



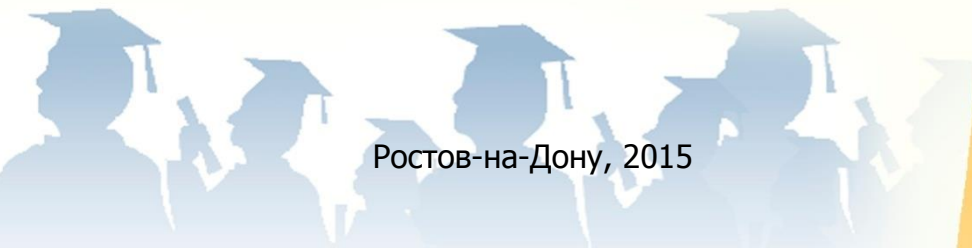
ДОНСКОЙ ГОСУДАРСТВЕННЫЙ ТЕХНИЧЕСКИЙ УНИВЕРСИТЕТ
УПРАВЛЕНИЕ ДИСТАНЦИОННОГО ОБУЧЕНИЯ И ПОВЫШЕНИЯ
КВАЛИФИКАЦИИ

Кафедра «...»

Учебно-методическое пособие **«Тексты для внеаудиторного** **чтения на английском языке»**

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Ростов-на-Дону, 2015





Аннотация

Методические указания к практическим занятиям по английскому языку. – Ростов-на-Дону, ДГТУ, 2014.

Пособие состоит из 15 уроков. Каждый урок содержит художественный или публицистический текст, вопросы и задания на развитие навыков говорения, упражнения на усвоение лексики и закрепление базовой грамматики английского языка.

Цель пособия – углубить знания английского языка на материалах художественных и публицистических текстов.

Содержание пособия соответствует программе курса и может быть использовано в качестве заданий для самостоятельной и аудиторной работы студентов начального и продвинутого уровней обучения английскому языку по специальности СКС, ГД и Туризм очной и заочной формы обучения.

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**UNIT I****I. Read the text:****The two gifts**

after O'Henry

Jim and Della were very poor. They lived in New York in a small room on the top floor of a high building. Jim was twenty-two years old Della was twenty-one.

Both husband and wife worked very hard, but there never was any money in the house; for all they got went to pay the grocer, the butcher, the baker. And the rent was \$8 a week.

And yet they owned two treasures of which they were very proud. These treasures were — Jim's gold watch, which he received from his father, and Della's beautiful golden hair.

It was the eve of New Year's Day. Della wanted to give Jim a present. She counted her money. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all she had. Only \$1.87 to buy a present for Jim. So she sat down on the sofa and wept. Suddenly she got up and went to the looking-glass. Her eyes shone brilliantly. Quickly she undid her hair, it reached below her knees and covered her like a cloak. And then she did it up again quickly and nervously. She put on her old brown jacket and her old brown hat. Then she ran out of the door and down the stairs to the street.

She stopped before a sign and read the words: "M-me Sofronie. Hairgoods of all kinds." Then she entered the shop. She saw Madame sitting at the counter. She was fat and red-cheeked.

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della. "Let me see it," said Madame. Della took off her hat and undid her hair. "Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass of Della's golden hair with a practised hand.

"Give me the money," said Della...

The next two hours were like a happy dream. Della hurried from shop to shop looking for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It was a watch chain for which she paid \$21. And then she hurried home with the chain and the remaining 87 cents.



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Jim was not at home. Della got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work. In forty minutes her head was covered with tiny curls. She looked like a schoolboy. She said to herself: "I hope Jim will not kill me. But what could I do — oh, what could I do with a dollar and 87 cents?"

At seven o'clock the coffee was ready. Della sat waiting for Jim. She heard his steps on the stairs, and she turned white for just one moment. The door opened and Jim entered the room. He looked thin and very serious ... and suddenly Jim stopped. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that terrified her.

"Jim, darling!" she cried, "don't look at me like that: I sold my hair because I wanted to give you a present. My hair will grow again. It grows very fast. Say 'A Happy New Year', Jim, and let us be happy. You don't know what a beautiful present I have for you."

Jim sighed. He drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it on the table. "If you open that package, you will understand," he said.

Della took off the paper and string. There lay the beautiful combs that Della saw in a Broadway shop window. Now they were hers, but her hair was gone.

Suddenly Della jumped and cried:

"Oh, Jim, I shall give you your beautiful present." She held it out to him upon her open palm.

"Isn't it a beautiful chain? Give me your watch: I want to see how it looks on it."

Jim did not obey. He fell on the sofa and put his hands behind his head and smiled.

"Della," said he, "I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. Is the coffee ready?"

II. Answer the questions:

1. Where did Jim and Della live?
2. How old was Jim and how old was Della?
3. Why was there never any money in the house?
4. What were their "treasures"?
5. What did Della want to give Jim?
6. Why did she weep?
7. What did Della do to get some money?



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8. What did she buy?
9. What did she do when she came home?
10. What did she look like in forty minutes?
11. What did Della say when Jim saw her?
12. What did Jim buy for her?
13. Could she use the beautiful combs?
14. Why did Della want to see Jim's watch?
15. Did Jim give her his watch? Why?

III. Retell the text.

**UNIT II.****I. Read the text:****The love drug***after O'Henry*

Jim, a young car-driver, was a boarder at old Riddle's. He was in love with Riddle's daughter Rosy. And Rosy was in love with Jim. They wanted to get married, but Mr. Riddle, Rosy's father, was against it. He hoped to find a rich husband for his daughter. Jim had a friend who worked as a clerk at a druggist's shop. His name was Pilkins.

Jim often called on Pilkins at his shop, and they talked and discussed things, and Jim, who was very frank and talkative, told Pilkins that he loved Rosy and that she loved him. When Jim talked of Rosy, Pilkins listened to him in silence and never said a word.

One afternoon Jim called at the shop and sat down upon a chair. He looked excited. Pilkins took the chair opposite him. Jim began: "Old Riddle does not like me. For a week he hasn't let Rosy go outside the door with me. He probably suspects that we love each other. So Rosy and I have decided to run away tonight and get married. That is," he continued, "if she does not change her mind until the time comes. One day she says she will; the same evening she says, she won't because she is afraid."

"Ahem!" said Pilkins.

"We have agreed on to-night. But it is five hours yet till the time, and I am afraid that she will change her mind again." Jim stopped and looked at Pilkins.

"But you can help me," he added.

"I don't see how," said Pilkins.

"I say, Pilkins, isn't there a drug that'll make a girl like you better if you give it to her. I think that, if I have such drug to give Rosy when I see her at supper tonight it may give her courage and she will keep her promise and run away with me."



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"When is this foolishness to happen?" asked Pilkins, gloomily.

"At ten o'clock. Supper is at seven. At nine Rosy will go to bed with a headache. At ten I shall go under her window and help her down the fire escape. Can you make up such a drug, Pilkins?"

"I can. I shall make it up for you, and you will see how Rosy will think of you."

Pilkins went behind his desk. There he crushed to a powder two tablets, each containing a quarter of a gram of morphia. He tied the powder neatly in a white paper. "This," he said to himself with a grin, "will make Rosy sleep for several hours". He handed the powder to Jim telling him to give it to Rosy in liquid, if possible, and received his hearty thanks. When Jim had gone, Pilkins, who was secretly in love with Rosy, went to Mr. Riddle and told him of Jim's plan for eloping with Rosy.

"Much obliged", said Mr. Riddle briefly, "The villain! My room is just above Rosy's. I'll go there myself after supper and load my gun and wait. If he comes under Rosy's window, he will go away in an ambulance instead of eloping with her."

Pilkins was sure that now he had nothing to fear from his rival. All night he waited for news of the tragedy, but none came. At eight o'clock Pilkins could wait no longer and started for Mr. Riddle's house to learn the outcome. The first man he saw when he stepped out of the shop, was Jim with a victor's smile on his face. Jim seized his hand and said:

"Rosy and I were married last night at 10.15. She is now in my flat. Oh, how happy I am! You must come to see us some day."

"The - the powder?" stammered Pilkins.

"Oh, that powder you gave me? It was this way. I sat down at the supper table last night at Riddle's. I looked at Rosy and I said to myself: 'Don't try any tricks with that girl. She loves you well enough without that.' Then I looked at her father and thought: He must feel more love for me.' So I watched my chance and put the powder in old man Riddle's coffee — see?"



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II. Answer the questions:

1. Was Jim a clerk at a druggist's shop?
2. At whose place was Jim a boarder?
3. Whom was he in love with?
4. What did Jim and Rosy want?
5. Why was Rosy's father against their wish?
6. Where did Jim's friend work?
7. What did Jim ask Pilkins about?
8. What did Jim and Rosy decide to do that night?
9. Was Jim to wait for her under the window?
10. What did Pilkins give to Jim?
11. What did Pilkins say to himself?
12. Was Pilkins secretly in love with Rosy?
13. What did Pilkins learn from Jim next morning?
14. Did Jim know that the powder was morphia and not a love drug?

III. Retell the text.

**UNIT III****I. Read the text:****Too well***after O"Henry*

Miss Rosie Carrington was a famous actress. She began her life in a little village named Cranberry. But that was long ago. Now she was at the height of her fame, and in the coming season was to perform the leading part in a newly-written comedy. But who was to perform the male character in the play?

One day a capable young actor by the name of Highsmith called on Mr. Timothy Goldstein, the manager. Highsmith dreamed of being Miss Carrington's partner in the new play.

"My boy", said Goldstein, "take the part if you can get it. Miss Carrington does not want to listen to any of my suggestions. She says that all our best actors won't do. You know it is the part of a young farmer. She wants something genuine, a real imitation of country manners; If you want to play the part, you must convince Miss Carrington. I wish you luck, my boy".

Next day Highsmith took the train for Cranberry. He remained there for three days. He found Miss Carrington's family And collected many facts concerning life and people at Cranberry. Then he returned to the city.

That same night a small party was sitting at a table in one of the restaurants where actors used to gather when the performance was over. The star of that small party was Miss Carrington - gay, happy, at the height of her fame.

At half past twelve a plain-dressed flaxen-haired youth entered the restaurant. He seemed very shy and awkward. The moment he entered he upset a chair, and sat awkwardly in another one. He looked shyly around, and then suddenly saw Miss Carrington. He rose and went to her table with a shining smile on his face.



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"How are you, Miss Rosie?" he said. "Don't you remember me - Bill Summers - the Summerses that lived near the blacksmith's shop? I think I have grown a little since you left Cranberry. Eliza Perry told me I might see you in the city while I was here", he went on, "you blow, Eliza married Benny, and she says..."

"You don't say so!" interrupted Miss Carrington. "Eliza Perry is married!"

"She married in June", grinned the young man, "and the youngest of the Walton girls ran away with a music teacher last March. Matilda Hockins died from pricking her finger with a needle, and Tom is courting Sally".

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Miss Carrington. "Excuse me a while, gentlemen, this is an old friend of mine. Come here, Mr... What is your name? Oh, yes, Mr. Summers — I shall call you Billy, may I? Come here Billy, and tell me some more".

She led him to an isolated table in a corner. She sat down in front of him and laid her chin upon her hands.

"I don't recollect any Bill Summers", she said thoughtfully, gazing straight into the innocent blue eyes of the rustic young man.

"Miss Rosie," said he, "I called on your family just two or three days ago".

"How is ma?" asked Miss Carrington. Highsmith understood that a bit of pathos was necessary.

"She is older than she was, Miss Rosie. When I saw her last she was sitting at the door and looking at the road.

'Billy', she said, 'I am waiting for Rosie. She went away down that road and something tells me she will come back that way again.' When I was leaving", the young man went on, "I took this rose from a bush by the front door, I thought I might see you in the city and I knew that you would like to have something from Cranberry".

Miss Carrington took the rose with a smile, and got up. "Come to the hotel and see me, Bill, before you leave city", she said. "I am awfully glad to see you. Well, good night. I'm a little tired. It's time to go to



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bed". When she had left the restaurant, Highsmith approached Goldstein, the manager.

"It was a brilliant idea", said the smiling actor, "I am sure I shall get the part hi that play. Miss Carrington will have to confess that my performance was genuine, and that I was a good actor."

"I didn't hear your conversation," said Goldstein, "but your make up and acting were O.K. Here's to your success! Call on Miss Carrington early tomorrow, tell her all, and I hope that she will agree to take you as her partner in the play".

Next morning Mr. Highsmith, handsome, dressed in the latest fashion, called on Miss Carrington at the hotel, "Is Miss Carrington at home?" he asked the maid.

"Miss Carrington has left," the maid answered, "and will not come back. She has cancelled all her engagements on the stage, find has returned to live in that - what do you call that village? Oh, yes, - Cranberry". Highsmith understood that he had acted too well.

II. Answer the questions:

1. What was Miss Carrington by profession?
2. Where did she begin her life?
3. Was she a good or a bad actress?
4. What part was she to perform in the coming season?
5. Who called on Mr. Goldstein one day?
6. What did Mr. Highsmith dream of?
7. To whose suggestions didn't Miss Carrington want to listen?
8. What sort of part was it?
9. What did Miss Carrington want?
10. Where did Mr. Highsmith go next day?
11. How long did lie remain at Cranberry?
12. What facts did he collect there?
13. Where was a small party of actors sitting when the performance was over?
14. Was Miss Carrington among them?
15. Who entered the restaurant at half past twelve?
16. What was the youth like?
17. What did he do as he sat down in a chair?
18. Whom did he "suddenly" see?
19. By what name did he introduce himself?



20. Was Miss Carrington interested in the news from Cranberry?
21. Did she recollect Bill Summers?
22. Whom did Miss Carrington ask about?
23. What did Mr. Highsmith understand at that moment?
24. What did he say about her mother?
25. Why did the young man take the rose?
26. Did Miss Carrington ask the young man to come and see her?
27. Whom did Highsmith approach when Miss Carrington had left the restaurant?
28. What did Mr. Goldstein say about his acting?
29. Was Miss Carrington at the hotel next morning?
30. Where had she gone?
31. What did Highsmith understand then?

III. Retell the text.

**UNIT IV****I. Read the text:****A little accident while cycling**

after Jerome K. Jerome

My friend Harris caused himself a lot of trouble once as he and his wife were riding on a bicycle through Holland. The roads were stony and the machine jumped a good deal. "Sit tight", said Harris to his wife, without turning his head. But Mrs. Harris thought he said: "Jump off". Why she thought he said "Jump off", when he said "Sit tight", neither of them can explain.

Though they cannot find the explanation to this day, the fact is that Mrs. Harris did jump off, while Harris went on, under impression that she was behind him. At first she simply thought it to be a joke on his part. They were both young in those days, and he sometimes did that sort of thing. So she expected him to reach the top of the hill and then stop and wait for her. But when she saw him pass the summit and go rapidly down the hill, she was first surprised and then alarmed. She ran to the top of the hill and saw him disappear in the wood a mile and a half away. Mrs. Harris sat down and cried. She had no money, she did not know Dutch. People passed and looked at her with pity. She tried to make them understand what had happened. They thought that she had lost something, but they could not understand what. They took her to the nearest village and found a policeman for her. He concluded from her pantomime that someone had stolen her bicycle. They used the telegraph, and in a village four miles distant found a boy riding a lady's bicycle. They brought him to her. But as she didn't want either him or his bicycle they let him go.

Meanwhile, Harris continued his ride with much pleasure. He suddenly felt himself a stronger and better cyclist. He said to what he thought was Mrs. Harris: "I haven't felt this machine go so easily for months. It's this air, I think, it's doing me good".

Then he told her not to be afraid, he wanted her to see how fast he could go. He bent down over the



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handles and put his heart into his work.

He had covered about five miles when, as he explained it, a strange feeling began to grow upon him. He stretched out his hand behind and felt there was nothing there but space. Harris jumped or rather fell off, and looked back up the road: it stretched straight through the dark wood and he saw nobody upon it.

Then he remounted and rode back up the hill. Soon he came to a place where the road divided into four, there he dismounted and tried to remember which of the roads he had taken.

While he was thinking a man passed, riding a horse. Harris stopped him and explained to him that he had lost his wife. The man was neither surprised nor sorry for him. While they were talking, another farmer came along, to whom the first man explained the matter not as an accident, but as a funny story, at which they laughed. Harris mounted his machine again, and took the middle road on chance. Soon he came upon a party of two young women and a man. He asked them if they had seen his wife. They asked him what she looked like. He did not know enough Dutch to describe her, all he said she was a very beautiful woman of medium size. It did not satisfy them, the description was too general. They asked him how she was dressed, but he could not tell. He remembered a blue skirt, and then, possibly, a blouse, but what sort of a blouse? Was it green, or yellow or blue? Had it a collar, or not? Were there feathers in her hat, or flowers? Or was it a hat at all? He could not say for fear of making a mistake. The two young women laughed, and the man advised him to ride to the police station in the next town. Harris went there. The police gave him a piece of paper, and told him to write down a full description of his wife, together with the details of when and where he had lost her. He did not know where he had lost her, all he could tell them was the name of the village where they had their lunch. He knew he had her with him then, and they had started from there together. The police looked suspicious.

They were doubtful about three matters: firstly, was she really his wife? Secondly, had he really lost her? Thirdly, why had he lost her? With the help of a



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hotel-keeper, however, who spoke a little English he managed to make them believe that she was really his wife. They promised to act, and in the evening they brought her to him, together with a bill for expenses.

II. Answer the questions:

1. Who caused himself a lot of trouble once?
2. What did he say to his wife?
3. Why did Mrs. Harris jump off?
4. Why did he say: "Sit tight?"
5. Why did she think it to be a joke at first?
6. What did she do when she understood it was not a joke?
7. Why did the people look at her with pity?
8. Could she explain what had happened?
9. What did the policeman conclude by her pantomime?
10. When did Harris realize that he had lost his wife?
11. What did he do then?
12. How did he describe Ms wife?
13. What did the young man advise Harris to do?
14. What could Harris tell the police?
15. Why did the police look suspicious?
16. Who helped him to find his wife?

III. Retell the text.



UNIT V

I. Read the text:

Hundreds for a post

after Mark Twain

The newspapers announced a vacant post for a teacher at Camford University. There were hundreds of candidates who applied for it, including Pete.

You know Camford to be a very small town; there was only one hotel to stay at, and this was so full that they had to put many of the candidates two in a room. Pete was one of these, and the man to share the room with him was a self-confident fellow called Adams with a loud voice and a laugh that you could hear all over the hotel. But he was a clever fellow too.

The Dean and the committee interviewed all the candidates; and as a result of this interview, the number was reduced to two, Pete and Adams. The committee could not decide which of the two to take, so they decided to make their final choice after each candidate had given a public lecture in the lecture-hall. They were given the subject to speak on. The committee wanted the candidates to give the lecture in three days time.

For three days Pete never left his room. He worked day and night at that lecture, writing it out and memorizing it, almost without eating or sleeping. Adams didn't do any preparation at all. You could hear him talk and laugh in the bar where he had a crowd of people round him. He came to his room late at night, asked Pete how he was getting on with his lecture, and then told how he had spent the evening playing billiards, or at the theatre or music-hall. He ate like a horse and slept like a log; and Pete sat up working at his lecture.

The day of the lecture arrived. They all went into the lecture-room and Pete and Adams took their seats on the platform. And then, Pete discovered, to his hor-



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ror, that the type-written copy of his speech had disappeared. The Dean said he would call out the candidates in alphabetical order, Adams first. And with despair in his heart Pete watched Adams calmly take the stolen speech out of his pocket and read it to the professors who gathered to hear it. And how well he read. Even Pete had to admit that he could not have read it so well himself, and when Adams finished, there was a great burst of applause. Adams bowed and smiled, and sat down.

Now it was Pete's turn. But what could he do? He had put everything he knew on the subject into that lecture. His mind was too much upset to put the same thoughts in another way. With a burning face he could only repeat, word for word, in a low dull voice the lecture that Adams had read so well. There was hardly any applause when he sat down.

The Dean and the committee went out to decide who the successful candidate was, but everybody believed Adams to be chosen. Then the Dean and the committee came back. "Gentlemen", the Dean said, "the candidate we have chosen is Mister Pete Hodbell". Pete had won. Everybody was surprised. "I think", the Dean continued, "I ought to tell you how we came to that decision. We were all filled with admiration at Mr. Adams' learning and his manner of speaking. I was greatly impressed: I didn't think Mr. Adams to have it in him. But you remember Mr. Adams read his lecture to us. When Mr. Hodbell's turn came, he repeated, word for word from memory, though, of course, he couldn't have seen a line of it before. Now, a fine memory is absolutely necessary for this post; and what a memory Mr. Hodbell must have. This is why we considered Mr. Hodbell to be exactly the man we wanted".

As they walked out of the room the Dean came up to Pete, who was so happy that he hardly knew whether he was standing on his head or his heels; and he shook Pete's hand and said, "Congratulations, Mr. Hodbell. But, my dear fellow, when you are on our staff, you must be more careful and not leave valuable papers lying about".



II. Answer the questions:

1. What did the newspapers announce?
2. How many candidates applied for the post?
3. Why did the Committee have to put two candidates in a room?
4. Whom did Pete share the room with?
5. Why did the Dean and the Committee interview all the candidates?
6. Why did the Committee want each of the two candidates to give a public lecture?
7. How did Pete work at his lecture?
8. What did Pete discover in the lecture-room?
9. How did Adams read the stolen lecture?
10. What fact helped the Committee to make a proper choice?

III. Retell the text.

**UNIT VI****I. Read the text: The Pancakes**

(A Cowboy's Story) after O'Henry

One night we returned to our camp at eleven o'clock, and all the boys, being very tired, went to bed immediately. But I was so hungry that I could not sleep. So I got up and went to look for Judd who acted as cook in our camp. He was sitting by the fire.

"Judd", said I, "I am hungry. Will you make some pancakes?" Judd laid down his gun with which he was pounding an antelope steak and looked at me in silence. His pose was menacing and in his blue eyes there was a look of suspicion.

"Say, you," he said at last. "Tell me straight, which of the hoys told you the story?"

"What story?" I asked. "I did not mean anything. I am hungry. That is all. But tell me, Judd, was there a story about pancakes?"

"I shall give you some canned food," Judd went on without paying attention to my words, "but I shall not make any pancakes for you. I hate pancakes. Sit down and listen, and I shall tell you why."

"It was two years ago," he began. "One day after a long ride I called at Uncle Emsley's store which, as you know, is in a little village on the other side of the river. There was nothing in the store but canned apricots, pears, peaches, and cherries. There was nothing to be done. I was very hungry and began to devour the fruit. I had eaten three cans and was beginning the fourth when I looked out of the window into the yard of Uncle Emsley's house and saw a girl who was standing there and watching my style of encouraging the fruit canning industry.

"That's my niece" said Uncle Emsley, "Mary is her name. Would you like to make her acquaintance?"

"Yes, certainly, Uncle Emsley, I should be awfully glad to." So Uncle Emsley took me out into the yard and introduced me to his niece. In a few minutes we were friends, and from that day on I rode over to see her once every week, and a month later doubled the



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number of my rides and saw her twice a week.

Then came that pancake business and everything went to the dogs. I called at Uncle Emsley`s store late in the evening. I asked for canned peaches. I ate for a few minutes in silence and then said:

"Well, Uncle Emsley, how is Miss Mary?"

"She is gone riding with Jackson Bird, the sheep man from Mired Mule."

I swallowed a peach stone and walked straight out into the night.

"She is gone riding," I whispered in my horse's ear, "with Jackson Bird. Do you understand me, home?"

With these words I went back and said to Uncle Emsley:

"Did you say Jackson Bird was a sheep man?"

"Yes, I said it," said Uncle Emsley. "Everybody knows Jackson Bird. He has four thousand of the finest merino sheep."

I went out, sat down on the ground in the darkness and waited. An hour later I heard them galloping. They stopped at Uncle Emsley's gate. She went into the house. Jackson turned his horse and galloped away. In a moment I was on the horseback and galloping after him. I caught up with him in no time.

"Hallo!" said I. "May I introduce myself? I am Judd, commonly called Dead Certainty for my skill in shooting."

"All," said he calmly, "I am glad to know you. I am Jackson Bird from Mired Mule."

"I've shot rabbits today," I went on, "at two hundred yards, I can assure you, without even taking my aim."

"That is fine shooting," said the sheep man calmly. "What do you think of the rain last week? Wasn't it good for the young grass?"

"Willie", said I, riding up to him. "Don't talk of the rain. Let's make the things clear. You have a bad habit of riding with young ladies. Don't forget that my name is Dead Certainty." Jackson Bird was silent for a minute and then he laughed.

"You are wrong," said he. "I have called on miss Mary a few times but not for the purpose you imagine.



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My object is purely gastronomical one."

I reached for my gun.

"If you dare," said I, "if you dare to dishonor"...

"Wait a minute", said he, "till I explain. You don't know me. Eating — that's all the pleasure. I've got in life. Have you ever lasted the pancakes that Miss Mary makes?"

"I? No," I replied. "I did not know that she was a good cook."

"The pancakes she makes," said he, "are golden sunshine. I am ready to give two years of my life to get the recipe for making those pancakes. That is why I went to see Miss Mary. But I haven't been able to get it from her. It is an old recipe that has been in the family for seventy five years. They hand it down from one generation to another. But they don't give it away to outsiders. If I could get that recipe and could make those pancakes for myself, I should be a happy man," he concluded with a sigh.

"Are you sure," said I, "that you like pancakes and not the hand that makes them?"

"Absolutely sure," said Jackson, "Miss Mary is a very nice girl, but I can assure you that my intentions do not go further than the gastro -" but seeing my hand reaching for the gun he hastily finished - "than the desire to get the pancake recipe."

"You are not such a bad little man," said I, trying to be fair. "But anyhow, I advise you to stick to the pancakes, otherwise I'll make orphans of your sheep."

"To convince you that I am sincere," said the sheep man, "I'll ask you to help me. Miss Mary and you are friends and, maybe, she will do for you what she will not do for me. If you get me that pancake recipe, I give you my word that I`ll never call upon her again."

"That is fair," said I, "I`ll get it for you, if I can." Then we shook hands and each rode his way. A few days later I called on Miss Mary. Miss Mary was sitting at the piano and playing a waltz. I listened for a few minutes and then went straight to the matter.

"If there is anything I like," I said, "it's the taste of a nice hot pancake."

Miss Mary gave a little jump on the piano stool



and looked at me in a curious way.

"Yes", said she, "pancakes are very nice, but please don't talk of pancakes."

"And why not?" said I, with a wink, to show that I was in a family secret. "Come, Miss Mary, tell me how you make them. A pound of flour, eight dozen eggs, and so on. Tell me quick."

"Excuse me for a moment," she said and ran out of the room.

I had no time to follow her, for Uncle Emsley came in with a pitcher. As he turned round to put a glass on the table I saw a revolver in his hip pocket,

"That is funny," said Uncle Emsley, handing me a glass of water. "You have ridden too far today, Judd, and you are overexcited. Try to think about some thing else."

"Do you know how to make those pancakes, Uncle Emsley?" I asked.

"Don't talk of pancakes," said Uncle Emsley, handing me another glass full of water.

That was all the information I could get that night. I dropped the subject and talked with Uncle Emsley about sheep, calves and grass. And then Miss Mary came and said: "Good night," and I rode home.

About a week afterwards I met Jackson Bird.

"Have you got the recipe?" I asked him.

"No," he said, "they don't want other people to know it. Have you tried?"

"I have," said I, "but I haven't been able to get anything out of them."

"I am ready to give it up," said Jackson with a sigh.

"Keep on trying," I said encouragingly, "and I'll do the same. Good-bye, Jacksie."

I held my promise and kept on trying to get that recipe from Miss Mary. But every time I said "pancakes" she looked at me in a strange way and tried to change the subject. And if I insisted, Uncle Emsley came in with a pitcher of water and a hip-pocket revolver.

One day I galloped to Uncle Emsley's store with a bunch of wild flowers for Miss Mary. Uncle Emsley



looked at the flowers with an eye shut and said:

"Haven't you heard the news?"

"What news?" I asked.

"Mary and Jackson Bird were married yesterday." I dropped the flowers and yelled:

"What, then, was all the nonsense he told me about pancakes? Tell me that."

When I said "pancakes", Uncle Emsley put his hand on his hip pocket and stepped back, but I jumped at him and seized him by his shirt collar.

"Tell me all of those damned pancakes," I yelled, "or I'll kill you. Does Miss Mary make pancakes?"

"She's never made one in her life," said Uncle Emsley soothingly. "Calm down, Judd, calm down. You are excited. It's all because of that wound in your head. Try not to think about pancakes."

"Uncle Emsley," said I, "I have never been wounded in the head, but Jackson Bird told me he was calling on Miss Mary for the purpose of finding out your famous pancake recipe."

"Leave my shirt collar in peace," said Uncle Emsley, "and I'll tell you. Yes, it looks like Jackson Bird has played a trick on you. The day after he went riding with Mary he came back and told me and Mary to watch out for you whenever you began to talk about pancakes. He said you were in a camp once when the boys were cooking pancakes, and one of the fellows got angry with you and cut you over the head with a frying-pan. Jackson said that whenever you were overhot or excited that wound hurt you and made you rave about pancakes. He told us that we should immediately change the subject and give you some water to drink, and that on the whole you were not dangerous..."

"And that is why," Judd concluded, "I never shall eat nor ever shall make those damned pancakes."

II. Answer the questions:

1. Who asked Judd to make some pancakes?



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2. Did Judd make any pancakes for the author?
3. What was the name of the girl whom Judd loved?
4. Whose niece was Miss Mary?
5. Who introduced Judd to Miss Mary?
6. How many times a week did Judd see her?
7. What was Jackson Bird?
8. Why did Jackson Bird call on Miss Mary?
9. Did Judd know the real purpose of his coming?
10. How did Jackson explain this purpose to Judd?
11. Did Judd believe him?
12. What did Jackson Bird ask Judd about?
13. Did Judd try to get that recipe from Miss Mary?
14. How did she and Uncle Emsley react every time he said the word "pancakes?"
15. What did Miss Mary and Uncle Emsley think about Judd?
16. Was he really wounded in the head?
17. What was the result of the trick Jackson Bird played on Judd?

III. Retell the text.



UNIT VII

I. Read the text:

Arrangement in Black and White

The woman crossed the crowded room, caught hold of her host's arm and took him along with her.

"Now I've got you!" she said. "Now you can't get away!"

"Why, hello," said her host. "Well. How are you?"

"Oh, I'm fine," she said, "Simply fine. Listen, I want to meet Walter Williams. Honestly, I just can't be indifferent to that man. Oh, when he sings! Well, I said to my husband, "It's a good thing for you Walter Williams is colored, "I said, "or you'd have good reason to be jealous." I'd really love to meet him. I'd like to tell him I've heard him sing. Will you be an angel and introduce me to him?"

"Why, certainly," said her host. "I thought you'd met him already. The party's for him as "a matter of fact. But where is he?"

"He's over there by the bookcase," she said. "Let's wait till those people finish talking to him. Well, I think you're simply wonderful, having him meet all these white people, and all. Does he appreciate your kindness?"

"Why should he?" said her host.

"I think it's really awfully nice of you," she said. "I do. I don't see why it isn't perfectly all right to meet colored people, I haven't any feeling at all about it. My husband — oh, he's just the other way. Well, you know he comes-from Virginia and you know how they are there."

"Did he come tonight?" said her host.

"No, he couldn't," she said. "I'm a regular grass widow (настоящая соломенная вдова) tonight, He was so tired out, he couldn't move. Isn't it a shame?"

"Ah," said her host.

"Wait till I tell him I met Walter Williams," she said. "He'll just about die. Oh, we have a lot of arguments about colored people. I often get angry talking to



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him. But I must admit Burton is much broader-minded than lots of these Southerners. He's really awfully fond of colored people. Well, he says himself, he wouldn't have white servants. He says he hasn't got a word to say against colored people as long as they keep their place. He's always doing things for them — giving them clothes and I don't know what. The only thing he says is, he wouldn't sit down to table with one for a million dollars. 'Oh,' I say to him, 'you make me sick, talking like that.' I'm just terrible to him. Aren't I terrible?"

"Oh, no, no, no," said her host. "No, no."

"Now this Walter Williams,"- she said. "I think a man like that`s a real artist, I do, and I don't mind his color. I honestly think if a person's an artist, nobody should try to avoid meeting him. We should value such people. That's just what I say to Burton. Don't you think I'm right?"

"Yes," said her host. "Oh, yes."

"Why, I'd really be glad to have a man like Walter Williams come to my house and sing for us, some time," she said. "Of course, I couldn't risk it because of Burton. But I wouldn't have any feeling about it at all. Oh, can't he sing! Come on, let's go over and talk to him. Listen, what shall I do when I'm introduced? Shall I shake hands? Or what?"

"Why, do whatever you want to," said her host.

"I guess maybe I'd better," she said. "I wouldn't for the world have him think I had any feeling. I think I'd better shake hands, just the way I would with anybody else."

They reached the tall young Negro, standing by the bookcase. The host performed introductions; the Negro bowed.

"How do you do?" he said.

The woman held out her hand at arm's length and held it so for all the world to see, until the Negro took it, shook it, and gave it back to her.

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Williams," she said. "I've just been saying I've enjoyed your singing so much. I've been to your concerts. Oh, I do enjoy it!"

She spoke very loudly and clearly, like one speaking to a deaf man.



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"I'm so glad," he said.

"Well, what are you doing now?" she said. "Are you still keeping up your singing? Why don't you have another concert, some time?"

"I'm having one the sixteenth of this month, it's been announced," he said.

"Well, I'll be there," she said. "I'll be there, if I possibly can. Oh, who's that girl in white? I've seen her somewhere."

"That's Katherine Burke" said her host.

"Good Heavens," she said, "is that Katherine Burke? Why, she looks quite different off the stage. I thought she was much better-looking. I had no idea she was so dark. Why, she looks almost like — oh, I think she's a wonderful actress don't you, Mr. Williams?"

"Yes, I do," he said.

"Oh, I do, too," she said. "Just wonderful. Well, we must give someone else a chance to talk to you. Now, don't forget, Mr. Williams, -I'm going to be at that concert if I possibly can. Don't you forget."

"I don't," he said. "Thank you so much."

The host took her arm and piloted her into the next room.

"Oh, my dear," she said. "I nearly died! Honestly, I give you my word. Did you hear that terrible break I made? I was just going to say Katherine Burke looked almost like a nigger. I just caught myself in time. Oh, do you think he noticed?"

"I don't believe so," said her host.

"Well, thank God," she said, "because I wouldn't have hurt him for anything. Why, he's awfully nice. Nice manners and everything. I felt just as natural as I would with anybody. But honestly, I could hardly keep a straight face. I kept thinking of Burton. Oh, wait till I tell Burton I called him 'Mister'!"

II. Answer the questions:



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1. Who was Walter Williams? Why was the party given for him?
2. What kind of man was Burton, the lady's husband? What part of the USA did he come from? How can you characterize the man?
3. Why did the lady say that her husband was "much broader-minded than lots of these Southerners"? What did she mean by it?
4. Why did the lady hold out her hand for all the world to see? What did she want to demonstrate?
5. What did she mean by saying she made a break when talking about Katherine Burke?
6. Why is the story called "Arrangement in Black and White"?

III. Retell the text.



UNIT VIII

I. Read the text:

The Serenade

(by G. Bernard Shaw)

I celebrated my fortieth birthday by putting on one of the amateur theatrical performances for which my house at Beckenham is famous.

The play, written by myself, was in three acts, and an important feature was the sound of a horn in the second act.

I had engaged a horn player to blow the horn. He was to place himself, not on the stage, but downstairs in the hall so as to make it sound distant.

The best seat was occupied by the beautiful Linda Fitznightingale. The next chair, which I had intended for myself, had been taken by Mr. Porcharlester, a young man of some musical talent.

As Linda loved music, Porcharlester's talent gave him in her eyes an advantage over older and cleverer men. I decided to break up their conversation as soon as I could.

After I had seen that everything was all right for the performance, I hurried to Linda's side with an apology for my long absence. As I approached, Porcharlester rose, "I'm going behind the stage if you don't mind."

"Boys will be boys," I said when he had gone. "But how are your musical studies progressing?"

"I'm full of Schubert now. Oh, Colonel Green, do you know Schubert's serenade?"

"Oh, a lovely thing. It's something like this, I think..."

"Yes, it is a little like that. Does Mr. Porcharlester sing it?"

I hated to hear her mention the name, so I said, "He tries to sing it."

"But do you like it?" she asked..

"Hm, well the fact is ..." I tried to avoid a straight answer. "Do you like it?"



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"I love it. I dream of it. I've lived on it for the last three days."

"I hope to hear you sing it when the play's over."

"I sing it! Oh, I'd never dare. Ah, here is Mr. Porcharlester, I'll make him promise to sing it to us."

"Green," said Porcharlester, "I don't wish to bother you, but the man who is to play the horn hasn't turned up."

"Dear me," I said, "I ordered him at exactly half-past seven. If he fails to come in time, the play will be spoiled."

I excused myself to Linda, and hurried to the hall. The horn was there, on the table. But the man was nowhere to be seen.

At the moment I heard the signal for the horn. I waited for him, but he did not come. Had he mixed up the time? I hurried to the dining-room. There at the table he sat, fast asleep. Before him were five bottles, empty. Where he had got them from was beyond me. I shook him, but could not wake him up.

I ran back to the hall promising myself to have him shot for not obeying my orders. The signal came again. They were waiting. I saw but one way to save the play from failure.

I took up the instrument, put the smaller end into my mouth and blew. Not a sound came from the thing.

The signal was given a third time.

Then I took the horn again, put it to my lips and blew as hard as I could.

The result was terrible. My ears were deafened, the windows shook, the hats of my visitors rained from their pegs, and as I pressed my hands to my head, the horn player came out, shaky on his feet, and looked at the guests, who began to appear on the stairs...

For the next three months I studied horn-blowing. I did not like my teacher and hated to hear him always saying that the horn was more like the human voice than any other instrument. But he was clever, and I worked hard without a word of complaint. At last I asked him if he thought I could play something in private to a friend.



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"Well, Colonel," he said, "I'll tell you the truth: it would be beyond your ability. You haven't the lip for it. You blow too hard, and it spoils the impression. What were you thinking of playing to your friend?"

"Something that you must teach me, Schubert's serenade."

He stared at me, and shook his head. "It isn't written for the instrument, sir," he said, "you'll never play it," But I insisted. "The first time I play it through without a mistake, I'll give you five pounds," I said. So the man gave in.

I did succeed at last.

"I hate to discourage you, but if I were you, Colonel," my teacher said, as he put the five pounds into his pocket, "I'd keep the tune to myself and play something simpler to my friends."

I didn't take this advice, though I now see that he was right. But at that time I intended to serenade Linda. Her house was situated at the northern end of Park Lane, and I had already bribed a servant to let me into the small garden between the house and the street. Late in June. I at last learned that she intended to stay at home for an evening. "I'll make an attempt," I thought, and at nine o'clock I took up my horn and drove to Marble Arch, where I got out and walked to her house. I was stopped by the voice of Porcharlester calling, "Hello, Colonel"

The meeting was most inconvenient. I did not want him to ask me where I was going, so I thought it best to ask him first.

"I'm going to see Linda," he answered. "She told me last night that she would be all alone this evening. You know how good she is- I love her. If I could be sure that it is myself and not my voice that she likes, I should be the happiest man in England."

"I'm quite sure it can't be your voice," I said,

"Thank you," he said. "It's very kind of you to say so. Do you know I've never had the courage to sing that serenade since she told me she loved it?"

"Why? Doesn't she like the way you sing it?"

"I never dare sing it before her, but I'm going to surprise her with it tomorrow at Mrs. Locksley Hall's. If



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you meet her, don't say a word of this. It's to be a surprise."

"I have no doubt it will be," I said, happy to know that he would be a day too late.

We parted, and I saw him enter Linda's house. A few minutes later I was in the garden, looking up at them from my place in the shadow of a big tree as they sat near the open window.

I thought he would never go. I almost decided to go home. Had I not heard her playing the piano, I should never have held out. At eleven o'clock they rose, and I was now able to hear what they were saying.

"Yes," she said, "it's time for you to go. But you might have sung the serenade for me. I've played it three times for you."

"I have a cold," he said. "Don't be angry with me. You'll hear me sing it sooner than you think, perhaps."

"Sooner than I think? If you want to give me a surprise, I'll forgive you, I'll see you at Mrs. Locksley Hall's tomorrow, I hope."

He said "yes", and hurried away.

When he was gone, she came to the window and looked out at the stars. I took out the horn.

I began. At the first note I saw her start and listen: she recognized the serenade... The instrument was like ice, and my lips were stiff. But in spite of all that, I succeeded fairly well.

When I had finished, I looked up at the window. She was writing now. A minute later the door of the house opened, and the servant whom I had bribed came towards me with a Setter in his hand. My heart beat as I saw it.

"Are you there, sir?" I heard him say as I came out of the shadow. "Miss Linda told me to give you this," he held out the letter. "But you are not to open it, if you please, until you get home."

"Then she knew who I was," I said.

"I think so, sir."

I ran all the way to Hamilton Place, where I got into a taxi. Ten minutes later I was in my study opening the letter!



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714, Park Lane,
Friday. Dear Mr. Porcharlester,"

I stopped. Did she think it was he who had serenaded her? The letter continued thus:

"I am sorry that you respect my love for Schubert's serenade so little-as to make fun of it. I can tell you that I shall never be able to hear the serenade without a strange mixture of laughter and pain. I did not know that a human throat could produce such sounds. I have only one more word to say: Good-bye. I shall not have the pleasure of meeting you at Mrs. Locksley Hall's tomorrow. I don't think I'll be able to receive you again this season.

I am, dear Mr. Porcharlester, Yours truly, Linda Fitznightingale."

I felt that to send this letter to Porcharlester would only pain him uselessly. I also felt that my teacher was right, and that I had not the lip for the French horn. So I gave it up.

Linda is now my wife. I sometimes ask her why she will not see Porcharlester, who has given his word he has done her no wrong. She always refuses to tell me.

II. Answer the questions:

1. What kind of performance did Colonel Green put on?
2. What made Colonel Green think that Mr. Porcharlester had an advantage over him in Linda`s eyes?
3. Why didn`t the horn player turn up at the appointed time?
4. What did Colonel Green think was the only way to save the play from failure?
5. What did Colonel Green hate to hear his teacher say?
6. Why did Colonel Green insist on being taught to play the serenade?
7. Where was Linda`s house situated?
8. What was Linda`s reaction to the first note produced by the Colonel`s horn?



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9. What made Linda think that Porcharlester didn` t respect her love for serenade?
10. Why did Green give up horn blowing?

**UNIT IX****I. Read the text:****A Cup of Tea**

(by Katherine Mansfield)

Rosemary Fell was not exactly beautiful. She was young, brilliant, extremely modern, well dressed and amazingly well read in the newest of the new books. Rosemary had been married two years, and her husband was very fond of her. They were rich, really rich, not just comfortably well-off, so if Rosemary wanted to shop, she would go to Paris as you and I would go to Bond Street.

One winter afternoon she went into a small shop to look at a little box which the shop man had been keeping for her. He had shown it to nobody as yet so that she might be the first to see it.

"Charming!" Rosemary admired the box. But how much would he charge her for it? For a moment the shop man did not seem to hear. The lady could certainly afford a high price. Then his words reached her "Twenty-eight guineas, madam."

"Twenty-eight guineas." Rosemary gave up no sign. Even if one is rich... Her voice was dreamy as she answered: "Well, keep it for me, will you? I'll..." The shop man bowed. He would be willing of course, to keep it for her for ever.

Outside rain was falling, there was a cold, bitter taste in the air, and the newly lighted lamps looked sad... At that very moment a young girl, thin, dark, appeared at Rosemary's elbow "and a voice, like a sigh, breathed: "Madam, may I speak to you a moment?"

"Speak to me?" Rosemary turned. She saw a little creature, no older than herself who shivered as though she had just come out of the water.

"Madam," came the voice, "would you let me have the-price of a cup of tea?"

"A cup of tea?" There was something simple, sincere in that voice; it couldn't be the voice of a



beggar.

"Then have you no money at all?" asked Rosemary.

"None, madam", came the answer.

"How unusual!" Rosemary looked at the girl closer.

And suddenly it seemed to her such an adventure. Supposing she took the girl home? Supposing she did one of those things she was always reading, about or seeing on the stage? What would happen? It would be thrilling. And she heard herself saying afterwards to the amazement of her friends: "I simply took her home with me." And she stepped forward and said to the girl beside her: "Come home to tea with me."

The girl gave a start, "You're — you're not taking me to the police station?" There was pain in her voice.

"The police station!" Rosemary laughed out. "Why should I be so cruel? No, I only want to make you warm and to hear — anything you care to tell me. Come along."

Hungry people are easily led. The footman held the door of the car open, and a moment later they were riding through the dusk.

"There!" cried Rosemary, as they reached her beautiful big bedroom. "Come and sit down," she said, pulling her big chair up to the fire. "Come and get warm. You look so terribly cold."

"I daren't, madam," hesitated the girl.

"Oh, please," — Rosemary ran forward — "you mustn't be frightened, you mustn't, really." And gently she half pushed the thin figure into the chair.

There was a whisper that sounded like "Very good, madam," and the worn hat was taken off. "And let me help you off with your coat, too" said Rosemary.

The girl stood up. But she held on to the chair with one hand and let Rosemary pull.

Then she said quickly, but so lightly and strangely: "I'm very sorry, madam, but I'm going to faint. I shall fall, madam, if I don't have something."

"Good heavens, how thoughtless I am!" Rose-



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mary rushed to the bell.

"Tea! Tea at once! And some brandy immediately."

The maid was gone and the girl almost burst into tears. She forgot to be shy, forgot everything except that they were both women, and cried out: "I can't go on any longer like this. I can't stand it. I wish I were dead. I really can't stand it!"

"You won't have to. I'll look after you. I'll arrange something. Do stop crying. Please."

The other did stop just in time for Rosemary to get up before the tea came.

And really the effect of that slight meal was amazing. When the tea-table was carried away, a new girl, a light creature with dark lips and deep eyes lay back in the big chair.

At that moment the door-handle turned.

"Rosemary, can I come in?" It was Philip, her husband.

"Of course."

He came in. "Oh, I'm so sorry," he said, as if apologizing, and stopped and stared.

"It's quite all right," said Rosemary, smiling.

"This is my friend, Miss —"

"Smith, madam," said the figure in the chair.

"Smith," said Rosemary. "We are going to have a little talk."

Philip smiled his charming smile. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I wanted you to come into the library for a moment. Will Miss Smith excuse us?"

The big eyes were raised to him» but Rosemary answered for her: "Of course she will," and they went out of the room together.

"I say," said Philip, when they were alone. "Explain, who

is she? What does it all mean?"

Rosemary, laughing, leaned against the door and said: "I picked her up in the street. Really. She asked me for the price of a cup of tea and I brought her home with me." "Congratulations!" Philip sounded as though he were joking. "But what on earth



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are you going to do with her?"

"Be nice to her," said Rosemary quickly, "look after her. I don't know how. We haven't talked yet. Just show her — treat her — make her feel —"

"But," said Philip slowly, and he cut the end of a cigar, "she's so extremely pretty. She can't be more than twenty."

"Pretty?" Rosemary was so surprised that she blushed. "Do you think so? I — I hadn't thought about it."

"Good Lord!" Philip took a match. "She's absolutely lovely. Look again, my child. But let me know if Miss Smith is going to dine with us!"

"You absurd creature!" said Rosemary, and she went out of the library, but not back to her bedroom. She went to her writing-room and sat down at her desk. Pretty! Absolutely lovely! Her heart beat like a heavy bell. She opened a drawer, took out five pound notes, looked at them, put two back, and holding the three in her hand, went back to her bedroom.

Half an hour later Philip was still in the library, when Rosemary came in.

"I only wanted to tell you," said she, and she leaned against the door again, "Miss Smith won't dine with us tonight."

Philip put down the paper. "Oh, what's happened? Previous engagement?"

Rosemary came over and sat down on his knee. "She insisted on going," she said, "so I gave the poor little thing a present of money. I couldn't keep her against her will, could I?" she added softly.

There was a pause.

Then Rosemary said dreamily; "I saw a wonderful little box today. It cost twenty-eight guineas. Can I have it?"

"You can, little wasteful one," said he. "You know I can't deny you anything." But that was not really what Rosemary wanted to say.

"Philip," she whispered, "am I pretty?"



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II. Answer the questions:

1. Why did Rosemary show no emotion on hearing the price of the box?
2. Why did the girl stumble over her words when she spoke to rosemary?
3. Why did the girl forget to be shy when she was in Rosemary's bedroom? What made her forget?
4. Why did Philip ask Rosemary to let him know whether the girl was going to dine with them?
5. Why didn't Rosemary give her husband her true reason for sending the girl away?

III. Retell the text.

**UNIT X.****I. Read the text:****How to Be a Doctor**

Certainly the progress of science is a wonderful thing. Naturally one feels proud of it. I must say that I do. Whenever I get talking to anyone —that is, to anyone, who knows even less about it than I do — about the surprising development of electricity for instance, I feel as if I had been personally responsible for it.

However, that is not the point I am going to discuss. What I want to speak about is progress of medicine. There, if you like, is something really surprising.

Just think of it. A hundred years ago there were no bacilli, no diphtheria and no appendicitis. All of these we have thanks to medical science.

Or consider the achievements of medical science on its practical side. The modern doctor's business is a very simple one. This is the way it is done.

The patient enters the consulting room. "Doctor," he says, "I have a bad pain." "Where is it?" "Here." "Stand up," says the doctor, "and put your arms up above your head." Then the doctor goes behind the patient and strikes him a powerful blow in the back. "Do you feel that?" he says. "I do," says the patient. Then the doctor turns suddenly and lets him have, a left hook under the heart. "Can you feel that?" he says, as the patient falls over on the sofa nearly fainting. "Get up" says the doctor, and counts ten. The patient rises. The doctor looks him over very carefully without speaking, and then walks over to the window and reads the morning paper for a while. Then he turns and begins speaking in a low voice more to himself than to the patient. "Hum!" he says, "there's a slight anesthesia of the tympanum (среднее ухо, барабанная перепонка)." "If that so?" says the frightened patient. "What can I do about it, doctor?" "Well," says the doctor, "I want you to keep very quiet; you'll have to go to bed and stay there and keep quiet." In fact the doctor hasn't the least



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idea what's wrong with the man; but he does know that if he goes to bed and keeps quiet, really very quiet, he'll either get quietly well again or else die a quiet death.

"What about diet, doctor?" says the patient, quite frightened.

The answer to this question varies a great deal.

It depends on how the doctor is feeling and whether it is a long time since he had a meal himself.

Of course, this treatment in itself would fail to give the patient proper confidence (доверие). But nowadays this element is supplied (восполнить) by the work of the analytical laboratory. Whatever is wrong with the patient the doctor insists on cutting off parts and pieces and extracts of him and sending them away to be analyzed. He cuts off some of the patient's hair, marks it "Mr. Smith's Hair, October, 1910." Then he cuts off the lower part of the ear, and wraps (завертывать) it in paper and labels it "Part of Mr. Smith's Ear, October, 1910." Then he looks the patient up and down with the scissors in his hand, and if he sees any likely part of him he cuts it off and wraps it up. Now this, strangely enough, is the very thing that fills the patient with that sense of personal importance which is worth paying for. "Imagine," says the bandaged (перевязывать) patient later in the day to a group of friends obviously impressed, "the doctor thinks there may be a slight anesthesia of the prognosis, but he's sent my ear to New York and my appendix to Baltimore and some of my hair to the editor of all the medical journals, and meantime I am to keep very quiet and not strain myself." With that he falls back in the armchair quite happy. And yet, isn't it funny?

You and I and the rest of us even if we know all this - s soon as we have a pain inside us, run for a doctor as fast as a taxi can take us.. Yes, personally, I even prefer an ambulance with a bell on it. It's more comforting.



II. Answer the questions:

1. Do you think the author believes in medicine?
2. Do the words "a slight anesthesia of the tympanum" make any sense? Why does the author put these words into the doctor's mouth?
3. Why is the patient frightened by words, which obviously don't make any sense?
4. How does the patient describe his visit to the doctor to his friends? Why does he call his illness "a slight anesthesia of the prognosis?"
5. What makes the patient happy? Why?

III. Retell the text.



UNIT XI

I. Read the text:

The great escape

Many people move to a new country in search of a new life. Do they always find what they are looking for? Here are the stories of two British families who decided to emigrate.

a) Canada

The Clavy family and their two dogs, Bonzo and Doodah, moved from the suburbs of Birmingham to Canada two years ago. Marion, a full-time housewife, and Andy Clavy, a mechanical engineer with a machine supply company, now live with their two children, Matthew, 12, and Mark, 9, in Stony Plain, Alberta, not far from the Rocky Mountains.

Marion: I still can't believe we're actually here. Do we really live in this big house, surrounded by fir trees, on four acres of land, just three hours' drive from the Rockies? It's the most spectacular scenery I've ever seen. Not that life in Birmingham was that bad. We were comfortably well off, but Andy worked 12-hour days. He used to come home every night, have a shower, eat dinner, then crash out. I thought, 'There must be more to life than this!' We rarely spent time together as a family.

Then Andy was made redundant and given a pay-out of more than £20,000, so we took the plunge. We had always wanted to live in Canada, ever since we'd visited cousins here, so we applied. Our application took a nail-biting eighteen months to be accepted and it cost £2,000. Then we sold our house, a semi with a pocket-handkerchief garden. Emigrating is an expensive business. It cost £1,000 just to fly the dogs here! We didn't know a soul when we arrived in Alberta, but in just a few months we had made plenty of Canadian friends. It took time for us to get used to the way they come into your house and use the telephone and take drinks from the fridge without asking. But I'm less English about such things now.

Moving to Canada has made us a lot closer as a family. We do sports together, visit friends' houses for barbecues, and go sightseeing in the Rockies. The children love their schools. They think it's great not to have to wear a uniform. And the girls go mad for Matthew here because of his English accent-the phone never stops ringing!

I don't miss much about England, except the castles and



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the greenness of the countryside, but now we have the Rocky Mountains. I certainly don't miss the English weather. Even in the winter here, when the temperature is -45 degrees, the sun usually shines and the sky is blue.

Andy: Before we moved, I was always too exhausted to do anything with Marion and the boys. Now I only work eight-hour days. Marion and I have much more time for each other. Business is a lot more relaxed, too. You don't wear suits and ties, and nobody calls anybody 'Mr.' It's all first names and T-shirts and jeans. It took a few months to find a decent job, so for a while we had financial worries. But in the end I was lucky. Unemployment here is quite high.

I don't miss anything about England except the cricket, and of course my family, but my parents have already visited us twice. My sisters are staying with us at the moment and having a great time. Moving here is the best thing we've ever done.

b) Greece

Hazel and Barry White left England five years ago with their baby daughter, Daisy. They moved from their basement flat in north London to a two-bedroom apartment overlooking the sea on the Greek island of Agastri. They earned about £18,000 between them in London, working in the hotel business. They have set up a water sports business in Greece.

Barry; Daisy was three months old when I decided we simply had to leave London. We weren't unhappy in London, we enjoyed our work. But we worried that our child couldn't run freely in the busy London streets. We wanted her to grow up carefree and in the sunshine.

Hazel and I had had a couple of holidays in Agastri and had made some Greek friends there. It's very beautiful and peaceful. In Greek, agastri means 'fishing hook', and the locals say, 'When you come to Agastri, you're hooked.' So we took the plunge, sold our flat, and moved. Our family and friends thought we were crazy.

A tourist sports business seemed a good way to earn a living in Greece, so with the money from our flat we bought waterskiing equipment and two speedboats. Later, I bought a varka or passenger boat for fishing trips and picnics round the island. Running the business hasn't been easy. Things are very



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bureaucratic here and sometimes this can be very frustrating. It took some time to get used to so many forms and officials, but I'm more patient now.

Also, I've found the Greek language very difficult. Fortunately, I understand more than I can speak, so I get by. But Daisy is more Greek than English now. She's absolutely bilingual and the only English child at her school. Living on Agastri is definitely better for her. She runs round the village and talks to everyone. Everyone knows her.

I don't miss England much, mainly family and friends. I do miss the theatre so but we get good movies here. I also miss sausages, Stilton cheese, and white thick-sliced bread! But that's all. I think Hazel has found it more difficult than me.

Hazel: I didn't realize what a big culture shock it would be. It has taken me a long time to get used to the Greek way of life, especially on such a small island. Here the women aren't treated the same way as men. They are expected to stay at home more, and in the winter they hardly go out at all. But people are very kind and generous. In a way, the community is like a big happy family, which is great, especially for Daisy, but it also means that everyone knows everything about you.

I have a few Greek women friends, but the language barrier was very hard at first. I used to visit their homes for coffee and sit for hours not understanding a single word. Our life here has certainly tested my relationship with Barry. The business has had some bad times. There's such a huge difference between our winter and summer income, and money worries cause our tempers to fray! Next winter, I'm going back to London for a few months with Daisy - I miss my parents terribly. No doubt I'll be back here with Barry in the spring, but I'm not entirely sure. I sometimes have doubts about living here.



II. Answer the questions about the family in your article:

1. Why did they emigrate?
2. Why did they go to that particular country?
3. What are the changes in the way of life for the parents?
4. What are the changes in the way of life for the children?
5. Were there any initial difficulties?
6. Have they had any money problems? Are they any better off now?
7. Is the family happier?
8. What do they miss about their life in England?
9. How is the relationship between the husband and wife?
10. Do they still think that moving was a wise decision?
11. Which family do you think has made the more successful move?
12. Would you like their new way of life?

III. Retell the text:

**UNIT XII****I. Read the text:****ARRIVING IN BRITAIN**

If you were going to Britain, how would you get there?

Travelling by boat

The English Channel has kept out invaders for a thousand years. Nowadays, Britain wants to welcome tourists, but the crossing makes travelling between Britain and the rest of Europe inconvenient and time-consuming. Despite that, about 18.1 million people visit Britain every year. Half of these people come to England by ferry or hovercraft.

The English Channel is one of the busiest stretches of water in the world and Dover, on the south coast of England, is the busiest passenger terminal in Europe. In August, the most popular month for visitors, there are 50 ferry and 14 hovercraft crossings between Dover and Calais every day. There are many routes across the Channel, but the fastest trip is the 35-minute hovercraft crossing between Dover and Calais.

Ferries take approximately 75 minutes for the crossing between Dover and Calais. Lots of people like taking the ferry. They often sit outside, if the weather is fine.

Three hours from Paris or Brussels to London

The ferry and hovercraft companies are worried about competition from the Channel Tunnel, or the "Chunnel" as it is commonly known.

The Channel was officially opened on 6 May 1994. It took ten years to build and cost £9.8 billion (more than double the original estimate). All of the money came from private companies.

There are two ways of travelling through the tunnel. Lorry and car drivers take their vehicles onto special trains.

They stay inside their lorries and cars for the 20-minute journey through the tunnel. Foot passengers sit in a normal train compartment.



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Direct trains already run from London to Paris and Brussels. The journey between London and the English coast is relatively slow in comparison to the journey between the French coast and Brussels and Paris. There have been considerable delays in planning the high-speed rail track in England and it is not due to open until 2002 at the earliest.

The entrance to the Channel Tunnel is near Folkston. The train journey through the tunnel takes about 15 to 20 minutes.

Travelling by plane

London has four airports: Heathrow in the west, Gatwick in the south, Stansted in the north and the City Airport in the City of London. Heathrow Airport is the busiest international airport in the world with more than 1000 planes taking off and landing every day; Gatwick is the second busiest. Nearly 70 million passengers use London's airports every year. The airports are vital, not only for the success of London's financial business in the City, but also for tourism in Britain. London's links with the rest of the world are good, so many people go to London to catch long-distance flights to other parts of the globe.

People going to other parts of Britain do not always have to fly to London. Important cities with their own airports include Manchester, Birmingham, Edinburgh, Belfast, Aberdeen and Newcastle.

II. Answer the questions:

1. What makes travelling between Britain and the rest of Europe inconvenient?
2. How many people visit Britain every year?
3. How long does the crossing between Dover and Calais take?
4. When was the Channel officially opened?
5. How long does the train journey through the tunnel take?
6. How many airports are there in London?
7. Which airport is the busiest international airport?

III. Retell the text

**UNIT XIII****I. Read the text:****GETTING AROUND TOWN**

a How many different forms of transport can you use to get around town?

b Which forms of transport are best and worst for the environment?

c Give examples of any problems you have getting around your home town

The first underground railway system in the world was in London. It opened in 1863 and ran 4 miles (6.5 kilometers) from the west of London to the City in the east. The first lines were built close to the surface and used steam trains. They then built deeper tunnels and the electric underground railway opened in 1890. This system was called the Tube, still the most popular name for the London Underground. Some of the tube stations are so deep that they were used as air-raid shelters during the Second World War when hundreds of families would spend the night in the stations.

One million people commute into central London every day. Sixty per cent of these people use the Tube, mainly because the London Underground system extends far into the suburbs: the Northern Line, running from north to south, covers 18 miles (28 kilometers); the Piccadilly Line, running from east to west is 47 miles (76 kilometers) long London taxis drive round the centre of the city looking for custom. Taxis are often called cabs, from the French word *cabriolet*, which is a nineteenth-century word for a coach drawn by a horse-Traditional taxi-drivers, or cabbies, are proud of their knowledge of London. They have to know every street in the 113 square miles of central London and spend up to four years learning the best routes. To get their license, they have to pass a series of tests, known as The Knowledge, until they are absolutely accurate in their answers. Because of this long training period, cabbies are often angry that people can drive minicabs without a license. Minicabs look like normal cars, do not have meters and cannot pick up people in the street: people have to phone for one.

Most London buses are red. In one year, London's buses travel 163 million miles. That is all the way to the Sun and % of



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the way back! Buses in London are not as popular as the Tube because they get stuck in traffic. London traffic now moves at an average of 6 miles per hour, the same speed as when there were horse-drawn coaches

Alternative forms of transport

Can you think of any other forms of public transport in towns, apart from buses and underground trains?

One of the most popular forms of urban transport in Britain used to be the tram. They were first used in London in 1861, but they were all replaced by buses after 1945. Trams, however, are making a comeback. South Yorkshire has a 19-mile (30-kilometre) Supertram network which opened 1994. Manchester, too, uses trams as part of its Metrolink system, while many other cities are considering alternatives to buses. The first section of the Manchester Metrolink opened in 1992. It has reduced car trips by an estimated 1 million a year.

Manchester's trams carry up to 250 people each. They are clean and quiet. They do not get stuck in traffic. There are no steps so they are easy to use if you are disabled, have a pram or are carrying lots of shopping.

The most environmentally friendly vehicle is a bicycle, but cycling in Britain can be dangerous as there are not many bicycle lanes in British cities. Many drivers do not realize that there are cyclists on the roads: cyclists, like pedestrians, are almost as likely to be killed or injured as motorists. This is why an increasing number of cyclists wear helmets and fluorescent clothing.

II. Answer the questions:

1. How many different forms of transport can you use to get around town?
2. Which forms of transport are best and worst for the environment?
3. Is cycling encouraged in your home town? In what ways?
4. Can you think of any other forms of public transport in towns, apart from buses and underground trains?



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III. List all the forms of transport in your home town. Give each transport system a number between 1 (very bad) and 10 (excellent) in each of the following areas: noise, cost, convenience, frequency, safety, exhaust fumes. Discuss your results in groups.

IV. Give examples of any problems you have getting around your home town



UNIT XIV

I. Read the text:

How not to behave badly abroad

Travelling to all corners of the world gets easier and easier. We live in a global village, but how well do we know and understand each other? Here is a simple test. Imagine you have arranged a meeting at four o'clock. What time should you expect your foreign business colleagues to arrive? If they're German, they'll be bang on time. If they're American, they'll probably be 15 minutes early. If they're British, they'll be 15 minutes late, and you should allow up to an hour for the Italians.

When the European Community began to increase in size, several guidebooks appeared giving advice on international etiquette. At first many people thought this was a joke, especially the British, who seemed to assume that the widespread understanding of their language meant a corresponding understanding of English customs. Very soon they had to change their ideas, as they realized that they had a lot to learn about how to behave with their foreign business friends.

For example:

The British are happy to have a business lunch and discuss business matters with a drink during the meal; the Japanese prefer not to work while eating. Lunch is a time to relax and get to know one another, and they rarely drink at lunchtime.

The Germans like to talk business before dinner; the French like to eat first and talk afterwards. They have to be well fed and watered before they discuss anything.

Taking off your jacket and rolling up your sleeves is a sign of getting down to work in Britain and Holland, but in Germany people regard it as taking it easy.

American executives sometimes signal their feelings of ease and importance in their offices by putting their feet on the desk whilst on the telephone. In Japan, people would be shocked. Showing the soles of your feet is the height of bad manners. It is a social insult only exceeded by blowing your nose in public.

The Japanese have perhaps the strictest rules of social and so business behavior. Seniority is very important, and a younger



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man should never be sent to complete a business deal with an older Japanese man. The Japanese business card almost needs a rulebook of its own. You must exchange business cards immediately on meeting because it is essential to establish everyone's status and position.

When it is handed to a person in a superior position, it must be given and received with both hands, and you must take time to read it carefully, and not just put it in your pocket! Also the bow is a very important part of greeting someone. You should not expect the Japanese to shake hands. Bowing the head is a mark of respect and the first bow of the day should be lower than when you meet thereafter. The Americans sometimes find it difficult to accept the more formal Japanese manners. They prefer to be casual and more informal, as ' illustrated by the universal 'Have a nice day! American waiters have a one-word imperative 'Enjoy' The British, of course, are cool and reserved. The great topic of conversation between strangers in Britain is the weather—unemotional and impersonal. In America, the main topic between strangers is the search to find a geographical link. 'Oh, really? You live in Ohio? I had an uncle who once worked there.' 'When in Rome, do as the Romans do.' Here are some final tips for travellers. In France you shouldn't sit down in a cafe until you've shaken hands with everyone you know. In Afghanistan you should spend at least five minutes saying hello. In Pakistan you mustn't wink. It is offensive. In the Middle East you must never use the left hand for greeting, eating, drinking, or smoking. Also, you should take care not to admire anything in your hosts' home. They will feel that they have to give it to you. In Russia you must match your hosts drink for drink or they will think you are unfriendly. In Thailand you should clasp your hands together and lower your head and your eyes when you greet someone. In America you should eat your hamburger with both hands and as quickly as possible. You shouldn't try to have a conversation until it is eaten.

II. Read the article again and answer the questions.

Discuss the questions in pairs.

- 1 Which nationalities are the most and least punctual?
- 2 Why did the British think that everyone understood their customs?



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- 3 Which nationalities do not like to eat and do business at the same time?
- 4 They (the French) have to be well fed and watered.' What or who do you normally have to feed and water?
- 5 An American friend of yours is going to work in Japan. Give some advice about how he/she should and shouldn't behave.
- 6 Imagine you are at a party in (a) England (b) America. How could you begin a conversation with a stranger? Continue the conversations with your partner.
7. Which nationalities have rules of behavior about hands? What are the rules?
- 8 Why is it not a good idea to ...
 - ... say that you absolutely love your Egyptian friend's vase.
 - ... go to Russia if you don't drink alcohol.
 - ... say 'Hi! See you later!' when you're introduced to someone in Afghanistan.
 - ... discuss politics with your American friend in a McDonald's.

IV. Discussion

- 1 Do you agree with the saying 'When in Rome, do as the Romans do'? Do you have a similar saying in your language?
- 2 What are the 'rules' about greeting people in your country? When do you shake hands? When do you kiss? What about when you say goodbye?
- 3 Think of one or two examples of bad manners. For example, in Britain it is considered impolite to ask people how much they earn.
- 4 What advice would you give somebody coming to live and work in your country?



UNIT XV

I. Read the text:

In search of good English food

By Verona and Jason Winner

How come it is so difficult to find English food in England? In Greece you eat Greek food, in France French food, in Italy Italian food, but in England, in any High Street in the land, it is easier to find Indian and Chinese restaurants than English ones. In London you can eat Thai, Portuguese, Turkish, Lebanese, Japanese, Russian, Polish, Swiss, Swedish, Spanish, and Italian—but where are the English restaurants?

It is not only in restaurants that foreign dishes are replacing traditional British food. In every supermarket, sales of pasta, pizza and poppadoms are booming. Why has this happened? What is wrong with the cooks of Britain that they prefer cooking pasta to potatoes? Why do the British choose to eat lasagna instead of shepherd's pie? Why do they now like cooking in wine and olive oil? But perhaps it is a good thing. After all, this is the end of the 20th century and we can get ingredients from all over the world in just a few hours. Anyway, wasn't English food always disgusting and tasteless? Wasn't it always boiled to death and swimming in fat? The answer to these questions is a resounding 'No', but to understand this, we have to go back to before World War II.

The British have in fact always imported food from abroad. From the time of the Roman invasion foreign trade was a major influence on British cooking. English kitchens, like the English language, absorbed ingredients from all over the world—chickens, rabbits, apples, and tea. All of these and more were successfully incorporated into British dishes. Another important influence on British cooking was of course the weather. The good old British rain gives us rich soil and green grass, and means that we are able to produce some of the finest varieties of meat, fruit and vegetables, which don't need fancy sauces or complicated recipes to disguise their taste.

However, World War II changed everything. Wartime women had to forget 600 years of British cooking, learn to do without foreign imports, and ration their use of home-grown food.



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The Ministry of Food published cheap, boring recipes. The joke of the war was a dish called Woolton Pie (named after the Minister for Food!). This consisted of a mixture of boiled vegetables covered in white sauce with mashed potato on the top. Britain never managed to recover from the wartime attitude to food. We were left with a loss of confidence in our cooking skills and after years of Ministry recipes we began to believe that British food was boring, and we searched the world for sophisticated, new dishes which gave hope of a better future. The British people became tourists at their own dining tables and in the restaurants of their land! This is a tragedy! Surely food is as much a part of our culture as our landscape, our language, and our literature. Nowadays, cooking British food is like speaking a dead language. It is almost as bizarre as having a conversation in Anglo-Saxon English!

However, there is still one small ray of hope. British pubs are often the best places to eat well and cheaply in Britain, and they also increasingly try to serve tasty British food. Can we recommend to you our two favourite places to eat in Britain? The Shepherd's Inn in Mulberry, Cambria, and the Dolphin Inn in Kingston, Devon. Their steak and mushroom pie, Lancashire hot-pot, and bread and butter pudding are three of the gastronomic wonders of the world!

II. Read the article more carefully. Choose the best answer: a, b or c

1. The writers believe that British cooking ...
 - a has always been very bad.
 - b was good until World War II.
 - c is good because it is so international

- 2 They say that the British ...
 - a eat only traditional British food in their homes,
 - b don't like cooking with foreign ingredients,
 - c buy lots of foreign ingredients.

- 3 They say that the British weather ...
 - a enables the British to produce good quality food.
 - b often ruins fruit and vegetables.



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- c is not such an important influence on British food as foreign trade.
- 4 They say that World War II had a great influence on British cooking because ...
- a traditional British cooking was rediscovered and some good cheap recipes were produced.
 - b people had limitless supplies of home-grown food.
 - c people started to believe that British food was boring, so after the war they wanted to cook more interesting and international dishes.
- 5 They say that ...
- a British tourists try lots of new dishes when they are abroad.
 - b nowadays it is very unusual for British people to cook British food,
 - c literature and language are more culturally important than food.
- 6 The writers' final conclusion about British cooking is that ...
- a there is no hope.
 - b you will only be able to get British food in expensive restaurants,
 - c you will be able to get more good traditional British dishes, especially in pubs.

III. Discussion

- 1 Do you agree that food is as much a part of a country's culture as its landscape, language, and literature?
- 2 Which are your favourite places to eat in your country? Why?

IV. Language work

Work in pairs. Study the text and find the following.

- 1 One example of like used as a verb and two examples of like used as a preposition.
- 2 Two examples of the pattern, adjective + infinitive.
It's impossible to learn English.
- 3 Examples of verbs that are followed by an -ing form.
I love learning English.
- 4 Examples of verbs that are followed by an infinitive with to. I want to learn Italian.



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