or music". And they both began to laugh.

"You know, dear", Joe said. "When one loves one's Art, no service seems..."

But Delia stopped him with her hand on his mouth. "No", she said, "Just – "when one loves"."

NOTES:

1. bandage – bog'ich; повязка;
2. laundry – kir yuvish ishxonas; прачечная.

Exercises and Assignments on the Text

Assignment № 1. Give English equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own

1. rassom bo'lishni orzu qilardi / мечтал стать художником –

2. musiqiy ta'lim / музыкальное образование –

3. so'nggi p'yessalar / последние пьесы / –

4. fortopiyanadan dars olardi / брала уроки игры на фортепиано –

5. juda hayajonda / очень взволнованная –

6. eshitishni ham istamadi / и слушать не хотел –

7. vaqt tez otadi / время бежит быстро –

8. nima hodisa sodir bo'ldi? / что случилось? –

9. qaynoq suvni qo'liga to'kib yubordi / пролила кипятком на руку –

10. nimadir demoqchi edi / собиралась что-то сказать –

11. ko'yulakni dazmol qilish / гладить рубашки –

12. uning qayerdan ekanligining ahamiyati yoq / не важно, откуда он –

13. xayoliy qahramonlar / выдуманные персонажи –

Assignment № 2. Write from the text Uzbek or Russian equivalents of the giving below English words and phrases and write to each three sentences

with great difficulty – _____

get acquainted – _____

fall in love with smb. – _____

last for a long time – _____

stop doing smth. – _____

to announce smth. – _____

look worried – _____

let smb. do smth. – _____

be tired of smth. (doing smth.) – _____

ask in a serious voice – _____

be angry with smb. – _____

guess smth. – _____

Assignment № 3. *If the next statements are right? If not correct them.*

1. Joe and Delia came to New York from the same town.

Yes, No _____.

2. After they married, both of them stopped taking lessons.

Yes, No _____.

3. Delia soon found a pupil, named Clementina.

Yes, No _____.

4. Joe had not enough courage to tell Delia the truth about his job.

Yes, No _____.

5. The moment Joe saw Delia's bandaged hand, he understood everything.

Yes, No _____.

6. Delia got angry when she learned about Joe's job.

Yes, No _____.

Assignment № 4. *Reply to the next questions*

1) Why did Joe Larrabee and Delia come to New York?

.....

2) Where did the young men get acquainted?

.....

3) In what way did they continue their education after marriage?

.....

4) What made Delia give up her music lessons?

.....

5) Why was Joe disappointed when he learnt about Delia's plan?

.....

6) What was Joe's plan? Did Delia know about it?

.....

7) Every week Joe brought some money. How did he explain it to Delia?

.....

8) What happened one day?

.....

Assignment № 5. Find the irregular verbs from the text and fill the table giving their forms

Assignment № 6. Find from the text all sentences which belong to Gerund.

Assignment № 7. Change structure of given sentences into Passive Voice

1) I'm going to give her three lessons a week.

- _____ ?
- 2) At the end of the week Delia put fifteen dollars on the table.
- _____ ?
- 3) Joe sold one of his pictures to a man from Washington.
- _____ ?
- 4) She spilled a lot of hot water over Delia's hand.
- _____ ?
- 5) About 5 o'clock this afternoon Joe sent some oil up to the ironing room.
- _____ ?

Assignment № 8. Find from the text all sentences which belongs to direct speech and write them to indirect speech

Assignment № 9. Retell the story by the name of 1) Joe, 2) Delia.

Assignment № 10. Work on the text. Get ready to discuss with teacher and other members of your group next them. Make up a plan

1. Explain the meaning of the phrase "When one loves one's Art, no service seems too hard." Do you agree with it? Give your grounds.
2. Why do you think Delia shortened this phrase and said, "just – when one loves"?
3. Why did the author name the story "A Service of Love"?
4. What kind of people, to your mind, can sacrifice something for the good of others?

Assignment № 11. Retell the story using 15 sentences

Unit 14

THE BOY NEXT DOOR by J. London

Sladen Morris is the boy next door. He has grown very tall now, and all the girls think he is wonderful. But I remember when he refused to comb his hair and to force him to wash his face. Of course, he remembers me too; whenever I appear in a new dress and special hair-do, he says, "Well, well, look at Betsy, she's almost grown-up. But I remember her first party, when she was so excited that she dropped her ice-cream on her best dress, and she ran home crying."

So when I say that Sladen Morris didn't mean anything to me, I am quite serious. But I had known him so long that I felt I had to take care of him – just as I feel towards Jimmy, my little brother. That's the only feeling I had – neighbourly friendship – when I tried to save Sladen from Merry Ann Milburn.

Merry Ann – I'm sure her real name was simply Mary; but Mary wasn't poetic enough for her. She came to Springdale to visit her aunt and uncle; her aunt brought her to our house for tea. She looked wonderful – I always tell the truth – with her bright, blonde hair and big

blue eyes. And she said many high, fine things. But as soon as her aunt and mother left the room, Merry Ann changed, as T. knew she would. "What do people do for entertainment in this dead town?" That was the first thing she said. And then – "It's so far from New York!"

"Oh!" I said, "we have dances at the Country Club every Saturday, and swimming and tennis and..."

She interrupted me: "Are there any interesting men?"

I had never before thought of them as "interesting," or as "men" either. But I started naming all the boys in town. "There is Benny Graham," I said, "and there is Carter Williams, and Dennis Brown, and Bill Freeman. All quite interesting." That was a lie, but not a very big one. I did not name Sladen Morris, because I had already decided to save him from that terrible girl.

At that moment, Merry Ann looked out of our window, just as Sladen came across the grass towards our house – probably to invite me to play a game of tennis, as usual. He came in without asking for permission. "Ah!" he said, his eyes on blonde Merry Ann – he didn't even notice me – "where did you come from, my beauty?"

"From New York," she answered, "but I don't want to go back there – not now!"

Not too clever, I think, but he seemed happy to hear it. "I don't remember why I decided to come here," he said. "But now I'm sure a good angel brought me."

"And did the good angel push that tennis racket into your hand?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, my tennis racket," he said, looking foolish. He still didn't look at me. "Do you play tennis?" he asked Merry Ann.

"Very little", Merry Ann said. "I will need help".

"What about a game now?" Sladen asked.

"I'd love a game – but I'll have to go home and change my clothes."

"I'll take you home and wait for you," Sladen offered.

"Good-bye, Betsy," Merry Ann said. "Please, tell your mother how much I enjoyed this afternoon at your house."

"And please come often," I said – and I thought to myself, I'd like to give you a cup of tea next time with a little poison in it.

Well, the result of this conversation was that suddenly I felt very bad, and I ran to my bedroom and threw myself on my bed, and I cried. Mother can hear tears through three walls and soon I heard her voice at the door. "Betsy, dear," she said, "May I come in?"

"Of course," I answered. "But I've got a terrible headache."

"I have an idea," Mother began. "Perhaps you'd like to invite your friends to a party here?"

A party. For a whole year I had asked Mother to let me give a party, and she had always answered, "It will cost too much," or "Wait until you are eighteen," and a dozen other reasons; now she was suggesting a party herself.

Well, after that everywhere I went, there was Merry Ann with Sladen Morris behind her, like a big dog. I had always played tennis with Sladen whenever the weather wasn't wet; now I had to look for a partner, and I had to watch him playing with Merry Ann. She was a terrible player: she didn't even hold her racket correctly. But she wore those little white tennis dresses that cinema actresses wear in the pictures and, to tell the truth, she looked very nice.

I knew that the party would be a mistake with Merry Ann among the guests; but it was Mother's favourite subject. So I invited all the "nice young people", as Mother calls them, to come to our house for dinner before the Country Club dance.

They all agreed to come – six boys who wanted a chance to be with Merry Ann, and five girls, including me, who came because they didn't want anybody to think they were afraid of the Merry enemy.

Mother bought me a new dress, with a very wide skirt: it was not the simple, girlish dress that my mother usually chooses for me. And my father bought me flowers to wear in my hair, which was combed up. Before the guests arrived, I looked forward to the dinner with more bravery than I had expected, because the new dress and the hair-do gave me strength. But that was before they arrived. When they came and I saw Merry Ann holding Sladen's arm, my courage left me. My dress was nothing, compared with the clouds of red chiffon that hung on Merry Ann's shoulders and swam around her.

"Well, well, look at Betsy," Sladen started. "But I remember her when..."

"I remember also," I interrupted coldly, "so you needn't spend your time telling us about that incident a hundred years ago."

Merry Ann monopolised the conversation, and she talked only with the boys – turning her big blue eyes first on one then another. "What's the Country Club like?" she asked. "I have gone dancing only at New York clubs, so I don't know much about small-town clubs."

The dinner was as uninteresting as I had expected. When it was over, everybody went to the Country Club, feeling a little ashamed that it couldn't compare with anything in New York.

All the boys danced with me – they had to, because they were my guests. The evening was very warm, and little by little everybody began to go outside to sit around the swimming pool. Dennis Brown and I went out too, and we walked up and down in front of their chairs.

It was just in front of Merry Ann that it happened. Perhaps it was an accident – I don't say she did it on purpose – but I wasn't so near her chair, and her foot was pushed out very far. Of course I couldn't see her foot in the dark, and I fell over it and into the pool. As I sent down, I could hear Merry Ann laughing, and I hoped I would drown. But I knew that anybody who swam as well as I did couldn't seriously hope for such an end to her suffering. I did not come up – I knew they were all standing there laughing – so I swam under water to the iron ladder at the other end of the pool. I planned to run up the ladder and then as fast as I could to the dressing-room. From there, I would go home.

When I found the ladder with my hand, I began to pull myself up. But then I discovered that my dress was caught in the ladder. I pulled and pulled (I was still under water) but I couldn't free the dress. And then everything became black.

When I came to myself, I was lying on my face and Sladen was pumping the water out of me. At first I was too uncomfortable to notice anything; but then I began to take more interest in the scene. I saw that several of the boys had offered themselves as the hero of the incident; not only Sladen's best suit was full of water; it was running from the suits and hands and faces of Dennis and Bill and Carter. Even Janet, who is an athlete like me, had jumped in to pull me out.

"I'm sorry," I said, as soon as I could talk again. "It was my fault."

"No, it wasn't, but don't talk, you little fool," Sladen ordered angrily.

"Yes, keep quiet," Merry Ann said. "Everybody was so worried about you. Why did you hide at the bottom of the pool?"

And then Sladen said something that showed he wasn't a gentleman at all. But I shall love him for it as long as I live. "Hit her, Nora!" he said. "I am a gentleman, and besides, I'm busy."

"Oh – you terrible people!" Merry Ann cried. "I won't stay here another minute!"

"You boys can choose who is the unlucky one that takes her home," Sladen said. "Perhaps Benny and Joe will both go in the car with her. She is too dangerous to be alone with the driver."

He rose to his feet. "Get up, Betsy," he ordered. "I think you will probably go through life all right, if you choose a more practical swimming costume in future." The way Sladen said it made me feel comfortable and warm, which was foolish: there was nothing especially pleasant in his words.

All of us, the wet and the dry, got into the cars. Sladen put his coat around me and took me home.

"Listen you," he said on the way. "I see that I'll have to stay nearer to you – you simply can't take care of yourself. Better not go out of the house unless I go with you. Don't you think that's a good idea?"

For the first time in my life, I felt my strength as a weak woman, though my hair-do was wet and ruined.

"Sladen, you saved my life. You are terribly strong and you always know what to do. And if you want me to be with you, I'll be glad." I looked at him with an expression that I thought might have an effect.

"You know, Betsy," Sladen continued, very seriously, "it's strange, sometimes you don't see something that's under your own nose. It has just come to my mind that you are the best girl I know, and I've lived next door to you for seventeen years."

He stopped the car and kissed me. It wasn't the best kind of a kiss, because we were both still wet. But for some reason it was very romantic, and suddenly I felt beautiful and

interesting. I sat there looking at Sladen Morris with new eyes, probably because he suddenly didn't look at all like the boy next door.

NOTES:

1. poison – zahar;
2. drown – cho'kmoq;
3. ladder – norvon;
4. pump out – so'rib olmoq.

Exercises and Assignments on the Text

Assignment № 1. Give English equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own

1. yuvinishga majbur qilmoq / заставлять умываться –

2. muzqaymoqni yiqitdi / уронила мороженое –

3. ruxsat so'ramasdan / не спросив разрешения –

4. kiyimni o'zgartirmoq / переодеться –

5. boshim juda qattiq og'riyapti / у меня ужасно болит голова –

6. minglab boshqa sabablar / тысячи других причин –

7. buni ataylab qildi / сделала это нарочно –

8. to'qnashib ketdi / споткнулась –

9. ko'ylagi ilinib qoldi / платье зацепилось –

10. o'ziga keldi / пришла в себя – _____

11. sodir bo'layatgan ishlar bilan qiziqdi / заинтересовалась происходящим –

12. bir daqiqa ham qolmayman / не останусь ни минуты –

13. boshqacha ko'z bilan qaramoq / посмотреть другими глазами –

Assignment № 2. Write from the text Uzbek or Russian equivalents of the giving below English words and phrases and write to each three sentences

take care of smb. – _____

do smth. for entertainment – _____

interrupt smb. – _____

as usual – _____

suggest smth. – _____

to tell the truth – _____

look forward to smth. – _____

compared with – _____

feel ashamed – _____

be smb's fault – _____

Assignment № 3. *If the giving statements are right? If not correct them.*

1. Betsy and Sladen had known each other since childhood.

Yes, No _____.

2. Betsy was sure she had the same feeling towards Sladen as towards her younger brother.

Yes, No _____.

3. Merry Ann came on a visit to the place where Betsy lived.

Yes, No _____.

4. Sladen fell in love with Merry Ann the moment he saw her.

Yes, No _____.

5. Merry Ann was a very modest girl, never sure of herself, so Betsy had to introduce her to her friends.

Yes, No _____.

6. Mother suggested a party as she saw that Betsy spent too much time on visits to her friends.

Yes, No _____.

7. Betsy's friends all looked forward to her party.

Yes, No _____.

8. Merry Ann wasn't invited to the party.

Yes, No _____.

9. After dinner everybody went to the club.

Yes, No _____.

10. Betsy enjoyed dancing.

Yes, No _____.

11. Betsy fell into the swimming pool by accident.

Yes, No _____.

12. Betsy, being a very good swimmer, had no difficulty in getting out of the water.

Yes, No _____.

13. Merry Ann enjoyed her joke.

Yes, No _____.

14. Merry Ann's aim was to win more popularity.

Yes, No _____.

15. Betsy's friends were real friends.

Yes, No _____.

16. Everybody liked Merry Ann even more after the party.

Yes, No _____.

17. The incident made Sladen see everything in a new light.

Yes, No _____.

Assignment № 4. Reply to the next questions

1) Describe Merry Ann. Why did she come to Springdate?

_____.

2) How did she get acquainted with Sladen Morris?

_____.

3) What happened after Sladen's conversation with Merry Ann?

_____.

4) Who was invited to the party?

_____.

5) How did Betsy prepare for it?

_____.

6) Why was the party uninteresting?

_____.

7) What happened in the evening?

_____.

8) Betsy was good at swimming, was not she? Why could not she get out of the water?

_____.

9) Who came to Betsy's rescue?

10) Why was Merry Ann annoyed?

11) What did Sladen suggest?

12) What made Betsy's life interesting and beautiful again?

Assignment № 5. Find the irregular verbs from the text and fill the table giving their forms

Assignment № 6. Find in the all Comparative constructions sentences

Assignment № 7. Give question to the matched words

1) His mother had to force him to wash his face.

?

2) Betsy had always played tennis with Sladen whenever the weather wasn't wet.

?

3) Merry Ann has gone dancing only at New York clubs.

?

4) Benny and Joe will both go in the car with her.

?

Assignment № 8. Find from the text all sentences which belongs to direct speech and write them to indirect speech

Assignment № 9. Retell the story by the name of 1) Sladen Morris, 2) Merry Ann, 3) One of the boys

Assignment № 10. Get ready to discuss the next themes with your classmates and teacher. Make up a plan

What do you think were Betsy's feelings to Sladen and Merry Ann, though she didn't show them?

1. Do you agree that Merry Ann's joke was a mean one? Give your grounds.
2. "A friend in need is a friend indeed". Illustrate this proverb by the episode from the story.
3. Is it important sometimes to look at somebody or something with new eyes? Why? Have you ever tried to? Give examples.

Assignment № 11. Retell the story using 15 sentences

Assignment № 12. Retell the conversation between Betsy and Sladen after incident using indirect speech

Unit 15

SURPRISE by J. Galsworthy

There was a time when geniuses sometimes starved. But there is no reason why a genius must starve in our modern times. The following story of my friend, Bruce, proves that this is true. He was almost sixty when I met him, and he was the author of about fifteen books. The few people who really understood serious realistic literature called him 'a genius'. But Bruce was not interested in what people thought of him or his work. He never read criticism of his books in the newspapers or magazines. He lived alone in his small, dark, dirty room. From time to time he disappeared for several months; and then he appeared again and began to write.

He was a tall, thin man with a face like Mark Twain's: black eyebrows, a grey moustache and grey hair. His eyes were dark brown and sad; they seemed not to belong to his face or to the world around him. He had never married, and lived quite alone. He never had much money; and the year I am writing about had been even worse than usual for him. His last book had been a hopeless failure. Besides, he had had an operation, which had cost him much money and left him too weak to work. The day I went to see him, I found him in a gloomy mood, half lying on two chairs, smoking strong cigarettes, which I hated.

"Hello!" he said, and then continued without giving me a chance to ask after his health: "Last night I went into a place that they call a cinema. Have you ever been in once?"

"Ever been? Do you know how long the cinema has existed? Since 1900!"

"Is that so? A terrible place, and terrible people in it. Well, last night they showed a film – what a thing! I've never read such an idiotic story or seen such idiotic characters. How can people look at it? I'm writing a parody on it."

"A parody on an idiotic film?"

"Yes! My heroine is one-quarter black, three quarters white. She is unbelievably beautiful, and all the men run after her. Her brother, a man with a heart of stone, wants her to marry a millionaire, who is as bad as he is. All the characters have deep, dark secrets in their lives." He laughed.

"How can you spend your time on such foolishness?" I asked.

"My time!" he answered angrily. "Who needs my time? Nobody buys my books. I'll probably 'starve to death!" He took a page of scenario and laughed again as he read it. "In that film last night they had a race between a train and a car. I've done better: I have a race between a train, a car, an airplane and a horse."

I began to be interested. "May I look at your scenario when you have finished it?" I asked.

"It's already finished. I enjoyed writing it so much that I couldn't sleep until I had come to the end." He gave me the papers. "Take it, you'll have a good laugh, I hope. The heroine's secret is that she isn't black at all. She is part Spanish, part French, and she is a southern aristocrat. And the bad brother isn't really her brother, and the millionaire in reality is a poor man, and the man she loves, who seems to be poor, is really rich." And he laughed until his face was red and his eyes were full of tears.

I went away worried about him, about his health and his penniless condition. How could I help him? How could anybody help him?

After dinner that evening, I began to read the scenario. There were thirty-five pages, and as soon as I had read ten of them, it was clear to me that he had written a masterpiece. I knew that any good film company would be glad to pay whatever he wanted to ask for it. "But," I thought. "if I go to him and tell him what I am planning to do with his scenario, he'll throw it in the fire. He'll never agree to be known as the author of such a thing. I remember how he laughed at it. How can I make him allow me to do whatever I like with the scenario?"

I went to see him again the next day. He was reading.

I interrupted him. "Must I give you back the scenario, or can I keep it?"

"What scenario?"

"The one that you gave me to read yesterday."

"Oh! What do I need it for? Throw it away."

"All right," I said. "I'll throw it away. Excuse me, I see you're busy."

"No, I'm not," he said. "I have nothing to do. It's foolish to try to write anything: I get less and less for every book I publish. I am dying of poverty."

"It's your own fault," I said. "You refuse to think about what the public wants."

"How can I know what they want?"

"You don't try to. If I tell you how to make some money by writing something that the public wants, you'll throw me out of the room."

I returned home and did a little work on the scenario. It was very easy; it was a fine scenario. I wanted to write his name on it, but I was afraid to. At last I decided not to write his name, but to say it was written by 'a genius'. That's a wonderful word; everybody respects it and fears it a little. I knew that after they read the scenario, they would feel it really was written by a genius.

I took it to a leading film company the next day with a note saying: "The author, a recognised literary genius, for his own reasons prefers to remain unknown." The company was silent for two weeks, but I wasn't worried. I knew they would come to me: they had to – the scenario was too good, it couldn't fail. And when they appeared, I refused their first offers. I made them come three times. At last I gave them an ultimatum. They agreed to all my demands, as I knew they would: they knew how much the scenario was worth.

Now I had come to the last and greatest difficulty. How could I give the money to Bruce? Many wild ideas came to my mind. At last I decided that I would say I had sold the scenario, because I wanted to make some money for myself. "He'll be angry with me, but he won't be able to refuse to take the money," I thought.

When I came to his room, I found him lying on two chairs, as usual, smoking his black cigarettes and playing with an old cat that he had found in the street. I asked after his health, and then said: "There's something I must tell you – I'm afraid you may think it rather unpleasant."

"Go on!" he ordered.

"Do you remember that scenario that you wrote and gave me about six weeks ago?"

"Yes, you do. About the beautiful black aristocrat."

"Oh," he laughed. "That foolish thing!"

"Well, I sold it."

"What? Who wants to publish a thing like that?"

"It isn't published. They are making a film out of it. A superfilm, they call it."

His eyes opened wide.

"Don't argue," I said. "It's done – I've sold it and here is the money – three thousand pounds. I had to do some work on it, so if you want to pay me ten per cent, I won't refuse."

"My God!" he said.

"Yes, yes," I went on, speaking more quickly. "I know what you are thinking. I know your high ideas about art and literature and culture. But that's all nonsense, Bruce. The story may be vulgar, I agree. But we're vulgar, it's foolish to pretend we are not. I don't mean you, of course, but people in general. The film will be good entertainment."

I couldn't look at the fire in his eyes, and I hurried to defend myself.

"You don't live in the world, Bruce. You don't understand what ordinary people want; something to make their grey lives a little brighter. They want blood, excitement of any

kind. You haven't hurt them by this film, you have been kind to them. And this is your money, and I want you to take it!"

The cat suddenly jumped down. I waited, expecting the storm to begin at any moment. Then I began again. "I know that you hate the cinema and everything connected with it..."

His voice interrupted me. "Nonsense!" he roared. "What are you talking about? Who said I hate the cinema? I go there three times a week!"

This time, I cried, "My God!" I pushed the money into his hand and ran away, followed by the cat.

Exercises and Assignments on the Text

Assignment № 1. Give English equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own.

1. ochiqmoq / голодать – _____

2. tanqidiy maqolalarni o'qish / читать критические статьи –

3. odatdagidan yomonroq / хуже, чем обычно –

4. ma'yus kayfiyatda / в мрачном настроении –

5. o'zgacha go'zal / необычайно красива –

6. sen yaxshigina vaqtichog'lik qilasan / ты здорово повеселишься –

7. shoh(durdona) asar/ шедевр – _____

8. qashoqlikdan vafot etmoq / умирать от нищеты –

9. sen o'zing aybdorsan / ты сам виноват –

10. senariyni tuzatmoq / подправил сценарий –

11. ilg'or kinokoraniya / ведущая кинокомпания –

12. hamma shartlarimni qabul qilishdi / приняли все мои условия –

13. buning hammasi bo'lmag'ur gap / все это чепуха –

14. o'zini tentaklikka solmoq / глупо притворяться –

Assignment № 2. Write from the text Uzbek or Russian equivalents of the giving below English words and phrases and write to each three sentences

be (not) interested in smth. – _____

from time to time – _____

be a failure – _____

be worried about smb. – _____

allow smb. to do smth. – _____

interrupt smb. – _____

it's foolish to do smth. – _____

refuse on offer (help) – _____

be connected with – _____

respect smb. – _____

Assignment № 3. *Reply to the next questions*

1) Describe Bruce (appearance, habits, financial position).

2) Why was Bruce in a gloomy mood when the author came to visit him?

3) What made Bruce write a parody on the film he had seen the night before?

4) What was the plot of the scenario?

5) What did the author think of the scenario after having read part of it?

6) What idea occurred to him?

7) Why did the author make the film company come several times?

8) Why didn't he write Bruce's name on the scenario?

9) What was the greatest difficulty for the author?

10) What did the author oppose to Bruce's high ideas about art?

11) The author expected the storm, did not he? But what did he hear instead?

Assignment № 4. Find from the text all sentences which belongs to direct speech and write them to indirect speech

Assignment № 5. Retell the story by the name of 1) Bruce, 2) Autor, 3) The agent of film company

Assignment № 6. Get ready to discuss the next themes with your classmates and teacher. Make up a plan

1. Bruce was a talented writer. Explain why his books were not published.
2. "There is no reason why a genius must starve in our modern times." Comment on the phrase. Do you agree with it? Name some unrecognised geniuses.
3. "People need entertainment". What do you think of it? Is it enough for a person? What about you?

Assignment № 7. Retell the story using 15 sentences

Assignment № 8. Retell the conversation of autor and Bruce using direct speech

Assignment № 9. Find the irregular verbs from the text and fill the table giving their forms

Assignment № 10. Give question to the matched words

1) Bruce was not interested in what people thought of him or his work.

_____ ?

2) After dinner that evening the author began to read the scenario.

_____ ?

3) When they appeared, *he* refused *their first offers*.

_____ ?

Unit 16

RETURN (THE PATH OF THUNDER) by P. Abrahams

The action takes place in South Africa. Lanny Swartz, a young coloured man, was sent by his village folk to study in Cape Town. He has graduated from the University and is now returning to his native village, anxious to teach his people.

It was early morning when the train pulled into the little station. Lanny stepped into the fresh morning air and took a deep breath. He was nearly home now. Home! He smiled because he was returning home; because the smell of the earth was in the air; it was a part of home; a part of his childhood he remembered but dimly. It seemed as though he were in another world, familiar, yet strange.

He picked up his cases and walked to the barrier at the far end of the platform where the ticket collector impatiently waited for him. When he got to the man he put down his cases and searched for the ticket.

Coldly the man stared at him, looked him up and down.

"Nice day," said Lanny. "I am returning home after seven years." The man stared at him, a cold stare.

And suddenly Lanny remembered. One did not speak to a white man unless he spoke to you. It was stupid to forget. He passed the man, feeling those eyes on his back.

Across the way was a coffee-stall. A lorry stood a little way off. Two bronze, muscular men were drinking coffee. Lanny was conscious that they were looking at him. He could do with a cup of coffee, but with these white men sitting there...

"Do you see what I see?" one of them asked. The other fixed his eyes on Lanny and looked doubtful: "I'm not sure. It looks like an ape in a better Sunday suit than I have."

"Perhaps he wears suits like that every day... Besides, you are wrong, he's too pale to be an ape. That's city bushy."

The second man rubbed his eyes and looked hard at Lanny.

"Bushy?"

The first man grinned: "You know. Coloured, half- caste!" He spat out the word with contempt.

The other nodded and pointed at Lanny: "He's pretty, isn't he? I bet you a tailor made that suit for him. And look at his shoes."

Lanny reached down to pick up his cases. The best thing he could do was to get out of here. There was no sense in looking for trouble. He was no coward. He would take anyone of them, but of course they wouldn't fight fair.

"Hey! You!"

Lanny stretched himself and waited.

"Come here!" It was the first man.

South Africa, Lanny thought tiredly, this is South Africa. He walked across the narrow road. At least they won't frighten me, he decided; hurt me, yes, but frighten me, no. He stopped directly in front of the man and looked straight into his face.

The man inspected him closely, his eyes resting on the fountain-pen in his pocket.

"Where you from?" the man shot at him.

"Cape Town".

"What do you want here?"

"I live here".

"Have not seen you around".

"I have been in Cape Town for seven years".

"School?"

"University?"

"What are you?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. Have you any fancy titles?"

Lanny smiled. "Yes. I have two".

Suddenly the man's hand shot out and cracked across Lanny's mouth. With an effort Lanny controlled the instinctive desire to strike back. The man saw the move and struck again. Lanny touched his lips with his tongue and spat. A patch of red blood dropped on the dust.

"Do not smile at me!" the man hissed.

South Africa, this is South Africa in brutal reality. This man hated him and insulted him because he showed independence, because he was educated and wore decent clothes. This was the old struggle for conquest. This man had to dominate him, he was fearful in case he did not. Lanny saw it all more vividly than he had ever seen it. Not out of books. Not with kindly lectures talking to eager or indifferent students making notes. No.

"Well?" the man threatened.

Lanny knew that all he had to do was to lower his eyes or look away – any gesture of defeat would have done – and the man would tell him to go.

He returned the man's stare. The man raised his fist.

I will not give in, Lanny decided, and turned and walked away.

The man cursed, roaring insults.

A pang of fear gripped Lanny's heart but he kept on. This was the road home. He bit his lips and held his head high.

NOTES:

1. folk – people
2. fancy titles – (*nafratomuz*) ilmiy unvon / зд. (*презрительно*) ученые звания

Exercises and Assignments on the Text

Assignment № 1. Give English equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own.

1. chuqur nafas oldi / глубоко вздохнул – _____
2. chidamsizlik bilan kutdi / нетерпеливо ждал – _____
3. bir chashka qahvadan bosh tortmasdim / не отказался бы от чашечки кофе – _____
4. tirjayib qo'ydi / усмехнулся – _____
5. nafrat bilan / с презрением – _____
6. bahslashishga tayor / готов поспорить – _____
7. taranglashdi va kutdi / напрягся и ждал – _____
8. yuziga tik qaradi / посмотрел прямо в лицо – _____
9. hech bo'lmaganda / по крайней мере – _____
10. diqqat bilan qaradi / внимательно смотрел – _____
11. zo'rga tutib turdi / с трудом сдержал – _____
12. uni haqorat qildi / оскорблял его – _____
13. undan ustun kelmoq / одержать верх над ним – _____

Assignment № 2. Write from the text Uzbek or Russian equivalents of the giving below English words and phrases and write to each three sentences

be anxious to do smth. – _____

stare at smb. – _____

there is much (little, no) sense in doing smth. – _____

smile at smb. – _____

keep on doing smth. – _____

Assignment № 3. *Reply to the next questions*

1) Describe Lanny's mood early in the morning of the day of his return home.

2) What was Lanny's first disappointment that day?

3) What made the ticket collector angry?

4) Whom did Lanny see at the coffee-stall?

5) In what way did the white men try to insult Lanny?

6) It was hard for Lanny to control himself, was not it? Why did he do it?

7) What did one of the men suddenly do?

8) How did Lanny react?

Assignment № 4. Get ready to discuss the next themes with your classmates and teacher.
Make up a plan

1. Compare Lanny's mood early in the morning with his mood after the incident at the coffee-stall. What was the reason for such a change?
2. Do you consider Lanny to be a person with a strong independent character in spite of humiliation he suffered? Give your grounds.
3. Explain the words "This is South Africa in brutal reality. Not out of books..." Comment on the racial laws of the country at that time.

Assignment № 5. Retell the story using 20 sentences

Assignment № 6. Find the irregular verbs from the text and fill the table giving their forms

Assignment № 7. Use for the sentences next models

1) The only thing he could do was...

_____ ?

2) The best thing to do is...

_____ ?

3) The wisest thing he could do was...

_____ ?

4) All he had to do was...

_____ ?

Assignment № 9. Translate the next statement "It seemed as though he were in another world", and explain used tense. Finish giving sentences

1) The white man stared coldly at Lanny as if...

_____ ?

2) Lanny was anxious to teach his people, he wished...

_____ ?

3) The white men treated him with contempt as though...

_____ ?

4) The ticket collector stared at Lanny as if...

_____ ?

5) Lanny was no coward but he wished...

_____ ?

Assignment № 10. Find from the text all sentences which belong to direct speech and write them in indirect speech

Unit 17

HOME by E. Hughes

This is a story about a young Negro musician, who returns to the USA after the years that he had spent abroad learning to play the violin and giving concerts in different European cities. The action of the story takes place in 1932 in the USA. This was the time of the world economic crisis.

Roy Williams had come home from abroad to visit his mother and sister and brothers who still remained in his native town, Hopkinsville. Roy had been away seven or eight years, travelling all over the world. He came back very well dressed, but very thin. He wasn't well.

It was this illness that made Roy come home. He had a feeling that he was going to die, and he wanted to see his mother again. This feeling about death started in Vienna, where so many people were hungry, while other people spent so much money in the night clubs where Roy's orchestra played.

In Vienna Roy had a room to himself because he wanted to study music. He studied under one of the best violin teachers.

"It's bad in Europe," Roy thought. "I never saw people as hungry as this."

But it was even worse when the orchestra went back to Berlin. Hunger and misery were terrible there. And the police were beating people who protested, or stole, or begged.

It was in Berlin that Roy began to cough. When he got to Paris his friend took care of him, and he got better. But all the time he had the feeling that he was going to die. So he came home to see his mother.

He landed in New York and stayed two or three days in Harlem. Most of his old friends there, musicians and actors, were hungry and out of work. When they saw Roy dressed so well, they asked him for money.

"It's bad everywhere," Roy thought. "I want to go home."

That last night in Harlem he could not sleep. He thought of his mother. In the morning he sent her a telegram that he was coming home to Hopkinsville, Missouri.

"Look at that nigger," said the white boys, when they saw him standing on the station platform in the September sunlight, surrounded by his bags with the bright foreign labels. Roy had got off a Pullman – something unusual for a Negro in that part of the country.

"God damn!" said one of the white boys. Suddenly Roy recognised one of them. It was Charlie Mumford, an old playmate – a tall red-headed boy. Roy took off his glove and held out his hand. The white boy took it but did not shake it long. Roy had forgotten he wasn't in Europe, wearing gloves and shaking hands with a white man!

"Where have you been, boy?" Charlie asked.

"In Paris," said Roy.

"Why have you come back?" someone asked. "I wanted to come and see my mother."

"I hope she is happier to see you than we are," another white boy said.

Roy picked up his bags, there were no porters on the platform, and carried them to an old Ford car that looked like a taxi. He felt weak and frightened. The eyes of the white men at the station were not kind. He heard someone say behind him: "Nigger." His skin was very hot. For the first time in the last seven or eight years he felt his colour. He was home.

Roy's home-coming concert at the Negro church was a success. The Negroes sold a lot of tickets to the white people for whom they worked. The front rows cost fifty cents and were filled with white people. The rest of the seats cost twenty-five cents and were filled with Negroes. There was much noise as the little old church filled. People walked up and down, looking for their seats.

While he was playing Brahms on a violin from Vienna in a Negro church in Hopkinsville, Missouri, for listeners who were poor white people and even poorer Negroes, the sick young man thought of his old dream. This dream could not come true now. It was a dream of a great stage in a large concert hall where thousands of people looked up at him as they listened to his music.

Now he was giving his first concert in America for his mother in the Negro church, for his white and black listeners. And they were looking at him. They were all looking at him. The white people in the front rows and the Negroes in the back.

He was thinking of the past, of his childhood. He remembered the old Kreisler record they had at home. Nobody liked it but Roy, and he played it again and again. Then his mother got a violin for him, but half the time she didn't have the money to pay old man Miller for his violin lessons every week. Roy remembered how his mother had cried when he went away with a group of Negro-musicians, who played Negro songs all over the South.

Then he had a job with a night-club jazz-band in Chicago. After that he got a contract to go to Berlin and play in an orchestra there.

Suddenly he noticed a thin white woman in a cheap coat and red hat, who was looking at him from the first row.

"What does the music give you? What do you want from me?" Roy thought about her.

He looked at all those dark girls back there in the crowd. Most of them had never heard good classical music. Now for the first time in their life they saw a Negro, who had come home from abroad, playing a violin. They were looking proudly at him over the heads of the white people in the first rows, over the head of the white woman in the cheap coat and red hat....

"Who are you, lady?" he thought.

When the concert was over, even some of the white people shook hands with Roy and said it was wonderful. The Negroes said, "Boy, you really can play!" Roy was trembling a little and his eyes burnt and he wanted very much to cough. But he smiled and he held out his hot hand to everybody. The woman in the red hat waited at the end of the room.

After many of the people had gone away, she came up to Roy and shook hands with him. She spoke of symphony concerts in other cities of Missouri; she said she was a teacher of music, of piano and violin, but she had no pupils like Roy, that never in the town of Hopkinsville had anyone else played so beautifully. Roy looked into her thin, white face and was glad that she loved music.

"That's Miss Reese," his mother told him after she had gone. "An old music teacher at the white high school."

"Yes, Mother," said Roy. "She understands music."

Next time he saw Miss Reese at the white high school. One morning a note came asking him if he would play for her music class some day. She would accompany him if he brought his music. She had told her students about Bach and Mozart, and she would be very grateful if Roy visited the school and played those two great masters for her young people. She wrote him a nice note on clean white paper.

"That Miss Reese is a very nice woman," Mrs. Williams said to her boy. "She sends for you to play at the school. I have never heard of a Negro who was invited there for anything but cleaning up, and I have been in Hopkinsville a long time. Go and play for them, son."

Roy played. But it was one of those days when his throat was hot and dry and his eyes burnt. He had been coughing all morning and as he played he breathed with great difficulty. He played badly. But Miss Reese was more than kind to him. She accompanied him on the piano. And when he had finished, she turned to the class of white children and said, "This is art, my dear young people, this is true art!"

The pupils went home that afternoon and told their parents that a dressed-up nigger had come to school with a violin and played a lot of funny music which nobody but Miss Reese liked. They also said that Miss Reese had smiled and said, "Wonderful!" and had even shaken hands with the nigger, when he went out.

Roy went home. He was very ill these days, getting thinner and thinner all the time, weaker and weaker. Sometimes he did not play at all. Often he did not eat the food his mother cooked for him, or that his sister brought from the place where she worked. Sometimes he was so restless and hot in the night that he got up and dressed and then walked the streets of the little town at ten and eleven o'clock after nearly every one else had gone to bed. Midnight was late in Hopkinsville. But for years Roy had worked at night. It was hard for him to sleep before midnight now.

But one night he walked out of the house for the last time.

In the street it was very quiet. The trees stood silent in the moonlight. Roy walked under the dry falling leaves towards the centre of the town, breathing in the night air. Night and the streets always made him feel better. He remembered the streets of Paris and Berlin. He remembered Vienna. Now like a dream that he had ever been in Europe at all, he thought. Ma never had any money. With the greatest difficulty her children were able to finish the grade school. There was no high school for Negroes in Hopkinsville. In order to get further education he had to run away from home with a Negro show. Then that chance of going to Berlin with a jazz-band. And his violin had been his best friend all the time. Jazz at night and the classics in the morning at his lessons with the best teachers that his earnings could pay. It was hard work and hard practice. Music, real music! Then he began to cough in Berlin.

Roy was passing lots of people now in the bright lights of Main Street, but he saw none of them. He saw only dreams and memories, and heard music. Suddenly a thin woman in a cheap coat and red hat, a white woman, stepping out of a store just as Roy passed, said pleasantly to him, "Good evening."

Roy stopped, also said, "Good evening, Miss Reese," and was glad to see her. Forgetting he wasn't in Europe, he took off his hat and gloves, and held out his hand to this lady who understood music. They smiled at each other, the sick young Negro and the middle-aged music teacher in the light of Main Street. Then she asked him if he was still working on the Sarasate.

Roy opened his mouth to answer when he saw the woman's face suddenly grow pale with horror. Before he could turn round to see what her eyes had seen, he felt a heavy fist strike his face. There was a flash of lightning in his head as he fell down. Miss Reese screamed. The street near them filled with white young men with red necks, open shirts and fists ready to strike. They had seen a Negro talking to a white woman – insulting a White Woman – attacking a White Woman! They had seen Roy take off his gloves and when Miss Reese screamed when Roy was struck, they were sure he had insulted her. Yes, he had. Yes, sir!

So they knocked Roy down. They trampled on his hat and cane and gloves, and all of them tried to pick him up – so that someone else could have the pleasure of knocking him down again. They struggled over the privilege of knocking him down.

Roy looked up from the ground at the white men around him. His mouth was full of blood and his eyes burnt. His clothes were dirty. He was wondering why Miss Reese had stopped him to ask about the Sarasate. He knew he would never get home to his mother now.

The young Negro whose name was Roy Williams began to choke from the blood in his mouth. He didn't hear the sound of their voices or the trampling of their feet any longer. He saw only the moonlight, and his ears were filled with a thousand notes, like a Beethoven sonata...

NOTES:

1. nigger – qora tanli; черномазый;
2. God damn! – jin ursin; Черт возьми;
3. Kreisler – Kreysler, mashhur avstrayalik skripkachi. Крейслер, выдающийся австрийский скрипач.

Exercises and Assignments on the Text

Assignment № 1. Give English equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own.

1. skripka chalmoq / играть на скрипке – _____
2. yaxshi kiyingan / хорошо одетый – _____
3. eng yaxshi o'qituvchilardan birida o'qirdi / учился у одного из лучших преподавателей – _____
4. ochlik va qashoqlik / голод и нищета – _____
5. ishsiz bo'lmoq / быть безработными – _____
6. keyingi etti yil ichida / впервые за последние семь лет – _____
7. Roydan tashqari hech kimga yoqmas edi / не нравилась никому, кроме Роя - _____
8. unga g'urur bilan qarashardi / с гордостью смотрели на него – _____
9. haqiqiy san'at / истинное искусство – _____
10. oy nuri ostida / в лунном свете – _____
11. boshlang'ich maktabni tugatmoq / закончить начальную школу – _____
12. qattiq qichqirdi / пронзительно вскрикнула – _____
13. ustunlik uchun kurashishdi / боролись за привилегию – _____

Assignment № 2. Write from the text Uzbek or Russian equivalents of the giving below English words and phrases and write to each three sentences

be (come from) abroad – _____

make smb. do smth. – _____

be surrounded by smth. – _____

be a success – _____

shake hands with smb. – _____

be grateful to smb. – _____

with the greatest difficulty – _____

grow pale – _____

insult smb. – _____

be filled with. – _____

Assignment № 3. Reply to the next questions

1) Who was Roy Williams and why did he return to Hopkinsville?

2) Roy visited many countries with his orchestra. What was the life of people like there?

3) Who was the first person Roy met on the platform?

4) What struck Roy? What were his first feelings?

5) Describe Roy's home-coming concert at the Negro church.

6) What was Roy thinking about while playing?

7) Whom did he notice in the first row?

8) What did Roy and Miss Reese speak about after the concert?

9) Where did Miss Reese invite Roy and what was the pupils' impression of Roy's visit?

10) Describe Roy's state of health.

11) What did Roy remember walking along the streets one night?

12) What happened that night?

Assignment № 4. Retell the story by the name of 1) Roy Williams 2) Mother of Roy Williams:

Assignment № 5. Get ready to discuss the next themes

1. Why were the Negro people proud of Roy?
2. Miss Reese could defend Roy, could not she? Why do you think she did not do it?
3. "They had seen a Negro insulting a white Woman". Comment on this phrase. Was it true? What was the only and real reason why the white people beat Roy Williams?

Assignment № 6. Retell the story using 20 sentences

Assignment № 7. Find the irregular verbs from the text and fill the table giving their forms

Assignment № 8. Find from the text all Past Continuous and Future-in-the-Past sentences

Assignment № 9. Give question to the matched words

It was this illness that made Roy come home.

4. It was in Berlin that Roy began to cough.

5. It was one of those days when his throat was hot.

_____?

Assignment № 10. Give to the sentences questions which begins with special interrogative words **who and what**

1) Roy was passing lots of people in the bright lights of Main Street.

_____?

2) Roy's concert at the Negro church was a success.

_____?

3) They were all looking at him.

_____?

4) He had a job with a jazz-band in Chicago.

_____?

5) One morning a note came inviting him to the music class at the high school.

_____?

Unit 18

THE INVISIBLE MAN (extract) by H. G. Wells

The hero of the novel is Griffin, a young gifted scientist. He invents a substance that makes a person invisible and tries it on himself. Wishing to continue his experiments, Griffin comes to the quiet provincial town of Iping and stops at a local inn. His secluded way of life and strange occupation arouse the suspicion of the narrow-minded Mr. and Mrs. Hall – keepers of the inn. They begin spying on Griffin. Finally things come to an open quarrel.

The stranger returned to his room about half-past five in the morning, and there he remained until near midday, the blinds down and the door shut. All that time he must have been hungry. Three times he rang his bell, but Mrs. Hall would not answer it, as she was angry with him for his rudeness. What the stranger was doing was unknown. He must have occupied himself with some experiments at his table. Several times his cursing, the tearing of paper and violent smashing of bottles were heard. About noon he suddenly opened the door and stood staring at the people in the bar. "Mrs. Hall," he called. Mrs. Hall came forward holding in her hand an unsettled bill. "Is it your bill you want, sir?" she asked.

"Why wasn't my breakfast served? Why haven't you answered my bell? You must have thought I can live without eating. What!"

"You should have paid my bill, sir," said Mr. Hall.

"I told you three days ago I was expecting a remittance"

"I am not going to wait for any remittances."

"Look here, my good woman –" he began in a pleading tone.

"Don't good woman me," said Mrs. Hall, "and before I get any breakfasts, you've got to tell me one or two things I don't understand. Your room was empty but how did you get in again? You must have climbed in through the window. I suppose you know that people who stop in this house come in by the doors – that's the rule."

"You might have been more polite, at least," the stranger interrupted her in an angry voice stamping his foot. "You don't understand who I am. I'll show you!" He took off his spectacles and everyone in the bar gasped: there was – nothing behind them! He began to remove the bandages that covered the rest of his face. Mrs. Hall shrieked and fell down unconscious as she saw that the stranger had no head. The people in the bar made for the door. The news of the headless man spread all the way down the street in no time and soon a crowd of perhaps forty people gathered round the door of the little inn. A little procession pushed its way through the crowd: first Mr. Hall, then Mr. Bobby Jaffers, the village constable, and then the blacksmith who lived across the street. Mr. Hall must have been to the police to bring help. They all marched up the steps and entered the stranger's room at once. They saw the headless figure sitting at the table.

"What's this?" came an angry voice from above the collar of the figure.

"You're a strange person," said Jaffers, "but head or no head I'll have to arrest you." And he produced a pair of handcuffs. At the next moment the stranger's gloves came off and dropped on the floor. He ran his arm down his waistcoat, and the buttons to which his empty sleeves pointed, became undone. Then he bent down and began doing something with his shoes and socks.

"Why!" said Jaffers, "that's no man at all. It's just empty clothes. Look!" He held out his hand and it seemed to meet something in the air.

"Can't you be more careful? You might have hurt my eye," said the angry voice. "As a matter of fact, I'm invisible. It's strange, perhaps, but it's not a crime."

"I've got my instructions –" Jaffers said holding his handcuffs ready.

"Well," said the stranger, "I'll come. But no handcuffs."

"Pardon me, but – Suddenly the figure sat down. Before anyone could realise what was happening, the shoes, socks and trousers had been kicked off under the table. Then the stranger jumped up and threw off his coat.

"Hold him," cried Jaffers, "once he gets the things off –" There was a rush at the white shirt which was fluttering in the air. Jaffers grasped at it, and only helped to pull it off.

"You could have held him faster," one of the men said to the policeman, "why did you let him go?" "Here he is!" another man cried out. The struggling crowd was moving down the stairs and towards the house door.

"I got him!" shouted Jaffers. He held fast his unseen enemy, he must have been hit suddenly as he cried out with pain and fell heavily on the ground. There were excited cries of "hold him!" "Invisible!" Half way across the road a woman screamed as something pushed by her. A dog must have been kicked by an invisible foot as it ran howling into the yard nearby. And the invisible man was gone forever from Iping.

NOTES:

1. substance – modda / вещество;
2. secluded – yashirin / скрытый;
3. remittance – pul o'tkazmasi / денежный перевод

Exercises and Assignments on the Text

Assignment № 1. Give English equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own.

1. iste'dodli olim / одаренный ученый – _____
2. o'ziga his qiladi / испытывает на себе – _____
3. mahalliy mehmonxona / местная гостиница / – _____
4. ehtimol qandaydir tajribalarni amalga oshirgan bo'lishi kerak / должно быть проделывал какие-то опыты – _____
5. muloyimroq bo'lishingiz mumkin edi / могли бы быть и повежливее – _____
6. bintni yechmoq / разбинтовать – _____
7. hushidan ketdi / потеряла сознание – _____
8. qo'lkishanni oldi / достал наручники – _____
9. gap (masala) shundaki / дело в том, что – _____
10. kishi nima sodir bo'layatganligini anglab yetishidan oldin / прежде чем кто-либо успел понять, что происходит – _____
11. og'riqdan qichqirdi / закричал от боли – _____
12. bir umrga ko'zdan g'oyib bo'ldi / исчез навсегда – _____

Assignment № 2. Write from the text Uzbek or Russian equivalents of the giving below English words and phrases and write to each three sentences

arouse suspicion (much talk, interest) – _____

spy on smb. – _____

stare at smb. – _____

in an angry (pleading) voice – _____

spread in no time – _____

push one's way through the crowd – _____

let smb. go – _____

shriek with joy – _____

hold smb./smth. fast – _____

Assignment № 3. *Reply to the next questions*

1) Who is the main character of the story?

2) Why did he come to a small provincial town?

3) Why did Griffin's behaviour arouse the suspicion of the inn-keepers?

4) What was Griffin occupied with one day?

5) Why did not Mrs. Hall answer the bell?

6) What did she bring Griffin instead of breakfast? In what manner did she speak?

7) What were Mrs. Hall's claims?

8) Describe the behaviour of the people in the bar when Griffin took off his spectacles and removed the bandages?

9) Who entered the stranger's room some minutes later?

10) What instructions did the constable have?

11) In what way did Griffin manage to escape from the hands of the police?

Assignment № 4. Retell the story by the name of 1) Griffin, 2) Miss Hall, 3) One of the visitors of the bar

Assignment № 5. Get ready to discuss the next themes with your classmates and teacher. Make up a plan

1. The society of a small provincial town was very narrow-minded. Give the facts from the text to prove it.
2. Do you agree that it was difficult for a progressive scientist like Griffin to work and create among such people? Give your grounds.

Assignment № 6. Retell the story using 15 sentences

Assignment № 7. Make up a dialog between Miss Hall and a strange man, between Griffin and constable

Assignment № 8. Find the irregular verbs from the text and fill the table giving their forms

Unit 19

NO STORY by O. Henry

I was doing work on a newspaper.

One day Tripp came in and leaned on my table.

Tripp was something in the mechanical department. He was about twenty-five and looked forty. Half of his face was covered with short, curly red whiskers that looked like a door-mat. He was pale and unhealthy and miserable and was always borrowing sums of money from twenty-five cents to a dollar. One dollar was his limit. When he leaned on my table he held one hand with the other to keep both from shaking. Whisky.

"Well, Tripp," said I, looking up at him rather impatiently, "how goes it?" He was looking more miserable than I had ever seen him.

"Have you got a dollar?" asked Tripp looking at me with his dog-like eyes.

That day I had managed to get five dollars for my Sunday story. "I have," said I; and again I said, "I have," more loudly, "and four besides. And I had hard work getting them. And I need them all."

"I don't want to borrow any," said Tripp, "I thought you'd like to get a good story. I've got a really fine one for you. It'll probably cost you a dollar or two to get the stuff. I don't want anything out of it myself."

"What is the story?" I asked.

"It's girl. A beauty. She has lived all her life on Long Island and never saw New York City before. I ran against her on Thirty-fourth Street. She stopped me on the street and asked me where she could find George Brown. Asked me where she could find George Brown in New York City! What do you think of that?! I talked to her. It's like this. Some years ago George set off for New York to make his fortune. He did not reappear. Now there's a young farmer named Dodd she's going to marry next week. But Ada – her name's Ada Lowery – couldn't forget George, so this morning she saddled a horse and rode eight miles to the railway station to catch the 6.45 a.m. train. She came to the city to look for George. She must have thought the first person she inquired of would tell her where her George was! You ought to see her! What could I do? She had paid her last cent for her railroad ticket. I couldn't leave her in the street, could I? I took her to a boarding-house. She has to pay a dollar to the landlady. That's the price per day."

"That's no story," said I. "Every ferry-boat brings or takes away girls from Long Island."

Tripp looked disappointed. "Can't you see what an amazing story it would make? You ought to get fifteen dollars for it. And it'll cost you only four, so you'll make a profit of eleven dollars."

"How will it cost me four dollars?" I asked suspiciously.

"One dollar to the landlady and two dollars to pay the girl's fare back home."

"And the fourth?" I inquired.

"One dollar to me," said Tripp. "Don't you see," he insisted, "that the girl has got to get back home today?"

And then I began to feel what is known as the sense of duty. In a kind of cold anger I put on my coat and hat. But I swore to myself that Tripp would not get the dollar.

Tripp took me in a street-car to the boarding-house. I paid the fares.

In a dim parlour a girl sat crying quietly and eating candy out of a paper bag. She was a real beauty. Crying only made her eyes brighter.

"My friend, Mr. Chalmers. He is a reporter," said Tripp "and he will tell you, Miss Lowery, what's best to do."

I felt ashamed of being introduced as Tripp's friend in the presence of such beauty. "Why – er – Miss Lowery," I began feeling terribly awkward, "will you tell me the circumstances of the case?"

"Oh," said Miss Lowery, "there aren't any circumstances, really. You see, everything is fixed for me to marry Hiram Dodd next Thursday. He's got one of the best farms on the Island. But last night I got to thinking about G – George –"

"You see, I can't help it. George and I loved each other since we were children. Four years go he went to the city. He said he was going to be a policeman of a railroad president or something. And then he was coming back for me. But I never heard from him any more. And I – I – liked him."

"Now, Miss Lowery," broke in Tripp, "you like this young man, Dodd, don't you? He's all right, and good to you, isn't he?"

"Of course I like him. And of course he's good to me. He's promised me an automobile and a motorboat. But somehow I couldn't help thinking about George. Something must have happened to him or he would have written. On the day he left, he got a hammer and a chisel and cut a cent into two pieces. I took one piece and he took the other, and we promised to be true to each other and always keep the pieces till we saw each other again. I've got mine at home. I guess I was silly to come here. I never realised what a big place it is."

Tripp broke in with an awkward little laugh. "Oh, the boys from the country forget a lot when they come to the city. He may have met another girl or something. You go back home, and you'll be all right."

In the end we persuaded Miss Lowery to go back home. The three of us then hurried to the ferry, and there I found the price of the ticket to be but a dollar and eighty cents. I bought one, and a red, red rose with the twenty cents for Miss Lowery. We saw her aboard her ferry-boat and stood watching her wave her handkerchief at us. And then Tripp and I faced each other.

"Can't you get a story out of it?" he asked. "Some sort of a story?"

"Not a line," said I.

"I'm sorry," he said quietly. There was disappointment in his tone. Tripp unbuttoned his shabby coat to reach for something that had once been a handkerchief. As he did so I saw something shining on his cheap watch-chain. It was the half of a silver cent that had been cut in halves with a chisel.

"What?!" I exclaimed looking at him in amazement.

"Oh yes," he replied. "George Brown, or Tripp. What's the use?"

Exercises and Assignments on the Text

Assignment № 1. Give English equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own

1. sariq bakenbardlar / рыжие бакенбарды – _____
2. titramasliklari uchun / чтобы они не дрожали – _____
3. sabirsizlik bilan / с нетерпением – _____
4. itlarga xos sadoqat ko'zi bilan / по-собачьи преданными глазами – _____
5. ma'lumot olish uchun / чтобы получить материал – _____
6. u qaytmadi / он не вернулся – _____
7. birinchi uchragan / первый встречный – _____
8. shubhali / подозрительно – _____
9. qaytish chiptasini to'lash / оплатить обратный билет – _____
10. burch hissi / чувство долга – _____
11. o'ziga so'z berdi / поклялся себе – _____
12. ish vaziyati / обстоятельства дела – _____
13. ishonttirishdi / убедили – _____
14. ikkilanishsiz / без колебаний – _____

Assignment № 2. Write from the text Uzbek or Russian equivalents of the giving below English words and phrases and write to each three sentences

look pale (miserable, unhealthy) – _____

borrow smth. – _____

run against smb. – _____

make one's fortune – _____

look disappointed – _____

make a profit of – _____

feel ashamed of smth. (doing smth.) – _____

hear from smb. – _____

be true to smb. – _____

look at smb. in amazement – _____

feel awkward – _____

Assignment № 3. Reply to the next questions

1) Describe Tripp and say how he made his living.

2) What was Tripp in the habit of?

3) Why did Chalmers look up at Tripp impatiently when he came in?

4) What did Tripp tell Chalmers about the girl he had met in the street?

5) Why did Chalmers refuse to write a story about the girl?

6) Describe Ada and explain why Chalmers felt ashamed in her presence?

7) Prove that Ada really loved George.

8) Why did Tripp ask Ada if Dodd was good to her?

9) What made Chalmers give Tripp the dollar in the end?

Assignment № 4. Retell the story by the name of 1) Tripp, 2) Mr. Chalmers, 3) Ada Lowery

Assignment № 5. Work on the text. Get ready to discuss with teacher and other members of your group next themes. Make up a plan

1. Why did not Tripp tell Ada who he was? What do you think prevented him from returning to his native village? Do you consider his behaviour in this situation right? Give your grounds.

2. Do you think this story happy or sad? Is the unexpected end of the story typical of O. Henry? Could you think of another end of the story?
3. Comment on the title of the story.
4. Describe Tripp's life in New York during those four years.

Assignment № 5. Retell the story using 15 sentences

Assignment № 7. Find the irregular verbs from the text and fill the table giving their forms

Assignment № 8. Find all the sentences with Gerund and Participle in the text. Underline the verbs, after which is used Gerund.

Assignment № 9. Give the correct form of the gerund to the verbs in the bracket

- 1) I hate (borrow) money, I prefer (lend) money. _____ ?
- 2) Chalmers avoided (lend) money to Tripp. _____ ?
- 3) Chalmers could not help (feel) awkward when he was introduced to Ada. _____ ?
- 4) It's no use (try) to persuade him. _____ ?
- 5) He was ashamed of (behave) like this. _____ ?
- 6) To Tripp's disappointment the reporter said the stuff was not worth (put) in a story. _____ ?

..... ?
7) When Ada spoke about George she couldn't help (cry).

..... ?
8) Ada was looking forward to (meet) George in New York.

..... ?
Assignment №10. Find from the text all sentences which belongs to direct speech and write them to indirect speech

Unit 20

THE EXPLOSION *from The Citadel by A. J. Cronin*

Andrew Manson, a young inexperienced doctor, has come to work in a small miners town in Wales. His very first case proves to be typhoid. Andrew is terribly anxious, especially when the disease begins to spread. He is at a loss what to do and turns for advice to Philip Denny, a doctor who has been living in the town for some time.

Andrew gazed at Denny, burning to ask a dozen questions.

"You've got cases too?" he asked anxiously.

"Four! All in the same area as yours," Denny paused. "One day, very soon, we're going to have an outbreak of an epidemic. It's the main sewer that's to blame. It leaks like the devil, and poisons half the wells of the town. I've hammered at the Health Officer about it till I'm tired." His tone was cold and bitter.

"It's shame!" Andrew burst out. "I wish he were here and knew what we know."

Denny shrugged his shoulders, "It's no use."

There was a silence. Andrew got up from his seat at the table and moved towards the door.

"I'm much obliged for the information. From now on every drop of water in the area is going to be boiled."

"It's the Health Office who ought to be boiled," muttered Denny.

During the weeks that followed Andrew slaved joyfully. He loves his work and counted himself fortunate to have such an opportunity so early in his career. He worked tirelessly with all the fire of his passionate nature. He only wished he could do more.

Then, unexpectedly, Denny rang him up. Manson! Can you come to my place at three o'clock? It's important."

Denny received him in silence with a gloomy eye and a darkened forehead. "One of my patients died this morning. I have two new cases of typhoid." He spoke quietly, with a still, cold rage.

"We must write to the Ministry of Health," said Andrew.

"We could write a dozen letters," Denny said bitterly. "It's a waste of time No! I've thought it all out. There's only one way to make them build a new sewer."

"How?" asked Andrew eagerly.

"Blow up the old one!"

For a second Andrew wondered if Denny had taken leave of his senses. He stared at him in terrified astonishment, then he muttered, "There'll be no end of trouble – if it's found out."

Denny glanced up him, "You needn't come in with me, if you don't want to."

"Oh, I'm coming in with you," Andrew answered slowly. Immediately he wished he had not said those words.

All that afternoon Andrew went about his work regretting the promise he had giving. He was a madman, this Denny, who would, sooner or later, get him into serious trouble. It was a terrible thing that he now proposed. If discovered, they might get struck off the Medical Register. Andrew was seized with horror at the thought of his beautiful career suddenly cut short, ruined. He cursed Denny violently, swore a dozen times that he would not go.

Yet, for some strange reason, he would not, could not draw back.

At eleven o'clock that night Denny and he started out in company with Hawkins, Denny's dog, for the main manhole of the sewer.

The two men and the dog moved along the deserted street. In the pocket of his overcoat Denny had six sticks of dynamite. Andrew carried six empty tins, each with a hole in the lid, an electric torch, and a length of fuse.

Immediately they reached the manhole they set to work, raising the rusty iron cover which had not been disturbed for years.

They slipped a stick of dynamite in each tin, cutting fuses and attaching them. One by one the tins were dropped into the ill-smelling depths. In the light of a match Andrew saw Denny's pale hard face, his own shaking hands.

As the last tin went in with its short fuse burning, the dog took it into its head to hunt a rat. They chased the dog and captured it, expecting an explosion beneath their feet. Then swiftly the cover was flung back, and they raced madly up the street.

They had scarcely reached the corner when bang the first tin exploded.

"By God ! We've done it!" exclaimed Andrew.

Then swiftly the explosions followed: two, three, four, five, and the last.

Doors and windows were flung open, people ran out of their houses. In a minute the street was crowded. A party of men set out with lanterns to explore. Under cover of the darkness and the noise Denny and Manson slipped away. Before eight o'clock next morning the Health Officer arrived upon the scene by car, nervous and frightened.

Wiping his forehead he approached Denny who, with Manson, stood amongst the crowd. For a moment Andrew felt uncomfortable.

But it did not enter the Officer's mind to suspect anybody.

"It's a mystery to me how it all happened. We'll have to get that new sewer for you straight off now," was all he said.

NOTES:

1. sewer – kanalizatsion quvur / канализационная труба;
2. to be struck off the Medical Register – to have no further right to practise as a doctor.

Exercises and Assignments on the Text

Assignment № 1. Give English equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own.

1. shaxtyorlar shaharchasi/ шахтерский городок – _____
2. foydasiz / бесполезно – _____
3. shu ondan boshlab / с этого момента – _____
4. jon dili bilan ishlardi / трудился с удовольствием – _____
5. foydasiz vaqt yo'qotish / пустая трата времени – _____
6. portlatmoq / взорвать – _____
7. u jinni bo'lib qolmadimikan / не сошел ли он с ума – _____
8. ertami kechmi / рано или поздно – _____
9. tushunarsiz sabab bilan / по непонятной причине – _____
10. zanglagan temir qorqoq / ржавая железная крышка – _____
11. itning miyasiga keldi / собаке пришло в голову – _____
12. tun ostida / под покровом ночи – _____
13. miyasiga kelmadi / не пришло в голову – _____

Assignment № 2. Write from the text Uzbek or Russian equivalents of the giving below English words and phrases and write to each three sentences

be at a loss – _____

turn to smb. for advice (help) – _____

it is ... that is to blame – _____

shrug one's shoulders – _____

to have an opportunity to do smth. – _____

regret smth. – _____

get smb. into trouble – _____

be/feel nervous (frightened, uncomfortable) – _____

suspect smb. – _____

cut smb.(smth.) short – _____

be seized with horror – _____

Assignment № 3. *Reply to the next questions*

1) Who was Andrew Manson?

2) What troubled Andrew and made him turn for advice to Philip Denny?

3) What was the real cause of the spreading of the disease in the town?

5) Andrew insisted that every drop of water should be boiled. Could it put an end to the epidemic?

5) Why did Denny refuse to write a letter to the Ministry of Health?

6) Why did Andrew think that Denny had taken leave of his senses?

7) Why did Andrew regret that he had giving the promise to go with Denny? Illustrate your answer by the text.

8) What do you think made Andrew go with Denny in the end?

9) What did they both risk in case they were discovered?

10) What was the result of their “experiment”?

Assignment № 4. *Retell the story by the name of 1) Denny, 2) Andrew 3) Ministry of Health*

Assignment № 5. *Work on the text. Get ready to discuss with teacher and other members of your group next themes. Make up a plan*

Denny and Andrew risked their careers. What do you think make them run such a great risk? Can you call them real doctors?

1. Who was responsible for the situation in the town? What can you say about the role of the Health Officer in the described events? Compare his behaviour with the behaviour of the young doctors.
2. Compare the characters of Denny and Andrew. What did they have in common? What did they differ in? Who to your mind was a stronger personality? Give your grounds.

Assignment № 6. Retell the story using 15 sentences

Assignment № 7. Find the irregular verbs from the text and fill the table giving their forms

Assignment № 9. Give a question to the matched words

- 1) Andrew was seized with horror at the thought of his career suddenly cut short.
_____?
- 2) In the pocket of his overcoat Denny had six sticks of dynamite.
_____?
- 3) A party of men set out with lanterns to explore.
_____?
- 4) Before eight o'clock the Health Officer arrived upon the scene by car.
_____?

Assignment № 10. Find from the text all the sentences which belong to direct speech and write them in indirect speech

Assignment № 11. Try make up sentences using next models

1) It never entered my mind...

_____ ?

2) You'll get into trouble if...

_____ ?

3) From now on...

_____ ?

4) I count myself fortunate to...

_____ ?

5) We were at a loss...

_____ ?

Assignment № 12. Change the sentences using the verb **wish**.

1) Andrew regretted that he had agreed to help Denny.

_____ ?

2) "It is impossible to stop the epidemic", Andrew thought.

_____ ?

3) It is a pity the Health Officer did not respond to their information.

_____ ?

4) Andrew regretted that he did not have enough time for work.

_____ ?

5) Andrew was sorry that Denny had suggested such a plan.

_____ ?

6) When the Health Officer approached Andrew, the young man regretted everything he had done.

_____ ?

