

УРОК 1

НО₁:

Fill in the table.

1	English is the language of business, finance and success.	
2	Simplicity of the English language.	
3	English is the language of travelling.	
4	English is the unofficial language of the Internet.	

НО₂:

Suggested phrases for answers

I can say that/I think that...
Correct me if I'm wrong, ...
As far as I know, ...
I can add that...
In my opinion, ...
You are right/It is true.
I am afraid you are wrong.
That is not exactly true.
I'm afraid I disagree with your point of view.
I don't really agree with you on that.

УРОК 2

НО₁:

Fill in the table. Write the sentences from the text according to the title.

You can improve your skills to learn new vocabulary by making comparison when you try to remember a word.
 A good way to improve your skills in English pronunciation is to keep listening to original texts and dialogues.
 It is difficult to answer if you don't understand what foreigners are talking about. It can be difficult to pronounce some English words, other complicated things are the rhythm and intonation of a sentence.
 It is difficult to say what you are thinking about because you are missing some important vocabulary.
 If you feel nervous and are afraid of making a mistake when speaking English, then your problem is confidence.
 You should practise listening every day.
 Be positive about what you know and do not be disappointed about what you haven't learned yet.

	Problem	Solution
Listening		
Pronunciation		
Vocabulary		
Confidence		

УРОК 3

НО₁:

Card 1

Which of the following traits of character do you like in people? Choose the three most important for you and explain your choice. Which are the least important?

patience	generosity	frankness	kindness	honesty
creativity	responsibility	charm	independence	self-confidence

Card 2

Which of the following traits of character do you dislike in people? Rate them from the least favourite.

laziness	meanness	aggressiveness	dishonesty	
irresponsibility	shyness	arrogance	stubbornness	selfishness

НО₂:

1. Find the adjectives in the puzzle.

bossy	cooperative
moody	outgoing
quiet	impatient
shy	friendly
competitive	jealous
spoilt	organised

c	o	o	p	e	r	a	t	i	v	e
o	u	t	g	o	i	n	g	h	k	j
m	b	r	b	r	r	h	j	k	d	e
p	o	f	q	g	o	u	l	l	n	a
e	s	h	y	a	y	j	s	m	d	l
t	s	d	r	n	q	h	p	o	w	o
i	y	q	u	i	e	t	o	o	q	u
t	a	d	g	s	q	f	i	d	q	s
i	f	r	i	e	n	d	l	y	a	p
v	s	x	n	d	m	s	t	s	f	w
e	i	m	p	a	t	i	e	n	t	q

2. Write down 10 sentences with the words.

УРОК 4

H0₁:

ambitious	UN	kind	IN
friendly	DIS	organised	DIS
honest	DIS	patient	IM
imaginative	IM	reliable	UN
tidy	UN	responsible	IR
sensitive	DIS	selfish	UN
real	IM	sociable	IR
healthy	UN	fair	UN

H0₂:

1. Read the following definitions and write a word from the text corresponding to each of them.

- 1) Someone who often sits or stands away from the centre of attention at a party; someone who is alone. _____
- 2) It is similar to determined but with a more negative meaning, it means that someone is inflexible or unwilling to change. _____
- 3) It means someone who has reached a decision and is resolved to that decision.

- 4) It means relaxed and casual. _____

2. How can you describe yourself to a person you've just met? Or describe a friend (no names).

УРОК 5

НО:

1. Fill the table with the words from the box according to the title. Consult a dictionary if necessary.

oval, tactless, square, middle-sized, graceful, slim, clumsy, plump, broad, athletic, worried, round, cheerful, energetic, tall, amiable, rude, kind-hearted, sociable, generous, uncommunicative, discreet, earnest, indiscreet, hard-hearted, ill-natured, reserved, thoughtful, insincere, insensible, good-natured, greedy, dashing, showy, short, gentle, plain-looking, ugly

Adjectives describing people's character	Person	Figure	Face

2. Match the parts of the sentences.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1) She is a pleasant-looking girl</p> <p>2) She is always very elegant —</p> <p>3) Her features</p> <p>4) She has blond curly hair</p> <p>5) She is a pleasant person</p> <p>6) Her character</p> <p>7) She never loses</p> | <p>a) are very delicate.</p> <p>b) of about 18.</p> <p>c) her temper.</p> <p>d) to deal with.</p> <p>e) and dark blue eyes.</p> <p>f) corresponds to her appearance.</p> <p>g) she wears clothes of the latest fashion.</p> |
|--|---|

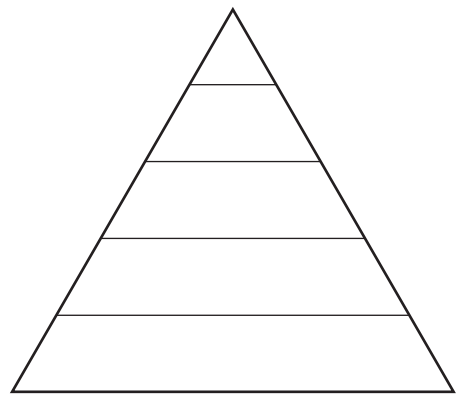
УРОК 7

НО:

Be a Friend to Be a Friend!

1. *You are going to make an ad in the paper to find a friend. Try to work out a list of qualities you are looking for and why.*

2. *At the end of your ad, list the traits of character he or she can expect from you in the triangle, the most important on the top and the least important at the bottom.*

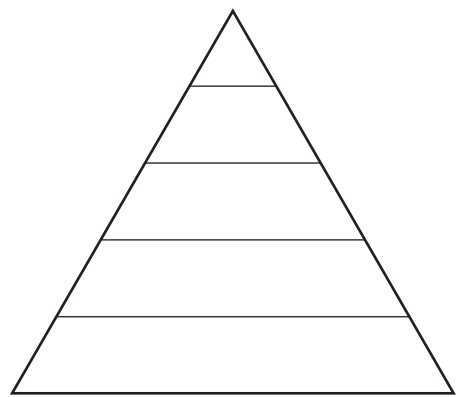


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УРОК 8

НО:

Divide the words according to their meaning. Add some more examples.

a) Intelligent, amusing, hard-working, humorous, energetic, adventurous, comical, clever, brilliant, bright, daring, courageous, skilful, industrious.

smart	brave	funny	active

b) Helpful, friendly, impolite, gloomy, joyful, unhappy, pleased, hateful, cruel, pleasant, courteous, glad, cheerful, miserable, excited.

nice	rude	happy	sad

УРОК 10 (РЕЗЕРВНИЙ)

НО₁:

The Ransom of Red Chief

(By O. Henry)

It looked like a good thing: but wait till I tell you. We were down South, in Alabama — Bill Driscoll and myself — when this kidnapping idea struck us. It was, as Bill afterward expressed it, «during a moment of temporary mental apparition»; but we didn't find that out till later.

There was a town down there, as flat as a flannel-cake, and called Summit, of course. It contained inhabitants of as undeleterious and self-satisfied a class of peasantry as ever clustered around a Maypole.

Bill and me had a joint capital of about six hundred dollars, and we needed just two thousand dollars more to pull off a fraudulent town-lot scheme in Western Illinois with. We talked it over on the front steps of the hotel. Philoprogenitiveness, says we, is strong in semi-rural communities therefore, and for other reasons, a kidnapping project ought to do better there than in the radius of newspapers that send reporters out in plain clothes to stir up talk about such things. We knew that Summit couldn't get after us with anything stronger than constables and, maybe, some lackadaisical bloodhounds and a diatribe or two in the Weekly Farmers' Budget. So, it looked good. We selected for our victim the only child of a prominent citizen named Ebenezer Dorset. The father was respectable and tight, a mortgage fancier and a stern, upright collection-plate passer and forecloser. The kid was a boy of ten, with bas-relief freckles, and hair the colour of the cover of the magazine you buy at the news-stand when you want to catch a train. Bill and me figured that Ebenezer would melt down for a ransom of two thousand dollars to a cent. But wait till I tell you.

About two miles from Summit was a little mountain, covered with a dense cedar brake. On the rear elevation of this mountain was a cave. There we stored provisions. One evening after sundown, we drove in a buggy past old Dorset's house. The kid was in the street, throwing rocks at a kitten on the opposite fence.

«Hey, little boy», says Bill, «would you like to have a bag of candy and a nice ride?» The boy catches Bill neatly in the eye with a piece of brick.

«That will cost the old man an extra five hundred dollars», says Bill, climbing over the wheel. That boy put up a fight like a welter-weight cinnamon bear; but, at last, we got him down in the bottom of the buggy and drove away. We took him up to the cave, and I hitched the horse in the cedar brake. After dark I drove the buggy to the little village, three miles away, where we had hired it, and walked back to the mountain.

Bill was pasting court-plaster over the scratches and bruises on his features. There was a fire burning behind the big rock at the entrance of the cave, and the boy was watching a pot of boiling coffee, with two buzzard tailfeathers stuck in his red hair. He points a stick at me when I come up, and says:

«Ha! cursed paleface, do you dare to enter the camp of Red Chief, the terror of the plains?»

«He's all right now», says Bill, rolling up his trousers and examining some bruises on his shins. «We're playing Indian. We're making Buffalo Bill's show look like magic-lantern views of Palestine in the town hall. I'm Old Hank, the Trapper, Red Chief's captive, and I'm to be scalped at daybreak. By Geronimo! that kid can kick hard».

Yes, sir, that boy seemed to be having the time of his life. The fun of camping out in a cave had made him forget that he was a captive himself. He immediately christened me Snake-eye, the Spy, and announced that, when his braves returned from the warpath, I was to be broiled at the stake at the rising of the sun.

Then we had supper; and he filled his mouth full of bacon and bread and gravy, and began to talk. He made a during-dinner speech something like this:

«I like this fine. I never camped out before; but I had a pet 'possum once, and I was nine last birthday. I hate to go to school. Rats ate up sixteen of Jimmy Talbot's aunt's speckled hen's eggs. Are there any real Indians in these woods? I want some more gravy. Does the trees moving make the wind blow?

We had five puppies. What makes your nose so red, Hank? My father has lots of money. Are the stars hot? I whipped Ed Walker twice, Saturday. I don't like girls. You dassent catch toads unless with a string. Do oxen make any noise? Why are oranges round? Have you got beds to sleep on in this cave? Amos Murray has got six toes. A parrot can talk, but a monkey or a fish can't. How many does it take to make twelve?» Every few minutes he would remember that he was a pesky redskin, and pick up his stick rifle and tiptoe to the mouth of the cave to rubber for the scouts of the hated paleface. Now and then he would let out a warwhoop that made Old Hank the Trapper shiver. That boy had Bill terrorized from the start.

«Red Chief», says I to the kid, «would you like to go home?»

«Aw, what for?» says he. «I don't have any fun at home. I hate to go to school. I like to camp out. You won't take me back home again, Snake-eye, will you?»

«Not right away», says I. «We'll stay here in the cave a while».

«All right!» says he. «That'll be fine. I never had such fun in all my life».

We went to bed about eleven o'clock. We spread down some wide blankets and quilts and put Red Chief between us. We weren't afraid he'd run away. He kept us awake for three hours, jumping up and reaching for his rifle and screeching: «Hist! pard», in mine and Bill's ears, as the fancied crackle of a twig or the rustle of a leaf revealed to his young imagination the stealthy approach of the outlaw band. At last, I fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamed that I had been kidnapped and chained to a tree by a ferocious pirate with red hair.

Just at daybreak, I was awakened by a series of awful screams from Bill. They weren't yells, or howls, or shouts, or whoops, or yawps, such as you'd expect from a manly set of vocal organs — they were simply indecent, terrifying, humiliating screams, such as women emit when they see ghosts or caterpillars. It's an awful thing to hear a strong, desperate, fat man scream incontinently in a cave at daybreak.

I jumped up to see what the matter was. Red Chief was sitting on Bill's chest, with one hand twined in Bill's hair. In the other he had the sharp case-knife we used for slicing bacon; and he was industriously and realistically trying to take Bill's scalp, according to the sentence that had been pronounced upon him the evening before.

I got the knife away from the kid and made him lie down again. But, from that moment, Bill's spirit was broken. He laid down on his side of the bed, but he never closed an eye again in sleep as long as that boy was with us. I dozed off for a while, but along toward sun-up I remembered that Red Chief had said I was to be burned at the stake at the rising of the sun. I wasn't nervous or afraid; but I sat up and lit my pipe and leaned against a rock.

«What you getting up so soon for, Sam?» asked Bill.

«Me?» says I. «Oh, I got a kind of a pain in my shoulder. I thought sitting up would rest it».

«You're a liar!» says Bill. «You're afraid. You was to be burned at sunrise, and you was afraid he'd do it. And he would, too, if he could find a match. Ain't it awful, Sam? Do you think anybody will pay out money to get a little imp like that back home?»

«Sure», said I. «A rowdy kid like that is just the kind that parents dote on. Now, you and the Chief get up and cook breakfast, while I go up on the top of this mountain and reconnoitre».

I went up on the peak of the little mountain and ran my eye over the contiguous vicinity. Over toward Summit I expected to see the sturdy yeomanry of the village armed with scythes and pitchforks beating the countryside for the dastardly kidnapers. But what I saw was a peaceful landscape dotted with one man ploughing with a dun mule. Nobody was dragging the creek; no couriers dashed hither and yon, bringing tidings of no news to the distracted parents. There was a sylvan attitude of somnolent sleepiness pervading that section of the external outward surface of Alabama that lay exposed to my view. «Perhaps», says I to myself, «it has not yet been discovered that the wolves have borne away the tender lambkin from the fold. Heaven help the wolves!» says I, and I went down the mountain to breakfast.

When I got to the cave I found Bill backed up against the side of it, breathing hard, and the boy threatening to smash him with a rock half as big as a cocoanut.

«He put a red-hot boiled potato down my back», explained Bill, «and then mashed it with his foot; and I boxed his ears. Have you got a gun about you, Sam?»

I took the rock away from the boy and kind of patched up the argument. «I'll fix you», says the kid to Bill. «No man ever yet struck the Red Chief but what he got paid for it. You better beware!»

After breakfast the kid takes a piece of leather with strings wrapped around it out of his pocket and goes outside the cave unwinding it.

«What's he up to now?» says Bill, anxiously. «You don't think he'll run away, do you, Sam?»

«No fear of it», says I. «He don't seem to be much of a home body. But we've got to fix up some plan about the ransom. There don't seem to be much excitement around Summit on account of his disappearance; but maybe they haven't realized yet that he's gone. His folks may think he's spending the night with Aunt Jane or one of the neighbours. Anyhow, he'll be missed today. To-night we must get a message to his father demanding the two thousand dollars for his return».

Just then we heard a kind of war-whoop, such as David might have emitted when he knocked out the champion Goliath. It was a sling that Red Chief had pulled out of his pocket, and he was whirling it around his head.

I dodged, and heard a heavy thud and a kind of a sigh from Bill, like a horse gives out when you take his saddle off. A niggerhead rock the size of an egg had caught Bill just behind his left ear. He loosened himself all over and fell in the fire across the frying pan of hot water for washing the dishes. I dragged him out and poured cold water on his head for half an hour.

By and by, Bill sits up and feels behind his ear and says: «Sam, do you know who my favourite Biblical character is?»

«Take it easy», says I. «You'll come to your senses presently».

«King Herod», says he. «You won't go away and leave me here alone, will you, Sam?»

I went out and caught that boy and shook him until his freckles rattled.

«If you don't behave», says I, «I'll take you straight home. Now, are you going to be good, or not?»

«I was only funning», says he sullenly. «I didn't mean to hurt Old Hank. But what did he hit me for? I'll behave, Snake-eye, if you won't send me home, and if you'll let me play the Black Scout today».

«I don't know the game», says I. «That's for you and Mr Bill to decide. He's your playmate for the day. I'm going away for a while, on business. Now, you come in and make friends with him and say you are sorry for hurting him, or home you go, at once». I made him and Bill shake hands, and then I took Bill aside and told him I was going to Poplar Cove, a little village three miles from the cave, and find out what I could about how the kidnapping had been regarded in Summit. Also, I thought it best to send a peremptory letter to old man Dorset that day, demanding the ransom and dictating how it should be paid.

«You know, Sam», says Bill, «I've stood by you without batting an eye in earthquakes, fire and flood — in poker games, dynamite outrages, police raids, train robberies and cyclones. I never lost my nerve yet till we kidnapped that two-legged skyrocket of a kid. He's got me going. You won't leave me long with him, will you, Sam?»

«I'll be back some time this afternoon», says I. «You must keep the boy amused and quiet till I return. And now we'll write the letter to old Dorset».

Bill and I got paper and pencil and worked on the letter while Red Chief, with a blanket wrapped around him, strutted up and down, guarding the mouth of the cave. Bill begged me tearfully to make the ransom fifteen hundred dollars instead of two thousand. «I ain't attempting», says he, «to decry the celebrated moral aspect of parental affection, but we're dealing with humans, and it ain't human for anybody to give up two thousand dollars for that forty-pound chunk of freckled wildcat. I'm willing to take a chance at fifteen hundred dollars. You can charge the difference up to me». So, to relieve Bill, I acceded, and we collaborated a letter that ran this way:

Ebenezer Dorset, Esq.:

We have your boy concealed in a place far from Summit. It is useless for you or the most skilful detectives to attempt to find him. Absolutely, the only terms on which you can have him restored to you are these: We demand fifteen hundred dollars in large bills for his return; the money to be left at midnight to-night at the same spot and in the same box as your reply — as hereinafter described. If you agree to these terms, send your answer in writing by a solitary messenger to-night at half-past eight o'clock. After crossing Owl Creek, on the road to Poplar Cove, there are three large trees about a hundred yards apart, close to the fence of the wheat field on the right-hand side. At the bottom of the fence-post, opposite the third tree, will be found a small pasteboard box.

The messenger will place the answer in this box and return immediately to Summit. If you attempt any treachery or fail to comply with our demand as stated, you will never see your boy again.

If you pay the money as demanded, he will be returned to you safe and well within three hours. These terms are final, and if you do not accede to them no further communication will be attempted.

TWO DESPERATE MEN.

I addressed this letter to Dorset, and put it in my pocket. As I was about to start, the kid comes up to me and says:

«Aw, Snake-eye, you said I could play the Black Scout while you was gone».

«Play it, of course», says I. «Mr Bill will play with you. What kind of a game is it?»

«I'm the Black Scout», says Red Chief, «and I have to ride to the stockade to warn the settlers that the Indians are coming. I'm tired of playing Indian myself. I want to be the Black Scout».

«All right», says I. «It sounds harmless to me. I guess Mr Bill will help you foil the pesky savages».

«What am I to do?» asks Bill, looking at the kid suspiciously.

«You are the hoss», says Black Scout. «Get down on your hands and knees. How can I ride to the stockade without a hoss?»

«You'd better keep him interested», said I, «till we get the scheme going. Loosen up».

Bill gets down on his all fours, and a look comes in his eye like a rabbit's when you catch it in a trap.

«How far is it to the stockade, kid?» he asks, in a husky manner of voice.

«Ninety miles», says the Black Scout. «And you have to hump yourself to get there on time. Whoa, now!»

The Black Scout jumps on Bill's back and digs his heels in his side.

«For Heaven's sake», says Bill, «hurry back, Sam, as soon as you can. I wish we hadn't made the ransom more than a thousand. Say, you quit kicking me or I'll get up and warm you good».

I walked over to Poplar Cove and sat around the postoffice and store, talking with the chawbacons that came in to trade. One whiskerand says that he hears Summit is all upset on account of Elder Ebenezer Dorset's boy having been lost or stolen. That was all I wanted to know. I bought some smoking tobacco, referred casually to the price of black-eyed peas, posted my letter surreptitiously and came away. The postmaster said the mail-carrier would come by in an hour to take the mail on to Summit.

When I got back to the cave Bill and the boy were not to be found. I explored the vicinity of the cave, and risked a yodel or two, but there was no response.

So I lighted my pipe and sat down on a mossy bank to await developments.

In about half an hour I heard the bushes rustle, and Bill wobbled out into the little glade in front of the cave. Behind him was the kid, stepping softly like a scout, with a broad grin on his face. Bill stopped, took off his hat and wiped his face with a red handkerchief. The kid stopped about eight feet behind him.

«Sam», says Bill, «I suppose you'll think I'm a renegade, but I couldn't help it. I'm a grown person with masculine proclivities and habits of self-defence, but there is a time when all systems of egotism and predominance fail. The boy is gone. I have sent him home. All is off. There was martyrs in old times», goes on Bill, «that suffered death rather than give up the particular graft they enjoyed. None of 'em ever was subjugated to such supernatural tortures as I have been. I tried to be faithful to our articles of depredation; but there came a limit».

«What's the trouble, Bill?» I asks him.

«I was rode», says Bill, «the ninety miles to the stockade, not barring an inch. Then, when the settlers was rescued, I was given oats. Sand ain't a palatable substitute. And then, for an hour I had to try to explain to him why there was nothin' in holes, how a road can run both ways and what makes the grass green. I tell you, Sam, a human can only stand so much. I takes him by the neck of his clothes and drags him down the mountain. On the way he kicks my legs black-and-blue from the knees down; and I've got two or three bites on my thumb and hand cauterized.

«But he's gone» — continues Bill — «gone home. I showed him the road to Summit and kicked him about eight feet nearer there at one kick. I'm sorry we lose the ransom; but it was either that or Bill Driscoll to the madhouse».

Bill is puffing and blowing, but there is a look of ineffable peace and growing content on his rose-pink features.

«Bill», says I, «there isn't any heart disease in your family, is there?»

«No», says Bill, «nothing chronic except malaria and accidents. Why?»

«Then you might turn around», says I, «and have a look behind you».

Bill turns and sees the boy, and loses his complexion and sits down plump on the ground and begins to pluck aimlessly at grass and little sticks. For an hour I was afraid for his mind. And then I told him that my scheme was to put the whole job through immediately and that we would get the ransom and be off with it by midnight if old Dorset fell in with our proposition. So Bill braced up enough to give the kid a weak sort of a smile and a promise to play the Russian in a Japanese war with him as soon as he felt a little better.

I had a scheme for collecting that ransom without danger of being caught by counterplots that ought to commend itself to professional kidnapers. The tree under which the answer was to be left — and the money later on — was close to the road fence with big, bare fields on all sides. If a gang of constables should be watching for any one to come for the note they could see him a long way off crossing the fields or in the road. But no, sirree! At half-past eight I was up in that tree as well hidden as a tree toad, waiting for the messenger to arrive.

Exactly on time, a half-grown boy rides up the road on a bicycle, locates the pasteboard box at the foot of the fencepost, slips a folded piece of paper into it and pedals away again back toward Summit.

I waited an hour and then concluded the thing was square. I slid down the tree, got the note, slipped along the fence till I struck the woods, and was back at the cave in another half an hour. I opened the note, got near the lantern and read it to Bill. It was written with a pen in a crabbed hand, and the sum and substance of it was this: Two Desperate Men.

Gentlemen: I received your letter to-day by post, in regard to the ransom you ask for the return of my son. I think you are a little high in your demands, and I hereby make you a counter-proposition, which I am inclined to believe you will accept. You bring Johnny home and pay me two hundred and fifty dollars in cash, and I agree to take him off your hands. You had better come at night, for the neighbours believe he is lost, and I couldn't be responsible for what they would do to anybody they saw bringing him back.

Very respectfully,

EBENEZER DORSET.

«Great pirates of Penzance!» says I; «of all the impudent—»

But I glanced at Bill, and hesitated. He had the most appealing look in his eyes I ever saw on the face of a dumb or a talking brute.

«Sam», says he, «what's two hundred and fifty dollars, after all? We've got the money. One more night of this kid will send me to a bed in Bedlam. Besides being a thorough gentleman, I think Mr Dorset is a spendthrift for making us such a liberal offer. You ain't going to let the chance go, are you?»

«Tell you the truth, Bill», says I, «this little he ewe lamb has somewhat got on my nerves too. We'll take him home, pay the ransom and make our get-away».

We took him home that night. We got him to go by telling him that his father had bought a silver-mounted rifle and a pair of moccasins for him, and we were going to hunt bears the next day.

It was just twelve o'clock when we knocked at Ebenezer's front door. Just at the moment when I should have been abstracting the fifteen hundred dollars from the box under the tree, according to the original proposition, Bill was counting out two hundred and fifty dollars into Dorset's hand.

When the kid found out we were going to leave him at home he started up a howl like a calliope and fastened himself as tight as a leech to Bill's leg. His father peeled him away gradually, like a porous plaster.

«How long can you hold him?» asks Bill.

«I'm not as strong as I used to be», says old Dorset, «but I think I can promise you ten minutes».

«Enough», says Bill. «In ten minutes I shall cross the Central, Southern and Middle Western States, and be legging it trippingly for the Canadian border».

And, as dark as it was, and as fat as Bill was, and as good a runner as I am, he was a good mile and a half out of Summit before I could catch up with him.

НО₂:

1. Match the words to their meaning.

Word	Definition
1) victim	a) A large hollow in a cliff or hill.
2) cave	b) The highest point of a mountain.
3) spirit	c) A person who was hurt.
4) ransom	d) A proposal that opposes an existing one.
5) counter-proposition	e) A person who spends too much money.
6) spendthrift	f) The courage and determination of a person.
7) summit	g) The money that has to be paid to someone so a kidnapped person will be set free.

2. Are these statements true or false? Correct the false sentences.

	T	F
1) Bill and me had plenty of money.		
2) We selected four victims to be kidnapped.		
3) We stored provisions near a little mountain.		
4) That kidnapped boy liked Bill from the start.		
5) People from Summit wanted to find the kidnapped boy.		
6) The boy behaved politely.		
7) The boy's farther demanded money for the return of his son.		
8) The kidnappers were happy to return the boy.		

3. Match the parts of the sentences.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1) There was a town down there, as flat as a flannel-cake, | a) of a prominent citizen named Ebenezer Dorset. |
| 2) He was the only child | b) and called Summit, of course. |
| 3) On the rear elevation of this mountain | c) at the entrance of the cave. |
| 4) There was a fire burning behind the big rock | d) and pay me two hundred and fifty dollars in cash. |
| 5) You must keep the boy amused | e) and quiet till I return. |
| 6) I had a scheme for collecting that ransom | f) without danger of being caught. |
| 7) You bring Johnny home | g) was a cave. |

4. What do the following word combinations refer to? Explain the situation they were used in.

- 1) a kidnapping project
- 2) two buzzard tailfeathers
- 3) the time of his life
- 4) playmate for the day
- 5) ten minutes

УРОК 11

Н0:

Answer the following questions.

- 1) What qualities necessary for our future career do you have/lack?
- 2) What do you like about your future profession?
- 3) Which job may suit your personal qualities the best?

Write your answers, using the following words and word combinations.

- I'd prefer...
- In my case...
- What I'm more concerned with is...
- The reason why...
- Because of that....

Н0:

Answer the following questions.

- 1) What qualities necessary for our future career do you have/lack?
- 2) What do you like about your future profession?
- 3) Which job may suit your personal qualities the best?

Write your answers, using the following words and word combinations.

- I'd prefer...
- In my case...
- What I'm more concerned with is...
- The reason why...
- Because of that....

УРОК 13

Н0:

Consult a dictionary and decide if the statements are true or false. Correct the false ones.

- 1) There is no difference between «a wage» and «a salary».
- 2) When a company «downsizes» its employers, this means that it pays its workers less.
- 3) «Work» and «job» are two words that have similar meanings.
- 4) A «client» is similar to a «customer», but we use «client» for professional services.
- 5) An employer can employ someone. An employee is the person who hands out the money.
- 6) «Personal» and «personnel» are not synonyms. They are even different parts of speech.

Н0:

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- 6) «Personal» and «personnel» are not synonyms. They are even different parts of speech.

УРОК 15

НО:

Answer the following questions of a job interview. Use the word combinations from the box to support your answer. Write about 100 words.

the job I am applying for	to study at	to be punctual
career growth	positive qualities	to be a team player
to be ambitious	to work hard	to follow the rules
to respect my duties of the job	to take initiative	to show my talents

1) What can you tell me about yourself?

2) What are your strengths?

3) What are your weaknesses?

4) What can you say about your education?

5) Where do you see yourself 5 years from now?

6) Do you have any questions for me?

УРОК 16

НО:

Career Plan — My Path to Success		
Short term (1 year): _____	Mid Term (5 years): _____	Long Term (10 years): _____
Education: _____	Education: _____	Education: _____
Education: _____	Education: _____	Work: _____
<p>My current skills and knowledge:</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p>		
<p>Required skills, knowledge and experience:</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p>		
<p>Active vocabulary: position, office, career; study, train, research, learn; analytical, technical, psychological, trading, modelling; create, develop, make, invest, investigate.</p>		

УРОК 19

НО:

Find 9 words connected with a school.

B	O	A	R	D	I	N	G
P	R	I	V	A	T	E	T
R	N	P	U	P	I	L	E
I	U	L	E	A	R	N	A
M	R	W	Y	Q	Y	K	C
A	S	Y	U	Q	L	P	H
R	E	E	J	S	K	Q	E
Y	R	R	H	R	Z	W	R
W	Y	S	T	U	D	Y	K
S	U	B	J	E	C	T	S

УРОК 20

НО:

Choose the correct sentences and fill in the table. Read the texts you will get.

Schools in the UK	Schools in Ukraine

- 1) Different types of schools include public, boarding and private schools.
- 2) Schools can be both state and private.
- 3) Primary education is from 5 to 11 years old.
- 4) Graduation exams are called A-levels.
- 5) Children start school education at the age of 6.
- 6) There are three stages of primary and secondary schools.
- 7) Vocational schools are aimed at post-secondary education.
- 8) Grammar schools are free for pupils.
- 9) There are boarding schools and day schools.
- 10) Gymnasia and lycees are some types of schools.

НО:

Choose the correct sentences and fill in the table. Read the texts you will get.

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- 10) Gymnasia and lycees are some types of schools.

УРОК 21

HO₁:

University lectures to study	Course degree to learn	Subjects new skills information	Schooling learning teacher	Lesson subject school
Future Career profession education	Certificate document knowledge	Skills ability education	Curriculum lesson school	Applicant to study course

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University lectures to study	Course degree to learn	Subjects new skills information	Schooling learning teacher	Lesson subject school
Future Career profession education	Certificate document knowledge	Skills ability education	Curriculum lesson school	Applicant to study course

HO₂:

<p><i>Tell about your interests and hobbies. Explain what you want to study in the future. Use the following words and word combinations.</i></p> <p>As far as I can remember, I have always been interested in...</p> <p>Since the first school years, I...</p> <p>I am writing to apply for this course because...</p> <p>I have always enjoyed/been interested in/passionate about/wanted to start a career in...</p>
--

HO₂:

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--

УРОК 22

НО:

Use the empty boxes to arrange the letter blocks in the correct order. Good luck!
Write your solution.

t h r

i o n r

h e f r u

o f e d

t r

i s s w

o t s

r e b i

e

u t

b u t t

Key: The roots of education are bitter, but the fruit is sweet.

УРОК 24 (РЕЗЕРВНИЙ)

НО₁:

Witches' Loaves

(By O. Henry)

Miss Martha Meacham kept the little bakery on the corner (the one where you go up three steps, and the bell tinkles when you open the door).

Miss Martha was forty, her bank-book showed a credit of two thousand dollars, and she possessed two false teeth and a sympathetic heart. Many people whose chances to do so were much inferior to Miss Martha's.

Two or three times a week a customer came in in whom she began to take an interest. He was a middle-aged man, wearing spectacles and a brown beard trimmed to a careful point.

He spoke English with a strong German accent. His clothes were worn and darned in places, and wrinkled and baggy in others. But he looked neat, and had very good manners.

He always bought two loaves of stale bread. Fresh bread was five cents a loaf. Stale ones were two for five. Never did he call for anything but stale bread.

Once Miss Martha saw a red and brown stain on his fingers. She was sure then that he was an artist and very poor. No doubt he lived in a garret, where he painted pictures and ate stale bread and thought of the good things to eat in Miss Martha's bakery.

Often when Miss Martha sat down to her chops and light rolls and jam and tea she would sigh, and wish that the gentle-mannered artist might share her tasty meal instead of eating his dry crust in that draughty attic. Miss Martha's heart, as you have been told, was a sympathetic one.

In order to test her theory as to his occupation, she brought from her room one day a painting that she had bought at a sale, and set it against the shelves behind the bread counter.

It was a Venetian scene. A splendid marble palazzio (so it said on the picture) stood in the foreground — or rather forewater. For the rest there were gondolas (with the lady trailing her hand in the water), clouds, sky, and chiaro-oscuro in plenty. No artist could fail to notice it.

Two days afterward the customer came in.

«Two loafs of stale bread, if you please».

«You haf here a fine bicture, madame», he said while she was wrapping up the bread.

«Yes?» says Miss Martha, reveling in her own cunning. «I do so admire art and» (no, it would not do to say «artists» thus early) «and paintings», she substituted. «You think it is a good picture?»

«Der balace», said the customer, «is not in good drawing. Der bairspective of it is not true. Goot morning, madame».

He took his bread, bowed, and hurried out.

Yes, he must be an artist. Miss Martha took the picture back to her room.

How gentle and kindly his eyes shone behind his spectacles! What a broad brow he had! To be able to judge perspective at a glance — and to live on stale bread! But genius often has to struggle before it is recognized.

What a thing it would be for art and perspective if genius were backed by two thousand dollars in bank, a bakery, and a sympathetic heart to— But these were day-dreams, Miss Martha.

Often now when he came he would chat for a while across the showcase. He seemed to crave Miss Martha's cheerful words.

He kept on buying stale bread. Never a cake, never a pie, never one of her delicious Sally Lunns.

She thought he began to look thinner and discouraged. Her heart ached to add something good to eat to his meagre purchase, but her courage failed at the act. She did not dare affront him. She knew the pride of artists.

Miss Martha took to wearing her blue-dotted silk waist behind the counter. In the back room she cooked a mysterious compound of quince seeds and borax. Ever so many people use it for the complexion.

One day the customer came in as usual, laid his nickel on the showcase, and called for his stale loaves. While Miss Martha was reaching for them there was a great tooting and clanging, and a fire-engine came lumbering past.

The customer hurried to the door to look, as any one will. Suddenly inspired, Miss Martha seized the opportunity.

On the bottom shelf behind the counter was a pound of fresh butter that the dairyman had left ten minutes before. With a bread knife Miss Martha made a deep slash in each of the stale loaves, inserted a generous quantity of butter, and pressed the loaves tight again. When the customer turned once more she was tying the paper around them.

When he had gone, after an unusually pleasant little chat, Miss Martha smiled to herself, but not without a slight fluttering of the heart.

Had she been too bold? Would he take offense? But surely not. There was no language of edibles. Butter was no emblem of unmaidenly forwardness.

For a long time that day her mind dwelt on the subject. She imagined the scene when he should discover her little deception.

He would lay down his brushes and palette. There would stand his easel with the picture he was painting in which the perspective was beyond criticism.

He would prepare for his luncheon of dry bread and water. He would slice into a loaf — ah! Miss Martha blushed. Would he think of the hand that placed it there as he ate? Would he —

The front door bell jangled viciously. Somebody was coming in, making a great deal of noise.

Miss Martha hurried to the front. Two men were there. One was a young man smoking a pipe — a man she had never seen before. The other was her artist.

His face was very red, his hat was on the back of his head, his hair was wildly ruffled. He clinched his two fists and shook them ferociously at Miss Martha. At Miss Martha.

«Dummkopf!» he shouted with extreme loudness; and then «Tausendonfer!» or something like it in German.

The young man tried to draw him away.

«I vill not go», he said angrily, «else I shall told her».

He made a bass drum of Miss Martha's counter.

«You haf shpoilt me», he cried, his blue eyes blazing behind his spectacles. «I vill tell you. You vas von meddingsome old cat!»

Miss Martha leaned weakly against the shelves and laid one hand on her blue-dotted silk waist. The young man took the other by the collar.

«Come on», he said, «you've said enough». He dragged the angry one out at the door to the sidewalk, and then came back.

«Guess you ought to be told, ma'am», he said, «what the row is about. That's Blumberger. He's an architectural draftsman. I work in the same office with him.

«He's been working hard for three months drawing a plan for a new city hall. It was a prize competition. He finished inking the lines yesterday. You know, a draftsman always makes his drawing in pencil first. When it's done he rubs out the pencil lines with handfuls of stale bread crumbs. That's better than India rubber».

«Blumberger's been buying the bread here. Well, to-day — well, you know, ma'am, that butter isn't — well, Blumberger's plan isn't good for anything now except to cut up into railroad sandwiches».

Miss Martha went into the back room. She took off the blue-dotted silk waist and put on the old brown serge she used to wear. Then she poured the quince seed and borax mixture out of the window into the ash can.

HO₂:

1. Write a plan of the text in the form of questions. Ask your classmate's to answer them.

2. Fill in the missing vowels. Make up your own sentences with the following word combinations.

St□l□bre□d, a gener□□s q□□ntity of butter,
pl□□sant chat, a s□mp□th□tic h□□rt.

3. Imagine that you are an artist. Retell the story from the first person.

УРОК 25

НО:

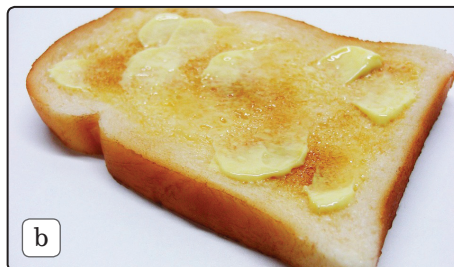
Unscramble the words and tell what traditional English meals consist of.

1) Breakfast.



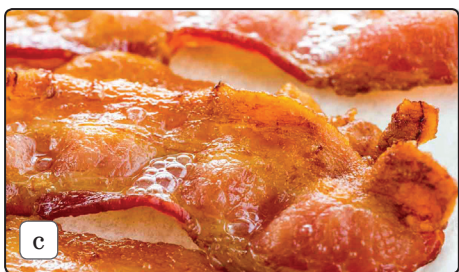
a

cknflaesor



b

ostat and urtteb



c

fierd ncbao



d

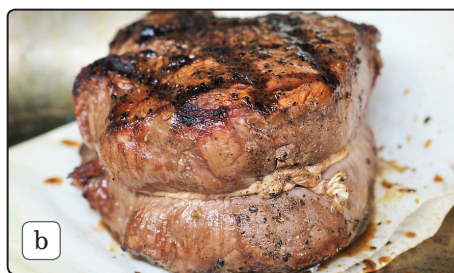
ferid gesg

2) Dinner.



a

cphis



b

bteefsake



c

abgetleves



d

fhis and ipchs

3) Afternoon or high tea.



a

tindne lmoasn



b

stngro ate



c

priastes



d

csaturd

УРОК 26

НО:

Discuss.

- 1) What would you do if you could work in our school canteen for a day?
- 2) What would you do if you could solve one problem in the world?
- 3) What would you do if you were famous?
- 4) What celebrity would you speak to if you had a chance?
- 5) What places and centuries would you like to travel to if you had a time machine?
- 6) What would you do if you were a principal?
- 7) What would you do if you won a lottery?

НО:

Discuss.

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- 6) What would you do if you were a principal?
- 7) What would you do if you won a lottery?

УРОК 27

H0:

Recipe	Mealtime	Saucepan	Pancake	Ingredients
Food Prepare Serve Cook	To eat Food To drink Time	To stew To boil To cook To pour	Flour To bake To add Dish	Food Vegetables Meat To add

H0:

Recipe	Mealtime	Saucepan	Pancake	Ingredients
Food Prepare Serve Cook	To eat Food To drink Time	To stew To boil To cook To pour	Flour To bake To add Dish	Food Vegetables Meat To add

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Recipe	Mealtime	Saucepan	Pancake	Ingredients
Food Prepare Serve Cook	To eat Food To drink Time	To stew To boil To cook To pour	Flour To bake To add Dish	Food Vegetables Meat To add

УРОК 28

НО:

Match the picture with the proper word.

- 1) Roast beef.
- 2) Fish and chips.
- 3) English Breakfast (a full English Breakfast comprises bacon, eggs, tomatoes (fried or grilled), fried mushrooms, sausages and toast. This is traditionally served with tea, which is often replaced by coffee nowadays).
- 4) Black Pudding (a sausage made of blood and a filler — fat, suet, potatoes, bread, etc. — that becomes congealed when cool).
- 5) Trifle (layers of sponge cake, jelly, cream, jam and custard. Sometimes, alcohol and tinned fruit is added).
- 6) Pies and pastries.



УРОК 34

НО:

Fill in the table.

A Word	Dictionary Definition	Your Own Sentence
a data		
a device		
hardware		
software		
a website		
to access		

УРОК 35

НО:

Do you think that the invention and development of the Internet was good or bad? Why? Support your answer. Write an essay of about 100 words.

НО:

Do you think that the invention and development of the Internet was good or bad? Why? Support your answer. Write an essay of about 100 words.

УРОК 36

НО:

Write a definition for the following words and ask your classmate to guess what the word is. Consult a dictionary if necessary.

Student 1	Student 2
e-mail _____ _____ _____	blog _____ _____ _____
virus _____ _____ _____	spam _____ _____ _____
username _____ _____ _____	Internet _____ _____ _____
download _____ _____ _____	web-site _____ _____ _____
chat _____ _____ _____	cyberspace _____ _____ _____

УРОК 37

НО:

Divide the following parts of a letter into two columns according to its style.

Formal Letter	Informal Letter
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| 1) Dear Ann | 5) I am writing to let you know... |
| 2) I am writing in connection with... | 6) Just a note to say... |
| 3) Hello Ann | 7) I am delighted to inform you that... |
| 4) I'm writing about... | 8) Good news! |

НО:

Divide the following parts of a letter into two columns according to its style.

Formal Letter	Informal Letter
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|
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| 3) Hello Ann | 7) I am delighted to inform you that... |
| 4) I'm writing about... | 8) Good news! |

УРОК 38

НО:

<i>Use a dictionary to complete the chart. Try to find as many words as possible.</i>	
Computers and the Internet	
A	N
B	O
C <i>chat</i>	P
D	Q <i>qwerty</i>
E	R
F	S
G	T
H	U
I	V
J	W
K	X
L	Y
M	Z

УРОК 39

НО:

Choose the correct variant.

- 1) A set of data and information about a particular subject which you can find on the Internet is...
 - a) a website.
 - b) a cyber café.
- 2) Written messages that are sent electronically from one computer to another are called...
 - a) emails.
 - b) e-letters.
- 3) Information about a particular person or thing is...
 - a) a keyboard.
 - b) a file.

НО:

Choose the correct variant.

- 1) A set of data and information about a particular subject which you can find on the Internet is...
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 - a) a keyboard.
 - b) a file.

УРОК 41

НО:

Discuss the following questions in pairs.

- 1) What was the last natural disaster you saw on TV? Where and when did it happen?
- 2) What is the worst natural disaster and why?
- 3) Can we help those people who have suffered from natural disasters? How?

НО:

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УРОК 42

НО:

18b	1a If I were a magician,	1b	2a I would help people	2b	3a If I knew about the hurricane,
3b	4a If there is a snowstorm tomorrow,	4b	5a We'll call an ambulance	5b	6a
6b I would avoid going to the mountains.	7a	7b it becomes dangerous.	8a If I were invisible	8b	9a If I saw a volcanic eruption,
9b	10a If you try to save our planet,	10b	11a	11b it can go wrong.	12a If I were a member of a rescue team,
12b	13a If I didn't use less paper,	13b	14a	14b I wouldn't use a bicycle.	15a
15b if I planted 100 trees.	16a	16b If we recycled plastic,	17a	17b I'll clean it.	18a If there were more rainforests,

УРОК 43

H0:

Fill in the correct forms of the verbs.

- 1) If I were you, I _____ (*secure*) objects on the shelf. Yesterday the earthquake was sudden.
- 2) If an earthquake occurs, it _____ (*cause*) fires.
- 3) If I _____ (*be*) at home today, I would listen to the warning.
- 4) If a landslide occurs, the rescue team _____ (*help*) local people.
- 5) If people are under a flood warning, they usually _____ (*move*) to higher ground and (*get*) more pocket money.
- 6) If you _____ (*come*), you would sign up for our warning system.
- 7) If we stay off the bridges, we _____ (*be*) safe during the flood.
- 8) Evacuation routes will help you if you _____ (*learn*) them properly.
- 9) I _____ (*keep*) important documents in a waterproof container if you asked me.

H0:

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- 8) Evacuation routes will help you if you _____ (*learn*) them properly.
- 9) I _____ (*keep*) important documents in a waterproof container if you asked me.

УРОК 44

НО:

Read the article.

Most of us choose this job because it was all we ever wanted to do. Some call it challenging. When I was seven all I wanted to be was a firefighter. Besides, my dad volunteered for the fire house. Firefighters' daily job duties are always connected with dangerous situations, such as entering a burning building, saving people's lives.

When I was 13 I joined the firefighter juniors programme. I learned how to wash a fire engine. I understood this was all part of the job. As I got older, I became a high school student in the County Fire Department. I took and passed successfully all my fire classes. Once I turned 18 I passed the exam to become a firefighter. I passed and was placed on a waiting list. After a year, I got the news I always dreamed of. I was hired by the Fire Department. My dream came true!

I had a lot of calls each shift, including several fires while I was assigned there. My first high-rise fire was in a building for elderly people. As I opened the door, thick black smoke met me. Through the smoke, I heard cries for help. In the doorway I found an elderly man still breathing. I carried him out of the building. Our ability to make decisions under pressure saved the man's life. Our brigade quickly knocked the fire and vented the room. The chief said «Good job». This was the best feeling in the world.

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Read the article.

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УРОК 45

НО:

What disasters are mentioned in the headlines? Prove your answer.

**Lots of rain
in Venice!**

**5 minutes of
an awful shake!**

**It is going to awake
after 50 years!
Local people are
in danger!**

**Village under
snow! Terrible
weather!**

**No rain for
6 months!**

НО:

What disasters are mentioned in the headlines? Prove your answer.

**Lots of rain
in Venice!**

**5 minutes of
an awful shake!**

**It is going to awake
after 50 years!
Local people are
in danger!**

**Village under
snow! Terrible
weather!**

**No rain for
6 months!**

УРОК 46

НО:

Try to research online. Find information about a recent natural disaster and fill in the table.

What disaster happened? _____ _____ _____ _____ _____	How long did it last? _____ _____ _____ _____ _____
Location of the disaster _____ _____ _____ _____ _____	The causes _____ _____ _____ _____ _____
Damage _____ _____ _____ _____ _____	How many people suffered? _____ _____ _____ _____ _____

УРОК 48**H0:**

P for	perfect	T for	
A for		I for	
I for		N for	
N for		G for	

H0:

P for	perfect	T for	
A for		I for	
I for		N for	
N for		G for	

H0:

P for	perfect	T for	
A for		I for	
I for		N for	
N for		G for	

H0:

P for	perfect	T for	
A for		I for	
I for		N for	
N for		G for	

УРОК 50

НО:

Find 7 words connected with a museum or gallery.

P	O	R	T	R	A	I	T	T
C	E	C	O	L	L	E	C	T
U	X	Q	W	D	F	Q	E	D
L	H	C	V	B	J	J	Q	I
T	I	C	A	N	V	A	S	S
U	B	O	Q	G	Z	D	Z	P
R	I	P	L	T	W	M	T	L
E	T	Y	L	Q	R	Z	M	A
Q	V	V	B	N	M	J	O	Y

НО:

Find 7 words connected with a museum or gallery.

P	O	R	T	R	A	I	T	T
C	E	C	O	L	L	E	C	T
U	X	Q	W	D	F	Q	E	D
L	H	C	V	B	J	J	Q	I
T	I	C	A	N	V	A	S	S
U	B	O	Q	G	Z	D	Z	P
R	I	P	L	T	W	M	T	L
E	T	Y	L	Q	R	Z	M	A
Q	V	V	B	N	M	J	O	Y

УРОК 51

H0:

Write 5 reasons why people should visit museums. Use the following prompts: «make you smarter», «feel good», «an effective way of learning», «provide inspiration», «to meet with», «to educate», «to spend time with friends and family».

Want to do something good for yourself and friends? Visit a museum!

H0:

Write 5 reasons why people should visit museums. Use the following prompts: «make you smarter», «feel good», «an effective way of learning», «provide inspiration», «to meet with», «to educate», «to spend time with friends and family».

Want to do something good for yourself and friends? Visit a museum!

H0:

Write 5 reasons why people should visit museums. Use the following prompts: «make you smarter», «feel good», «an effective way of learning», «provide inspiration», «to meet with», «to educate», «to spend time with friends and family».

Want to do something good for yourself and friends? Visit a museum!

УРОК 52

H0:

Match the parts of the sentences.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 Great Britain | a) is important. |
| 2 The preservation of antique masterpieces | b) contain collections of historical, scientific, and artistic interest. |
| 3 British museums and galleries | c) is both a scientific centre and a museum. |
| 4 The British Museum | d) pays much attention to its history and art. |
| 5 The Natural History Museum | e) is for those people who are interested in history. |

H0:

Match the parts of the sentences.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 Great Britain | a) is important. |
| 2 The preservation of antique masterpieces | b) contain collections of historical, scientific, and artistic interest. |
| 3 British museums and galleries | c) is both a scientific centre and a museum. |
| 4 The British Museum | d) pays much attention to its history and art. |
| 5 The Natural History Museum | e) is for those people who are interested in history. |

H0:

Match the parts of the sentences.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 Great Britain | a) is important. |
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| 3 British museums and galleries | c) is both a scientific centre and a museum. |
| 4 The British Museum | d) pays much attention to its history and art. |
| 5 The Natural History Museum | e) is for those people who are interested in history. |

H0:

Match the parts of the sentences.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 Great Britain | a) is important. |
| 2 The preservation of antique masterpieces | b) contain collections of historical, scientific, and artistic interest. |
| 3 British museums and galleries | c) is both a scientific centre and a museum. |
| 4 The British Museum | d) pays much attention to its history and art. |
| 5 The Natural History Museum | e) is for those people who are interested in history. |

УРОК 53

НО:

Write each word under the correct heading.

Ceramics, design, history painting, drawing, fiction, portrait painting, photography, sculpture, architecture, portrait, palette, drama, canvas, landscape, crafts, ceramic, still life, literature, paint brushes

Art	Genre	Painting
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____

НО:

Write each word under the correct heading.

Ceramics, design, history painting, drawing, fiction, portrait painting, photography, sculpture, architecture, portrait, palette, drama, canvas, landscape, crafts, ceramic, still life, literature, paint brushes

Art	Genre	Painting
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____

УРОК 55 (РЕЗЕРВНИЙ)

НО₁:

The Last Leaf

(By O. Henry)

In a little district west of Washington Square the streets have run crazy and broken themselves into small strips called «places». These «places» make strange angles and curves. One Street crosses itself a time or two. An artist once discovered a valuable possibility in this street. Suppose a collector with a bill for paints, paper and canvas should, in traversing this route, suddenly meet himself coming back, without a cent having been paid on account!

So, to quaint old Greenwich Village the art people soon came prowling, hunting for north windows and eighteenth-century gables and Dutch attics and low rents.

Then they imported some pewter mugs and a chafing dish or two from Sixth Avenue, and became a «colony».

At the top of a squatty, three-story brick Sue and Johnsy had their studio. «Johnsy» was familiar for Joanna. One was from Maine; the other from California. They had met at the table d'hôte of an Eighth Street «Delmonico's», and found their tastes in art, chicory salad and bishop sleeves so congenial that the joint studio resulted.

That was in May. In November a cold, unseen stranger, whom the doctors called Pneumonia, stalked about the colony, touching one here and there with his icy fingers. Over on the east side this ravager strode boldly, smiting his victims by scores, but his feet trod slowly through the maze of the narrow and moss-grown «places».

Mr Pneumonia was not what you would call a chivalric old gentleman. A mite of a little woman with blood thinned by California zephyrs was hardly fair game for the red-fisted, short-breathed old duffer. But Johnsy he smote; and she lay, scarcely moving, on her painted iron bedstead, looking through the small Dutch window-panes at the blank side of the next brick house.

One morning the busy doctor invited Sue into the hallway with a shaggy, gray eyebrow. «She has one chance in — let us say, ten», he said, as he shook down the mercury in his clinical thermometer. «And that chance is for her to want to live. This way people have of lining-u on the side of the undertaker makes the entire pharmacopoeia look silly. Your little lady has made up her mind that she's not going to get well. Has she anything on her mind?»

«She — she wanted to paint the Bay of Naples some day», said Sue.

«Paint? — bosh! Has she anything on her mind worth thinking twice — a man for instance?»

«A man?» said Sue, with a jew's-harp twang in her voice. «Is a man worth — but, no, doctor; there is nothing of the kind».

«Well, it is the weakness, then», said the doctor. «I will do all that science, so far as it may filter through my efforts, can accomplish. But whenever my patient begins to count the carriages in her funeral procession I subtract 50 per cent from the curative power of medicines. If you will get her to ask one question about the new winter styles in cloak sleeves I will promise you a one-in-five chance for her, instead of one in ten». After the doctor had gone Sue went into the workroom and cried a Japanese napkin to a pulp. Then she swaggered into Johnsy's room with her drawing board, whistling ragtime.

Johnsy lay, scarcely making a ripple under the bedclothes, with her face toward the window. Sue stopped whistling, thinking she was asleep.

She arranged her board and began a pen-and-ink drawing to illustrate a magazine story. Young artists must pave their way to Art by drawing pictures for magazine stories that young authors write to pave their way to Literature.

As Sue was sketching a pair of elegant horseshow riding trousers and a monocle of the figure of the hero, an Idaho cowboy, she heard a low sound, several times repeated. She went quickly to the bedside.

Johnsy's eyes were open wide. She was looking out the window and counting — counting backward.

«Twelve», she said, and little later «eleven»; and then «ten», and «nine»; and then «eight» and «seven», almost together.

Sue look solicitously out of the window. What was there to count? There was only a bare, dreary yard to be seen, and the blank side of the brick house twenty feet away. An old, old ivy vine, gnarled and decayed at the roots, climbed half way up the brick wall. The cold breath of autumn had stricken its leaves from the vine until its skeleton branches clung, almost bare, to the crumbling bricks.

«What is it, dear?» asked Sue.

«Six», said Johnsy, in almost a whisper. «They're falling faster now. Three days ago there were almost a hundred. It made my head ache to count them. But now it's easy. There goes another one. There are only five left now».

«Five what, dear? Tell your Sudie».

«Leaves. On the ivy vine. When the last one falls I must go, too. I've known that for three days. Didn't the doctor tell you?»

«Oh, I never heard of such nonsense», complained Sue, with magnificent scorn. «What have old ivy leaves to do with your getting well? And you used to love that vine so, you naughty girl. Don't be a goosey. Why, the doctor told me this morning that your chances for getting well real soon were — let's see exactly what he said — he said the chances were ten to one! Why, that's almost as good a chance as we have in New York when we ride on the street cars or walk past a new building. Try to take some broth now, and let Sudie go back to her drawing, so she can sell the editor man with it, and buy port wine for her sick child, and pork chops for her greedy self».

«You needn't get any more wine», said Johnsy, keeping her eyes fixed out the window. «There goes another. No, I don't want any broth. That leaves just four. I want to see the last one fall before it gets dark. Then I'll go, too».

«Johnsy, dear», said Sue, bending over her, «will you promise me to keep your eyes closed, and not look out the window until I am done working? I must hand those drawings in by tomorrow. I need the light, or I would draw the shade down».

«Couldn't you draw in the other room?» asked Johnsy, coldly.

«I'd rather be here by you», said Sue. «Besides, I don't want you to keep looking at those silly ivy leaves».

«Tell me as soon as you have finished», said Johnsy, closing her eyes, and lying white and still as a fallen statue, «because I want to see the last one fall. I'm tired of waiting. I'm tired of thinking. I want to turn loose my hold on everything, and go sailing down, down, just like one of those poor, tired leaves».

«Try to sleep», said Sue. «I must call Behrman up to be my model for the old hermit miner. I'll not be gone a minute. Don't try to move 'til I come back».

Old Behrman was a painter who lived on the ground floor beneath them. He was past sixty and had a Michael Angelo's Moses beard curling down from the head of a satyr along with the body of an imp. Behrman was a failure in art. Forty years he had wielded the brush without getting near enough to touch the hem of his Mistress's robe. He had been always about to paint a masterpiece, but had never yet begun it. For several years he had painted nothing except now and then a daub in the line of commerce or advertising. He earned a little by serving as a model to those young artists in the colony who could not pay the price of a professional. He drank gin to excess, and still talked of his coming masterpiece. For the rest he was a fierce little old man, who scoffed terribly at softness in any one, and who regarded himself as especial mastiff-in-waiting to protect the two young artists in the studio above.

Sue found Behrman smelling strongly of juniper berries in his dimly lighted den below. In one corner was a blank canvas on an easel that had been waiting there for twenty-five years to receive the first line of the masterpiece. She told him of Johnsy's fancy, and how she feared she would, indeed, light and fragile as a leaf herself, float away, when her slight hold upon the world grew weaker.

Old Behrman, with his red eyes plainly streaming, shouted his contempt and derision for such idiotic imaginings.

«Vass!» he cried. «Is dere people in de world mit der foolishness to die because leafs dey drop off from a confounded vine? I haf not heard of such a thing. No, I will not bose as a model for your fool hermit-dunderhead. Vy do you allow dot silly pusiness to come in der brain of her? Ach, dot poor leetle Miss Yohnsy».

«She is very ill and weak», said Sue, «and the fever has left her mind morbid and full of strange fancies. Very well, Mr Behrman, if you do not care to pose for me, you needn't. But I think you are a horrid old — old flibbertigibbet».

«You are just like a woman!» yelled Behrman. «Who said I will not bose? Go on. I come mit you. For half an hour I haf peen trying to say dot I am ready to bose. Gott! dis is not any blace in which one so goot as Miss Yohnsy shall lie sick. Some day I will baint a masterpiece, and ve shall all go away. Gott! yes».

Johnsy was sleeping when they went upstairs. Sue pulled the shade down to the window-sill, and motioned Behrman into the other room. In there they peered out the window fearfully at the ivy vine. Then they looked at each other for a moment without speaking. A persistent, cold rain was falling, mingled with snow. Behrman, in his old blue shirt, took his seat as the hermit miner on an upturned kettle for a rock.

When Sue awoke from an hour's sleep the next morning she found Johnsy with dull, wide-open eyes staring at the drawn green shade.

«Pull it up; I want to see», she ordered, in a whisper.

Wearily Sue obeyed.

But, lo! after the beating rain and fierce gusts of wind that had endured through the livelong night, there yet stood out against the brick wall one ivy leaf. It was the last one on the vine. Still dark green near its stem, with its serrated edges tinted with the yellow of dissolution and decay, it hung bravely from the branch some twenty feet above the ground.

«It is the last one», said Johnsy. «I thought it would surely fall during the night. I heard the wind. It will fall today, and I shall die at the same time».

«Dear, dear!» said Sue, leaning her worn face down to the pillow, «think of me, if you won't think of yourself. What would I do?»

But Johnsy did not answer. The loneliest thing in all the world is a soul when it is making ready to go on its mysterious, far journey. The fancy seemed to possess her more strongly as one by one the ties that bound her to friendship and to earth were loosed.

The day wore away, and even through the twilight they could see the lone ivy leaf clinging to its stem against the wall. And then, with the coming of the night the north wind was again loosed, while the rain still beat against the windows and pattered down from the low Dutch eaves.

When it was light enough Johnsy, the merciless, commanded that the shade be raised.

The ivy leaf was still there.

Johnsy lay for a long time looking at it. And then she called to Sue, who was stirring her chicken broth over the gas stove.

«I've been a bad girl, Sudie», said Johnsy. «Something has made that last leaf stay there to show me how wicked I was. It is a sin to want to die. You may bring me a little broth now, and some milk with a little port in it, and — no; bring me a hand-mirror first, and then pack some pillows about me, and I will sit up and watch you cook».

An hour later she said:

«Sudie, some day I hope to paint the Bay of Naples».

The doctor came in the afternoon, and Sue had an excuse to go into the hallway as he left.

«Even chances», said the doctor, taking Sue's thin, shaking hand in his. «With good nursing you'll win». And now I must see another case I have downstairs. Behrman, his name is — some kind of an artist, I believe. Pneumonia, too. He is an old, weak man, and the attack is acute. There is no hope for him; but he goes to the hospital today to be made more comfortable».

The next day the doctor said to Sue: «She's out of danger. You won. Nutrition and care now — that's all».

And that afternoon Sue came to the bed where Johnsy lay, contentedly knitting a very blue and very useless woollen shoulder scarf, and put one arm around her, pillows and all.

«I have something to tell you, white mouse», she said. «Mr Behrman died of pneumonia today in the hospital. He was ill only two days. The janitor found him the morning of the first day in his room downstairs helpless with pain. His shoes and clothing were wet through and icy cold. They couldn't imagine where he had been on such a dreadful night. And then they found a lantern, still lighted, and a ladder that had been dragged from its place, and some scattered brushes, and a palette with green and yellow colors mixed on it, and — look out the window, dear, at the last ivy leaf on the wall. Didn't you wonder why it never fluttered or moved when the wind blew? Ah, darling, it's Behrman's masterpiece — he painted it there the night that the last leaf fell».

НО₂:

1. Complete the sentences using the correct word from the box.

chance	wicked	top	speaking	contempt	vine	wall
--------	--------	-----	----------	----------	------	------

- 1) At the _____ of a squatty, three-story brick Sue and Johnsy had their studio.
- 2) I will promise you a one-in-five _____ for her, instead of one in ten.
- 3) Old Behrman shouted his _____ and derision for such idiotic imaginings.
- 4) Sue and Behrman looked at each other for a moment without _____.
- 5) It was the last one on the _____.
- 6) The day wore away, and they could see the lone ivy leaf clinging to its stem against the _____.
- 7) Something has made that last leaf stay there to show me how _____ I was.

2. Match the words taken from text with their synonyms.

- | | | |
|-------------|--------------------------|-------------------|
| 1) route | <input type="checkbox"/> | a) place |
| 2) colony | <input type="checkbox"/> | b) idea |
| 3) efforts | <input type="checkbox"/> | c) ridiculousness |
| 4) fancy | <input type="checkbox"/> | d) way |
| 5) nonsense | <input type="checkbox"/> | e) serious |
| 6) fierce | <input type="checkbox"/> | f) attempts |
| 7) acute | <input type="checkbox"/> | g) strong |

3. Answer the questions.

- 1) What were the streets of the district famous for?
- 2) When did the pneumonia epidemic begin?
- 3) What only chance did Johnsy have?
- 4) What did Johnsy count and why?
- 5) What was Behrman dreaming about?
- 6) Why did Johnsy recover?
- 7) What was Behrman's masterpiece?

УРОК 56

H0:

Water Sport
Water Swim Swimming-pool Sportsmen

Contact Sport
Person Touch Wrestling Sportsmen

Winter Sport
Snow Cold Ice People

H0:

Water Sport
Water Swim Swimming-pool Sportsmen

Contact Sport
Person Touch Wrestling Sportsmen

Winter Sport
Snow Cold Ice People

H0:

Water Sport
Water Swim Swimming-pool Sportsmen

Contact Sport
Person Touch Wrestling Sportsmen

Winter Sport
Snow Cold Ice People

H0:

Water Sport
Water Swim Swimming-pool Sportsmen

Contact Sport
Person Touch Wrestling Sportsmen

Winter Sport
Snow Cold Ice People

УРОК 57

НО:

Write the questions «Do you like + sport?», «Why do you like/don't you like it?», interview five friends in the class and recap.

Adjectives to describe sports and games

terrible	difficult	interesting	hard	stressful
fun	easy	cool	boring	extreme
	national	traditional	challenging	popular

Sports and Games

tennis	football	swimming	basketball	cycling
badminton	gymnastics	judo	rollerblading	horse riding
skiing	running	climbing	dancing	chess
skateboarding	martial arts	handball	draughts	

	Names	Answers
1		
2		
3		
4		
5		
6		

УРОК 58

НО:

Match the idiom with its meaning. Comment on it.

- | | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------|---|
| 1) A game of two halves. | <input type="checkbox"/> | a) To get the process started. |
| 2) To get the ball rolling. | <input type="checkbox"/> | b) A new idea or event that changes life a lot. |
| 3) A game changer. | <input type="checkbox"/> | c) A change in fortune. |

НО:

Match the idiom with its meaning. Comment on it.

- | | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------|---|
| 1) A game of two halves. | <input type="checkbox"/> | a) To get the process started. |
| 2) To get the ball rolling. | <input type="checkbox"/> | b) A new idea or event that changes life a lot. |
| 3) A game changer. | <input type="checkbox"/> | c) A change in fortune. |

НО:

Match the idiom with its meaning. Comment on it.

- | | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------|---|
| 1) A game of two halves. | <input type="checkbox"/> | a) To get the process started. |
| 2) To get the ball rolling. | <input type="checkbox"/> | b) A new idea or event that changes life a lot. |
| 3) A game changer. | <input type="checkbox"/> | c) A change in fortune. |

НО:

Match the idiom with its meaning. Comment on it.

- | | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------|---|
| 1) A game of two halves. | <input type="checkbox"/> | a) To get the process started. |
| 2) To get the ball rolling. | <input type="checkbox"/> | b) A new idea or event that changes life a lot. |
| 3) A game changer. | <input type="checkbox"/> | c) A change in fortune. |

УРОК 60

НО:

Card 1

You are playing chess with your friend. You suspect him/her of cheating. Ask him/her to explain his/her behaviour.

Card 2

You want to go in for extreme sport but your parents disagree. Try to convince them that it is safe and brings positive experience.

НО:

Card 1

You are playing chess with your friend. You suspect him/her of cheating. Ask him/her to explain his/her behaviour.

Card 2

You want to go in for extreme sport but your parents disagree. Try to convince them that it is safe and brings positive experience.

НО:

Card 1

You are playing chess with your friend. You suspect him/her of cheating. Ask him/her to explain his/her behaviour.

Card 2

You want to go in for extreme sport but your parents disagree. Try to convince them that it is safe and brings positive experience.

УРОК 63

НО:

Match the term with its definition.

- | | | |
|------------------------|--------------------------|---|
| 1) Legislative branch. | <input type="checkbox"/> | a) A member of the country. |
| 2) Executive branch. | <input type="checkbox"/> | b) To reject. |
| 3) Judicial branch. | <input type="checkbox"/> | c) Bodies of power that govern a state. |
| 4) Veto. | <input type="checkbox"/> | d) A part of the government that makes the laws. |
| 5) Government. | <input type="checkbox"/> | e) It is made of courts and judges. |
| 6) Unconstitutional. | <input type="checkbox"/> | f) A part of the government that makes sure laws are carried out. |
| 7) Citizen. | <input type="checkbox"/> | g) It is not legal. |

НО:

Match the term with its definition.

- | | | |
|------------------------|--------------------------|---|
| 1) Legislative branch. | <input type="checkbox"/> | a) A member of the country. |
| 2) Executive branch. | <input type="checkbox"/> | b) To reject. |
| 3) Judicial branch. | <input type="checkbox"/> | c) Bodies of power that govern a state. |
| 4) Veto. | <input type="checkbox"/> | d) A part of the government that makes the laws. |
| 5) Government. | <input type="checkbox"/> | e) It is made of courts and judges. |
| 6) Unconstitutional. | <input type="checkbox"/> | f) A part of the government that makes sure laws are carried out. |
| 7) Citizen. | <input type="checkbox"/> | g) It is not legal. |

НО:

Match the term with its definition.

- | | | |
|------------------------|--------------------------|---|
| 1) Legislative branch. | <input type="checkbox"/> | a) A member of the country. |
| 2) Executive branch. | <input type="checkbox"/> | b) To reject. |
| 3) Judicial branch. | <input type="checkbox"/> | c) Bodies of power that govern a state. |
| 4) Veto. | <input type="checkbox"/> | d) A part of the government that makes the laws. |
| 5) Government. | <input type="checkbox"/> | e) It is made of courts and judges. |
| 6) Unconstitutional. | <input type="checkbox"/> | f) A part of the government that makes sure laws are carried out. |
| 7) Citizen. | <input type="checkbox"/> | g) It is not legal. |

УРОК 64**НО:**

Consult a dictionary and write down as many word combinations with the following words as possible.

Government, power, judiciary, constitution, council, elections

НО:

Consult a dictionary and write down as many word combinations with the following words as possible.

Government, power, judiciary, constitution, council, elections

НО:

Consult a dictionary and write down as many word combinations with the following words as possible.

Government, power, judiciary, constitution, council, elections

УРОК 65

НО:

Card 1

You are a tour guide. Prepare your speech and then give a guided tour. Be ready to answer the tourists' questions!

Good morning/afternoon everyone! Welcome to this tour of _____ (*place*)
by _____ (*transport*). My name's _____.

I'm your guide on our tour of _____. The tour will take _____ hours.

First we'll see _____. Then we'll see _____. Next we'll _____. After
that _____.

Finally we'll _____. Any questions?

Card 2

You are a tourist. Prepare some questions to ask your tour guide. Asks lots of questions because you want to practise your English!

Questions for the tourists

Will we visit _____?

Is there a _____ on the tour?

What time is _____?

Where can I buy a _____?

УРОК 67

НО:

Write each word under the correct heading.

A letter to a visitor, a letter to a teacher, a note to a friend,
an essay, a research paper, a letter of apology

Work-related	Academic	Personal
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____

НО:

Write each word under the correct heading.

A letter to a visitor, a letter to a teacher, a note to a friend,
an essay, a research paper, a letter of apology

Work-related	Academic	Personal
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____

УРОК 70 (РЕЗЕРВНИЙ)

НО₁:

The Purple Dress

(By O. Henry)

We are to consider the shade known as purple. It is a color justly in repute among the sons and daughters of man. Emperors claim it for their especial dye. Good fellows everywhere seek to bring their noses to the genial hue that follows the commingling of the red and blue. We say of princes that they are born to the purple; and no doubt they are, for the colic tinges their faces with the royal tint equally with the snub-nosed countenance of a woodchopper's brat. All women love *it* — when it is the fashion.

And now purple is being worn. You notice it on the streets. Of course other colors are quite stylish as well — in fact, I saw a lovely thing the other day in olive green albatross, with a triple-lapped flounce skirt trimmed with insert squares of silk, and a draped fichu of lace opening over a shirred vest and double puff sleeves with a lace band holding two gathered frills — but you see lots of purple too. Oh, yes, you do; just take a walk down Twenty-third street any afternoon.

Therefore Maida — the girl with the big brown eyes and cinnamon-colored hair in the Bee-Hive Store — said to Grace — the girl with the rhinestone brooch and peppermint-pepsin flavor to her speech — «I'm going to have a purple dress — a tailor-made purple dress — for Thanksgiving».

«Oh, are you», said Grace, putting away some 71/2 gloves into the 63/4 box. «Well, it's me for red. You see more red on Fifth avenue. And the men all seem to like it». «I like purple best», said Maida. «And old Schlegel has promised to make it for \$8. It's going to be lovely. I'm going to have a plaited skirt and a blouse coat trimmed with a band of galloon under a white cloth collar with two rows of—»

«Sly boots!» said Grace with an educated wink.

«—soutache braid over a surpliced white vest; and a plaited basque and—»

«Sly boots — sly boots!» repeated Grace.

«—plaited gigot sleeves with a drawn velvet ribbon over an inside cuff. What do you mean by saying that?»

«You think Mr Ramsay likes purple. I heard him say yesterday he thought some of the dark shades of red were stunning».

«I don't care», said Maida. «I prefer purple, and them that don't like it can just take the other side of the street».

Which suggests the thought that after all, the followers of purple may be subject to slight delusions. *Danger* is near when a maiden thinks she can wear purple regardless of complexions and opinions; and when Emperors think their purple robes will wear forever. Maida had saved \$18 after eight months of economy; and this had bought the goods for the purple dress and paid Schlegel \$4 on the making of it. On the day before Thanksgiving she would have just enough to pay the remaining \$4. And then for a holiday in a new dress — can earth offer anything more enchanting?

Old Bachman, the proprietor of the Bee-Hive Store, always gave a Thanksgiving dinner to his employees. On every one of the subsequent 364 days, excusing Sundays, he would remind them of the joys of the past banquet and the hopes of the coming ones, thus inciting them to increased *enthusiasm* in work. The dinner was given in the store on one of the long tables in the middle of the room.

They tacked wrapping paper over the front windows; and the turkeys and other good things were brought in the back way from the restaurant on the corner. You will perceive that the Bee-Hive was not a fashionable department store, with escalators and pompadours. It was almost small enough to be called an emporium; and you could actually go in there and get waited on and walk out again. And always at the Thanksgiving dinners Mr Ramsay—

Oh, bother! I should have mentioned Mr Ramsay first of all. He is more important than purple or green, or even the red cranberry sauce.

Mr Ramsay was the head clerk; and as far as I am concerned I am for him. He never pinched the girls' arms when he passed them in dark corners of the store; and when he told them stories when business was dull and the girls giggled and said: «Oh, pshaw!» it wasn't G. Bernard they meant at all. Besides being a gentleman, Mr Ramsay was queer and original in other ways.

He was a health crank, and believed that people should never eat anything that was good for them. He was violently opposed to anybody being comfortable, and coming in out of snow storms, or wearing overshoes, or taking medicine, or coddling themselves in any way. Every one of the ten girls in the store had little pork-chop-and-fried-onion dreams every night of becoming Mrs Ramsay. For, next year old Bachman was going to take him in for a partner. And each one of them knew that if she should catch him she would knock those cranky health notions of his sky high before the wedding cake indigestion was over. Mr Ramsay was master of ceremonies at the dinners. Always they had two Italians in to play a violin and harp and had a little dance in the store.

And here were two dresses being conceived to charm Ramsay — one purple and the other red. Of course, the other eight girls were going to have dresses too, but they didn't count. Very likely they'd wear some shirt-waist-and-black-skirt-affairs — nothing as resplendent as purple or red.

Grace had saved her money, too. She was going to buy her dress ready-made. Oh, what's the use of bothering with a tailor — when you've got a figger it's easy to get a fit — the ready-made are intended for a perfect figger — except I have to have 'em all taken in at the waist — the average figger is so large waisted.

The night before Thanksgiving came. Maida hurried home, keen and bright with the thoughts of the blessed morrow. Her thoughts were of purple, but they were white themselves — the joyous enthusiasm of the young for the pleasures that youth must have or wither. She knew purple would become her, and — for the thousandth time she tried to assure herself that it was purple Mr Ramsay said he liked and not red. She was going home first to get the \$4 wrapped in a piece of tissue paper in the bottom drawer of her dresser, and then she was going to pay Schlegel and take the dress home herself. Grace lived in the same house. She occupied the hall room above Maida's.

At home Maida found clamor and confusion. The landlady's tongue clattering sourly in the halls like a churn dasher dabbling in buttermilk. And then Grace came down to her room crying with eyes as red as any dress.

«She says I've got to get out», said Grace. «The old beast. Because I owe her \$4. She's put my trunk in the hall and locked the door. I can't go anywhere else. I haven't got a cent of money».

«You had some yesterday», said Maida.

«I paid it on my dress», said Grace. «I thought she'd wait till next week for the rent». Sniffle, sniffle, sob, sniffle.

Out came — out it had to come — Maida's \$4.

«You blessed darling», cried Grace, now a rainbow instead of sunset. «I'll pay the mean old thing and then I'm going to try on my dress. I think it's heavenly. Come up and look at it. I'll pay the money back, a dollar a week — honest I will».

Thanksgiving.

The dinner was to be at noon. At a quarter to twelve Grace switched into Maida's room. Yes, she looked charming. Red was her color. Maida sat by the window in her old cheviot skirt and blue waist darning a st—. Oh, doing fancy work.

«Why, goodness me! ain't you dressed yet?» shrilled the red one. «How does it fit in the back? Don't you think these velvet tabs look awful swell? Why ain't you dressed, Maida?»

«My dress didn't get finished in time», said Maida. «I'm not going to the dinner». «That's too bad. Why, I'm awfully sorry, Maida. Why don't you put on anything and come along — it's just the store folks, you know, and they won't mind».

«I was set on my purple», said Maida. «If I can't have it I won't go at all. Don't bother about me. Run along or you'll be late. You look awful nice in red».

At her window Maida sat through the long morning and past the time of the dinner at the store. In her mind she could hear the girls shrieking over a pull-bone, could hear old Bachman's roar over his own deeply-concealed jokes, could see the diamonds of fat Mrs Bachman, who came to the store only on Thanksgiving days, could see Mr Ramsay moving about, alert, kindly, looking to the comfort of all.

At four in the afternoon, with an expressionless face and a lifeless air she slowly made her way to Schlegel's shop and told him she could not pay the \$4 due on the dress. «Gott!» cried Schlegel, angrily. «For what do you look so glum? Take him away. He is ready. Pay me some time. Haf I not seen you pass mine shop every day in two years? If I make clothes is it that I do not know how to read beoples because? You will pay me some time when you can. Take him away. He is made goot; and if you look bretty in him all right. So. Pay me when you can».

Maida breathed a millionth part of the thanks in her heart, and hurried away with her dress. As she left the shop a smart dash of rain struck upon her face. She smiled and did not feel it.

Ladies who shop in carriages, you do not understand. Girls whose wardrobes are charged to the old man's account, you cannot begin to comprehend — you could not understand why Maida did not feel the cold dash of the Thanksgiving rain.

At five o'clock she went out upon the street wearing her purple dress. The rain had increased, and it beat down upon her in a steady, wind-blown pour. People were scurrying home and to cars with close-held umbrellas and tight buttoned raincoats. Many of them turned their heads to marvel at this beautiful, serene, *happy-eyed girl* in the purple dress walking through the storm as though she were strolling in a garden under summer skies. I say you do not understand it, ladies of the full purse and varied wardrobe. You do not know what it is to live with a perpetual longing for pretty things — to starve eight months in order to bring a purple dress and a holiday together. What difference if it rained, hailed, blew, snowed, cycloned?

Maida had no umbrella nor overshoes. She had her purple dress and she walked abroad. Let the elements do their worst. A starved heart must have one crumb during a year. The rain ran down and dripped from her fingers.

Some one turned a corner and blocked her way. She looked up into Mr Ramsay's eyes, sparkling with admiration and interest.

«Why, Miss Maida», said he, «you look simply magnificent in your new dress. I was greatly disappointed not to see you at our dinner. And of all the girls I ever knew, you show the greatest sense and intelligence. There is nothing more healthful and invigorating than braving the weather as you are doing. May I walk with you?» And Maida blushed and sneezed.

НО₂:

1. *Decide if these statements are true or false.*

- 1) Two young shop girls were discussing their plans for the annual employee New Year dinner.
- 2) Maida planned to buy a ready-made red dress.
- 3) Maida spent most of her money on the dress materials.
- 4) Grace gave Maida her last \$4.00.
- 5) The old tailor wanted Maida to have the dress.
- 6) When the party was over, Maida went out happily in the rainy street wearing her new dress.

2. *What do the underlined words in the text refer to?*

3. *In O. Henry's time the story was very modern because the independent young girl worked and took care of herself. Can the story be modern nowadays? What are the peculiar features of modern young people?*