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«Оренбургский государственный университет»

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Данное пособие ориентировано на ознакомление бакалавров с лексическими и стилистическими особенностями употребления тех или иных слов и выражений английского языка и формирование навыков перевода текстов художественно-публицистического стиля.

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Введение

Настоящее учебное пособие предназначено для студентов □ бакалавров направления подготовки 45.03.02 □ Лингвистика, профиль «Перевод и переводоведение» с целью освоения дисциплины «Письменный перевод 1 языка» в 3-м семестре в качестве учебного пособия для аудиторной и самостоятельной работы. Данное пособие может быть использовано на курсах устного и письменного перевода 1-го и 2-го языка, а также служить дополнительным материалом для развития практических умений переводить и понимать язык текстов как целостную систему при самостоятельной работе студентов гуманитарных специальностей, изучающих иностранный язык в профессиональных целях.

Основным принципом построения пособия, отбора и расположения учебного материала является формирование профессиональной переводческой компетенции по использованию видов, приемов и технологий перевода с учетом характера переводимого текста и условий перевода для достижения максимального коммуникативного эффекта, а также компетенции по выполнению функций посредника в сфере межкультурной коммуникации.

Пособие включает 12 уроков. Тексты уроков аутентичны, отличаются высокой информативностью, жанровым и стилистическим разнообразием и представляют собой материалы из художественно-публицистических текстов. Каждый урок представляет собой текст для перевода, набор вопросов для переводческого анализа этого текста и несколько переводческих упражнений, иллюстрирующих трудности, присутствующие в данном тексте. Уроки расположены в порядке возрастания сложности и расширения количества задач, которые приходится решать при переводе текстов и упражнений.

В Приложении предлагается набор предложений из текстов художественных произведений английских и американских авторов для самостоятельного перевода, включающих разнообразные межъязыковые трудности, для разрешения которых необходимо комплексное применение

освоенных практических навыков перевода. Работа с предложениями Приложения может проводиться как на занятиях под руководством преподавателя, включая постановку проблем и определение способа их решения, так и полностью самостоятельно с последующим общим обсуждением результатов.

Таким образом, пособие может использоваться как на начальном этапе обучения переводу, так и на более продвинутом уровне.

1 Unit 1

“Snow” by Ann Beattie

I remember the cold night you brought in a pile of logs and a chipmunk jumped off as you lowered your arms. “What do you think you’re doing in here?” you said, as it ran through the living room. It went through the library and stopped at the front door as though it knew the house well. This would be difficult for anyone to believe, except perhaps as the subject of a poem. Our first week in the house was spent scraping, finding some of the house’s secrets, like wallpaper underneath wallpaper. In the kitchen, a pattern of white-gold trellises supported purple grapes as big and round as Ping-Pong balls. When we painted the walls yellow, I thought of the bits of grape that remained underneath and imagined the vine popping through, the way some plants can tenaciously push through anything. The day of the big snow, when you had to shovel the walk and couldn’t find your cap and asked me how to wind a towel so that it would stay on your head – you, in white towel turban, like a crazy king of snow. People liked the idea of our being together leaving the city for the country. So many people visited, and the fire place made all of them want to tell amazing stories: the child who happened to be standing on the right corner when the door of the ice-cream truck came open and hundreds of Popsicles crashed out; the man standing on the beach, sand sparkling in the sun, one bit glinting more than the rest, stooping to find a diamond ring. Did they talk about amazing things because they thought we’d run into one of them? Now I think they probably guessed it wouldn’t work it was as hopeless as giving a child a matched cup and saucer. Remember the night, out on the lawn, knee-deep in snow, chins pointed at the sky as the wind whirled down all that whiteness? It seemed that the world had been turned upside down, and we were looking into an enormous field of Queen Anne’s lace. Later, headlights off, our car was the first to ride through the newly fallen snow. The world outside the car looked solarised.

You remember it differently. You remember that the cold settled in stages, that a small curve of light was shaved from the moon night after night, until you were no

longer surprised the sky was black, that the chipmunk ran to hide in the dark, not simply to a door that led to its escape. Our visitors told the same stories people always tell. One night, giving me lessons in storytelling, you said, “Any life will seem dramatic if you omit mention of most of it.”

This, then, for drama: I drove back to that house not long ago. It was April, and Allen had died. In spite of all the visitors, Allen, next door, had been the good friend in bad times. I sat with his wife in their living room looking out the grass doors to the backyard, and there was Allen’s pool, still covered with black plastic that had been stretched across it for winter. It had rained, and as the rain fell, the cover collected more and more water until it finally spilled onto the concrete. When I left that day, I drove past what had been our house. Three or four crocuses were blooming in the front – just a few dots of white, no field of snow. I felt embarrassed for them. They couldn’t compete.

This is a story, told the way you say stories should be told: Somebody grew up, fell in love, and spent a winter with her lover in the country. This, of course, is the barest outline, and futile to discuss. It is as pointless as throwing birdseed on the ground while snow still falls fast. Who expects small things to survive when even the largest get lost? People forget years and remember moments. Seconds and symbols are left to sum things up: the black shroud over the pool. Love, in its shortest form, becomes a word. What I remember about all that time is one winter. The snow. Even now, saying “snow”, my lips move so that they kiss the air.

No mention has been made of the snowplow that seemed always to be there, scraping snow off our narrow road – an artery cleared, though neither of us could have said where the heart was.

EXERCISES

I. Memorize the following words and reproduce the situations in which they are used:

1. scraping;

2. pattern;
3. push;
4. turban;
5. truck;
6. lawn;
7. curve;
8. concrete;
9. birdseed
10. snowplow.

II. Give the English equivalents for:

1. бурундук;
2. решетки из белого золота;
3. завивать, закручивать;
4. огромный;
5. опускать, пропускать;
6. упоминать;
7. бассейн, водоем;
8. крокус;
9. бесполезный;
10. выживать, сохраняться;
11. снегоочиститель;
12. артерия.

III. For discussion:

1. What do you know about a short-story writer Ann Beattie?
2. What is the story about? What does it unfold?
3. Can it be divided into logical complete parts?
4. Describe the main character of the story.
5. What's the core of the problem raised in the story?
6. What are the key-words of the plot?

7. What helps to create such atmosphere?
8. What type of conflict is revealed in this story? (Internal or external one).
9. Characterise the vocabulary. Is it bookish or colloquial?
10. What is the text stylistically coloured with?
11. Characterise the syntax. What sentences predominate? What is the purpose of this or that kind of sentences?
12. Give the main idea of the text.

IV. Translate sentences, using different translation techniques. Comment on the role of stylistic devices used in the following sentences:

1. The day of the big snow, when you had to shovel the walk and couldn't find your cap and asked me how to wind a towel so that it would stay on your head – you, in white towel turban, *like a crazy king of snow*.
2. Remember the night, out on the lawn, knee-deep in snow, chins pointed at the sky as the wind whirled down *all that whiteness*?
3. It seemed that the world had been turned upside down, and we were looking into an *enormous field of Queen Anne's lace*.
4. You remember that the *cold settled in stages*, that *a small curve of light was shaved* from the moon night after night, until you were no longer surprised the sky was black, that the chipmunk ran to hide in the dark, not simply to a door that *led to its escape*.
5. In spite of all the visitors, Allen, next door, had been the *good* friend in *bad* times.
6. Three or four crocuses were blooming in the front – just *a few dots of white*, no *field of snow*. I felt embarrassed for them. *They couldn't compete*.
7. Who expects *small* things to *survive* when even the *largest get lost*? People *forget years* and *remember moments*. Seconds and symbols are left to sum things up: the black shroud over the pool.
8. Even now, *saying "snow"*, *my lips move so that they kiss the air*.

9. No mention has been made of the snowplow that seemed always to be there, *scraping snow off our narrow road – an artery cleared, though neither of us could have said where the heart was.*

V. Find the synonyms for the following words in the text:

1. sinewed;
2. astonishing;
3. desperate;
4. immense;
5. ineffective;
6. blinkered;
7. tight.

VI. Retell the text.

2 Unit 2

“The Story of an Hour” by Kate Chopin

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of “killed.” He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will – as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been.

When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under the breath: “free, free, free!” The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial.

She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him – sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in the face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

“Free! Body and soul free!” she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. “Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door – you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven's sake open the door.”

“Go away. I am not making myself ill.” No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Someone was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his gripsack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of the accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

But Richards was too late.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease □ of the joy that kills.

EXERCISES

I. Memorize the following words and reproduce the situations in which they are used:

1. the railroad disaster;
2. a paralyzed inability;
3. abandonment;
4. a physical exhaustion;
5. new spring life;
6. repression;
7. the vacant stare;
8. persistence;
9. illumination;
10. a feverish triumph;
11. possession of self-assertion;
12. gripsack.

II. Give the English equivalents for:

1. завуалированные намеки;
2. значимость;
3. физическое истощение;
4. вон туда, далеко;

5. приостановка; временное отстранение;
6. смутный, расплывчатый;
7. восприятие, ощущение;
8. вымаливать, упрашивать;
9. дрожь, трепет;
10. настойчивые просьбы.

III. For discussion:

1. What facts from Kate Chopin's biography do you know?
2. Can you dwell on the sense of the title of the story?
3. What logical parts can you point out in this abstract?
4. Are there any syntactical stylistic devices in this story?
5. What atmosphere is created in the text? Give some key words which help to create such atmosphere.
6. Comment on the denouement of the text.
7. What's the main idea?

IV. Translate sentences, using different translation techniques. Comment on the role of stylistic devices used in the following sentences:

1. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone.
2. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.
3. She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air.
4. She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial.
5. "Go away. I am not making myself ill." No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.
6. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory.

7. When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease--of the joy that kills.

V. Comment on the Russian variant of translation of the following passage.

Она не решалась признаться себе в том, что ее переполняет огромная радость, но здравый смысл не позволил ей лицемерить. Конечно, она снова расплачется, когда увидит сложенные на груди добрые, мягкие руки, и закрытые глаза, которые всегда смотрели на нее с любовью, и лицо – серое, окаменевшее, мёртвое. Но за горькой минутой она видела долгие-долгие годы, полностью принадлежащие ей. И она распахнула объятия навстречу новой жизни.

Теперь она будет жить только для себя. Никто не станет распоряжаться ее желаниями с тем безрассудным упорством, с которым мужья и жены навязывают супругам собственную волю, считая, что имеют на это полное право. В миг озарения подобное насилие казалось ей настоящим преступлением, даже если совершалось из лучших побуждений.

VI. Retell the text from the side of Josephine.

3 Unit 3

“Sun and Moon” by Katherine Mansfield

In the afternoon the chairs came, a whole big cart full of little gold ones with their legs in the air. And then the flowers came. When you stared down from the balcony at the people carrying them the flower pots looked like funny awfully nice hats nodding up the path.

Moon thought they were hats. She said: “Look. There's a man wearing a palm on his head.” But she never knew the difference between real things and not real ones.

There was nobody to look after Sun and Moon. Nurse was helping Annie alter Mother's dress which was much-too-long-and-tight-under-the-arms and Mother was running all over the house and telephoning Father to be sure not to forget things. She only had time to say: “Out of my way, children!”

They kept out of her way – at any rate Sun did. He did so hate being sent stumping back to the nursery. It didn't matter about Moon. If she got tangled in people's legs they only threw her up and shook her till she squeaked. But Sun was too heavy for that. He was so heavy that the fat man who came to dinner on Sundays used to say: “Now, young man, let's try to lift you.” And then he'd put his thumbs under Sun's arms and groan and try and give it up at last saying: “He's a perfect little ton of bricks!”

Nearly all the furniture was taken out of the dining-room. The big piano was put in a corner and then there came a row of flower pots and then there came the goldy chairs. That was for the concert. When Sun looked in a white faced man sat at the piano – not playing, but banging at it and then looking inside. He had a bag of tools on the piano and he had stuck his hat on a statue against the wall. Sometimes he just started to play and then he jumped up again and looked inside. Sun hoped he wasn't the concert.

But of course the place to be in was the kitchen. There was a man helping in a cap like a blancmange, and their real cook, Minnie, was all red in the face and laughing. Not cross at all. She gave them each an almond finger and lifted them up on to the flour bin so that they could watch the wonderful things she and the man were making for supper. Cook brought in the things and he put them on dishes and trimmed them. Whole fishes, with their heads and eyes and tails still on, he sprinkled with red and green and yellow bits; he made squiggles all over the jellies, he stuck a collar on a ham and put a very thin sort of a fork in it; he dotted almonds and tiny round biscuits on the creams. And more and more things kept coming.

“Ah, but you haven't seen the ice pudding,” said Cook. “Come along.” Why was she being so nice, thought Sun as she gave them each a hand. And they looked into the refrigerator.

Oh! Oh! Oh! It was a little house. It was a little pink house with white snow on the roof and green windows and a brown door and stuck in the door there was a nut for a handle.

When Sun saw the nut he felt quite tired and had to lean against Cook. “Let me touch it. Just let me put my finger on the roof,” said Moon, dancing. She always wanted to touch all the food. Sun didn't.

“Now, my girl, look sharp with the table,” said Cook as the housemaid came in.

“It's a picture, Min,” said Nellie. “Come along and have a look.” So they all went into the dining-room. Sun and Moon were almost frightened. They wouldn't go up to the table at first; they just stood at the door and made eyes at it. It wasn't real night yet but the blinds were down in the dining-room and the lights turned on—and all the lights were red roses. Red ribbons and bunches of roses tied up the table at the corners. In the middle was a lake with rose petals floating on it.

“That's where the ice pudding is to be,” said Cook.

Two silver lions with wings had fruit on their backs, and the salt cellars were tiny birds drinking out of basins. And all the winking glasses and shining plates and sparkling knives and forks – and all the food. And the little red table napkins made into roses. . . .

“Are people going to eat the food?” asked Sun.

“I should just think they were,” laughed Cook, laughing with Nellie. Moon laughed, too; she always did the same as other people. But Sun didn't want to laugh. Round and round he walked with his hands behind his back. Perhaps he never would have stopped if Nurse hadn't called suddenly: “Now then, children. It's high time you were washed and dressed.” And they were marched off to the nursery.

While they were being unbuttoned Mother looked in with a white thing over her shoulders; she was rubbing stuff on her face.

“I'll ring for them when I want them, Nurse, and then they can just come down and be seen and go back again,” said she.

Sun was undressed first, nearly to his skin, and dressed again in a white shirt with red and white daisies speckled on it, breeches with strings at the sides and braces that came over, white socks and red shoes.

“Now you're in your Russian costume,” said Nurse, flattening down his fringe.

“Am I?” said Sun.

“Yes. Sit quiet in that chair and watch your little sister.”

Moon took ages. When she had her socks put on she pretended to fall back on the bed and waved her legs at Nurse as she always did, and every time Nurse tried to make her curls with a finger and a wet brush she turned round and asked Nurse to show her the photo of her brooch or something like that. But at last she was finished too. Her dress stuck out, with fur on it, all white; there was even fluffy stuff on the legs of her drawers. Her shoes were white with big blobs on them.

“There you are, my lamb,” said Nurse. “And you look like a sweet little cherub of a picture of a powder-puff!” Nurse rushed to the door. “Ma'am, one moment.”

Mother came in again with half her hair down.

“Oh,” she cried. “What a picture!”

“Isn't she,” said Nurse.

And Moon held out her skirts by the tips and dragged one of her feet. Sun didn't mind people not noticing him – much. . . .

After that they played clean tidy games up at the table while Nurse stood at the door, and when the carriages began to come and the sound of laughter and voices and soft rustlings came from down below she whispered: “Now then, children, stay where you are.” Moon kept jerking the table cloth so that it all hung down her side and Sun hadn't any – and then she pretended she didn't do it on purpose.

At last the bell rang. Nurse pounced at them with the hair brush, flattened his fringe, made her bow stand on end, and joined their hands together.

“Down you go!” she whispered.

And down they went. Sun did feel silly holding Moon's hand like that but Moon seemed to like it. She swung her arm and the bell on her coral bracelet jingled. At the drawing-room door stood Mother fanning herself with a black fan. The drawing-room was full of sweet smelling, silky, rustling ladies and men in black with funny tails on

their coats-like beetles. Father was among them, talking very loud, and rattling something in his pocket.

“What a picture!” cried the ladies. “Oh, the ducks! Oh, the lambs! Oh, the sweets! Oh, the pets!”

All the people who couldn't get at Moon kissed Sun, and a skinny old lady with teeth that clicked said: “Such a serious little poppet,” and rapped him on the head with something hard.

Sun looked to see if the same concert was there, but he was gone. Instead, a fat man with a pink head leaned over the piano talking to a girl who held a violin at her ear.

There was only one man that Sun really liked. He was a little grey man, with long grey whiskers, who walked about by himself. He came up to Sun and rolled his eyes in a very nice way and said: “Hullo, my lad.” Then he went away. But soon he came back again and said: “Fond of dogs?” Sun said: “Yes” But then he went away again and though Sun looked for him everywhere he couldn't find him. He thought perhaps he'd gone outside to fetch in a puppy.

“Good night, my precious babies,” said Mother, folding them up in her bare arms. “Fly up to your little nest.”

Then Moon went and made a silly of herself again. She put up her arms in front of everybody and said: “My Daddy must carry me.” But they seemed to like it, and Daddy swooped down and picked her up as he always did.

Nurse was in such a hurry to get them to bed that she even interrupted Sun over his prayers and said: “Get on with them, child, do.” And the moment after they were in bed and in the dark except for the nightlight in its little saucer.

“Are you asleep?” asked Moon.

“No,” said Sun. “Are you?”

“No,” said Moon.

A long while after Sun woke up again. There was a loud, loud noise of clapping from downstairs, like when it rains. He heard Moon turn over.

“Moon, are you awake?”

“Yes, are you?”

“Yes. Well, let's go and look over the stairs.”

They had just got settled on the top step when the drawing-room door opened and they heard the party cross over the hall into the dining-room. Then that door was shut; there was a noise of "pops" and laughing. Then that stopped and Sun saw them all walking round and round the lovely table with their hands behind their backs like he had done. Round and round they walked, looking and staring. The man with the grey whiskers liked the little house best. When he saw the nut for a handle he rolled his eyes like he did before and said to Sun: "Seen the nut?"

“Don't nod your head like that, Moon.”

“I'm not nodding. It's you.”

“It is not. I never nod my head.”

“O – oh, you do. You're nodding it now.”

“I'm not. I'm only showing you how not to do it.”

When they woke up again they could only hear Father's voice very loud, and Mother, laughing away. Father came out of the dining-room, bounded up the stairs, and nearly fell over them.

“Hullo!” he said. “By Jove, Kitty, come and look at this.”

Mother came out. “Oh, you naughty children,” said she from the hall.

“Let's have 'em down and give 'em a bone,” said Father. Sun had never seen him so jolly.

“No, certainly not,” said Mother.

“Oh, my Daddy, do! Do have us down,” said Moon.

“I'm hanged if I won't,” cried Father. “I won't be bullied. Kitty – way there.” And he caught them up, one under each arm. Sun thought Mother would have been dreadfully cross. But she wasn't. She kept on laughing at Father.

“Oh, you dreadful boy!” said she. But she didn't mean Sun.

“Come on, kiddies. Come and have some pickings,” said this jolly Father. But Moon stopped a minute.

“Mother – your dress is right off one side.”

“Is it?” said Mother. And Father said “Yes” and pretended to bite her white shoulder, but she pushed him away. And so they went back to the beautiful dining-room. But – oh! oh! what had happened. The ribbons and the roses were all pulled untied. The little red table napkins lay on the floor, all the shining plates were dirty and all the winking glasses. The lovely food that the man had trimmed was all thrown about, and there were bones and bits and fruit peels and shells everywhere. There was even a bottle lying down with stuff coming out of it on to the cloth and nobody stood it up again. And the little pink house with the snow roof and the green windows was broken–broken–half melted away in the centre of the table.

“Come on, Sun,” said Father, pretending not to notice. Moon lifted up her pyjama legs and shuffled up to the table and stood on a chair, squeaking away.

“Have a bit of this ice,” said Father, smashing in some more of the roof. Mother took a little plate and held it for him; she put her other arm round his neck.

“Daddy. Daddy,” shrieked Moon. “The little handle's left. The little nut. Kin I eat it?” And she reached across and picked it out of the door and scrunched it up, biting hard and blinking.

“Here, my lad,” said Father. But Sun did not move from the door. Suddenly he put up his head and gave a loud wail.

“I think it's horrid–horrid–horrid!” he sobbed.

“There, you see!” □ said Mother. “You see!”

“Off with you,” said Father, no longer jolly. “This moment. Off you go!” And wailing loudly, Sun stumped off to the nursery.

EXERCISES

I. Memorize the following words and reproduce the situations in which they are used:

1. a perfect little ton of bricks;
2. an almond finger;
3. a lake with rose petals;
4. white daisies;
5. soft rustlings;
6. a skinny old lady;
7. a noise of "pops" and laughing;
8. naughty children;
9. the shining plates;
10. a loud wail;
11. the grey whiskers;
12. funny tails.

II. Give the English equivalents for:

1. цветочный горшок;
2. визжать, пищать;
3. запутываться, препятствовать;
4. посыпать, рассыпать;
5. устремляться, падать вниз;
6. притворяться, делать вид;
7. отталкивать, отталкиваться;
8. перемешивать, перетасовывать;
9. громко взвыть, заголосить;
10. красные и белые маргаритки.

III. For discussion:

1. What do you know about Katherine Mansfield?
2. What can you say about speaking names "Sun" and "Moon", used in the text?
3. Dwell on the atmosphere. What stylistic devices and expressive means does the author of the text use to create such an atmosphere?
4. Can you divide this text into logical complete parts?

5. What are the key words of the text?
6. Characterise Mother and Daddy. What are these characters used for in the story?

IV. Translate sentences, using different translation techniques. Comment on the role of stylistic devices used in the following sentences:

1. When you stared down from the balcony at the people carrying them the flower pots looked like funny awfully nice hats nodding up the path.
2. And then he'd put his thumbs under Sun's arms and groan and try and give it up at last saying: "He's a perfect little ton of bricks!"
3. Red ribbons and bunches of roses tied up the table at the corners. In the middle was a lake with rose petals floating on it.
4. Round and round they walked, looking and staring. The man with the grey whiskers liked the little house best.
5. The drawing-room was full of sweet smelling, silky, rustling ladies and men in black with funny tails on their coats-like beetles.
6. "What a picture!" cried the ladies. "Oh, the ducks! Oh, the lambs! Oh, the sweets! Oh, the pets!"

V. Comment on the Russian variant of translation of the following passage.

Из столовой была вынесена почти вся мебель. В углу поставили большой рояль. А затем к нему добавился ряд цветочных горшков, а затем золотые стулья. Это было для концерта. Когда Солнце заглянул в столовую, белолицый человек сел за рояль – не играл, а постучал по нему и затем посмотрел внутрь. На рояле у него лежала целая сумка с инструментами, и он повесил свою шляпу на статую у стены. Иногда он только начинал играть, а затем снова вскакивал и заглядывал внутрь. Солнце надеялся, что это был не концерт.

Но, конечно, в доме была и кухня. Там оказался мужчина – помощник в колпаке как бламанже, и их настоящая повариха, Минни, вся красная и смеющаяся. И совсем не сердитая. Она дала им каждому по миндальному пальчику и подняла их к чану с мукой так, чтобы они могли наблюдать за

чудесами, которые она и мужчина готовили на ужин. Повар внёс приготовленное и разложил по блюдам и украсил их. Рыбу целиком, с головами и глазами и даже ещё с хвостами он sprysнул красными, зелёными и жёлтыми крапинками. Он сделал завитушки на всей поверхности желе, свернул ветчину в кольцо и воткнул в неё что-то типа вилочки. Он посыпал сливки миндалём и крошечным круглым печеньем. А блюда всё прибывали и прибывали.

VI. Retell the text from the side of Moon.

4 Unit 4

“What one does for love: artist’s story” by Martin Lambert

The Pushkin Museum of Fine Arts is featuring an exhibit of paintings by the Georgian artist Niko Pirosmani.

Niko Pirosmanishvili, who is affectionally called Pirosmani, was born in Mirzaani, an ancient Georgian village where his father owned a house, a large orchard, and a melon-field. All the villagers there busied themselves with wine-growing and distilling. For these reasons many thought Nikolo would become such a man.

However, Nikolo's father soon died and the boy left the village for Tbilisi, to become an apprentice to his uncle, a rich tailor. He did not live at his uncle's for long, however. For the uncle would not allow his nephew to draw. And the colours meant everything for the young Pirosmani.

For all that the artist remained illiterate and never studied painting. He was a vagrant with no property or home of his own. His life was absolutely ephemeral. He often slept outside on the ground, or in a basement of some house, or else on a bench in a park. It was in one of these basements that he died, having slept on a wet floor for several days.

In spite of all this, he was loved by the Georgian people and after his death the entire Georgia recognized him as its greatest artist.

Some artists found Pirosmeni in a wet basement on Malokanskaya Street. He had been lying on floor without having eaten a crumb of bread for several days and thoroughly exhausted. He was sent to a hospital but it was too late. He died two days later.

In 1969 eighty five of Pirosmeni's pictures were displayed at his first personal exhibit in Paris. The display was exhibited in the Marsian Pavilion, the Louvre.

The visitors to the exhibition were ceremoniously met at the museum staircase by guardsmen wearing red uniforms which Pirosmeni would have never dreamed of. Visitors were especially attracted by the picture “actress Marguerite”.

The picture is considered to have been painted in 1909, but may actually have been completed at a later date, since the date recording of Pirosmeni's pictures is only approximate. It was at that time that the actress came to Tiflis from France. Her debut took place in the Vereisk Park on Golovinskaya Street at the Theater Belle Vue. The announcement for that performance read as follows: “The News. On March 29, 1909, you can see the debut by a famous actress of the genre unheard-of in Russia. Only seven visiting performances by La Belle Marguerite de Sevre. Every night. Divertissement concert in three parts. Some information on Marguerite de Sevre's tour was published in the newspaper Tiflissky Listok.”

Someone had taken Niko to see that unheard-of genre by Marguerite De Sevre and no one knows how Pirosmeni got acquainted with Marguerite. It might happen that the shy Niko could have presented her with a box of chocolates or a bouquet of flowers. The actress' pose or facial expression in the picture suggest no intimate relations between her and the artist. Even if any feelings or attraction did exist on the part of the artist, judging from the image of this man, one can believe that they had never been expressed. The artist showed his ecstatic relation to the actress in the picture itself. No doubt that the picture had been made due to the impression of a personal acquaintance. ... However once Pirosmeni bought up all the flowers from around the Vereisk Park and one carriage after another carried the flowers to the hotel where Marguerite stayed. Passers-by were at a loss, having decided that Niko had gone

mad. He sold his shop, took all the money from the cashier's desk and spent all of it on roses, carnations, and magnolias... This left him a beggar.

In Louvre, a woman used to approach the picture every day. She did so until the Georgian artists and art critics noticed that the eye shape and the manner of the woman and those of the actress shown in it had something in common. This way Marguerite de Sevre, though having grown much older, met Pirosmani again. It may be that she felt sorrow for those unforgettable young ye and those flowers. The only thing she concealed her pride, was: “You should think that Pirosmani had treated Margue frivolously. On the contrary, he loved her, a genuine knight.”

EXERCISES

I. Memorize the following words and reproduce the situations in which they are used:

11. apprentice;
12. illiterate;
13. vagrant;
14. announcement;
15. acquaintance;
16. crumb;
17. carnation;
18. display;
19. exhausted;
20. knight.

II. Give the English equivalents for:

1. музей изобразительных искусств;
2. бахча;
3. без крыши над головой;
4. фруктовый сад;
5. датировка картин;

6. сведения о турне;
7. невиданное зрелище;
8. восторженное отношение;
9. под впечатлением;
10. кассовые деньги;
11. карета за каретой;
12. относиться легкомысленно.

III. For discussion:

1. What is the story about? What does it unfold?
2. Can it be divided into logical complete parts?
13. Describe the main character of the story.
14. What's the core of the problem raised in the story?
15. What are the key-words of the plot?
16. Characterise the vocabulary. Is it bookish or colloquial?
17. What is the text stylistically coloured with?
18. Characterise the syntax. What sentences predominate? What is the purpose of this or that kind of sentences?
19. Give the main idea of the text.

IV. Translate sentences, using different translation techniques. Comment on the role of stylistic devices used in the following sentences:

1. Niko Pirosmamishvili, *who is affectionaly called Pirosmani*, was born in Mir-zaani, an ancient Georgian village where his father owned a house, a large orchard, and a melon-field.
2. All the villagers there busied themselves with wine-growing and distilling. *For these reasons* many thought *Nikolo would become such a man*.
3. He did not live at his uncle's for long, however. *For the uncle* would not allow his nephew to draw. *And the colours meant everything for the young Pirosmani*.
4. *It was* in one of these basements that he died, *having slept* on a wet floor for several days.

5. He had been lying on floor *without having eaten a crumb of bread* for several days and thoroughly exhausted.
6. The actress' pose or facial expression in the picture *suggest no intimate relations* between her and the artist.
7. *Even if any feelings or attraction did exist* on the part of the artist, judging from the image of this man, one can believe that they had never been expressed.
8. He sold his shop, took all the money from the cashier's desk and spent all of it on roses, carnations, and magnolias... *This left him a beggar.*

V. Find the synonyms for the following words in the text:

1. beginner, freshman;
2. passing, short-lived;
3. tramp;
4. dog-tired;
5. indelible;
6. ephemeral;
7. debut;
8. popular;
9. cadger;
10. image.

VI. Retell the text.

5 Unit 5

“Song of defiance” by Fergus Bordewich

Murry Sidlin was tense with anticipation as he walked through the cobbled, mist-shrouded streets of Terezin in the Czech Republic. Images kept forming in his mind of the village as it must have been 60 years before, when it was a Nazi concentration camp filled with desperate and dying Jews.

They were the reason that Sidlin had travelled here from the US, where he was resident conductor of the Oregon Symphony. But it wasn't the suffering of these Jews that brought him. It was their triumph.

The 60-year-old Sidlin, a short, powerful man with silver hair, clutched a red bound musical score in his hand: the Verdi Requiem. He entered one of the old barracks and made his way down a flight of dimly lit steps and then along a dank basement corridor. Finally, he found himself in front of a heavy wooden door. He hesitated and then pushed it open.

The feeble light revealed a long narrow room filled with heaps of timber, broken chairs, old bricks and rubble. Sidlin's eyes blurred with tears. He knelt down, scraped a handful of dust from the floor and rubbed it on to the score. Here, in this very room, he thought, ordinary people rose to the level of the superhuman. His own mission now was to make sure the world never forget them.

Terezin had been a perverse kind of showcase. In contrast to Auschwitz, Treblinka and other extermination camps, the Nazis designed this former garrison town near Prague to fool the world. For much of World War Two, Nazi propaganda suggested that Jews there enjoyed a life of leisure, even using captive Jewish filmmakers to craft a movie showing "happy" Jews listening to lectures and basking in the sun.

The reality was horribly different. As many as 58000 Jews were stuffed into a town that had originally held 7000. Medical supplies were almost non-existent, beds were infested with vermin and lavatories overflowed. Each day, prisoners were fed bread delivered in the same horse-drawn hearse that had carried the previous night's harvest of corpses to the crematorium. Of the 150000 prisoners who passed through Terezin, 35000 died there, mostly from disease and hunger.

Yet the camp made concessions for propaganda purposes. SS troops were posted outside the fortress, while daily activity was overseen by a Jewish "Council of Elders", which turned a blind eye to inmates' activities, unless they might attract Nazi attention.

So amid the pervasive atmosphere of death, writers managed to write, painters to paint and composers to compose. Among them was Rafael Schaechter, a conductor in his mid-thirties. Charismatic, with a striking face and dark, wavy hair Schaechter was just beginning to make a name for himself in the rich cultural mix of prewar Prague. He had scarcely thought of himself as Jewish at all, until he was seized by the Nazis.

As his months in the camp stretched into years and more and more Jews disappeared eastward on Nazi transports, Schaechter's fury at his captors steadily grew. And then he thought of a daring plan.

He confessed his idea to his roommate Edgar Krasa in a single sentence: "We can sing to the Nazis what we can't say to them."

More than half a century later, in 1998, Sidlin was thumbing through a book on the Holocaust at a jumble sale in Oregon when he was startled to read that inmates at Terezin had managed to stage the famous Verdi Requiem. Why, he wondered, did those Jews risk their lives to perform music of the Catholic liturgy? Clearly something extraordinary had taken place at Terezin.

Eager to know more, Sidlin posted a query on the Internet, seeking anyone who had information about the Verdi performance or Rafael Schaechter. After weeks of waiting, he received a reply from a woman in Israel, who identified herself as Schaechter's niece. "Schaechter's room-mate might still be alive somewhere near Boston," she told him. "His name is Krasa." Sidlin called directory enquiries and minutes later he was talking to a man with a booming voice and a thick Czech accent.

"The Requiem was an act of resistance," Krasa told him.

Schaechter's dream was to tell the Nazis, to their faces, that they would one day pay for their crimes against the Jews. The slightest protest, of course, could bring fearful retribution. But music offered a shield.

Everything that Schaechter wanted to say lay camouflaged within the Latin words of the Requiem, with its themes of God's wrath and human liberation. Schaechter had access to no musical instruments except a broken harmonium found in

a rubbish heap. Other than that, he had only human voices to work with. Throwing himself into the plan, he managed to recruit 150 singers, ranging from Krasa, who had once harmonised with a barbershop quartet, to distinguished former members of the Prague Opera.

Among the group was a brown-eyed teenager named Marianka Zadikov. During her 12-hour work day, she laboured at everything from scrubbing windows to making tobacco pouches for German soldiers. At night, however, she slipped away to the basement carpentry shop, where she felt lifted up by Verdi's music and Schaechter's passion.

"Without Rafi Schaechter, we'd never have survived," says Marianka, one of the tiny handful of chorus members to live through the war. "He saved us through this music."

Aching with hunger, sopranos and altos, tenors and basses would take their places among sawdust-covered tables, while Schaechter pounded out Verdi's towering themes on the harmonium. Since there was only one score, the singers had to memorise their parts, in Latin, a language that few besides Schaechter understood.

When they rehearsed the key section called "Dies Irae", or "Day of Wrath", Schaechter explained that it meant God would judge all men □ including the Nazis □ by their deeds. "We are putting a mirror to them," he said. "Their fate is sealed."

Although the Germans had spies among the prisoners, Schaechter managed to keep the real meaning behind the chorus's rehearsals a secret. Still, the camp's Jewish elders were upset. "The Germans will deport your whole chorus and hang you," they warned Schaechter at a stormy meeting.

That night Schaechter told his chorus, "What we are doing is dangerous. If anyone wants to leave, you may go."

No one left.

Again and again, the chorus was depleted by deportations to Auschwitz. But Schaechter kept on, training more to replace the ones lost. At last, in the autumn of 1943, he was ready. The first performance took place for prisoners gathered in a

former gym. Someone had found an old piano missing a leg and propped it on a crate. During the performance, a technician kept it in tune with a pair of pliers.

Verdi's music burned through the audience like an electrical charge and many remember it as one of the most powerful events of their lives. "The Requiem was like food put in front of them," says Sidlin. "They gnawed at it from sheer hunger."

Over the ensuing months, the Requiem was repeated several times for additional audiences of prisoners.

By now, it was the late summer of 1944. The Germans understood the war was lost, and they wanted to leave no Jews alive to tell about the concentration camps. Members of Schaechter's chorus disappeared almost weekly on Nazi transports.

Schaechter received an order from the camp's commandant to stage a command performance of the Requiem. This would be "in honour" of a visit by Red Cross representatives who, fooled by the Nazis, would notoriously report that the Jews were living in comfort at Terezin. There would also be high Nazi officials present □ among them, an SS lieutenant colonel called Adolf Eichmann. The scene was for a face-to-face confrontation between defiant Jews and the man behind the Final Solution.

EXERCISES

I. Memorize the following words and reproduce the situations in which they are used:

1. a Nazi concentration camp;
2. a red bound musical score;
3. a dank basement corridor;
4. the level of the superhuman;
5. the crematorium;
6. a blind eye to inmates' activities;
7. a book on the Holocaust;
8. a query on the Internet;

9. a booming voice;
10. a rubbish heap;
11. tobacco pouches;
12. a stormy meeting;
13. a pair of pliers;
14. an electrical charge

II. Give the English equivalents for:

1. напряженный от ожидания;
2. отчаянный;
3. сырой подвальный коридор;
4. булыжник;
5. концлагерь;
6. медикаменты;
7. делать уступки;
8. всепроникающая атмосфера смерти;
9. гулкий, громкий голос;
10. заключенный, узник;
11. истощенный в результате депортации;
12. клеть, клетка

III. For discussion:

1. What are the key words of the text?
2. What is the atmosphere of the text? What helps to create such atmosphere?
3. What was the mission of Murry Sidlin?
4. The reality of Terezin was horribly different, wasn't it?
5. Did the camp make concessions for propaganda purposes?
6. What can you say about Rafael Schaechter?
7. When was Sidlin thumbing through a book on the Holocaust?
8. Why did Sidlin post a query on the Internet?

9. Schaechter had access to no musical instruments except a broken harmonium found in a rubbish heap, didn't he?

10. What was Schaechter's dream?

11. What did Schaechter tell his chorus?

12. What did Schaechter receive from the camp's commandant?

IV. Translate sentences, using different translation techniques. Comment on the role of stylistic devices used in the following sentences:

1. Here, in this very room, he thought, ordinary people rose to the level of the superhuman.

2. So amid the pervasive atmosphere of death, writers managed to write, painters to paint and composers to compose.

3. Charismatic, with a striking face and dark, wavy hair Schaechter was just beginning to make a name for himself in the rich cultural mix of prewar Prague.

4. Everything that Schaechter wanted to say lay camouflaged within the Latin words of the Requiem, with its themes of God's wrath and human liberation.

5. Aching with hunger, sopranos and altos, tenors and basses would take their places among sawdust-covered tables, while Schaechter pounded out Verdi's towering themes on the harmonium.

6. Verdi's music burned through the audience like an electrical charge and many remember it as one of the most powerful events of their lives.

7. "The Requiem was like food put in front of them," says Sidlin. "They gnawed at it from sheer hunger."

V. Comment on the Russian variant of translation of the following passage.

Реальность на самом деле была ужасной. В город, в котором первоначально содержалось 7000 человек, было втиснуто 58000 евреев. Медицинских принадлежностей почти не было, в кроватях кишели паразиты, а туалеты были переполнены. Каждый день заключенных кормили хлебом, доставляемым в том же катафалке, который перевозил горы трупов накануне

ночью в крематорий. Из 150000 заключенных, прошедших через Терезин, 35000, в основном, умерли от болезней и голода.

И все же лагерь пошел на уступки в пропагандистских целях. Войска СС были размещены за пределами крепости, в то время как за повседневной деятельностью следил еврейский «Совет старейшин», который закрывал глаза на действия заключенных, если только они не привлекали внимание нацистов.

Так что во всепроникающей атмосфере смерти писатели умудрялись писать, художники рисовали, а композиторы сочиняли. Среди них был Рафаэль Шехтер, дирижер середины тридцатых годов. Харизматичный, с удивительным лицом и темными волнистыми волосами, Шехтер только начинал делать себе имя в богатой культурной среде довоенной Праги. Он почти не считал себя евреем, пока его не захватили нацисты.

VI. Retell the text from the side of Rafael Schaechter.

6 Unit 6

“An ex-burglar’s guide to protecting your home” by Bridget McConville

Richard Taylor is a picture of respectability: clean-shaven and polite, in his shirt and slacks he could be a salesman or estate agent. Only the cannabis leaf tattooed on his arm – and his jaunty, fast-talking charm – suggest a more troubled history with property.

“I was a burglar and drug addict”, he admits. “On the estate where I grew up in Llanelli I went around with much older people. When I was 13 they’d lift me up and put me through small windows. I soon realized they made all the money, so I started burgling for myself.”

But at 18 he had a religious conversion in prison and now, at 28, he is a Methodist pastor, presents BBC’s *To Catch a Thief* and helps the police and public prevent the crimes that once fuelled his drug habit. Below are tips from Richard and

Sergeant Steve Deane, a police crime-reduction officer in the Reading and Wokingham area.

How a Burglar's Mind Works

There are three types of burglar, says Steve. The opportunist knocks at your door and, if there's no reply, he's round the back and in. He's usually 'a pocket thief', taking jewellery or money on his person or in a pillow case. Then there's the semi-pro who steals to order and takes items such as TVs and videos. Finally, the professional is someone who does planned jobs, usually in rural or secluded areas. He watches your house for the right time – then brings a removal van.

“A burglar has no emotion,” says Richard. “He'll steal children's presents. He doesn't care; he's numbed.” He's also reactive. “If you come home while he's in the house then, like a cornered animal, he'll do anything to escape. So don't confront him.”

Most burglars are young men, often teenagers. “Almost all need the money for drugs,” Richard says.

Burglars are also predictable. “He'll go to the master bedroom first since he doesn't want to get caught upstairs,” says Richard. “He'll 'spin' the room looking for cash, jewellery or credit-card statements which can be used for fraud. He'll look for cash in old shoe boxes or the underwear drawer. Some people have a floor safe, so he'll see if the carpet can be easily lifted.”

Next, he'll go to the living room to take DVD players, TVs or cameras. And he'll get out as soon as possible.

Dead Giveaways

Most burglars work within two or three miles of home so they know their patch and will be looking for signs that no one is home. “They'll go in when you're at work or on the school run,” says Steve. “Noon to four is a popular time.” If you're going on holiday, don't make it obvious the property is empty:

- Families with kids often have balls and old toys in their front garden – until they go on holiday. When you go away, don't tidy up things like this.

- Cancel milk and papers so they don't mount up your doorstep. For a small fee, and with five days' notice, the post office will redirect or hold your mail.
- Hall lights left on permanently are a clue. Install a timer or ask a friend to call in regularly to turn lights on and off and open and close curtains.
- Ask a neighbour to park in your drive.

Dogs, Noise and Time

These are the three things a burglar hates most. "I'd never go into a house with a Rottweiler," says Richard. The sound of gravel underfoot, the din of an alarm or the noise of barking are all good deterrents. Meanwhile, anything you can do to slow an intruder down will help – so keep gates locked, have a high fence at the back of the house and grow prickly bushes (rose, holly, pyracantha or berberis) underneath.

At the front of the house keep your hedges low, they don't give him cover. Outdoor lights also let you and the neighbours see what's going on.

Don't make entry into your house easy. Never leave garden tools lying around. Don't leave windows open, even small ones ("You'd be surprised what a burglar can get through," says Richard) or upstairs ones: most people have a ladder in the garden. Windows should have locks fitted, especially on the ground floor. Good quality doors and locks are also important; basic latches are not enough. "They make getting in easy and getting out quick," says Steve. And don't leave house or car keys in the hall or near the back door. "A burglar will get them with a stick through the letterbox."

Richard is scathing about dummy alarm boxes sold by DIY shops. "A burglar can find out in any shop what these look like." But an alarm system with the sticker of the firm that installed it indicates the real McCoy – and can help.

Nosy neighbours are great too. Richard is working with Neighbourhood Watch, talking to communities about the mindset of the criminal, how he networks by selling information in pubs or over the Internet.

How to Help the Police

"Often we know who they are, but we need proof", says Steve. Provide it by:

- Making notes of what you've seen.
- Calling the police and giving a commentary during or soon after a burglary. Describe the direction of escape, the vehicle, the burglar, especially distinguishing characteristics.
- Marking property with your postcode using a UV pen or, better still, by etching it. Also note the make, model and serial number of items, such as TVs. Photograph valuables.

“We work all our lives for what we have,” says Steve, “so why make it easier for someone else to take it?”

A FEW MORE TIPS

Keep Mum

Be careful who you tell about your travel plans. Don't chat about how long you'll be away with the taxi driver who takes you to the airport.

Get an Imaginary Pet

Even if you don't have a big dog, putting a large dog dish and bone by the back door and a “Beware of Dog” sign at the front may help.

Go Gizmo

Numerous high-tech anti-theft devices are on the market. Tiny cameras, for example, can be placed anywhere in the house, and then by using a monitor, the homeowner can watch for activity (cost: £20).

If your house is already automated, you can get software for £150 that offers video surveillance over the Internet.

For Openers...

Lock the garage and the door leading from it to the house with a BS3621 mortise deadlock and bolts.

EXERCISES

I. Give the transcription to the following words:

1. cannabis;
2. tattooed;

3. jaunty;
4. conversion;
5. secluded;
6. jewellery;
7. numbed;
8. pyracantha;
9. deterrents;
10. commentary;
11. surveillance;
12. mortise.

II. Give the definitions to the following words in English:

burglar, property, slacks, jewellery, predictable, clue, intruder, mindset, burglary, item, software.

III. Translate the last passage “A few more tips” into Russian.

IV. Answer the following questions:

1. Did Richard Taylor really steal money from other people’s houses?
2. Did he admit he was a drug addict?
3. Who are most burglars?
4. Who is Sergeant Steve Deane?
5. Where did Richard Taylor grow up?
6. How old was Richard Taylor when he had a religious conversion in prison?
7. Most burglars work within two or three miles of home, don’t they?
8. There are three types of burglars, aren’t there?
9. Should you leave the windows open or not?
10. Should you have a dog as a deterrent or no?

V. Fill in the gaps with the words given below:

drawer bedroom cash carpet fraud get caught burglars

_____ are also predictable. “He’ll go to the master _____ first since he doesn't want to _____ upstairs,” says Richard. “He’ll ‘spin’ the room looking for _____,

jewellery or credit-card statements which can be used for _____. He'll look for cash in old shoe boxes or the underwear _____. Some people have a floor safe, so he'll see if the _____ can be easily lifted."

VI. Decipher the abbreviations from the text: DIY TV DVD UV

VII. Complete the following phrasal verbs using the text:

- a) to lift someone _____
- b) to look _____
- c) to turn light ____/____
- d) to go _____
- e) to go _____
- f) to get _____

VIII. Retell the text.

7 Unit 7

"Hungry all the time? How to turn off the switch" by Alice Lesch Kelly

Vicki Wadlow, 53, lives on a farm and leads a busy life. She exercises regularly and spends a lot of time outdoors with her family. Around the time she turned 45, though, her slim figure began to fill out. "Suddenly, the pounds started creeping on," Vicki says. "It was frustrating."

As her dress size rose from a ten to a 12 to a 14, five-foot-three Wadlow tried to lose weight by cutting fat out of her diet. She tried low-fat, even non-fat diets. "That was what all the experts said to do-cut the fat," she says. But though she lost some weight initially, she immediately put it back on. And she thought the missing fat in her diet made her skin sallow. She felt unhealthy and was constantly battling hunger. Sometimes she was so hungry she would get shaky. Wadlow decided to try an eating plan that replaced highly refined carbohydrates such as white bread and rice cakes with less processed carbohydrates such as whole-grain breads, whole wheat pasta, beans and lots of non-starchy fruits and vegetables. The plan also included moderate amounts

of protein and heart-healthy unsaturated fats. Much to Wadlow's surprise, she lost a stone. "It didn't take that long, and it was painless," she says. Her craving for sweets disappeared and she never experienced that shaky, hungry feeling she'd felt on other diets. She has kept the weight off for more than four years.

Like many people, Wadlow believed that a low-fat diet was the only way to lose weight. She accepted the recommendations of dietary experts to replace fat with carbohydrates. But just as scientists found that there are good and bad fats, they're now discovering there are good and bad carbohydrates. Fibreless, simple-sugar carbohydrates – including the classic dieting staples such as reduced-fat biscuits, rice cakes and low-fat crisps – may not be much help in shedding pounds. In fact, eating these foods may sharpen your hunger, causing you to gain weight. When your body digests food, it converts carbohydrates to a sugar called glucose. As blood levels of glucose rise, the pancreas gets the message to release the hormone insulin which shepherds the sugar into cells. Once there, it's either burned on the spot for energy or converted to fat and other substances for future use.

Over the last two decades, scientists have begun to pay closer attention to glucose and insulin. Measuring how quickly the body absorbs glucose from food, they've ranked our diets on what's called the glycaemic index (GI). A sugar-coated doughnut with its content of the simple carbohydrates white flour and sugar – is converted rapidly to glucose and scores high; a bowl of porridge, which requires more digestive work to be transformed into glucose, ranks much lower.

A diet rich in high GI foods can be hard on your health because it pushes your body to extremes. Say you have a bagel with low-fat cream cheese, which scores higher than the doughnut: your blood glucose will go through the roof and your pancreas must work fast to meet the insulin demand. Day after of this can tax your pancreas. Worse, the insulin it releases may become less efficient at corralling sugar.

That adds up to insulin resistance, a condition that experts believe puts up to 12 million Britons at risk from developing Type 2 diabetes. More than 1.4 million of us have been diagnosed with Type 2, the fifth deadliest disease in the UK. Diabetes isn't

the only worry. Research carried out King's College London and the Hammersmith Hospital has shown that high levels of glucose seem to damage blood vessels, and elevated amounts of insulin can raise blood pressure and blood levels of fats, while suppressing levels of "good" cholesterol. The result is increased heart-disease risk.

There's more: David Jenkins, a professor of medicine at the University of Toronto and one of the pioneers GI research, has recently found links between high GL diets and ovarian and endometrial cancer. Other studies have tied the diet to increased risk of breast and colon cancer.

Paying attention to the quality of your carbohydrates may be a smart long-term strategy, but the immediate reward is even more compelling: eating a low GL diet can suppress hunger.

Pause for a moment and look at Britain. Two-thirds of us are overweight or obese, a figure that swells each passing year. Yet, over the last 30 years, we have lowered the percentage of calories we get from fat while increasing our carbohydrates. The protein-diet pushers have jumped on these numbers to trumpet all-meat plans, but beef eating □ and its saturated-fat link to heart disease-was the reason we turned to carbohydrates in the first place. No, the real key to our weightgain woes may be the glycaemic index. People often feel hungrier after a meal of high-GI foods than they do after low-GI foods, says Dr Susan Jebb, nutrition scientist at the MRC Human Nutrition Research Centre in Cambridge. After a high-GI meal, insulin levels rocket and blood sugar plummets. Stress hormones such as adrenalin scour the blood for more glucose. All of this translates to ravenous hunger, shaky light-headedness and a craving for high-GI foods that can rapidly raise blood sugar.

Remember Vicki Wadlow's experience? As a result of the typically low blood sugar that occurs several hours after a high-glycaemic index meal, people like Vicki become hungry, then overeat, at least in comparison to what would have been eaten after a low glycaemic meal. This cycle of too much, then too little blood glucose is particularly severe in people who are restricting their calories and trying to lose weight, Dr Jebb says.

Garry Bryan, 47, rode this roller coaster. "Everyone I know who has been on a diet has complained about being hungry" says Bryan, a computer consultant whose weight ballooned from 11 stone, four, to 15 and a half stone several years ago due to undiagnosed thyroid disease. Doctors reined in his thyroid problems, but the weight stayed on. Low fat diets didn't work and very-high-protein diets left him desperately tired of eating meat

Only by adopting a low-GI diet in which he ate more lean protein food such as tuna and beans, was he able to get down to 11 stone again. "By dropping some of the high-glycaemic index stuff like sweets, I lost a lot of the hunger," Bryan says.

At least 16 studies back up Bryan's experience. In one particularly good example, David Ludwig, director of the obesity programme at Boston's Children's Hospital, recruited 12 obese adolescent boys and fed them a high, medium or low-GI meal □ all containing the same amount of calories. For their next meal, the boys could eat much as they wanted. After the medium-GI meal, the boys ate 53 percent less than they did following their high-GI meal. After the low-GI meal, the boys ate 81 percent fewer calories.

Such results have the feel of weight loss magic. Can you imagine being full after eating just a fraction of your usual calories? While science is still trying to sort out what makes a food score low on the GI, Ludwig and others have a fairly good idea. These foods tend to be less processed and come in the company of fibre, protein or fat. Since these nutrients take longer to digest, you're likely to feel full longer and your blood sugar won't peak and plummet.

And there's reason to believe that low-GI diets offer lasting results. Researchers in a recent study at Harvard School of Public Health and Brigham and Women's Hospital in Boston found that subjects who ate a moderate-fat diet (35 per cent of calories from fat □ primarily unsaturated fats such as nuts, olive oil, avocado and fatty fish like salmon) lost as much weight as those who ate a low-fat diet (20 per cent of calories from fat). However, those in the low-fat group gained back most of their

weighty quickly. The moderate-fat group maintained their weight loss for at least two years.

You don't have to be a slave to GI to benefit □ the occasional baked potato or biscuit is fine. But cutting back is smart. Vicki Wadlow says she strays once in a while. The "white things", as she calls high-GI foods, are for special occasions. Last Christmas, for example, she ate her share of sweet things and gained a few pounds. But at the start of the year she returned to her low-GI ways and shed the weight she had gained "It becomes not so much a diet, but a lifestyle change " she says. "This is a plan I'll stick with."

EXERCISES

I. Memorize the following words and reproduce the situations in which they are used:

1. starchy;
2. dietary;
3. carbohydrate;
4. glucose;
5. doughnut;
6. digestive;
7. pancreas;
8. constantly; '
9. insulin;
10. substance;
11. pioneer;
12. endometrial;
13. plummet.

II. Match the words to their definitions:

Cancer, adrenalin, index, carbohydrate, reward, nutrition, vessel, glucose, strategy, efficient, condition, absorb, starchy.

- a) malignant and invasive growth or tumor, especially one originating in epithelium, tending to recur after excision and to metastasize to other sites;
- b) any disease characterized by such growth;
- c) a substance in food such as sugar, potatoes, etc that gives your body energy;
- d) a substance that your body produces when you are angry, excited, or frightened that makes your heart beat faster;
- e) the food that you eat and the way that it affects your health;
- f) something good that you get or experience because you have worked hard, behaved well, etc;
- g) a system for comparing different values and recording changes, especially in financial markets;
- h) a plan that you use to achieve something;
- i) a type of sugar;
- j) a container for liquids;
- k) a substance in foods such as rice, bread, and potatoes;
- l) if a substance absorbs a liquid, it takes it in through its surface and holds it;
- m) the state that something or someone is in;
- n) working well and not wasting time or energy

III. Comment on the variant of translation of the passage from the text:

Вики Вадлоу, 53 года, живет на ферме и ведет активный образ жизни. Она регулярно тренируется и проводит много времени на свежем воздухе с семьей. Примерно в то время, когда ей исполнилось 45 лет, она была стройной, но резко начала полнеть. «Внезапно фунты начали ползти», - говорит Вики. «Это было неприятно».

Поскольку размер ее платья увеличился с десяти до 12, до 14, пяти футов на три, Вадлоу пыталась похудеть, сократив потребление калорий в своем рационе. Она опробовала низкокалорийные, даже бескалорийные диеты. «Все эксперты указывали на то, что нужно сократить потребление калорий», - говорит она. Хотя она сначала теряла вес, позже она сразу же набирала его. Она

заметила, что ее кожа испортилась из-за недостатка жира в ее рационе. Она чувствовала себя плохо и постоянно боролась с голодом. Иногда она тряслась из-за чувства голода. Вадлоу решила попробовать еду, которая заменяет быстрые углеводы, такую как белый хлеб, и рисовые лепешки на менее медленные углеводы, такие как цельнозерновой хлеб, паста из цельной пшеницы, бобы и множество фруктов и овощей без содержания крахмала. В список также было включено умеренное количество потребления белков и полезные для сердца ненасыщенные жиры. К удивлению Вадлоу, она теряла килограммы. «Это не заняло много времени, и это было безболезненно», - говорит она. Ее жажда к сладостям исчезла, чувство голода, которое она испытывала придерживаясь других диет, исчезло, и ее больше не трясло. Она удерживала вес более четырех лет.

IV. For discussion:

1. How old was Vicki Wadlow?
2. Wadlow believed that a low-fat diet was the only way to lose weight, didn't she?
3. Who has begun to pay closer attention to glucose?
4. Is David Jenkins professor of medicine at the university of Toronto or Saint Petersburg?
5. What did the experts say to Vicki about diet?
6. The missing fat in Vicki's diet made her skin sallow, didn't it?
7. Has she kept the weight off for more than four or seven years?
8. How many times did Vicki spend outdoors with her family?
9. Are there good and bad carbohydrates?
10. Why can a diet rich in high-GI be hard on your health?

V. Fill in the gaps with the following words.

hunger ;future ;a low-fat diet; glucose; insulin ;biscuits; body; carbohydrates

Like many people, Wadlow believed that _____ was the only way to lose weight. She accepted the recommendations of dietary experts to replace fat with _____. But just as scientists found that there are good and bad carbohydrates.

Fibreless, simple-sugar carbohydrates □ including the classic dieting staples such as reduced-fat _____, cakes and and low-fat crisps – may not be much help in shedding pounds. In fact, eating these foods may sharpen your _____, causing you to gain weight . When your _____ digests food, it converts carbohydrates to a sugar called _____. As blood levels of glucose rise, the pancreas gets the message to release the hormone _____ which shepherds the sugar into cells. Once there, it's either burned on the spot for energy or converted to fat and other substances for _____ use.

VI. Read the sentences and say if they are TRUE or FALSE.

1. Vicki Wadlow is a top model.
2. Vicki has never felt hungry.
3. Your body converts carbohydrates to a sugar called glucose.
4. A diet rich in high-GI can be hard on your health because it doesn't push your body to adrenaline.
5. Two thirds of Britains are overweight or obese.

VII. Correct the following words / sentences. Find mistakes in these words / sentences.

1. David Jenkins, the professor of medicine in the University of Toronto and one of pioneers GI research, has recently found links between high GL diets and ovarian and endometrial cancer.
2. Stress hormone such as adrenalin scours the blood for more glucose.
3. Over the last two decades, scientists have begun pay closer attention to glucose and insulin.
4. She didn't felt unhealthy and was constantly battling hunger. Sometimes she was so hungry she would get shaky.
5. This cycle of too many, then too little blood glucose is particularly severe in people who are restrict their calories and tried to lose weight, Dr Jebb says.

VIII. Retell the text.

8 Unit 8

“National Pride” by David Reid and others

I have a lifelong love of this country (“Our Britain”). I’m in awe of the landscape, from the rugged mountains of Wales and Scotland to the open countryside of East Anglia. I’m also proud that our language is spoken throughout the world, and I admire any athletic achievement by a Brit – especially Steve Redgrave and the ultra-tenacious Tanni Grey-Thompson. – David Reid, Peterborough

I’m 15 and proud to be British. To me, it means we can laugh at ourselves; we complain about the Government, but often stick up for it until we’re blue in the face; and we pull together in a time of need. But most of all, we can say what we like and know that, because we’re in Britain, we can. – Sara London, Portsmouth

Last year, I helped organize a Jubilee street party. Some of the flags were first used at the 1937 coronation. My grandparents organized a Jubilee party in 1935 and as a toddler I attended a 1953 coronation party. I’m so proud to participate in the continuation of a very British institution. – Peter Trott, London W12

The Continent and the Americas don’t have Punch and Judy and Kiss Me Quick hats. Or deckchairs that you need a degree to use and people who sit in them whatever the weather. We must never let the Is atmosphere of the British seaside pass away. – Melanie Burgess, Aberystwyth

I’m very proud of the contribution British engineers, scientists and technologists have made to the progress of mankind. From Newton, Darwin, Faraday, Stephenson and Brunel to Tim Berners-Lee, inventor of the Internet, our most recent pioneer. – John Davis, Swanage, Dorset

When I was 20, I emigrated to Australia – my girlfriend soon joined me and we got married nine days later. We settled down, but I kept thinking about Britain. So several years later, now with two children, we decided to return. As we flew over London and the Thames, I had a big lump in my throat. That feeling has stayed with

me when I leave our shores on holiday. It's great to go away, but it's even greater to come home. – Barry Smith, Irchester, Northamptonshire

Royal Expectation

Prince William is entitled to privacy, except for official engagements (“Boy to Man”). It's tragic that the media manipulates him without taking into account the isolation and resentment it might nurture. – Dillys Wright, Romford, London

If you raise your head above the parapet, then expect to get shot at. William must realize that if he wishes to receive the privileges of a member of the royal family, then he will be at the centre of attention. – Eric Pemberton, Ulceby, Lincolnshire

The prince is the only one who can define the boundaries between his private and public life. I'm sure William is smart enough to have a healthy relationship with the media. – Christine Moulie, London, NW1

Rest Easy?

The Article “You Need a Break” (RD Travel) lists Britain as having 30 days of annual leave. I was surprised, as I've always thought that employees are entitled to 20 days inclusive of bank holidays. While I recognize that many employers are generous enough to give 20 days plus bank holidays, there are others that are not – I've worked for one! – Pam Phillips, Barnard Castle, Durham

You were unlucky! Current law does allow a minimum of 20 days' annual leave, including eight bank holidays. But most employers offer between 20 and 25 days with bank holidays on top.

A Click Away

You write in “8 Quick Ways to Cut Bills, Fees and Taxes” that there are some 30 credit cards that offer zero per cent interest for six months and to go to moneyfacts.co.uk to find out more. Yet, I've not found one. Can you shed some light? – Helene Gitsels, via e-mail

*Click on *selections” or “searches ” on the site's homepage for credit cards with introductory rates of up to six months' interest-free credit on debts from your existing card.*

EXERCISES

I. Memorize the following words and reproduce the situations in which they are used:

- 1.achievement;
- 2.tenacious;
- 3.continuation;
- 4.deckchair;
- 5.engineer;
- 6.pioneer;
- 7.manipulate;
- 8.resentment;
- 9.isolation;
- 10.parapet;
- 11.employee.

II. Write down the words according to the transcription:

|ə' tʃ i: vmənt|, |ti ' nei ʃ əs|, |' de ktʃ ε : |, |mə' ni pjʊ lei t|, |ε ndʒ i ' ni ə|, |kən, ti nju' ei ʃ n|, |' parəpi t|, |pɒ i ə' ni ə|, |ri ' ze ntəmənt|, |ε mplɔ i ' i: |.

III. Match the following words to their definitions:

Lifelong; tenacious; annual; interest-free; inclusive; boundary; engagement; emigrate; contribution; toddler; deckchair; to stick up

1. lasting or continuing through life (пожизненный, вечный, бесконечный);
2. holding tightly onto something, or keeping an opinion in a determined way (упорный, прочный);
3. to thrust in; to fasten in position by thrusting a point or end into something; to put on or hold with something pointed (верить в; придерживаться);
4. a young child, especially one who is learning or has recently learned to walk (мальш);
5. a folding chair for use outside, especially on the beach, on a ship, or in a park (шезлонг);

6. to leave a country permanently and go to live in another one (эмигрировать, переехать в);
7. something that you contribute or do to help produce or achieve something together with other people, or to help make something successful (вклад);
8. an arrangement to do something; job or period of employment especially as a performer (обязательство);
9. a real or imagined line that marks the edge or limit of something (граница);
10. happening once every year; relating to a period of one year (ежегодный, годовой);
11. including the first and last date or number stated; containing or including a particular thing: (включая; включающий);
12. used to describe a loan with no extra payment in the form of interest; without having to pay interest on a loan (беспроцентный)

IV. Translate the following passages, comment on the methods, while translating some words and phrases.

1. The Continent and the Americas don't have Punch and Judy and Kiss Me Quick hats. Or deckchairs that you need a degree to use and people who sit in them whatever the weather. We must never let the Is atmosphere of the British seaside pass away. – Melanie Burgess, Aberystwyth

У всего континента, включая самих американцев, нет таких пляжных шляп, как «Punch», «Judy» и «Kiss Me Quick». Или, например, у них нет таких полезных шезлонгов, на которых люди отдыхают независимо от погоды. Мы ни в коем случае не должны допустить того, чтобы атмосфера британского побережья исчезла.

2. I'm very proud of the contribution British engineers, scientists and technologists have made to the progress of mankind. From Newton, Darwin, Faraday, Stephenson and Brunel to Tim Berners-Lee, inventor of the Internet, our most recent pioneer. – John Davis, Swanage, Dorset

Я очень горд тем вкладом, который британские инженеры, учёные, технологи внесли в прогресс всего человечества. От Ньютона, Дарвина, Фарадея, Стивенсона и Брунеля до Тима Бернерса-Ли, изобретателя Интернета и нашего недавнего новатора.

3. When I was 20, I emigrated to Australia – my girlfriend soon joined me and we got married nine days later. We settled down, but I kept thinking about Britain. So several years later, now with two children, we decided to return. As we flew over London and the Thames, I had a big lump in my throat. That feeling has stayed with me when I leave our shores on holiday. It's great to go away, but it's even greater to come home.
– Barry Smith, Irchester, Northamptonshire

Когда мне было 20, я переехал в Австралию – моя девушка вскоре присоединилась ко мне, и мы поженились спустя девять дней после её приезда. Мы обжились, но я всё время думал о Британии. Поэтому спустя несколько лет, теперь уже с двумя детьми, мы решили вернуться. Когда мы пролетали над Лондоном и Темзой, у меня стоял ком в горле. Такое же чувство было у меня, когда я покидал родные берега во время отпуска. Здорово уехать, но ещё прекраснее – вернуться домой.

V. Answer the following questions:

1. Is Sara London happy with her country?
2. Did Barry Smith emigrate to Germany?
3. Why is John Davis proud of Britain?
4. What must Prince William realize to receive the privileges of a member of the royal family?
5. Did Pam Phillips think that employees are entitled to 30 days of annual leave or 20?
6. Did the media manipulate Prince William or support his decisions?
7. David Reid is proud that his language is spoken throughout the world, isn't he?
8. Melanie Burgess complains about the lack of deckchairs on the beach, doesn't she?
9. Who helped organize a Jubilee street party?

10. Who tried to find out more about some credit cards that offer zero per cent interest for six months?

VI. Fill in the gaps with words:

Generous, annual, employees, break, others, inclusive

The Article “You Need a ...” (1) (RD Travel) lists Britain as having 30 days of ... (2) leave. I was surprised, as I’ve always thought that ... (3) are entitled to 20 days ... (4) of bank holidays. While I recognise that many employers are ... (5) enough to give 20 days plus bank holidays, there are ... (6) that are not – I’ve worked for one!

VII. Find the word combinations in the text and reproduce sentences with them.

В восторге от – to be in awe of

По всему миру – throughout the world

До посинения; до бесконечности – to be blue in the face

Независимо от погоды – whatever the weather

Внести вклад в прогресс человечества – to contribute to the progress of mankind

Уехать в; эмигрировать в – to emigrate to

Обжиться; успокоиться; улечься – to settle down

Комок в горле – to have a lump in the throat

Принимать во внимание – to take into account

Королевская семья – royal family

Определить/установить границы – to define the boundaries

Ежегодный/годовой отпуск – annual leave

Нулевая процентная ставка – zero per cent interest

Пролить свет – to shed light

VIII. Find the synonyms for the following words:

perpetual

accomplishment

to take part

crowning

to disappear

coast

humanity

arrangement

indignation

to recommend

IX. Find the antonyms for the following words:

lifelong

achievement

to participate

coronation

to pass away

mankind

engagement

resentment

to offer

X. Retell the text

9 Unit 9

“The wild fire fighter” by Barbara Sande Dimmitt

It was not his job, it was not his land, but his promise made it his fire.

David Long pulls off the road to study the smoke rising like a thunderhead above the Horse Heaven Hills of southern Washington State, Square-jawed, burly and fit at 44, he has 25 years' experience fighting fires during summers for The Forest Service. The darkness of the smoke tells him this blaze is moving swiftly through plentiful fuel. The shape of the plume, its top sheared off and streaming to the side, indicates a stiff wind. Why isn 't there air support? he wonders.

This isn't Long's fire. The divorced father of three from Glenwood Springs, Colorado, is on a break this afternoon, August 24, 2000, bound for Seattle to visit his

sister. But there are people up there who might need help. He gets back into his fire engine and heads towards the smoke. FRANCIS WATTENBARGER, 78, rubs his stinging eyes. He and his wife, Katie, 77, stand in front of their homestead and stare. The house sits on a grassy knoll, shielded by a wind-break of trees. A quarter of a mile across the road to their left is an old one-room schoolhouse they rent out. Straight across the road, beyond a series of ridges, a massive shroud of dark smoke is rolling their way.

The Wattenbargers have seen bush fires before and the stalwart ranch couple are not the sort to panic. “Let's take a look,” says Francis. They drive up the road to scout the fire. The folds and creases of the hills hide its spread, but they can tell it's big. Still unaware of how fast it's moving, they decide simply to go home and watch and wait.

Returning from an overnight trip, Susan Price guns her pick-up truck uphill towards the smoke she's seen from far down the valley. All she can think of is her eight dogs, two cats and two horses. Relieved to see that the small schoolhouse she rents is untouched, but alarmed by the force of the wind, she checks with the Wattenbargers. Radio reports have led them to believe the fire is being carefully monitored, so Susan goes about her chores. If the fire keeps blowing this way, she decides, I'll load the animals in a couple of hours and take them down the hill.

BORN OF A LIGHTNING STRIKE near Mule Dry Creek on the Yakama Indian Reservation the night before, the fire outflanked Bureau of Indian Affairs firefighters that morning. Now, as it nears the reservation border, local fire chiefs in the Horse Heaven Hills muster their volunteer forces. Ranchers harvesting wheat report for duty. At a county fair, people respond to a call for volunteers over a loudspeaker. They fan out in bush-fire trucks mainly pick-ups carrying 250-gallon water tanks. DAVID LONG rounds a curve in the road and sees a short woman filling a horse trough. Slamming to a halt, he asks “Who's fighting this fire?”

“I don't know”, says Susan. “I don't think anyone is.” Long parks and grabs his binoculars. The underside of the smoke glows red □ that means flames are directly below the leading edge, moving at the speed of the wind, 20 to 30 miles an hour.

Long tosses luggage out of his engine to get the firefighting gear he always carries □ leather boots, axe, shovel, fire pack, chain saw.

“Lady, I'll do what I can for your house”, he says, as pulls on his fire-retardant coat. “But if you have documents or anything you want to save, you've got 30 minutes at the most to do it and get out of here.”

Stunned, Susan immediately begins cajoling her dogs into the pick-up. The cats are sleeping, so she simply thrusts them into a pillowcase and carries them out. Her mare is across the road, but the colt is a quarter of a mile away in a corral near the Wattenbargers' house. Is there time to get them out?

Long surveys the situation. The nearby road might serve as a fire-break. But only a strip of driveway and a narrow lawn lies between the schoolhouse and the shrub-covered hillside down which the fire will come. The propane tank at the back of the school will make a nasty explosion if the flames get to it.

He turns a sprinkler on the propane tank and cuts away the nearby shrubs with his chain saw. But he loses precious minutes helping Susan bolt a hitch to her pick-up for a horse trailer. As Long turns back to dig a firebreak behind the house, a wave of flame comes pouring over the ridge just 200 yards away. “Go! Go now!” he shouts.

SUSAN drives directly to the corral. Fence posts and surrounding shrubs are already burning. Incredibly, the trusting colt is waiting at the gate. Frightened herself, Susan speaks quietly, slowly, to soothe him. “Good boy, Calypso,” she says. “Good boy”. Embers have singed spots on his back; hairs in his tail are curling from the heat. With shaking hands, Susan halts him, ties him to her pick-up across the road in the Wattenbargers' drive and races towards the pasture to rescue her mare.

BACK AT SUSAN'S home, Long drizzles a line of petrol around the house and lights it. With luck, it will burn a buffer zone beyond the short-cropped lawn. He

dashes inside to close windows so sparks can't fly in, and then grabs Susan's phone and phones for help, but the line goes dead.

Heat radiates through the windows, and a 15-foot wall of flame fills his view. The propane tank is just a few yards away □ is it drenched enough? For the first time, Long fears he might be in real trouble.

He sprints out of the schoolhouse, shoulders his chain saw and runs. Behind him, the fire gives a breathy roar, sucking up oxygen. The ground drops sharply and Long falls, lurches to his feet and scrambles on to the road. As he watches, panting and coughing, the blaze jumps the road in several places.

A spot fire erupts in the pasture across the road. Vaulting the fence, Long runs to beat it out with a shovel. A second fire ignites at the edge of the field and sweeps up a bank, where for an instant Long sees a fire engine that becomes engulfed in smoke. Afraid of being trapped, he skirts the fire and heads for the end of the pasture.

Katie Wattenbarger is nervously talking on the phone. Her grandson has called because he is leaving soon for college. In the middle of the conversation, there is sudden silence. The lights go out. Her anxiety flares into full-blown fear. Without a phone they're cut off. Without electricity the well pump won't work. Without water the house they've lived in for 46 years is lost. But mostly Katie is afraid for her husband. Francis had a stroke a few years ago and stress might bring on another one. Yet he is outside, determined to fight to save their home.

Long bursts through the shrubs. To his relief, Susan Price and her horses are in the Wattenbargers' drive. Two local firefighters are also there. It was their engine he'd glimpsed in the pasture. He learns that they'd barely escaped being surrounded by the blaze when their pump failed.

Long enters the kitchen and finds Katie clutching family pictures, unpaid bills, a glass piggy bank. She looks frightened, but under tight control. "You've got less than 15 minutes to get out of here," he tells her. "Is anyone else home?"

"My husband, but he's out there trying to stop the fire," she says. "I don't know if he'll leave."

“I’ll get him,” Long says. He finds Francis Wattenbarger between the tree windbreak and the advancing flames, listing slightly from an old back injury, shovel in hand. As hopeless as the older man’s gesture is, Long admires his grit.

“It’s time for you to leave,” Long says firmly, claspng his arm round Francis. The retired rancher allows himself to be moved along by this stranger towards the car where his wife is waiting. “I just can’t believe we’re about to lose it all,” he mutters. He gazes back at the house his parents built in 1907.

Long feels the rancher’s anguish, and his heart goes out to this couple, sitting upright in the car with tears in their eyes. “As God is my witness,” he tells them, “I will do everything I can to save your house. But you have got to go!” Now it truly is his fire.

With Susan and the Wattenbargers on their way, Long turns his full attention to firefighting. He heads for the windbreak and starts cutting down the dry pines to protect the house. Suddenly they go up like Roman candles, sending him backpedalling. Red, orange and yellow flames arch towards the house. One of the local volunteers helps him knock down embers that pelt the porch roof like molten hail. The volunteer stays with him until he is called to fight another outbreak.

Across a 26-mile front, despite poor communications and meagre resources, local volunteers use their knowledge of the terrain to outflank the fire and avert crisis after crisis. Just minutes after the Wattenbargers’ tree windbreak catches fire, a bush-fire truck arrives, douses the trees and speeds off to the next ranch.

Later, when a new line of flames stalks through the pasture to threaten the house, a pumper truck □ a firefighting relic from the 1960s □ comes rumbling through the smoke with exactly what Long needs: 1,000 gallons of water and a two-man crew.

EXERCISES

I. Memorize the following words and reproduce the situations in which they are used:

1. thunderhead;
1. shield;
2. stalwart;
3. binocular;
4. scout;
5. lurch;
6. glimpse;
7. pasture;
8. blaze;
9. ember;
10. fire-retardant coat;
11. cajole;
12. corral;
13. sprinkler.

II. Write down the words according to the transcription:

[' θʌ ndəhed], [ʃ i: ld], [bɪ ' nɔ kjʊ lə], [skau t], [lɜ : tʃ], [g lɪ mps], [' pɑ : s.tʃ ə r], [bleɪ z], [rɪ tə də nt], [kə də ə l], [kə rɪ l], [sprɪ ŋ.klɪ .ər]

III. Match the following words to their definitions:

Scout; blaze; glimpse; pasture; ember; retardant; cajole; corral; sprinkler; lurch; stalwart; thunderhead; shield; binocular.

1. the upper portion of a cumulus cloud characterized by dense, sharply defined, cauliflowerlike upper parts and sometimes by great verticality;
2. a person or thing that protects;
3. strongly and stoutly built; sturdy and robust;
4. involving both eyes;
5. to make a search; hunt;

6. to make a lurch; move with lurches; stagger;
7. to look briefly; glance (usually followed by at);
8. grass or other plants for feeding livestock;
9. a bright flame or fire;
10. a small live piece of coal, wood, etc., as in a dying fire;
11. retarding or tending to retard (usually used in combination);
12. to persuade by flattery or promises; wheedle; coax;
13. to confine in or as if in a corral. to collect, gather, or garner;
14. a piece of equipment for putting water onto fires in a lot of small drops to put them out.

IV. Translate the following passage, comment on the methods, while translating some words and phrases.

“But you have documents or anything you want to save, you've got 30 minutes at the most do it and get out of here.” Stunned, Susan immediately begins cajoling her dogs into the pick-up. The cats are sleeping, so she simply thrusts them into a pillowcase and carries them out. Her mare is across the road, but the colt is quarter of a mile away in a corral near the house. Is there time to get them out. Her mare is across the road, but the colt is a quarter of a mile away in a corral near the Wattenbargers' house. Is there time to get them out? Long surveys the situation. The nearby road might serve as a fire-break. But only a strip of driveway and a narrow lawn lies between the school-house and the shrub-covered hillside down which the fire will come. The propane tank at the back of the school will make a nasty explosion if the flames get it. He turns a sprinkler of the propane tank and cuts away the nearby shrubs with his chain saw. But he loses precious minutes helping Susan bolt a hitch to her pick-up for a horse trailer. As Long turns back to dig a firebreak behind the house, a wave of flame comes pouring over the ridge just 200 yards away. “Go! Go now!” he shouts.

“Но если у вас есть документы или что-то, что вы хотите сохранить, у вас есть максимум 30 минут, чтобы забрать их и убраться отсюда”. Ошеломленная, Сьюзен немедленно начинает уговаривать своих собак залезть в пикап. Кошки спали, поэтому она буквально стряхивает их с наволочки и выносит их. Ее кобыла находится через дорогу, но жеребец находится в четверти мили в загоне возле дома Уоттенберга. Есть ли время, чтобы вытащить их? Лонг спасает ситуацию. Ближайшая дорога может служить противопожарной полосой. Но только полоса дорожного движения и узкая лужайка пролегают между школой и покрытым кустарником холмом, с которого надвигается огонь. Пропан в задней части школы взорвется, если достигнет пламени. Он поворачивает спринклер на баллон с пропаном и вырубает близлежащие кусты своей цепной пилой. Но он теряет драгоценные минуты, помогая Сьюзен прицепить ее пикап к лошадиному трейлеру. Как только Лонг начинает вновь выкапывать противопожарную полосу, волна пламени “разливается” над горным хребтом всего в 200 ярдах. “Иди, иди прямо сейчас!” кричит он.

V. Answer the following questions:

1. Who immediately begins cajoling dogs into the pick-up?
2. Who turns a sprinkler of the propane tank?
3. Did Susan drive directly to the corral, or to her pick-up?
4. Does Long has 25 years' or 10 years' experience fighting fires?
5. What firefighting gear equipment does Long has?
6. What lies between the school- house and the shrub-covered hillside?
7. Does the fire give a breathy roar, sucking up oxygen?
8. Does Long survey the situation?
9. Why does Long cut away the nearby shrubs?
10. Why do Wattenbargers drives up the road?

VI. Fill in the gaps with words:

smoke, darkness, support, wonders, was not, experience

It 1) _____ his job, it was not his land, but he promised to make it his fire. David Long pulls off the road to study the 2) _____ rising like a thunderhead above the Horse Heaven Hills of southern Washington State, Square-jawed, burly and fit at 44, he has 25 years' 3) _____ fighting fires during summers for The Forest Service. The 4) _____ of the smoke tells him this blaze is moving swiftly through plentiful fuel. The shape of the plume, its top sheared off and streaming to the side, indicates a stiff wind. Why isn't there air 5) _____? he 6) _____.

VII. Find the synonyms for the following words:

cajole

corral

flame

shield

truck

pillowcase

sprinkler

VIII. Find the antonyms for the following words:

to flatter

cote, fold |fəʊ ld|

blaze

defender, protector

lorry

pillowslip

spray

IX. Find the right word for the following definitions:

smoke; fuel; hillside; explosion; air support

1. assistance given to ground or naval forces in an operation by their own or allied aircraft.
2. the sloping surface of a hill, rather than the level surface at the top of it

3. the fact of something such as a bomb exploding:
4. a substance that is used to provide heat or power, usually by being burned:
5. the grey, black, or white mixture of gas and very small pieces of carbon that is produced when something burns.

X. Retell the text.

10 Unit 10

“She’ll never walk alone” by Simon Hemelryk

Sitting on her school bus, Jodi Unsworth, 14, suddenly became aware that she was surrounded. A group of boys was taunting her. “Dot to dot” Jodi, a funny, popular girl with a strong personality, stared straight ahead, determined not to show she was upset. But that night in bed, she sobbed into her pillow.

Jodi, from Liverpool, was born with congenital melanocytic naevi (CMNs) on her skin: uncomfortable collections of pigment cells that form deep brown raised marks covered in hair. Jodi’s spread over 80 per cent of her body, including much of her face. About one in a hundred babies has small CMNs. Lesions as extensive as Jodi’s affect around one in 100,000. Jodi’s parents Val and Joe loved their beautiful baby daughter, but were shocked and traumatised by her skin condition.

When Jodi’s teenage friends were out buying tops that showed a bit of flesh, she looked at teen magazines full of girls with normal skin and cried.

But Jodi tried never to let her grief show as she underwent more than 30 painful operations – including skin grafts and abrasion – to remove the marks. Success was limited. Often the pigmentation was so deep, the CMN just grew back. Val felt overwhelmed by the ordeal of Jodi’s treatments. “Are we the only parents going through this?” she asked Joe.

Indefatigable, Jodi battled on. Despite having missed three years of school, she was accepted for a degree at York University. In July 1997, Jodi met pediatric dermatologist Dr David Atherton at St Thomas’ Hospital in London. A leading expert, he ran a children’s CMN clinic with colleague Mr Brian Mayou, who was performing

a major skin graft on Jodi. Dr Atherton was concerned that there was no support network for the 250 CMN children on his books. Jodi's got real determination, he thought. She'd be perfect. "Why don't you set up a support group?" he suggested to the 17-year-old.

Jodi always had a vision that she could do something to give families the back-up she never had when she was younger. She said yes without hesitation. Then she wrote to the parents of Dr Atherton's patients, offering information about her experiences and someone to talk to. Within two weeks, about 20 parents phoned to say how relieved they were to hear from her.

Debbie White from Warrington, whose two-year-old-son Jack had CMNs all over his back, cried when she read Jodi's letter. She'd felt isolated and depressed since he was born. Now, at last, she knew there was someone else in the same situation.

Jodi wasn't going to stop there. But raising the money to fund face-to-face group meetings and information leaflets for an all but unheard of condition was proving difficult. Then help came from an unexpected source. The pastor at Jodi's local church worked for Liverpool Football Club. As soon as Jodi described her plight, he offered to run a marathon, sponsored by the club's players and staff. In February 1999, before Liverpool's match with Middlesbrough, the 45,000-strong crowd read of Jodi's work in the programme. They roared with approval when she walked on to the pitch. Jodi was overwhelmed as she received the cheque for £10,000.

"You had how many operations?" Liverpool's star striker Robbie Fowler asked Jodi when they met prior to the game. "And here's me complaining about a knee injury".

With further sponsorship, Jodi printed 15,000 CMN booklets, distributed them to GPs and hospitals, and in January 2000 launched Caring Matters Now. It has helped more than 80 families in eight regional groups. Despite putting in long hours for her degree and teaching children football as part of Liverpool FC's community programme, Jodi organizes family days for sufferers, maintains the website and

administration, and still finds time to be on call for parents and children wanting advice.

“I never say coping is easy,” she says. “The best thing I can tell them is to keep a smile on their faces, get through today and take tomorrow as it comes.”

EXERCISES

I. Memorize the following words and reproduce the situations in which they are used:

1. taunt; [tɔ : nt] – насмешка
2. pillow; [' pi ləʊ] – подушка, вкладыш, подкладка
3. undergo; [ʌ ndə' g əʊ] – подвергаться, испытывать, переносить, вытерпеть
4. graft; [g rɑ : ft] – прививка
5. abrasion; [ə' breɪ ʒ (ə)n] – истирание, ссадина, трение, стирание, выскабливание, шлифовка
6. indefatigable; [, i ndɪ ' fətɪ g əb(ə)l] – неутомимый, неустанный, неослабный, безустанный
7. back-up; [' bæк л р] – запас, резерв, запасной
8. unheard; [ʌ n' hə: d] – неизвестный, неслышный, невыслушанный
9. approval; [ə' prʊ: v(ə)l] – утверждение, одобрение, согласие, рассмотрение
10. overwhelm; [əʊ və' wε lm] – сокрушать, подавлять, заваливать, ошеломлять, забрасывать
11. plight; [plʌ ɪ t] – положение, состояние, обязательство, связывать обещанием
12. leaflet [' li: flɪ t] – листовка, листок

II. Write down the words according to the transcription:

[ʌ ndə' g əʊ], [ə' breɪ ʒ (ə)n], [g rɑ : ft], [, i ndɪ ' fətɪ g əb(ə)l], [tɔ : nt],
[' pi ləʊ], [ʌ n' hə: d], [' bæк л р], [' li: flɪ t], [plʌ ɪ t], [əʊ və' wε lm],
[ə' prʊ: v(ə)l]

III. Match the following words to their definitions:

pediatric, sponsor, graft, dermatologist, pigmentation, traumatised, abrasion, striker, marathon, plight

1. subject to lasting shock as a result of a disturbing experience or physical injury;
2. abnormal colouring of a person's skin, typically resulting from disease;
3. a piece of living tissue that is transplanted surgically;
4. the process of scraping or wearing something away;
5. relating to the branch of medicine dealing with children and their diseases;
6. a medical practitioner qualified to diagnose and treat skin disorders;
7. a person or organization that pays for or contributes to the costs involved in staging a sporting or artistic event in return for advertising;
8. the player who is to strike the ball in a game; a player considered in terms of ability to strike the ball;
9. a dangerous, difficult, or otherwise unfortunate situation;
10. a long-distance running race, strictly one of 26 miles 385 yards (42.195 km).

IV. Translate the following passage, comment on the methods, while translating some words and phrases.

Jodi, from Liverpool, was born with congenital melanocytic naevi (CMNs) on her skin: uncomfortable collections of pigment cells that form deep brown raised marks covered in hair. Jodi's spread over 80 percent of her body, including much of her face. About one in a hundred babies has small CMNs. Lesions as extensive as Jodi's affect around one in 100,000. Jodi's parents Val and Joe loved their beautiful baby daughter, but were shocked and traumatised by her skin condition.

Джоди из Ливерпуля родилась с врожденными меланоцитарными невусами на ее коже: скопления пигментных клеток, которые образуют глубокие коричневые приподнятые метки, покрытые волосами. Родинки покрывали 80 процентов ее тела, включая большую часть лица. Примерно один из сотни детей имеют такую же, но менее выраженную пигментацию. Поражения, столь же обширные, как и у Джоди, затрагивают одного из 100 000 человек. Родители

Джоди, Вэл и Джо, любили свою прекрасную дочь, но были потрясены состоянием ее кожи.

V. Answer the following questions:

1. What illness did Jodi have?
2. Where was Jodi born?
3. Did a group of boys taunt her in the school bus?
4. Did Jodi cry looking at other girls with normal skin?
5. Did Jodi undergo 30 or 6 operations?
6. Did the CMN grow back or vanish?
7. Jodi was accepted for a degree at York University, wasn't she?
8. The pastor at Jodi's local church offered to run a marathon, didn't he?
9. Whom did she meet in July 1997?
10. Who cried after reading Jodi's letter?

VI. Fill in the gaps with words:

Pediatric, network, hear, within, Warrington, situation, hesitation

Indefatigable, Jodi battled on. Despite having missed three years of school, she was accepted for a degree at York University. In July 1997, Jodi met ____ dermatologist Dr David Atherton at St Thomas' Hospital in London. A leading expert, he ran a children's CMN clinic with colleague Mr Brian Mayou, who was performing a major skin graft on Jodi. Dr Atherton was concerned that there was no support ____ for the 250 CMN children on his books. Jodi's got real determination, he thought. She'd be perfect. "Why don't you set up a support group?" he suggested to the 17-year-old.

Jodi always had a vision that she could do something to give families the back-up she never had when she was younger. She said yes without _____. Then she wrote to parents of Dr Atherton's patients, offering information about her experiences and someone to talk to. _____ two weeks, about 20 parents phoned to say how relieved they were to _____ from her.

Debbie White from____ , whose two-year-old-son Jack had CMNs all over his back, cried when she read Jodi's letter. She'd felt isolated and depressed since he was born. Now, at last, she knew there was someone else in the same____ . (Sit) on her school bus, Jodi Unsworth, 14, suddenly became aware that she (be surrounded). A group of boys was taunting her. "Dot to dot" Jodi, a funny, popular girl with a strong personality, (start) straight ahead, (determine) not to show she was upset. But that night in bed, she sobbed into her pillow.

Jodi, from Liverpool, (be born) with congenital melanocytic naevi (CMNs) on her skin: uncomfortable collections of pigment cells that form deep brown raised marks (cover) in hair. Jodi's (spread) over 80 percent of her body, including much of her face. About one in a hundred babies has small CMNs. Lesions as extensive as Jodi's affect around one in 100,000. Jodi's parents Val and Joe (love) their beautiful baby daughter, but (be shocked) and traumatised by her skin condition.

VII. What diseases do you know?

Atherosclerosis, colpitis, leukaemia, psoriasis, fibrosis, stenocardia, eczema, Intervertebral Osteochondrosis, strabismus, diabetes.

VIII. Prepare a report on one of these diseases.

IX. Retell the text.

11 Unit 11

"Can the weather make you ill?" By Shea Dean

JoAnn Smith's 1982 surgery to replace a portion of her jaw with a silicone implant left her with an excruciating new skill: weather forecasting. To this day, whenever a storm or cold front approaches, the 51-year-old nurse feels a pain so profound that sometimes she has to stay home from work. "As the barometer's dropping, it's as if there's a vice around my jaw; then it's around my whole head," she says.

So good are her forecasting skills that her three sons call her “Accujaw”. But when Smith told her doctors what the weather did to her, “they treated me like some sort of a crock”, she says. The reaction was shocking. As a nurse, she had heard similar complaints from her patients, particularly those with arthritis, and they wanted answers too.

It's folk wisdom that when pressure changes outside, our insides adjust, creaking and groaning like old houses, yet scientists have had a hard time proving it. Take, for example, the Climatron. In the early 1960s, US researcher Joseph Hollander built this one-of-a-kind contraption to monitor arthritic subjects under different conditions. They each spent two weeks sealed inside the chamber as Hollander fiddled with the temperature, pressure and humidity dials. Yes, their arthritis flared up, but results were inconclusive.

Today, the weather-health connection is getting a fresh airing in a field called human biometeorology, the study of how weather affects our bodies. According to Peter Höppe, past president of the International Society of Biometeorology and an environmental scientist at Ludwig - Maximilians University in Munich, as many as 25 per cent of us are “weather sensitive” - that is, we experience symptoms or the exacerbation of existing conditions when the weather changes.

Weather-related aches and pains affect or intrigue so many that our own Met Office's website, www.metoffice.com/health, devotes an entire section to the topic, geared to people with chronic afflictions such as arthritis or asthma. A glance at the section shows that people with osteoarthritis and rheumatoid arthritis are indeed thought to be sensitive to a rise in humidity coupled with low pressure and approaching rain.

Chronic bronchitis, which is brought on by viruses, is made worse by muggy summer weather □ though nobody knows why. And according to a US weather website, migraines are linked to cold, dry weather, “though almost any weather change can be a problem”.

Such uncertainties haven't stopped some sites from issuing horoscope-like pain forecasts. Visit www.weather.co.uk and you can look at an “Aches and Pains” index map for the UK showing the “ouch” factor of your local weather. Sounds vague? It is. A similar map has been devised for respiratory illness.

These pop applications make biometeorologists worry that sick people may blame the weather for their symptoms instead of seeing a doctor. At the same time, they hope the attention will help drive investigation. That happened in Germany, where TV and radio stations began airing health forecasts in the 1980s, even though they were based on what Höppe calls “very unscientific” research. Instead of ignoring the trend, the German weather service began issuing its own reports — ones based on the best research available.

These days, a German storm forecast may include alerts for migraines, strokes, heart attacks and “accidents” (under the assumption that certain weather changes cause clumsiness).

Back in the UK, when these forecasts are mentioned to Dr William Bird, medical consultant to the Met Office, he arches an eyebrow. “People like to have something to blame their ailments on,” he says. But Bird does think biometeorology has a place. He points to his own Met Office research, which explains how the weather affects millions of asthma sufferers.

Using weather reports and data on hospital admissions, Bird has found that in summer a combination of high pollen levels, air pollution and a warm, dry spell followed by thunder — when pollen is sucked up and concentrated in the area of a storm, then deposited locally — appears to cause severe asthma outbreaks.

“The whole range of conditions needs to be present for an attack to occur,” says Dr Bird. “That's why asthmatics might not know when they're at risk — and why advice in advance can help them take preventative measures.”

As a result, in July last year, the Met Office issued the world's first forecast of an asthma epidemic. The next day, there were 100 asthma emergencies in three hospitals in eastern England. The Met Office and Department of Health have set up a

programme called Forecasting the Nation's Health, using past hospital and weather data to predict what types of patients are likely to turn up at hospital. For example, a drop in temperature prompts an increase in heart attacks (after two days) and respiratory ailments (after ten). Staff can be shuffled accordingly. In December 2001 The Royal Berkshire Hospital, Reading, was able to schedule an extra 150 non-emergency operations a week after the Met Office correctly forecast low admissions, saving the NHS nearly £300,000.

So where do these large-scale programmes leave JoAnn Smith? Still out in the cold, though perhaps not for long. Peter Höppe recently concluded phase one of a weather-sensitivity trial: 50 subjects kept diaries recording their pain while he noted pressure changes. The next phase? Testing the best forecasters in a climatic chamber. Yes, it's time for another Climatron. Smith thinks it's a great idea. She'd even volunteer for a stint inside. "The pain would only be temporary," she says. Outside, for her and others, nature hasn't been quite as kind.

EXERCISES

I. Memorize the following words and reproduce the situations in which they are used:

1. excruciate |ɪ k' skru:ʃ ɪ eɪ t| мучительный;
2. arthritis |ɑ : ' θrɪ ɪ ti s| артрит;
3. contraption |kən' trəpʃ (ə)n| хитрое изобретение, штукавина;
4. biometeorology [, baɪ əmi'tiə'rolədʒ i] биометеорология;
5. exacerbation |ɪ g , zæsə' beɪ ʃ ən| обострение;
6. affliction |ə' flɪ kʃ (ə)n| бедствие, недуг, болезнь, несчастье;
7. osteoarthritis | , ɒ sti əʊɑ : ' θrɪ ɪ ti s| остеоартрит;
8. rheumatoid |' ru: məʊ ɪ d| ревматический, ревматоидный;
9. bronchitis |brɒ ŋ' kl ɪ ti s| бронхит;
10. migraine |' mi: g rei n| мигрень;
11. respiratory |rɪ ' spi rət(ə)ri| респираторный, дыхательный

II. Write down the words according to the transcription:

|brʊŋ' kʌɪtɪs|, |ɪk' skru:ʃɪeɪt|, |ɑ: ' θrʌɪtɪs|, |' mi: grɛɪn|,
|rɪ' spɪrət(ə)rɪ|, |' ru: mətəɪd|, |ɪg , zæsə' beɪʃən|, |kən' trɑpʃ(ə)n|,
[, baɪəmitiə' rɒlədʒi], |ə' flɪkf(ə)n|, |, ɒstiəʊɑ: ' θrʌɪtɪs|

III. Match the following words to their definitions:

Affliction, contraption, flare up, climatron, creak, outbreak, assumption, ailment, pollen, devise, adjust, clumsiness

1. a usually domelike structure of transparent materials in which conditions (temperature, humidity, light) are created artificially to approximate the climate of different geographical zones.
2. a device or machine that looks awkward or old-fashioned, especially one that you do not know how to use.
3. a sudden increase of something such as an illness, violence, or an expression of emotion
4. something that causes pain or suffering, especially a medical condition.
5. to invent a plan, system, object, etc., usually using your intelligence or imagination.
6. to make a high noise, usually caused by a stiff material such as wood or metal that is made to move slightly.
7. to change something slightly, especially to make it more correct, effective, or suitable.
8. a fine powder produced by flowers, which is carried by the wind or by insects to other flowers of the same type, making them produce seeds.
9. a time when something suddenly begins, especially a disease or something else dangerous or unpleasant.
10. an illness that is not very serious.
11. something that you think is true although you have no definite proof.
12. a movement or behaviour that is not careful and controlled, and makes you likely to have accidents.

IV. Translate the following passage, comment on the methods, while translating some words and phrases.

JoAnn Smith's 1982 surgery to replace a portion of her jaw with a silicone implant left her with an excruciating new skill: weather forecasting. To this day, whenever a storm or cold front approaches, the 51-year-old nurse feels a pain so profound that sometimes she has to stay home from work. "As the barometer's dropping, it's as if there's a vice around my jaw; then it's around my whole head," she says.

Операция Джоанны Смит в 1982 по замене части челюсти на силиконовый имплант преподнесла ей мучительный дар – женщина может предсказывать погоду. По сей день перед грозой или холодной погодой 51-летняя медсестра испытывает настолько сильную боль, что не может работать и остается дома. "Когда уровень барометра падает, тиски будто сжимают мою челюсть, а затем и всю голову," – говорит Джоанна.

V. Answer the following questions:

1. Why can JoAnn forecast the weather?
2. When does JoAnn have pain?
3. Who calls JoAnn "Accujaw"?
4. Who treated her like some sort of a crock?
5. Is it folk wisdom that when pressure changes outside, our insides adjust, creaking and groaning like old houses?
6. Is biometeorology the study of how weather affects our bodies?
7. Did US researcher Joseph Hollander build Climatron in 1980s or 1960s?
8. Are as many as 25 or 77 per cent of us "weather sensitive" according to Peter Höppe?
9. Dr William Bird says "People like to have something to blame their ailments on", doesn't he?
10. Last year the Met Office issued the world's first forecast of an asthma epidemic, didn't it?

VI. Choose the appropriate word:

Adjust, asthma, afflictions, fiddle, stroke, excruciating, contraption

1. JoAnn Smith had an_____new skill.
2. It's folk wisdom that when pressure changes outside, our insides_____.
3. Joseph Hollander built a_____to monitor arthritic subjects under different conditions.
4. Hollander_____ with the temperature, pressure and humidity dials.
5. Catastrophic events and chronic_____raise several obstacles to peace.
6. A_____is a medical condition in which poor blood flow to the brain results in cell death.
7. A_____is a respiratory condition marked by attacks of spasm in the bronchi of the lungs, causing difficulty in breathing.

VII. Say if the statements are true or false

1. JoAnn can forecast the weather because of arthritis.
2. She has pain in her knees because of the rain.
3. Her sons call JoAnn "Accujaw".
4. It is folk wisdom that when pressure changes outside, our insides adjust, creaking and groaning like old houses.
5. Biometeorology the study of how weather affects our bodies.

VIII. Choose the correct tense.

1. JoAnn_____(undergo) an operation in 1982.
2. Whenever a storm or cold front approached, she_____(feel) pain.
3. US researcher Joseph Hollander_____(build) climatron in the early 1960s.
4. Dr William Bird_____(find) that in summer a combination of high pollen levels, air pollution and a warm, dry spell followed by thunder appears to cause severe asthma outbreaks.
5. As many as 25 per cent of us_____(be) "weather sensitive" according to Peter Höppe.

IX. Retell the text.

12 Unit 12

“Halloween” by Jean Kelly

During the Halloween season, one popular activity is to visit a haunted house. As a child, some of my earliest and most frightening memories happened in a haunted house at Halloween.

So, let me take you inside a real haunted house. This short story also gives you vocabulary and idioms for describing something scary. We begin as many scary stories have: It is a dark and stormy night. You walk alone down a desolate street. The rain has been falling steadily all night and is only getting worse. You are soaked to the bone and need to get out of the rain.

Then you see a house. “Thank heavens!” you say out loud. But at second glance, your relief is chilled by the look of the place. It's dark. Only a lone street lamp casts a dim, yellow light on the sad features of the house. It looks as if no one has lived here for many years. The windows are broken. An old, ripped curtain blows from a third-story window.

Now, you remember where you are. This house is from your childhood. Neighborhood kids talked of ghosts, from a family long dead, walking through the house at night.

The front yard is tangled with overgrown weeds and vines. A pathway lined with broken stones leads to an old house. You follow it. As you walk down the sidewalk, tree branches seem to lean into your path. They grab at your hair and clothes. Spider webs stretched across the branches get caught in your eyes and mouth. As you wipe them away, you hear something behind you. What is it?! You turn around. Nothing. It was probably just a cat, you tell yourself. Although, you don't believe it.

Just as you step onto the sagging front porch, the door creaks open. Suddenly, two bony hands push you inside. The door slams shut!

From the shadows, things start to come toward you! You can't see anything, but you can hear them coming closer. You run, but running only takes you farther into the nightmare. Your heart beats wildly. Hoping to hide, you open a door, but a skeleton falls into your face. Screaming, you fight with the bones as they entangle your arms and legs! Finally, you break free and run for your life down a hallway.

For a moment, you think you're safe. Then a deathly white hand reaches out from under a table, grabbing at your ankles! You run faster, this time up a flight of stairs. But a half-human, half-bat creature hangs from the ceiling. It flies toward your neck with blood dripping from its razor-sharp teeth.

As you try to escape, you trip down some stairs and fall into a cold, dark basement. From a small window you look outside and see a crazed man holding an axe. He's looking right at you, laughing. Fear takes over your whole body, as you run out of the house only to find a bowl of candy. If you're lucky, maybe a plate of cupcakes, too. You dig your hands into the candy bowl and fill your pockets with sweets. You deserve it. You made it out alive! That is exactly how I remember the first haunted house my parents took me to. To this day, the thought of it still sends shivers down my spine. And I still love being scared out of my wits!

EXERCISES

I. Memorize the following words and reproduce the situations in which they are used:

1. haunt;
2. desolate;
3. soaked to the bone;
4. glance;
5. chill;
6. weed;
7. vine;

8. dim;
9. creak;
10. shadow;
11. nightmare;
12. skeleton;
13. scream;
14. entangle;
15. run for your life;
16. razor-sharp;
17. sends shivers down my spine;
18. scared out of my wits.

II. Match the following words to their definitions:

Weed, dim, shadow, skeleton, razor-sharp, entangle, haunt, glance, chill, vine, nightmare, creak, scream, desolate

1. to visit or inhabit as a ghost
2. lacking the people, plants, animals, etc., that make people feel welcome in a place
3. a quick look
4. to become cold
5. a plant that tends to grow where not wanted and to prevent the growth of more desirable plants usually by taking up space
6. a plant whose stem requires support and which climbs by tendrils or twining or creeps along the ground
7. not bright or clear
8. to make a long, high sound : to make a sound like the sound made by an old door when it opens or closes
9. a dark shape that appears on a surface when someone or something moves between the surface and a source of light

10. a frightening dream that usually awakens the sleeper : something (such as an experience, situation, or object) having the monstrous character of a nightmare or producing a feeling of anxiety or terror
11. the structure of bones that supports the body of a person or animal
12. a sudden sharp loud cry : v. to voice a sudden sharp loud cry
13. to wrap or twist together
14. very sharp

III. Answer the following questions:

1. What is the style of this text?
2. What are the key words?
3. Are there any popular activities during the Halloween season?
4. Neighborhood kids talked of ghosts, from a family long dead, walking through the house at night, didn't they?
5. Who stretched across the branches get caught in your eyes and mouth?
6. Where is the climax in the text?
7. Comment on the grammatical and syntactical structure of the text.

IV. Choose the appropriate word:

1. But at second glance, your relief is chilled by the look of the place.
2. Just as you step onto the sagging front porch, the door creaks open.
3. Then a deathly white hand reaches out from under a table, grabbing at your ankles!
4. It flies toward your neck with blood dripping from its razor-sharp teeth.
5. To this day, the thought of it still sends shivers down my spine.

V. Say if the statements are true or false.

1. During the Halloween season, one popular activity is to visit a cave.
2. The back yard is tangled with overgrown weeds and vines.
3. Spider webs stretched across the branches get caught in your eyes and mouth.
4. Hoping to hide, you open a door, but a skeleton falls into your face.
5. But not a human, half-cat creature hangs from the ceiling.

VI. Translate the last passage of the text, commenting on different translation techniques.

VII. Retell the text.

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Приложение А

I. Read the sentences and comment on the stylistic devices. Translate these sentences, pointing out translation techniques.

1. A good time, she thought. Best time, really. Oh, she knew that the year started on Hogswatchnight, when the cold tide turned, but the new year started now, with green shoots boring upwards through the last of the snow. Change was in the air, she could feel it in her bones.

2. You know, thick and fluffy with cinnamon and powdered sugar.

3. When you were our paperboy... you had that same goofy haircut.

4. “That is the double snake symbol of the Djelibeybian water cult,” he said calmly.

5. I thought you'd be some rich, big, old, fat geezer who smokes cigars.

6. She took one look at Grumpkin and let out a howl one might have heard as far as Alderbury. “A cat,” she screamed. “A cat.” I should have thought the matter self-evident. There is nothing uncatly about Grumpkin. He is a red and cream-colored tabby of most ferocious mien, and I picked him myself from among the litter the stable mouser kindled three years ago.
7. If you want to shatter my dream, at least do it right.
8. The moon is a great white melon.
9. “I learned agriculture, beekeeping, cattle raising, dairying, egg production, fodder storage, gardening, horsemanship, independence, jar molding, kennel keeping, lamb raising, manpower management, nut growing, orchard keeping, poultry breeding, quarrel quashing (among the serfs), rabbit hunting, sheep grazing, timber cutting, usury, viniculture, wool clipping, xyloglyphy, yoke making, and zealotry.”
10. To enter is instant death, you gorgeous little dunce.
11. As Francisco threw back his lustrous locks and laughed, I outlined my plan for neutralizing the rampaging creature.
12. They say the most treacherous of wolves may appear in a lamb's cloak.
13. “Any swish-looking buggers about as well? Any soldiers?”
14. I remember your prophets. They were mad bearded old men with the sanitary habits of a stoat but, by all that’s crazed, they had passion! They didn’t have holy little minds full of worry and fretfulness. They spoke the idiot words as though they believed them, with specks of holy foam bubbling away in the corners of their mouths. Now they were real priests, bellies full of fire and bile! You are a joke.”
15. Fuchs, this villa is the gem of the Rock.
16. “Bite her or let her go,” the girl went on. “Good grief, she’s so blobby.
17. They prowl the Earth like ravenous wolves... consuming everything in their path.
18. Armadillos plated in gold and decked with jewels; chickens in shades of vivid emerald and aquamarine; turtles, their eyes awash with lugubrious tears.

19. “You hadn't heard!” She reached out her arms toward me with genuine compassion. “Oh, how dreadful. You didn't know that Edward had died.”
20. “I thought old Mrs Patternoster was seeing to her”, she said, ramming her hatpins into place with the urgency of a warrior preparing for sudden battle.
21. You do too much, you saturate the audience and they don't appreciate the good moments.
22. “Sometimes I think the weight of that damn crown is turning Verence’s head,” she said.” I reckon he really doesn’t know what he’s letting into the kingdom. When Esme gets here she’s going to go through this priest like cabbage soup.”
23. They hurried into the hall. Even though it was now well after midnight, the noise level was approaching the pain threshold.
24. Agnes concentrated. The music was beautiful but if she really paid attention, with Perdita nudging her, it wasn’t really there at all. It sounded like someone playing scales, badly and angrily.
25. Even cushioned inside her own head Agnes felt the weight of the vampire’s will hit Perdita like an iron bar, pushing her down. Like the other end of a seesaw, Agnes rose.
26. He’d packed meat and grain, although the drawing certainly suggested a hawk-like bird, but in case it needed to eat inflammable materials as well he also put in a bag of mothballs and a pint of fish oil. Nets were out of the question, and bird lime was not to be thought of.
27. My dear late mother always insisted that both the gooseberry and the rhubarb favour the colder climes of our victorious isles.
28. These include the lewd and obscene, the profane, the libelous, and the insulting or “fighting” words □ those which by their very utterance inflict injury or tend to incite an immediate breach of peace...
29. A cry rang through the woods. It seemed to have many components, but mostly it sounded as though a turkey was being throttled at the other end of a tin tube.

30. Even the King hesitated to set foot in her kitchen but, whereas he only got an angry silence, lesser mortals got the full force of her generalized wrath. Mrs Scorbic was permanently angry, in the same way that mountains are permanently large.
31. I wasn't riding a horse but a ferocious beast!
32. Agnes looked hard at the pixie. On a scale of ethereal from one to ten he looked as if he was on some other scale, probably one buried in deep ocean sludge. The blueness of his skin, she could see now, was made up of tattoos and paint.
33. They were dressed something like the young opera-goers she'd seen in Ankh-Morpork, except that their fancy waistcoats would have been considered far too fast by the staid members of the community, and they wore their hair long like a poet who hopes that romantically flowing locks will make up for a wretched inability to find a rhyme for "daffodil".
34. Once upon a time, in Smurf Village, happy Smurfs were going about their happy lives completely unaware that not too far away, the evil wizard Gargamel was concocting a diabolical plan. She grabbed the priest by the back of his jacket and held him like a bag.
35. You're like a carnival, and he's more like homogenized milk.
36. To Verence, an alumnus of the Fools' Guild, it looked very much like a very tall human pyramid made up of very small acrobats.
37. The shabbily dressed people there gave her a dull-eyed look, like dogs waiting to see if a whipping was in prospect.
38. "It'd just be nice if you could stop looking as though you were wearing saddlebags under your skirt..."
39. "Shut up." "And it'd be nice if you didn't hit the rocks like a balloon full of water..."
40. It was, he realized, a woman, or at least a female, blue like the other pixies but at least a foot high and so fat that it was almost spherical. It looked exactly like the little

figurines back in the days of ice and mammoths, when what men really looked for in a woman was quantity.

41. “I bet she’s not a natural brunette, said Perdita. And if I used that much mascara I’d at least try not to look like Harry the Happy Panda.”

42. Grief and desolation have already gripped all Haitian households, both inside and outside the country.

43. His hair was streaked with grey and brushed back over his ears in a way that gave the impression his head had been designed for its aerodynamic efficiency.

44. He's some kind of omnipotent alien, with powers we can only guess at.

45. Down below, scooped out of the mountains, was the little kingdom.

46. He knows the show, he sings like a nightingale, and he has a certain theatrical madness in his eyes you cannot teach.

47. His jar would be glowing like a small temple of dreams.

48. Agnes felt her mind unravelling. The pink fog was blowing through her head...and looming out of it, deadly and mostly concealed, was the iceberg of Perdita.

49. She flung out her hands and caught the edge of the stone by sheer luck. But, strong though her fingers were, a lot of Agnes was penduluming underneath.

50. He wore an absurd, little yellow jacket... and a tobacco brown bowler perched on his ears.

51. “Oh, I don’t dance”, said Mightily Oats. “Dancing is a snare to entrap the weak-willed.”

52. She didn’t like birds, in any case. They were fine when they were flying, and their songs were nice, but close to they were mad little balls of needles with the intelligence of a housefly.

53. His eyes were like huge pearls in the darkness.

54. On the other hand...here was someone who’d been told about Granny Weatherwax, and had still walked through these woods that scared him stiff to see her, even though she was possibly a cockroach or a boiled lobster.

55. (I know I am being loquacious. Father Raymond says I am very loquacious and affected. I don't really think I am affected, unless it is by the aunts, and if it is by the aunts, how could I help it? All these words are something I was born with. Words bubble up in me like water. It is hard to shut them off.)

56. No, my revulsion at the idea of a stepmama is not jealousy. It arises from the pictured face itself, a pale, rather long face with a simpering mouth over large teeth and with something thoughtfully devious about the eyes, the kind of face that might result if a rabbit mated with a weasel.

57. According to Sibylla's mama □ a woman who always looks as though she has a mouthful of something nasty which only courtesy prevents her spitting out □ Sibylla could be happy only in the rooms near the kitchens which I have occupied since my earliest memory.

58. It screamed when we opened it, like a goose being killed, and the dust on the stairs puffed under our feet as we crept up, round and round and round until we were dizzy.

59. At table this evening she peered at me as a chicken does at a bug, acting very discontented and disappointed, as though she had been counting on my making a fuss about moving, perhaps, which would have given her something to complain to Papa about. Poor fool woman. She doesn't know Papa.

60. Then he went back to talking with Father Raymond about the pilgrimages he intends to make before and after the wedding while Sibylla sat there, caparisoned like a tournament horse, playing with a slice of overdone venison and staring at the back of his neck. I thought of telling her that's mostly what she's going to see of him. The back of his neck as he plans some journey or the back of all of him as he rides away.

61. Father Raymond read it, flushed, and gave it back to the abbot, his mouth in a funny little quirk as though he couldn't figure out whether to laugh or frown. The abbot read it again, mumbling it out loud, then it went to someone else. By this time, Papa had some idea that something was more than merely a little wrong.

62. They moved among contrivances, among strange apparatus, boxes which hummed and winked and made noises like the midnight peeps of startled birds.
63. “No,” Alice snarled at him, her voice like a whip. “You've gotten us all into enough trouble. You were a stupid fool to drag her along”.
64. He giggled at me, like a drunken baby, waving his finger, and took a box out of one of the hidden closets.
65. “Beauty,” he said to me, pushing me down on the couch and squatting on the floor in front of me like some great lady frog, the soiled silk lying in loose folds on his flat chest.
66. “You remember Alice,” Bill said to me. “Alice Fremont?” She was a little older than he, I thought. Her face was pale and thin, like the carved face of a saint sanctified through many stringencies, but alive and hungry withal.
67. She, plump as a pigeon, bustled around the fire in a way that made one doubt hunger existed.
68. Dinner at midday was bread and beer again, and salad or a bit of fruit and a bite of stringy mutton sometimes, or a piece of boiled fowl, sometimes juicy, sometimes powdery from being in the soup so long, tasting like the memory of chicken. Then there was hay to pitch up from the wains, or stalls to muck. Sometimes Grumpkin would bring me mice, strings of them, laying them out on the stable floor like toy soldiers. He was learning to be a real stable cat again. Supper was in hall, everyone there except the kitchen servants, and me at the bottom of the lowest bench of all, quite content to be there, even though I had lice.
69. I itched all the time, but I was content to be there, nonetheless, listening to the singing sometimes when a jongleur came through, listening to the lords and ladies talking in their stilted French with English words dotted through it like raisins in a pudding, while the rest of us bellowed away in that same English, soon enough to be the language of us all, I supposed.
70. Ned was there, jumpy as a cat, darting glances at the door every second or two. The priest gave up his unpleasant look to yawn.

71. Even when I became, all too soon, swollen as a melon, I could smell sweet as any garden and wear flowing things that rustled gently. We rode. He insisted I ride sidesaddle, which I hated. My grandfather's invention evidently had gained some little reputation among the neighbouring nobility.

72. The two rowers ran the little boat up onto the sand and then sat in it staring at me as though I were some kind of exotic animal, though I was no more strange in my way than they in theirs, they being dwarfish and dark-skinned men with narrow ears.

73. The lower deck protruded fore and aft of the upper ones, making the upper decks look rather like the upper layers of a wedding cake set down upon an uncompromising loaf of something darker and more practical, pumpernickel, perhaps.

74. By the time we docked, the town was stirring like a disturbed anthill. I spied more than a few rude gestures aimed in our direction. The captain only grinned and hoisted his round belly over the top of his trousers, stroking it with one hand as he might some imperfectly tamed animal, raising the other in an ironic salute in my direction.

75. This was no doubt the lady he had mentioned to me □ and to everyone □ so frequently during the voyage. She spoke clearly, making no effort to avoid being overheard. "Oh, Dear Captain Karney. Here you are again, but so late!" She tapped him on his chest with an extended forefinger, the finger bending backwards like that of an oriental dancer, flexible as cable, as she looked up at him through fringed eyelashes with an expression of admiring coquetry. "I expected you weeks ago." Her voice lowed, like that of an amorous bovine; it sinuated like a snake □ a veritable cowpython of a voice.

76. Behind us the old woman stumped along, disconsolate, watching me as though she were a fish and I a fly.

77. Before his iron-booted feet, legions of scrub women scattered to one side or the other, squawking like chickens, except for one aged crone who scuttled along beside the Viceroy on all fours, attempting to slosh soapy water in his path while muttering,

“Beast. Hideous beast. Inhuman dog. Ingrate,” calumniations of which the Viceroy took no notice.

78. When I grew weary of reading, I explored the castle, finding the Viceroy soaking in his tub, a steaming towel wound around his head, leaving only his nose to quest for air, like a tapir's snout, while an intermittent procession of water carriers dipped out portions of the cooling water and poured in equivalent ewers of hot from the boilers in the kitchens below.

79. “Your father wishes to change the country? A revolution, perhaps?”

80. “A devolution, I believe,” whispered Constanzia, coming away from the windows as though suddenly aware of ears which might be pricked at those windows. “He wishes to attain mastery over Baskarone. He speaks of it metaphorically, as the ascent of the lover onto his mistress's balcony, claiming he will do it with love.”

81. Mama could no more move than such a tree could move, but I was being whipped to and fro like a flag attached to an immovable mast, feeling my grip slowly loosened by the force of the fairy shoes.

82. The Viceroy came erect all at once, like a poker. He glared at Roland Mirabeau, who shrugged elaborately.

83. “With a difference?” hissed the Viceroy, coming down the stairs sidewise, like a crab, one hand held threatening before him.

84. Flatulina edged down behind him, her head held slightly forward, like a snake about to strike.

85. Senora Carabosse stood at his side, looking like a rider whose horse had just died unexpectedly, her face a puzzle of chagrin and impromptu resolution.

86. Most of my hair was still gold, but at either temple the gray swept upward in silver wings around a face thin as a chicken's breastbone.

87. I came to myself later to find the kettle steaming over the fire, the lid dancing upon the roiling waters, a jolly clangor which seemed to say so you're getting old, you're old, you're old.

88. So I went out into the lake, naked as celery, with the box teetering on top of my head, dried myself off on the shore, and assembled myself as best I might.
89. Her hair was red as a bonfire, and her chest as white as chalk. Both owed much to alchemy.
90. The linens still smelled faintly of lavender as I carried sheets and pillows and one of the ticks back to the nursery in time to meet two maids, one of them the girl who had answered the door, the other an older version. Slatterns, both. They regarded me with insolent immobility, jaws moving like cows.
91. “They all pile in one bed together to keep each other warm. Like pigs.”
92. She stood back, rather grudgingly, to let me enter, her head tilted to one side, her bird's eyes fixed on me as though I were a bug.
93. She was taller than he, very regal, very handsome, with a strange, exotic beauty, like a tiger. No. More like a serpent. Sleek. Also deadly. Her hair was dark, rising from a widow's peak to make a double bow of her forehead, a line completed by her pointed chin to make a narrow heart shape.
94. “We are pleased to welcome you to Marvella,” said the Prince. His wrinkled eyelids rose, exposing his tender soul, like a quivering oyster.
95. I eat like a starved dog, gulping the food down. I did raid the kitchen at the Dower House, sneaking around the dairy like a ghost before wraithing it upstairs in my cloak to have a look at baby Giles.
96. Buried among all those stepdaughters, Grandmama would have been unlikely to find a second husband, especially since there was nothing left of either her dowry or her dower.
97. Grumpkin lies on his back with his tummy up, his front feet folded over his chest or nose and an anticipatory smile on his face, as though he is dreaming of mice. I wish I could sleep like cats do.
98. The passengers were a motley lot, their oddities more evident than usual thus assembled in contiguity to one another, and their crated belongings were odder yet.

99. Such eyes made a practice both of flirtiness and of not noticing men's response to it. It was a way of telling them not to presume upon what seemed to even the most iron-groined among them to be unmistakably sexual signals.
100. "The television crew," I told them both, barking unamused laughter.
101. I dimpled and curtsied, then rounded up three serving maids, including my old friend Doll, and made a clean sweep of it before Sibylla or her mama could say a paternoster, being sure that everyone heard me chirping happily away about the whole thing.
102. The other I assumed was the abbot, for Sibylla's mama cooed at him in a tone she uses only with royalty and people of importance.
103. Most of the women would be wearing wimples and or headdresses with peaks or wings and veils flowing from them. I hate headdresses because they muffle up my head, but then I wash my hair a lot and most women don't.
104. After a bit his face cleared and I knew he had remembered. Then he looked at Weasel-Rabbit for a while, frowning. I could see him thinking that his second wife was a paltry substitute for his first.
105. Whenever I smiled at him, he melted down into a puddle and just lay there, quivering with inarticulate desire.
106. Then I went out after Beloved, arriving just in time to hear a fading burst of cackling laughter and catch a glimpse of a pair of burning eyes disappearing in midair.
107. Robert and Richard were both sticks, nice sticks, but sticks all the same, dry and twiggy and given to crepitant stretching when they dismounted, every bone making its own little complaint. Ned was full of the juices of life, wild and rideaway, with lips that fairly dripped honey, even to those in the stable.
108. "How long has he been in there?" she asked, arms akimbo, massive shoulders raised in inquiry, huge head cocked, its generous features dwarfed by the mane of black hair which boiled from her skull in an uncontrollable torrent.
109. Young Edward was the heir: the six-year-old monster whom I caught torturing a dog in the stables, and whose britches I set alight to teach him better manners.

110. The older, however, Gloriana, a maiden of some twenty years, is taller than any woman I have ever seen. She has a face that could carve stone and hands as big as a large man's.

111. Of the twins, the least said the better. They have been spoiled so rotten that they smell of corruption. Neither has ever been forced to do anything he or she did not want to do. They have two voices: a whine; a scream. They have no graces at all.

112. "Mother, do you suppose he is?" asked Gloriana, face suddenly red as a boiled lobster, eyes hot with hope. Oh, poor child, I said to myself. Don't hope for it, no. It isn't fated. It isn't willed. Poor ugly thing. Her skin was rough as her hands, her hair was a jungle, and she smelled like vintage dirt. My heart swelled with pity for her, and for Griselda, and for all other barnyard geese who long to fly.

113. It looked rather like a waste of moorland with some pigpens and hovels scattered here and there.

114. Aunt Lovage, I regret to say, is a tippler, though the other aunts are quite abstemious.

115. In her own cottage a few miles away the witch Agnes Nitt was in two minds about her new pointy hat. Agnes was generally in two minds about anything.

116. Agnes thought the best thing you could be was far away from Lancre, and good second best would be to be alone in your own head.

117. Oats had not quite formed his own opinion, being by nature someone who tries to see something in both sides of every question, but at least the mirrors helped him to get his complicated clerical collar on straight.

118. Witches always lived on the edges of things. She felt the tingle in her hands....

119. Anyway, strictly speaking, witches bow.

120. "Er...." Agnes began. She glanced at the crib in the corner. It had more loops and lace than any piece of furniture should. "She's asleep", said Magrat.

121. "Oh, the crib? Verence ordered it all the way from Ankh-Morpork. I said the old one they'd always used was fine, but he's very, you know...modern. Please sit down."

122. And then she awoke and looked at the darkness flowing in, and saw things in black and white.
123. “Can o’pee, anyone?” said Nanny, shoving a tray towards a likely-looking group. “I beg your pardon?” said someone. “Oh....canapes....”
124. He took a vol-au-vent and bit into it as he turned back to the group.
125. “She’s gorn,” she said.
“Gone? Just when we need her?” said Agnes. “What do you mean?”
126. “Agnes is a ...very interesting girl. I feel there is a lot in her.”
“A lot of her,” said Lacrimosa.
127. “May I accompany you ladies down to the town? There are, er, some dangerous things in the woods....”
128. “We got broomsticks”, said Nanny firmly. The priest looked crestfallen, and Agnes made a decision.
129. “A broomstick,” she said. “I’ll walk you-I mean, you can walk me back. If you like.
130. “Let’s at least get down to Bad Ass,” she said, tugging at Oats’s hand.
“You what?”
Agnes sighed. “It’s the nearest village.”
“Bad Ass?”
131. “Look, there was a donkey, and it stopped in the middle of the river, and it wouldn’t go backwards or forwards,” said Agnes, as patiently as possible. Lancre people got used to explaining this. “Bad Ass. See? Yes, I know that “Disobedient Donkey” might have been more...acceptable, but □ ”
132. Agnes had seen pictures of an ostrich.
133. So...start with one of them, but make the head and neck in violent yellow, and give the head a huge ruff of red and purple feathers and two big round eyes, the pupils of which jiggled drunkenly as the head moved back and forth...
134. “Er...is this really a witch’s cottage?” said Oats, staring at the assembled ranks of Oggery.

“Oh dear,” said Nanny.

135. “Pastor Melchio said they are sinks of depravity and sexual excess.” The young man took a nervous step backwards, knocking against a small table and causing a blue clockwork ballerina to begin a jerky pirouette to the tune of “Three Blind Mice.”

136. “Well, we’ve got a sink all right,” said Nanny. “What’s your best offer?”

137. “...Only I’m afraid I couldn’t be a party to that. The Book of Om forbids consorting with false enchanters and deceitful soothsayers, you see.”

138. “I wouldn’t consort with false enchanters neither,” said Nanny. Their beards fall off.”

139. “I never understood that story, anyway,” said Nanny. “I mean, if I knew I’d got a heel that would kill me if someone stuck a spear in it, I’d go into battle wearing very heavy boots □ ”

140. “What good will an orange do if I hit a vampire in the mouth with it?” said Nanny, eyeing the approaching creatures.

141. Igor scratched his head. “Well, I thuppothe they won’t catch coldth tho eathily.

142. Aunt Tarragon is very pious. The other aunts call her the Holy Terror □ a play upon her name. They say things like, “Where’s the Holy Terror gone?” and collapse in silly laughter.

143. No one heard this except your great aunt, Joyeause, who was standing beside the cradle at the time. She came to me after the guests had departed to tell me she had modified the curse as best she could. The curse now implements as follows: “When Duke Phillip’s beautiful daughter reaches her sixteenth year, she shall prick her finger upon a spindle and fall into a sleep of one hundred years, from which she will be wakened by the kiss of a charming prince.” Or perhaps it was Prince Charming.

144. “Where is Ylles?” I asked Martin. “Eels?” he queried. “In the river, Beauty, some seasons. And in the sea others, so I hear.” “Not the fish, Martin. The place. A town, maybe?”

145. He gazed at me. "How old are you." "Sixteen," I replied, honestly enough. As of today, I was sixteen. Only, of course, it wasn't today. "Oh, God," he sighed. "A minor." "No," I told him. "I am a miller's son".

146. There was some shaking of the head and pursing of the lips when they talked of Edward, "Naughty Ned," they called him, "One For The Ladies," who was always "Setting A Bad Example For The People." Janet had told him he must go out of the manor house to the Dower House, where he could have his doxies out of sight and mind.

147. "Hush. Men like Jaybee do not spring into existence like spring spinach."

148. There are many kinds of vampires. Indeed, it is said that there are as many kinds of vampires as there are types of disease.

149. There was something unmistakable about him. It was as if he was a witch. It wasn't that his black robe ended at the knees and became a pair of legs encased in grey socks and sandals, or that his hat had a tiny crown but a brim big enough to set out your dinner on.

150. It wasn't simply big hair, it was enormous hair, as if she was trying to counterbalance her body. It was glossy, it never split, and was extremely well behaved except for a tendency to eat combs.

151. Magrat waved her hands in an effort to describe the indescribable. Used handkerchiefs cascaded out of her sleeves.

152. "A rent of not stealing our cows is well worth it. Otherwise you'll see cows zippin' around very fast. Backwards, sometimes."

153. "Don't push your luck, sonny boy," said Nanny, getting up.

154. "I can't say as I approve of you," she said, stiffly. "But should you ever come knocking on an Ogg door in these parts you'll...get a hot meal. You're too skinny. I've seen more meat on a butcher's pencil.

155. Dame Blossom is very much respected by everyone because she is a midwife and can heal wounds and set bones. If there is trouble, better get Dame Blossom and stay away from doctors, everyone says. It's true. From time to time one or the other of

the aunts has consulted a physician, and all the great scholars ever did was sniff at their piss, bleed them dry, and give them some dreadful mixture that □ so says Martin □ would kill the old ladies off a few years before their time.

156. Doll is stout and red-cheeked and has more energy than any five other women.

157. I looked across my room to the dress provided by Aunt Lavender. It was poor, ugly stuff, compared to this. Doll saw my glance and nodded. “I saw what you were goin' to wear,” she said. “Thought it wasn't nice enough. Your mama'd have a fit, seein' you in that. All her clothes are up there in the attic, and you should make use of them.”

158. “On the other hand, if the duke is your father, and I have no real doubt of that,” he blushed, obviously remembering that Papa seemed to have sired half the children in Westfaire village, “you are half mortal, and that half needed to be baptized, which your Mama had not considered, and it was properly done.”

159. I've done enough cushion covers and mended enough tapestries to stretch from Westfaire to East Sawley, plus all the hours spent with Aunt Marj mending bodices or starting new tapestries that won't get finished for a hundred years.

160. As I was lost in contemplation, Sibylla came out into the hallway and let out a screech to wake the dead. Grumpkin was there, playing with an invisible something, and Sibylla shrieked for someone to come kill the animal at once. I swept him up, hiding him in a fold of the cloak, and went back out to the stables while she had hysterics behind me, screaming about a cat that had disappeared. My only thought was that my life wasn't worth a fig in that place.

161. While I watched our approach from near the rail, my hands held tightly over my ears, Captain Karon hauled on the whistle rope, hunching his head down between his shoulders to keep the reverberations from rattling his skull. The resultant howl was enough to wake the dead. Certainly the noise could do nothing less than bring the sleeping town to attention.

162. Captain Karon had described that smile, the smile flirtatious, which had been known to conquer whole regiments of men while they were merely marching past.

163. I suggested to Lydia that it might be wise to start bathing her daughters a week or so in advance to get rid of some of the accumulated grime.

164. I swear to you, I could easier mate with a sow in a sty than with that

165. woman, and if I were forced, I would sooner kill myself." He was sulky and vehement.

166. "How many times have you told this story?" I asked, taken with the well-rehearsed tone of the verbiage he was spewing. "Many times, Grandmother," he sighed. "More times than I can count. Has it begun to sound overly familiar?" "A bit more spontaneity might be welcome," I said, turning the seam in the cap I was making. "However, whatever comes most naturally to you will do." I sighed, fretfully, suddenly overcome with hunger.

167. "Wouldn't do to have one of those wandering around the Queen, now would it. Ugly things. Scare Mrs. Gallimar out of her pretty shoes."

168. As she tucked in her hair and observed herself critically in the mirror she sang a song. She sang in harmony. Not, of course, with her reflection in the glass, because that kind of heroine will sooner or later end up singing a duet with Mr Blue Bird and other forest creatures and then there's nothing for it but a flamethrower.

169. Agnes thought that black wasn't a good colour for the circumferentially challenged....oh, and that "cool" was a dumb word, used only by people whose brains wouldn't fill a spoon.

170. The highwayman was of that simple class of men who, having been hit by someone bigger than them, finds someone smaller than them for the purposes of retaliation.

171. Later on, there'd be a command performance by that man who put weasels down his trousers, a form of entertainment that Nanny ranked higher than grand opera.

172. As she turned back she saw the splay-footed figure of Agnes approaching still slightly uneasy with the idea of wearing the new pointy hat in public.

173. "Evening, our Shawn," said Nanny Ogg. I see you've got that dead lamb on your head again."

174. “Have you seen any Omnians here”? she whispered, leaning down towards him.
175. “What kind of bird are they, miss?” said the falconer uneasily. He always seemed to have a preoccupied air when not discussing hawks, like a man with a big dictionary who couldn’t find the index.
176. He had an amazing smile. It appeared on his face as if someone had operated a shutter. One moment it wasn’t there, the next moment it was. And then it was gone.
177. “That is, Mightily-Praiseworthy-Are-Ye-Who-Exalteth-Om Oats”, he said. “It’s much shorter in Omnian, of course.
178. The nascent religious war was abruptly cut short by the first official royal fanfare to end with a few bars from the “Hedgehog Cakewalk.”
179. There are some people who could turn even the most amiable character into a bully and the priest seemed to be one of them. There was something...sort of damp about him, the kind of helpless hopelessness that made people angry rather than charitable, the total certainty that if the whole world was a party he’d still find the kitchen.
180. Perdita had rather a reedy voice, but she insisted on joining in.
181. Those who are inclined to casual cruelty say that inside a fat girl is a THIN GIRL AND A LOT OF CHOCOLATE. Agnes’s thin girl was Perdita.
182. Agnes told herself she’d simply invented the name Perdita as some convenient label for all those thoughts and desires she knew she shouldn’t have, as a name for that troublesome little commentator that lives on everyone’s shoulder and sneers.
183. Agnes, on the other hand, was against being hit by flying bits of other people’s cabbage.
184. The pointy hat carried a lot of weight on the Ramtops. People talked to the hat, not to the person wearing it.
185. But they took it for granted that they were top of every tree, and the rest of the world was there for them to tinker with.
186. The highwayman’s horse was a big black stallion. It was also quite possibly the only horse with a ladder strapped behind the saddle.

187. I must say that you have an amazing persistence of vitality, said the horseman. It was not so much a voice, more an echo inside the head. If not a presence of mind.
188. Agnes waved a plump hand to indicate the general high-cholesterol celebration around them, she's been so...stretched, sort of. Twanging.
189. You certainly notice things, don't you?" she said, puffing away. "Notice, notice, notice. We'll have to call you Miss Notice.
190. Nanny poked her pipe back in her mouth as though stabbing all uncommunicative gossips....
191. Oats had not quite formed his own opinion, being by nature someone who tries to see something in both sides of every question, but at least the mirrors helped him to get his complicated clerical collar on straight.
192. The woman wasn't a witch, but she knew all the practical midwifery that can be picked up in an isolated village, be it from cows, goats, horses or humans.
193. "Hah! The leopard does not change his shorts, my girl!"
194. They tended to make way for her, although people tended to make way in any case for Agnes when she was in full steam.
195. "Well, the potato wasn't big enough for the official seal and I don't know what a seal look like in any case but I reckon dat's a good carvin' of a duck I done there," said the troll cheerfully.
196. The troll, aware that he'd done his duty, wandered towards it and heard what he considered to be a perplexing conversation, although to Big Jim Beef most conversations involving polysyllabic words were shrouded in mystery.
197. "The point can't be hammered home far enough. That is the Lancre River down there. Running Water. And we will cross it. It is as well to consider that your ancestors, although quite capable of undertaking journeys of hundreds of miles, nevertheless firmly believed that they couldn't cross a stream.
198. Queen Magrat of Lancre blew her nose and stuffed the hankie up the sleeve of her dressing gown.

199. “While I personally appreciate your skill, an occasion like this calls for something a little simpler than several bars of “Pink Hedgehog Rag”.
200.although in this case Verence’s army consisted of Shawn and a troll and was unlikely to be a serious threat to Shawn’s own mother if he wanted to be allowed to eat his tea indoors.
201. “Yes, not many royal fanfares end with “shave and a haircut, no legs”, said Agnes.
202. It seemed to the royal couple that he suddenly started to speak very hesitantly. Behind him, Nanny Ogg’s was an expression of extreme interest that was nevertheless made up of one hundred per cent artificial additives. They also had the impression that the poor man was suffering from frequent attacks of cramp.
203. “I name you...Esmeralda Margaret Note Spelling of Lancre!”
204. There’d been that man down in Spackle, the one that’d killed those little kids. The people’d sent for her and she’d looked at him and seen the guilt writhing in his head like a red worm, and then she’d taken them to his farm and showed them where to dig, and he’d thrown himself down and asked her for mercy, because he said he’d been drunk and it’d all been done in alcohol.
205. She’d done things and been places, and found ways to turn anger outwards that had surprised even her.
206. And then she awoke and looked at the darkness flowing in, and saw things in black and white.
207. “No, you can’t change it,” said Nanny, who as the Royal Historian’s mum took it as read that she knew more than the Royal Historian. “Look at old Moocow Poorchick over in Slice, for one.”
208. ‘His full name is James What The Hell’s That Cow Doing In Here Poorchick”, said Magrat.
209. Besides, thought Agnes, I know for a fact there’s people out there called Syphilidae Wilson and Yodel Lightley and Total Biscuit.

210. “No, my Uncle Igor thtill workth for him. Been thtruck by lightning three hundred timeth and thtill putth in a full night’th work.

211. “I bet if I asked him Verence’d tell me to mind my own busines O’course, he wouldn’t put it quite like that; she added, since she knew the king had no suicidal tendencies. “He’d prob’ly use the word “respect” two or three times at least. But it’d mean the same thing in the end.”

212. She collided with Agnes at the entrance to the kitchen. Two trays slid to the floor, spilling garlic vol-au-vents, garlic dip, garlic stuffed with garlic and tiny cubes of garlic on a stick, stuck into a garlic.

213. “Didn’t you pay any attention to what they were saying at all, you useless lump?”

214. He glanced at the bird gloves hanging on their hooks. He was good at rearing young birds. He could get them eating out of his hand. Later on, of course, they just ate his hand.

215. The old lady marched up to a group of men standing around one of the barrels and grabbed two of them, spilling their drinks. Had it not been Nanny Ogg, this would have been a challenge equal to throwing down a glove or, in slightly less exalted circles, smashing a bottle on the edge of a bar.

216. Then it had been covered over on the orders of Magrat and the palace rumour was that Verence had got an earbashing for buying what was effectively a murdered elephant.

217. “Look at Mrs Ogg there,” said Vlad. “Grinning like a pumpkin, ain’t she? And she is apparently one of the more powerful witches in the mountains. It’s almost distressing, don’t you think?”

218. “No one has done more than Father to bring our part of the country into the Century of the Fruitbat”

219. One thing they often got wrong was the idea that she never thought further than the bottom of the glass.

220. Something chattered at them from a nearby branch. It was a magpie.

221. “Lady Strigoiuul said her daughter has taken to calling herself Wendy,” said the Countess. “I can’t imagine why she’d want to, when Hieroglyphica is such a nice name for a girl.

222. “That is the double snake symbol of the Djelibeybian water cult,” he said calmly.

223. She managed to get one boot on a branch while holding on for dear life to the branch above, but that left her other foot standing on the broomstick, which was beginning to drift sideways and causing her to do what even ballerinas can’t do without some training.

224. The bough broke. There were plenty of others below it, but they merely served as points of interest on the way down. The last one flipped Agnes into a holly bush.

225. Hodgesaargh was left with his glove puppet and his lure and his knapsack and a deeply awkward feeling.

226. “I told you, I studied this sort of thing at college. We have to know the enemy if we’re to combat evil forces...vampires, demons, wit.”

227. “Do go on,” said Nanny Ogg, as sweet as arsenic.

228.It’s no good just letting things slide. Oh, yes...If you can bring the little slide, too. And the yellow rubber duck. And the sponge in the shape of a teddy bear. And the teddy bear in the shape of a sponge.”

229. “A rent of not stealing our cows is well worth it. Otherwise you’ll see cows zippin’ around very fast. Backwards, sometimes.”

230. Caribbean Shipwreck: praline and chocolate cliffs served on an archipelago of burnt almonds in a lake of pawpaw-infused rose water .

