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КАФЕДРА АНГЛИЙСКОГО ЯЗЫКОЗНАНИЯ

**Нижнева Н. Н., Артеменко Л. А., Василевская В. Л.,
Жукова Ю.А. И., Шпаковская В. В.**

**ПОСОБИЕ ПО ПРАКТИКЕ УСТНОЙ РЕЧИ
ДЛЯ СТУДЕНТОВ II КУРСА**

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Рецензенты :

С. А. Дубинко – зав. кафедрой английского языка экономических специальностей ФМО БГУ кандидат филологических наук, доцент;

И. В. Крюковская – доцент кафедры английского языка гуманитарных факультетов БГУ, кандидат филологических наук.

Авторы-составители: Артеменко Л.А., Василевская В.Л., Жукова Ю.А., Шпаковская В.В.

Пособие предназначено для развития навыков интенсивного чтения на II курсе лингвистических вузов и факультетов иностранного языка, изучающих английский язык как основную специальность. Во вторую часть пособия включены 8 аутентичных текстов на темы “Спорт”, “Здоровый образ жизни”, “Городская жизнь” и “Отдых и путешествия” различных жанрово-стилистических разновидностей: отрывки из художественной прозы, журнальных и газетных статей.

Тематика текстов определяется предметным содержанием обучения практике устной и письменной речи на II курсе.

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PREFACE

Dear students,

This book is designed to encourage you to develop your abilities to think, speak and write as freely as possible.

What will you learn from this book?

8 units of *Supplementary Reading* will introduce you to the most important issues of human life: SPORT, LIFESTYLE AND FITNESS, CITY LIFE, TRAVELLING. Your reading will consist of short selections of most original material we could find. You will have an opportunity to discuss and write about these selections and the ideas in them with clarity and precision. Each unit begins with focus vocabulary, which serves to attract your attention to the language of the text. After each text you will find a series of exercises which will help you to understand the problems raised in the text better and will provide you with intensive skill practice. At the end of each unit you will find writing suggestions and points for discussion you may enjoy.

We also hope that this book will be a good complement to your classes of speech practice.

UNIT 1

Sporting Spirit

Focus vocabulary

Cup fever	To score a goal
To kick f ball	Comparable
To fling-flung-flung	Ardent supporter
The goalkeeper	Exaltation/ exalted
To save/ save (n)	Jeer at
Rosette	To exert
Referee	To cheer a player
To tackle	.To subdue
To mark	Triumph over nature
Pursuit	Opponent

Read the text carefully consulting a dictionary to learn the meaning of unfamiliar words:

CUP FINAL GLORY

CUP FINAL

Cup, Football Association. Silver trophy competed for annually by football clubs in England playing the Association game. Competition for the cup is on the knock-out principle, and is played in two sections: a qualifying competition and the competition proper, the latter consisting of six rounds, semi finals, and finals. The 46 clubs forming the third and fourth divisions of the Football League enter at the first round of the competition proper, and the 44 clubs of the first and second divisions at the third round. Other clubs are required to play in the qualifying competitions. Grounds used for playing of the final have included the Oval* (1872, 1874—92), Crystal Palace* (1895—1914), Wembley Stadium* (from 1923). Usually played on the first Saturday in May, often in the presence of royalty.

(The Waverley Encyclopaedia)

Cup Final Glory

(by R. Lynd)

Robert Lynd (1879—1949), an English essayist. Most of his essays

appeared in the *New Statesman* or in the *News Chronicle*. His characteristics are his skill in presenting an unusual point of view, his witty epigrammatic style, his humour and his appreciation of nature.

I have never caught **Cup fever**. I regret this, because there are few things pleasanter than to be one of an enormous crowd of human beings all suffering from contemporary blood pressure because a ball **is being kicked**, struck, **flung** or bumped with the head in this direction or the other.

I envy every partisan of Arsenal * or Newcastle United * who will be present at Wembley today, **rosetted**, buzzer--whirling, vociferous. I envy every young and old man who will join in that roar when the ball seems certain to fly past **the goalkeeper**, and in that still louder roar when, by a miracle, the goalkeeper **saves**.

How delightful it is to be so **exalted** above one's ordinary self that one feels one knows more about football than **the referee** and that one is playing a better game in one's red-hot imagination than most of the players! I have seldom been at a football match that I did not play the game perfectly in my own head, give and take perfect passes, **mark** my man ruthlessly, run and **tackle** exactly as a perfect player would run and tackle, and avoid all the faults of which some of the players were occasionally guilty.

That is the great thing about watching football matches. One enjoys all the rapture of being a hero-worshipper, and at the same time one has the glorious satisfaction of sitting as a critic in judgement of the heroes. It is enough to give anybody a swelled head — to say nothing of blood pressure. Even though I shall not be at Wembley today, however, and though I am feeling strangely calm considering the historic importance of the occasion, I shall, no doubt, be listening in, if the afternoon is wet enough to keep me in the house.

I shall know who is in square 8, * and what he is doing there, and I shall feel uneasy until he is back in square 6. And all the time, my imagination will be running up and down the field, like a mad hare, in close **pursuit** of the ball as it zig-zags its way in lightning-flashes all over the place between goal and goal.

So I feel at present, I am in the benign mood of a philosopher who hopes that the better team will win. But, if **one goal is scored**, I shall soon cease to be so infernally broad-minded. I shall immediately become **an ardent partisan** of the side that has not scored. My heart will beat faster at the mention of square one, of a corner, of So-and-so's beating So-and-so and So-and-so and of his perfect pass to So-and-so, who takes a perfect shot at goal. I only wish that I could

catch" the real Cup fever, and then I should listen in whether the day is wet or fine.

As it is, I find it extraordinarily difficult to believe that a match between Arsenal and Newcastle United can be an event of the same earth-shaking importance as the Cup matches between my old school, the Royal Academical Institution, * and Methodist College * used to be thirty and forty years ago. Those were matches **comparable** in their seriousness to the wars of ancient Greece. The thought that W. E. Smyth's * leg might not have recovered in time for the match was a torture in the brain like a prevision of defeat in battle.

Reading history and literature since then, I have admired many heroes, from Hector * to Stalky; * but I doubt if I ever read of any hero so superhumanly perfect as Sam Lee * seemed to be when he scored tries * and dropped goals * for his side such as the world has not subsequently known.

I hope the schoolboy of today has grown more chivalrous than I was at that time, for **I certainly cannot remember ever having cheered a piece of good play by a player of the rival school.** Football was real, football was earnest in those days. If one was a Trojan, one did not cheer Achilles. * One hated the sight of him playing well. The worse he played, indeed, — the more he fumbled the ball and the oftener he missed a tackle — the better one was pleased. At least, I was.

Someone has been jeering lately at the notion that games **exert** a powerful influence on the character. I do not know whether playing games does. Rugby football certainly makes young men very rough with each other. I am confident, however, that watching games is one of the finest moral influences of our time.

Take, for example, this business of cheering a piece of good play by the other side. It is against nature. It is as difficult as swallowing medicine in the nursery. The natural man, if left to himself, would be like a man I heard at a football match nearly forty years ago enthusiastically shouting to a player he admired, "Break his leg, John!"

Yet, by dint of the most terrific self-control, we gradually **subdue** the wild animal in our breasts that clamours for victory at all costs, and we train ourselves to applaud — however reluctantly, however rapidly — even the good play of **an opponent** whose skill has cost our side the game.

If that is not character-formation, I do not know what is.

Nobody knows how many thousand years had passed before a human being said for the first time, "May the best man win!" or

cheered a player who was working like a demon for the wrong side. But it undoubtedly took a long time.

You see the result of this at Wembley and Twickenham * today — man's **triumph over** his natural self — every man saying, "May the better team win!" and adding under his breath: "And may the better team be mine!"

the Oval — a cricket ground in South London

Crystal Palace — a stadium in South London, so named after the glass building constructed for the Exhibition of 1851 and destroyed by fire in 1936

Wembley Stadium — a stadium North of London

Arsenal — a North London football team

Newcastle United — a football team from NE England

square — when matches were first described live on the B. B. C, the field of play was divided into squares. The commentator's assistant read **out** a number to indicate to the listeners where play was taking place.

the Royal Academical Institution and Methodist College — both are grammar schools in Belfast, Northern Ireland **W. E. Smyth** — an Irish rugby player towards the end of the 19th century

Hector — a Trojan hero in classical legend

Stalky — a character in Kipling's *Stalky and Co.*

Sam Lee — a rugby player

to score tries, to drop goals — terms used in rugby

Achilles — a Greek hero who killed Hector

Wembley and Twickenham — the Rugby Union ground in Twickenham

Newmarket — a town in East Anglia noted for horse-races

I. Comprehension check

1. Answer the questions:

1. What is Cup fever? What are the symptoms of Cup fever described by R. Lynd?
2. What is the author's attitude to the supporters of football

- teams? Does he really mean it saying that he envies them?
3. Why can't the author be present at Wembley?
 4. Will he be glued to the radio-set enjoying every moment of the game?
 5. Cup Final is a very important annual sporting event for the British. Does the author share this nation-wide exaltation with the game? Find proofs from the text.
 6. Why does the author compare the importance of his school matches with the seriousness of the wars in ancient Greece?
 7. What do the words "I hope the schoolboy of today has grown more chivalrous than I was at that time" imply?
 8. Do spectators now appreciate a piece of good play by a player of the rival team school? Does the author think it is against nature?
 9. Did football stop to be earnest and real now?
 10. Does R. Lynd agree with the opinion that "games exert a powerful influence on the character"?
 11. What is in his view the most effective way to form the character?
 12. What results of this "character-formation" do we witness today?

2. Check your understanding of the detail by answering the questions that follow:

1. Why does R Lynd call the supporters of Arsenal or Newcastle United "partisans"? Is this word used appreciatively or derogatory?
2. What gives supporters of football teams the greatest moments of exaltation?
3. What is the author's attitude to the mixture of those wonderful feelings the supporters experience during a football match? (Humorous, contemptuous, scornful, delightful, full of incredulity and disbelief, full of admiration, etc.)
4. The author won't be present at Wembley Final Cup, but he is going to be listening in, weather permitting. What team will he be cheering: Arsenal or Newcastle United? Find proofs in the text.
5. Why does R. Lynd say that cheering a piece of good play by

the rival team is as difficult as swallowing medicine in the nursery?

II. Language Focus

1. Go through the words below and find their derivatives in the text. Comment on word-building in each case.

Regretful(adj.), please(v), envious(adj.), miraculous(adj.), exaltation(n), perfection(n), ruthless(adj.), infernal(adj.), important(adj.), compare(v), torturer(n), chivalry(n), hatred(n), exertion(n), immorality(n), enthusiasm(n), admirable(adj.), victorious(adj.), applause(n), reluctance(n).

2. Find the words and expressions in the text that mean:

1. belonging to the same time
2. noisy in expressing one's feelings; shouting
3. to keep a ball from going in to the net
4. very strong feeling of happiness
5. great joy and delight
6. kind and gentle (mood, smile)
7. showing strong feeling or desire, eager; passionate
8. knowledge of something before it happens
9. to win a victory over; e.g .in a war, competition, or game; beat
- 10.(esp. of men) showing bravery, generosity, and good manners esp. to women
- 11.determined or serious, esp. too serious
- 12.laugh and shout disrespectfully
- 13.concerning or based on principles of right and wrong behaviour and the difference between good and evil
- 14.unwilling, unenthusiastic, resistant
- 15.a complete victory or success; the joy of satisfaction caused by this

3. Give Russian equivalents and use these words in sentences of your own:

1. Contemporary morals (dress, building). 2. Blood pressure (count, bank, group/type, poisoning). 3. Historic importance

(battle, meeting, building). 4. Benign mood (smile, nature).
 5. An ardent supporter (admirer, feminist).6. To exert one's influence (strength, pressure). 7. An enormous crowd (house, meal, amount of money).

4. Change the words in capital letters to fit the context of the sentence:

1. There's no _____ some people. (PLEASANT)
2. If I'd known the _____ of the task before I took it on I wouldn't have attempted it! (ENORMOUS)
3. I'm very _____ of your new job- I wish I had a job like that.(ENVY)
4. Their beautiful garden is the _____ of all the neighbours.(ENVY)
5. According to the Bible, Christ performed many _____, such as turning water into wine.(MIRACULOUS)
6. No doubt, her daughter is an _____ child.(IMAGINE)
7. All the characters in this book are _____.(IMAGINE)
8. The pantomime really captured the children's _____ and they talked about it for weeks.(IMAGINE)
9. Many modern films _____ war and violence.(GLORY)
10. We had a _____ time at the seaside.(GLORY)
11. I can't decide for you; you'll have to use your own _____.(JUDGE)
12. His poetry isn't bad, but it's hardly _____ with Shakespeare's! (COMPARE)
13. She showed _____ self-control. (ADMIRE)
14. The trapped miners _____ when they heard the rescue party. (CHEER)
15. *The Guardian* is one of _____ British newspapers.(INFLUENCE)

5. Find English equivalents for the following in the text:

Футбольная лихорадка, вратарь, судья, поймать мяч (о вратаре), забить гол, страстный болельщик, болеть за свою любимую команду, команда противника, завладеть мячом/

перехватить мяч, победа любой ценой, пусть победит лучший!

III. Follow Up Activities:

Discuss the following questions:

1. Do all people equally share the feeling of exaltation watching different sports games (football, volley-ball, hockey, etc) ?
2. Do you personally enjoy watching any sporting events either on television or on sports grounds?
3. Are you keen on any particular kind of sport?
4. Did you do any sports at school? Did you cheer your school football/ volleyball team?
5. How did the supporters express their delight in those days?
6. Do you think that the support of football fans (or any other sports fans) with all its shouting, jeering and applauding helps their favourite team win?

IV. Writing Suggestions:

1. One of the most important sporting events in England is Final Cup. Write about the excitement the game brings to ardent football supporters.
2. The English are well-known as the great lovers of competitive sports. But not all of them share the competitive spirit. Write about R. Lynd's unusual point of view on football fever.

UNIT 2

CRICKET

Focus vocabulary

Competitive sports	Clap the ball
Spectator	Cardinal principles
Umpire	Cricket pavilion
Batsman	Interval for lunch/ tea
Opposing team	Team game
Be heavily padded about legs and hands	Slow/ tedious pastime
Hit the ball	Be in one's prime
Be disposed about the field	A game of skill/ art/ grace
Bowl the ball	Amateur cricket/ unpaid
Solemn moments of the game	Professional cricket/ paid

Read the text carefully consulting a dictionary to learn the meaning of unfamiliar words:

EVERYDAY LEISURE PURSUITS

When we come to look at everyday leisure pursuits, it is natural to begin with a discussion of sport. The English are great lovers of competitive sports; and when they are neither playing nor watching games they like to talk about them, or when they cannot do that to think about them.

The game peculiarly associated with England is cricket.

Organized amateur cricket is played between club teams, mainly on Saturday afternoons. Nearly every village, except in the far north, has its cricket club, and there must be a few places in which the popular image of England, as sentimentalists like to think of it, is so clearly seen as on a village cricket field. A first-class match, as played between English counties, lasts for up to three days, with six hours' play on each day. The game is thus indeed slow, and a spectator, sitting in the afternoon sun after his lunch of sandwiches and beer, may be excused for having a little sleep for half an hour.

(Life in Modern Britain by P. Bromhead)

Cricket is a game impossible to describe to foreigners and they are usually unable to appreciate it. It is at times not so much a game as a kind of dignified public ritual performed by twenty-two men in white flannels and two stationary old gentlemen in white coats who are the umpires. The basis of the game is that one man stands in front of three sticks or "stumps" (known as "the wicket") armed with a bat. Twenty-two yards in direct line from him stands a fellow member of his team also with a bat in his hand and a wicket behind him. The other nine members of their team are lying about in the pavilion either watching or sleeping. Nine of the eleven members of the opposing team are disposed about the field and said to be "fielding". One of the remaining two is bowling the ball at the man with the bat with the object of hitting the wicket or causing the batsman to strike the ball in such a way that one of the men in the field can catch it. When either of these things happens, the batsman is "out" and gives place to another member of his team, and so on until all eleven of the team have batted. The batsman can also be "out" as a result of the activities of the eleventh member of the opposing team, the wicket keeper. This individual, heavily padded about the legs and hands stoops down behind the wicket waiting for an opportunity to catch the ball or to hit the wicket with it. Despite his many anxieties about the wiles of the bowler, the wicket keeper and the fielders, the batsman's main task is to hit the ball a very long way and to run to and from between the wickets while the fielders are desperately endeavouring to retrieve it. The side which scores most such "runs" wins the game.

This may sound complicated enough, but it is only a be

inning. We dare not stop to explain exactly how the batsman who is at the other wicket helps the batsman who is facing the bowler. Nor is it possible to explain fully why it always seems that when the bowler has bowled six times to the batsman the game then appears mysteriously to dissolve into a slow white-flannelled ballet. To say that this is because we have reached the end of an "over" and that another bowler must now bowl at the other wicket but not necessarily at the other batsman is to pay but little attention to the fact that all the fielders take up entirely new positions at the same time. Nor dare we try to explain why, when a left-handed batsman comes in to bat, the fielders have to redispense themselves every time he faces the bowler. Only a cricketer, too, is capable of telling you which fielder is fielding in the position known as "extra cover", which at "mid-off", and which at "silly mid-on". Only the English know which are the particular solemn moments in every game when it is "done" to clap decorously — such as at the conclusion of "a maiden over", which is an over off which the batsman has scored no runs. Then it is correct — and inevitable — to clap the bowler. When a batsman's score reaches fifty he is clapped. When the side as a whole reaches fifty there must be more clapping. When a ball is fielded skilfully, that fact is also clapped to the accompaniment of restrained scattered exclamations of "Well fielded". (In very exalted circles they say "Well fielded, *sir*" because one of the cardinal principles of cricket is that all real cricketers are *gentlemen*.) Equally ritualistic is the pause when a batsman is out. His wicket is a long way from the pavilion, but he does not run back. He walks — slowly. The batsman who is to replace him shows no unnecessary eagerness to begin his own "innings". He also walks — slowly. Meanwhile the fielders have mostly fallen flat on their backs and appear to have detached themselves in body and spirit from the whole affair. When the new batsman arrives in front of the wicket ("at the crease") he takes up his position in slow motion. He glances round at the fielders as they slowly once more take up an upright position, and carefully notes just where they are placed. He takes his cap off and puts it on again. He looks round at the wicket keeper behind him. He prods the ground with his bat. He asks the white-jacketed umpire at the other end to indicate to him whether he is holding his bat in a central position in front of the wicket. Meanwhile the bowler pulls up his sleeves, throws the ball casually up in the air two or three times and like the crowd — waits.

If it is appreciated that there is an interval for lunch and another for tea, and that the game may be interrupted, stopped — or indeed never even started — because of rain, it will be supposed that cricket

is a slow if not tedious pastime. Yet although it does not attract such large crowds as football it is as much the dominating feature of the summer calendar as football is of the winter. The important games are those for the Country Cricket Championship. There is no relegation or promotion and no knock-out cup.

There is merely a series of three-day matches throughout the summer between the "first class" county teams. In addition, under the auspices of the Marylebone Cricket Club (the M. C. C).

¹ A knock-out competition was started in 1963,

Test Matches are played between a team representing England and teams from Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, the West Indies, India and Pakistan. Most summers see tests played with one or other of these teams, and during most winters the M. C. C. sends teams to play in their countries. Test Matches with Australia either in England or Australia are the outstanding cricket games. Whichever country wins most of the five tests is said to be in possession of "The Ashes".¹

In spite of its being a team game, cricket produces more individual heroes than football. The names of the two most successful batsmen in cricket history, the bearded Dr W. G. Grace of our grandfathers' days and Jack Hobbs, who was in his prime in the 1920's, are household words in England: and perhaps even those who cannot understand cricket might be moved to a less hostile opinion of the game if they had ever seen the hardly less famous Frank Woolley in action, for he brought to the practice of batsmanship an ease and grace that made an art out of a game of skill.

In the less conservative north there is a great deal of "league cricket" between local teams, played mostly at week ends. These teams often employ professionals of the highest standard and on the whole play faster cricket. But county cricket still retains its position—as "first class" cricket and tries very hard to forget the rather shaming fact that if county clubs did not receive part of the entrance fees paid by spectators at test matches most of them would be bankrupt. All the counties now rely on paid professional cricketers as the mainstay of their team, but tradition requires that some "amateurs" (i. e. unpaid cricketers) must be included and also that the captain must be an amateur. This applies also to an All-England eleven. Every year there are one or two matches between all-amateur and all-professional teams: and significant of the survival of antique snobbery is the fact that the matches are known as games between "Gentlemen" and "Players"—the amateurs of course being the "Gentlemen".¹ But the distinction should not be taken too seriously. As a kindly

commentator said, "The match is between 'Players*' and 'Gentlemen' but all the Gentlemen are players and all the Players are gentlemen."
(*Pattern of England* by C E. Eckersley and L. C. B. Seaman)

¹ The term originated with a mock epitaph for English cricket published in the *Sporting Times*, after Australia had beaten England by seven runs at Kennington Oval, 1882. This ended: "The body will be cremated and the ashes taken to Australia." In the following winter an urn containing ashes was presented to a successful England team in Australia; now kept in the pavilion at Lord's Ground, London, the headquarters of English cricket.
(From *The Waverley Encyclopaedia*)

1. Comprehension check

Answer the questions:

1. What game is peculiarly associated with England?
2. When is cricket mainly played?
3. How long does a first-class cricket match last?
4. How many players are there in each team?
5. Why is cricket called not so much a game but a dignified public ritual?
6. Are the rules of the game simple or complicated?
7. Can the game be interrupted for a meal or because of the weather?
8. Is cricket popular only in England or do any other countries enjoy playing the game?
9. Does cricket produce individual heroes of the game?
10. What does the game of cricket mean for an Englishman?

II. Intensive comprehension

Say if the following statements are true or false:

1. Cricket is immensely popular in the world and very much appreciated by all the lovers of competitive sports.
2. Cricket is played indoors all year round.
3. Cricket is a fast game and the spectators enjoy the speed and excitement of it.
4. There are 22 men in each team disposed about the field during the match.
5. The side which scores more "runs" wins the game.
6. Cricket attracts fewer crowds than football.

7. The distinction between the “ Players” and the “ Gentlemen” should not be taken seriously.

III. Follow Up Activities:

Talk about the popular image of England on a village cricket field.

UNIT 3

HOLIDAY OPTIONS

Focus vocabulary

To go somewhere watery	Aquatic pleasures
A holiday for singles	To hone one’s skills
A relaxed environment	To know one’s sheets from one’s shrouds
Creature comforts	To meet like-minded people
To colonise resorts	Expansion, creativity and challenge
Tour operator	An overnight stay
To feature smth..	Upmarket camping
Hoteliers	To cater for smb.
Single supplements	To supply fun and games for young, lively loners
To give someone a wide berth	
Low-key night life	

Read the text carefully consulting a dictionary to learn the meaning of unfamiliar words:

HOLIDAY CLINIC 1

HER BRIEF

SUSIE GIBSON is looking for a holiday packed with activities where she can meet new people in a relaxed environment. After splitting up with her boy friend and watching her three best friends all

have babies, she is resigned to going away by herself, but is not interested in a singles holiday.

Susie loves water and would enjoy sailing, rafting or scuba diving, or a bit of each, preferably in a warm, sunny climate.

She is also a keen cook and considers good food an important part of a holiday.

She would appreciate some creature comforts and, while she is sociable and out going, she would prefer a room to herself.

She would like to be away for one or two weeks (perhaps with a week of activities and a second week relaxing) in late July or early August. Her budget is a maximum of £1,500.

OUR SOLUTION

OPTION 1: TURKEY

WHY? Despite the huge numbers that now colonise the main resorts, particularly Marmaris and its attached sprawl, Turkey still has mile upon mile of uncommercial coast; an added bonus is that local costs are remarkably low.

The main reason for our choice, however, is that it is featured by the tour operator Travel One.

HOW? Travel One specializes in single travellers in the thirties-plus age group, negotiating special rates with hoteliers in order to avoid any single supplements. However, unlike a "singles holiday", where people travel in a group of other singles, the Travel One options are tailor-made to suit the individual traveller. Another characteristic of the company is that it gives the overdeveloped resorts a wide berth.

We suggest two distinct weeks in the one fortnight: a week ashore and a week afloat. Susie would fly from Gatwick to Dalaman (four hours) and transfer to Dalyan (just half an hour from the airport).

The first week would be spent at the family-owned and managed Calypso Hotel, situated on the Dalyan River, with its own jetty and boat to take guests on the 30-minute or so meander through the reeds, and past ancient Lycaon rock tombs in the cliffs, to the beach at Iztuzu — a great swathe of a sandbar where the river meets the Med. The Calypso, which is hugely popular with single travellers, has its own gardens and a large pool and is a 10-minute walk from the centre of the village and its low-key night-life. Susie can also choose from a selection of optional adventures, easily booked through the local agent, including full days canoeing or rafting on the Dalaman River, horse ridings, scuba diving and a jeep safari.

For her second week, Susie would board a traditional, six-cabin

gulet for a cruise from Marmaris along Turkey's Aegean coast. Each night is spent in a different anchorage, usually a secluded bay, but there are also trips to both Fethiye and the spectacular lagoon and beach at Olu Deniz. Lots of en route windsurfing and snorkelling are also on the menu, as is good Turkish food prepared by the crew and served on the shaded quarterdeck.

HOW MUCH? Well within budget: two weeks in July or August with Travel One (0171-721 8484; www.travelone.co.uk) would cost £814, including a single room, half-board, at the Calypso Hotel, and a single cabin on the gulet, full-board. The four optional activities in Dalyan would add a total of just £114 to the trip.

OPTION 2: SAILING IN THE IONIAN

WHY? Sailing is the most exciting way to explore the Greek islands, especially for someone like Susie who is already hooked on aquatic pleasures.

In most cases, you either have to book a crewed yacht (expensive) or pull together your crew of fellow salts in order to charter a yacht, either on flotilla or bareboat. Sunsail, however, runs occasional share-a-yacht holidays in Greece (also Turkey and Croatia), which attract single travellers. The company then works out who sails with whom, balancing out the levels of ability so that there is at least someone on board who knows their sheets from their shrouds.

HOW? There are two possibilities, although Susie would need to go a little later than her ideal dates (we checked if she were happy to do this). Leaving on September 4, she could spend a week ashore at Spartia on the Ionian island of Cephalonia, one of the smallest of its nine Med clubs, where there is ample opportunity to sail by day, choosing from a range of dinghies and catamarans suited to all grades of sailing skill. There are also a number of yachts available, so Susie could hone her skills on bigger boats prior to week two on flotilla, which would consist of about 10 boats looked after by a lead boat with a skipper, engineer and hostess to see to navigational, mechanical and social organisation.

She would share an Oceanis 321 yacht with up to five others (own cabin, though), plying the Southern Ionian, the least exposed of all Greek seas and recommended for beginners.

HOW MUCH? With Sunsail (01705-222222, www.sunsail.com), the cost for the two-week September holiday would be £759 for a week ashore at Spartia, with her own room and the use of all boats, and a cabin on an Oceanis 321 boat.

Flights and transfers - Spartia is 30 minutes from the airport -

are included, but food is extra. (There are lots of tavernas on Cephalonia, and dotted around the rest of the Ionian; the club also has its own restaurant.)

The shore/sea order can be reversed. Also, outside the school holidays, Spartia is only open to those of 16 years and up.

OPTION 3: ATSITSA ON SKYROS (GREECE)

WHY? Atsitsa, run by Skyros Holistic Holidays, is one of two sister centres on Skyros, the least-known island in the Sporades off Greek's northeast coast. The emphasis at Atsitsa is on outdoor activities and 90% of participants are single travellers. Although Atsitsa is not classed as a singles holiday, the organisers describe it as "the perfect place to meet likeminded people in an informal and relaxed way", and also maintain that it is "the ideal environment for expansion, creativity and challenge".

HOW? Set in a pine-forested bay, Atsitsa offers a range of courses, such as windsurfing, snorkeling, including a 22ft yacht), as well as t'ai chi, yoga, dance and theatre workshops, during the two-week holiday. Participants can take up to three courses (which they can change their minds about) for all skill levels.

After flying to Athens, clients are met by a representative and taken by coach to a hotel for an overnight stay in the middle of the city before embarking on a coach and ferry transfer to Skyros the next day. In Atsitsa, participants share two-person bamboo huts, described as being "a bit like upmarket camping, where your washing facilities (showers, sinks and lavatories) are in a separate block".

HOW MUCH? Two weeks in late July or the beginning of August with Skyros Holistic Holidays (0171-284 3065) would cost £845, including accommodation, meals- wholesome Mediterranean dishes, with vegetarians catered for — and courses. An Olympic Airways return flight to Athens costs approximately £220 (through Griffin Aviation, 0171-814 9977) and the coach and ferry transfer and the night's stay in Athens would add a further £90 return.

OPTION 4: CLUB MED — THE CARIBBEAN

WHY? Singles and water blend easily with Club Med, but Susie needs to pick the right village. Although the Club, now one of the largest tour operators in the world, was born to supply fun and games for young, lively loners, many of its resorts are now geared more to family pleasures.

HOW? Club Med's adults-only village (called Turkoise) on the Turks and Caicos islands (which are not really Caribbean, although widely put in the same geographical catchment), has plenty of watersports and a high proportion of single travellers. Susie would fly

from Heathrow~(via Miami), and at Club Med would have her own bungalow. Activities include sailing, waterskiing, snorkelling, windsurfing, tennis, dance classes and, at extra cost, scuba diving, taking advantage of the superb underwater life of the Turks and Caicos.

Good food, lots of boaty excursions (extra) and a lively nightlife are also part of the experience.

HOW MUCH? A one-week holiday with Club Med (0171-581 1161, www.clubmed.com), leaving on August 28, costs £1,370, including food, wine and activities, flights and transfers and a single supplement. A Padi scuba-diving course would add £121.

I.Comprehension check

Answer the questions:

1. Is Susan looking for a holiday for singles?
2. What is her holiday budget and for how long is she planning to go away?
3. What is her idea of a beneficial holiday?
4. How many options does Holiday Clinic's professional help offer her and where are the resorts situated?
5. What are the names of the tour agencies offering her a holiday?
6. Does the trip to Turkey fit Susan's criteria of a good holiday?
7. Is the sailing holiday in Greece as good as the one in Turkey?
8. Does Travel One tour agency offer a wider range of activities and a more varied holiday time than Sunsail agency?
9. What are the advantages and disadvantages (if any) of the third option offered by Holistic Holidays?
10. What is Susan likely to appreciate in Club Med's offer? Do you think she might be disappointed in anything in the tour?
11. What offer seems the most tempting to you?

II. Intensive Comprehension:

Say if the following statements true or false. Justify your judgements

1. Susie is resigned to going away by herself and she is interested in a single holiday.
2. Susie would appreciate some creature comforts and she would prefer to share a room or a bungalow with a like-minded person.
3. Turkey offers remarkable low local costs.
4. Unfortunately Travel One cannot offer special rates for single travellers.
5. To go on a share-a-yacht holiday one is supposed to have perfect sailing skills.
6. Atsitsa is described as "the ideal environment to make friends and try something new and exciting."
7. Skyros Holistic Holidays offers its clients healthy Mediterranean food and a special vegetarian diet.

III. Language Focus.

1. Find in the text word combinations and expressions matching the following definitions:

1. something given or paid in addition to what is usual or expected
2. to move oneself from one location to another
3. having low intensity; restrained as in style or quality; subdued
4. to sail or travel about, as for pleasure or reconnaissance
5. removed or remote from others; solitary
6. on or along the way
7. left to choice; not compulsory or automatic
8. sailors, especially when old and experienced
9. disposed to be open, communicative, and generous
10. appealing to or designed for high-income customers; upscale

2. Pick out from the text

- a) words and expressions, connected with water sports;
- b) words and expressions, connected with the work of a travel agency

3. Change the words in capital letters to fit the context of the sentence.

1. She plays the piano for a bit of _____. (RELAX)
2. "I suppose it was bound to happen," she said _____. (RESIGN)
3. British _____ led to the establishment of a large empire. (COLONIZE)
4. It's _____ believed that taking large amounts of vitamin C cures colds. (POPULAR)
5. The economic conflict has fueled a serious trade _____. (BALANCE)
6. Lack of money made further progress _____. (POSSIBLE)
7. Details of the competition are _____. (AVAILABLE)
8. The St Lawrence River is _____ from the Great Lakes

- to the Atlantic Ocean. (NAVIGATE)
9. _____ is difficult in this river because of the hidden rocks.(NAVIGATE)
10. I enjoy _____ with my fellow-students after class.(SOCIAL)

4. Find English equivalents for the following in the text:

Приятная, спокойная атмосфера/ общество, смириться с чем-либо, общительный, местные цены, владельцы отелей, специально предназначенный, спокойные/хорошо организованные развлечения вечером, местный агент, по пути следования, полный пансион, неделя на берегу, дружелюбный/открытый человек, здоровая пища, семейный отдых.

V. Follow Up Activities

1. Discuss the following:

1. The most popular way now in arranging your holiday time is booking a tour at a travel agency, isn't it?
2. Is it easy to choose from hundred of agencies and dozens of resorts?
3. Do many people ask for professional help while planning their holidays?
4. Is it possible to get professional help through a newspaper? In what way?
5. What are the advantages of getting professional help through a newspaper?

2. Role play the situations:

1. A tour booked through a travel agency that went wrong. Complain to the Association of Travel Agents. Act out a conversation between a holiday-maker and a travel agent.
2. After the holiday. Act out a conversation between two holiday-makers.

VI. Writing suggestions:

1. Talk about holiday options for single career people with an average budget.

2. Advertise different places where one can spend a holiday.
3. Talk about holiday activities and holiday types.

Unit4

EXOTIC HOLIDAY OPTIONS

Focus vocabulary

Sunshine holiday	Brunch
High living	“High-end”shopping
Sporty options	An apt description
Plush hotel	Outlet shop
To be pampered	Cast-offs
Connoisseur	Beach-loafing/ a loafer
Foodie	Trattoria-like restaurant
Bridal-wear company	To modell smth. on smth.
To be at full stretch	Plunge pool
To be well -travelled	Agreeable climate
To upgrade	Palatial hotel
A suite	Posh hotel/restaurant/home
Rarefied	Sociable hours
Spa	Funky Venice

Read the text carefully consulting a dictionary to learn the meaning of unfamiliar words:

HOLIDAY CLINIC 2

JONATHAN AND Lynn know what they like from a holiday — sunshine, a plush hotel and plenty of opportunities to relax and keep fit.

They prefer shopping to sightseeing, but find cities too stressful. They like to be pampered, but do not consider themselves foodies or connoisseurs.

Both have demanding jobs, particularly Lynn, whose busiest time is between Christmas and Easter when her bridal-wear company is at full stretch. Lynn usually chooses the holidays, but next year she celebrates her 40th birthday and Jonathan would like to arrange something extra special.

The couple are well-travelled and particularly enjoy America.

Their ideal hotel will have five-stars, a well-equipped gym and health club, aerobics classes for Lynn and a large pool where Jonathan can do his laps. Where possible, they will upgrade their room to a suite.

Recent successful holidays have been in Marbella, Cyprus, Tenerife, Arizona and Palm Springs. Jonathan particularly enjoys mountain biking and would appreciate the chance to get out on two wheels. Watersports are not their thing.

The couple would like to go away for 10-14 days next April or May, and with a budget of £6,000-£8,000 they would prefer not to fly at the back of the plane — they are fans of Virgin's Premium Economy class.

OPTION 1: PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

WHY? As much for the hotel as the destination (which we know will work from their successful previous encounters with the United States).

HOW? Palm Beach, 1,5hr north of Miami airport, is an island unto itself, both geographically — it is part of a wafer-thin key joined to the mainland by a causeway — as well as socially.

Cast adrift from the mainstream of ordinary living, Palm Beach is a rarefied Florida, very quiet, very white and very rich. Guess what they dumped in the sea to make an artificial reef for divers? A Rolls-Royce.

The Breakers is a proper grand hotel, its rich history at the very root of the Palm Beach saga. The present "palace by the sea", built in Italian Renaissance style in the 1920s on the site of Henry Flagler's original hotel (one of a string of staging posts for his railway line), is still an ancient monument by American standards. There are 567 rooms, 52 suites, 140 acres of gardens, two championship golf courses, 21 tennis courts, beach volleyball, lawn bowling, croquet, jogging trails and acres of public rooms.

One of the biggest attractions for the Whiteleys would be the resort's Mediterranean-style spa, which opened in January offering a complete range of health and beauty treatments, including reflexology and aromatherapy, steam and sauna rooms and a gigantic Jacuzzi. The Beach Club has three further pools and a huge pool deck with bar and restaurant.

Palm Beach sightseeing includes Flagler's mansion, Whitehall, with its Italian Renaissance library, a Louis XIV music room, a Louis XV ballroom, an Elizabethan breakfast room, a Swiss billiard room and a dining room straight out of Warwick (pronounced war-wick) Castle — the Standard Oil tycoon once owned the entire peninsula. Estates of the rich and famous are also on view, or at least the

hedgerows and rooflines of Estde Lauder's place, the Donahue "Woolworth" estate, the old Kennedy compound and the onetime home of John and Yoko Lennon. They can also take a cruise (brunch, lunch or dinner) on Lake Worth and the Intracoastal Waterway, which segregates Palm Beach from the rest of the world. In Palm Beach village, a short walk from the hotel, shopping is so "high end" you can hardly find sufficient oxygen to breathe. All the serious label shops are on the aptly named Worth Avenue, probably the most exclusive shopping district in the world (but with lots of second-hand designer outlets — rich gals' cast-offs).

HOW MUCH? Two May weeks at the Breakers, travelling with British Airways Holidays (0870-24 24 243) and staying in an oceanfront room, costs £2,239 including flights; with a Club-class seat they would need to add £840, making a total of £6,158 for the couple.

OPTION 2: DUBAI

WHY? Guaranteed sunshine, a five-star hotel on the beach well away from urban development, plenty of shopping a short taxi ride away, and soft adventures in the sand dunes and wadies. Dubai, although for many travellers a mere middle-of-the-night pit stop between here and there, is Arabia without hassle, without grime, without poverty and without crime. Lynn could walk the streets at night without fear, free of veil and with undressed knees, and wear her bikini on the beach. And, yes, the Whiteleys can drink the water; Dubai is healthy, hygienic and supersanitised. More to the point, they can drink the wine, the beer or the whisky.

HOW? The Ritz-Carlton presides over a stretch of the pristine white Jumeirah Beach, the last fling of the desert before it disappears beneath the waters of the Gulf (the hotel has its own camels). Aside from each loafing (the staff deliver plates of iced fruit and cold, scented towels to the sunloungers), the hotel has two gyms, one reserved for females (mainly Arab guests who want to avoid male attentions), and an excellent spa with a range of soothing treatments. There are watersports, tennis courts, two pools and three restaurants (one smart, one trattoria-tike, one poolside). The Emirates Golf Club is five minutes away, and Dubai City, with its clusters of gold and spice souks and plenty of designer out-lets, is a 30-minute drive away.

Dubai would make an ideal 10-day destination, but with a break from the beach. After a few adventures on the sands (including "wadi bashing", expat speak for a bounce along dried up riverbeds, and a rough and tumble drive by 4WD through the classic dune country of the Rub'al Khali, the "empty quarter", plus souk shopping for saffron, spices and gold - sold by weight irrespective of craftsman-ship — we

suggest that Jonathan and Lynn spend three nights in a new, stunningly landscaped resort called Al Maha. Set within the dunes of a desert valley and modelled on the game lodges of South Africa, the luxurious Al Maha is the first ecotourism project in the United Arab Emirates. Jonathan and Lynn would spend three nights in a Bedouin-style suite with a canvas roof and its own plunge pool.

HOW MUCH? A week in a de luxe Gulfview room at the Ritz-Carlton (with breakfast) and three nights' full-board at Al Maha would cost £2,435 each, with Elegant Resorts (01244-897888, www.elegantresorts.co.uk). Flying business class would add from £1,100 return to the price, which would come to a total of £7,090 for the two.

OPTION 3: MAUI, HAWAII, with Beverly Hills

WHY? It's a long way to fly, but Hawaii certainly scores as a special destination, especially on Maui where tourism has had much softer impact than on Oahu, the main Hawaiian island and home to Waikiki. The stopover/shopover in LA would also help break the journey home.

HOW? Although the destination is half-way round the world, the flights are at sociable hours (with just one overnight, back from LA to Heathrow) and both hotels are no more than 30 minutes from their respective airports. The climate in both destinations is also very agreeable in May.

The couple would take a United Airlines' lunchtime flight (from May 1, 2000) from Heathrow, changing in LA for the nonstop flight to Maui (skipping Honolulu).

Although about a third of all Hawaiianbound visitors head for Maui, it is a more upscale island than Oahu. In the 19th century, the main town of Lahaina was the whaling capital of the world. Today, boats ferry visitors to watch the schools of 50ft, 40-ton humpback whales that come from Alaska to mate in the warm Hawaiian waters (May is still in prime time). The other great natural sighting is the crater of the 10,000ft dormant Haleakala volcano (if the Whiteleys are early risers they should aim to watch the sunrise from it).

The peaceful, posh and palatial Four Seasons resort is situated in several acres of manicured grounds dotted with pools and fountains. It has a health and fitness centre, with complimentary aerobics and other classes, tennis courts and both golf and riding just five minutes away (with optional instruction). Boating, fishing, windsurfing, scuba diving, snorkelling, running paths and cycle tracks are also on the energy menu. There are three restaurants, each offering alternative cuisine for the health conscious, as well as the usual

American-overload dishes.

After a week on the beach, the couple would take a lunchtime flight back to Los Angeles, arriving at 8.30pm, with check-in at the Beverly Hills Hotel on Sunset Boulevard soon after. We know the Whiteleys are not interested in cities but Beverly Hills is its own community, and highly walk-able, with houses and gardens rather than apartments. The hotel, with its full-size outdoor swimming pool surrounded by private cabanas, two outdoor tennis courts (with former Wimbledon champion Alex Olmedo as the resident pro) an state-of-the-art fitness centre, feels much more like a holiday resort than an urban hotel. For outings, Jonatan and Lynn could consider shopping in the designer stores on Rodeo Drive, the Holly Wood Walk of Fame, Mann's Chinese Theatre, Paramount Studios, Santa Monica's beaches, funky Venice, the J Paul Getty Museum and Universal Studios, all within easy reach.

I. Comprehension check

Answer the questions:

1. What do the Whiteleys want from their holidays?
2. Who usually chooses the holidays in their family?
3. Why would Mr. Whiteley like to arrange smth. Special this time?
4. What is the Whiteleys' idea of a good hotel? What places do they particularly enjoy?
5. What activities are their thing?
6. What are their ideal dates, the budget and the destinations?
7. What options are they offered by *Holiday Clinic* professionals?
8. Why are the Whiteleys recommended Palm Beach, Florida?
9. What particularly will they enjoy if they go to Florida?
10. Is there any chance that they might dislike anything?
11. Will the second option suit the couple?
12. Do you reckon they will be excited with the exotic break from the beach with a few adventures on the sands?
13. What are the greatest attractions of the third option, Beverly Hills? Are there any negative points in this option?
14. What are the Whiteleys likely to choose? Give your reasons.

II. Language Focus

1. Find the words and expressions in the text that mean:

- 1.expensive, comfortable and attractive (two words)
2. to receive a lot of care and attention, often so much that it spoils your character
3. to look after someone very well, especially by making them feel very comfortable or giving them nice things
4. someone who knows a lot about a particular thing and enjoys it a lot
5. using all the money, supplies, or energy available
6. to improve the quality of the service or product
7. a set of rooms
8. intended for a small group of people who are especially intelligent, rich, powerful etc.
9. a health club, especially one that has a swimming- pool and a steam room
- 10.goods or services, which are more expensive and more advanced than other similar goods and services
- 11.something (a name, description or comment), which is very suitable
- 12.to spend time doing nothing
- 13.an Italian restaurant, esp. one that is simple and informal
- 14.to copy a way of doing something
- 15.fashionable in a way that is unusual and shows a lot of imagination

2.Pick out from the text:

- a) words and expressions, which are used to describe luxury resorts.
- b) Words dealing with sports activities and entertainment.

3. Change the words in capital letters to fit the context of the sentence:

1. My new job is quite _____, no challenge at all.. (DEMAND).
2. He moves in very _____ circles; his friends are all lords. (RARE)
3. I'm learning Italian, but I still can't speak it _____. (PROPER)
4. Some bread and soup will _____ me.

(SUFFICIENCY)

5. There wasn't much food but it was _____ for our needs. (SUFFICIENCY)
 6. He gave them his honest, _____ of the consequences. (FEAR)
 7. He was _____ of her anger. (FEAR)
 8. We were _____ surprised by their willingness to negotiate. (AGREE)
 9. You have broken the terms of our _____ by not finishing the job in time. (AGREE)
 10. She treated him with _____ affection and contempt. (ALTERNATIVE)
4. **Find English equivalents for the following in the text:**

Роскошный отель, знатоки и ценители чего-либо, салон свадебных платьев, апартаменты в отеле, курорт для избранных, огромный выбор оздоровительных и косметических процедур, номер с видом на океан, смело ходить по улицам ночью, успокаивающие процедуры, потрясающий ландшафт, охотничьи домики, бассейн для прыжков в воду, приятный климат, дневные рейсы, ухоженная территория курорта.

III. Follow Up Activities:

Talk about holiday options for wealthy married couples arranged through a travel agency.

Unit 5

CITY LIFE

Focus vocabulary

To attend to smb.	To hire a man
To swing one's things away	Sense of virtue
To ask sharply	Examiner
In a sharp way	Limb
To go (be) red in face	Steel-framed glasses

Read the text carefully consulting a dictionary to learn the meaning of unfamiliar words:

AT DOVER (Nigel Balchin)

In travelling home from Florence it is usual to go to Pisa, and there to change on to the Rome Express. In fact, there is (or was) a carriage which runs all the way from Florence, but you will be told that it is reserved for Very Important People.

Too much notice should not be taken of this. Nearly every seat in an Italian train is always reserved for Important People or for men who lost a limb in the war. But very few of them ever seem to travel much, and personally I have never found this carriage from Florence so crowded with great men that it could not take me.

On the particular occasion that I speak of, it also took Miss Bradley, who certainly did not look important. She looked more like an out-of-work nurse, and I only noticed her because of her surprising ugliness. She was a rather large, heavy woman of about thirty-five, with a big red nose, and steel-framed glasses; and she had one of those unpleasant skin-diseases which had covered her face with spots. It is an important part of this story that I really very much disliked looking at Miss Bradley.

It is equally important that later on, when I went to the dining car, Miss Bradley was already seated, and the man who was attending to us placed me opposite her.

Meals on the Rome Express take a long time. This one seemed to go on for ever, and I could not help noticing that Miss Bradley found it all very difficult.

If you are English, it is almost impossible to speak Italian or French on these occasions, because the waiters are anxious to practise their English on you. The waiter who served us spoke quite good English. Yet Miss Bradley was determined to order her food in unbelievably bad schoolgirl French, though she was red in the face when she did so, and plainly very ashamed.

I had the greatest difficulty myself in understanding what she said, and the waiter soon gave it up and brought her whatever he had ready. One was forced to believe that Miss Bradley was not only very ugly, but very stupid too.

I think we may have exchanged half a dozen words at dinner, when passing the sugar or the bread to one another. It is difficult to dine endlessly opposite somebody without making a few polite sounds. But they were certainly all that we exchanged, and after we left the dining car I did not see Miss Bradley again until we reached Calais.

She was then trying very hard to get out of the train at Calais Town, where we stopped for a moment, and a man was trying equally hard to explain that she must get out at Calais Port.

This time I certainly spoke to Miss Bradley. I said, "It's the next stop. This is Calais Town." And Miss Bradley, with a red face, said, "Oh, I see. Thank you."

And then, when we reached the sea, we really began to know each other, and it was my fault. There were plenty of porters to carry the bags, and I called one from the window of the train without difficulty. But as I got out I saw Miss Bradley standing on the station platform. She had two large very old cardboard suit-cases, one of which seemed to be held together by a thick string.

She was standing there saying "Porter!" rather weakly and the stream of porters was dividing round her, and passing her by, like water dividing past a rock, looking for richer people.

It was at this moment I went towards her. I am quite sure that if she had been less ugly I should not have done it. But she was so ugly and she looked so sad and helpless standing there with her baggage tied together with a string, crying "Porter!" that I was filled with pity — a thing which seldom happens.

I smiled at her with a real and pleasant sense of virtue and said, "My porter can take your cases, if you like." Miss Bradley turned and looked at me.

She was even uglier than I had thought. "Oh — thank you," she said. "It is very kind of you."

My porter unwillingly added her baggage to mine and in a few

minutes we found ourselves on board the ship. Our cases were placed side by side, and Miss Bradley and myself were naturally side by side also.

I hope it will be agreed that up to this point I had acted like a gentleman, though perhaps at no great personal sacrifice. I say I hope it will be agreed, because there is no doubt that from this point my usual bad qualities began to take control.

In less than ten minutes I realized that Miss Bradley, quite apart from her ugliness was very, very dull. With hesitation, but continually, she talked about nothing, and said nothing interesting about it.

I learned that she had been in Italy for two weeks, visiting her sister, who was married to an Italian. She had never been out of England before.

At home she was a clerk in an office. The work was quite interesting, but travelling to and from the office was tiring.

I do not suggest that any of this in itself was duller than most conversations, but somehow Miss Bradley managed to make it duller.

I considered that I should certainly have to see Miss Bradley safely off the boat at Dover and on to her train; and after that there would be no reason, except rudeness, why we should not travel to London together. That meant four hours of it.

I could not face this; so, excusing myself, I went along to the office on board and bought myself a seat on the Golden Arrow.

Miss Bradley was travelling by the ordinary train, so this "would mean that we should separate at Dover. I went back to Miss Bradley, who told me about the flat in London that she shared with another girl from the office.

We reached Dover without any interruption in Miss Bradley's flow of conversation. I hired a man to carry our baggage. I had two expensive suit-cases which had once been given to me as a present, and she had her two pieces of ancient cardboard.

Usually passengers for the Golden Arrow are dealt with first, because the train leaves twenty minutes before the ordinary train. When the boy asked if we were going on the Golden Arrow, I hesitated and then said, "Yes."

It was too complicated to explain that one of us was and one of us wasn't, and in any case it would help Miss Bradley because they would deal with her bags quickly.

As we went towards the hall I explained carefully to her that my train left before hers, but that I would help her with her baggage first. The boy could then take our cases to the right trains, and she could sit

comfortable in hers until it left. Miss Bradley said, "Oh, thank you very much."

The boy, of course, had put our suit-cases together, and Miss Bradley and I went and stood before them. At the proper time the examiner reached us, looked at the four suit-cases in that sharp way which examiners must practise night and morning, and said, "This is all yours?"

I was not quite sure whether he was speaking to me, or me and Miss Bradley, who was standing slightly behind me, and I was just about to say "Yes" for both of us. But suddenly the worst bits of pride in my nature rose to the surface. I did not want to admit that those terrible old cardboard suitcases with the string were mine, and I replied, "Well — mine and this lady's."

The examiner said, "But you're together?"

"For the present time," I said rather foolishly, smiling at Miss Bradley. I did not want to hurt her feelings.

"Yes," said the examiner patiently. "But are you travelling together? Does this baggage belong to both of you?"

"Well, no. Not exactly. We're just sharing a porter."

"Then if you will show me which are your things," said the examiner very slowly and carefully, as if he were talking to a child, "I'll deal with them."

I pointed to my cases. I had nothing valuable, and said so. Without asking me to open them, the examiner chalked the cases and then, instead of moving to my left and dealing with Miss Bradley, he moved to the right and began to talk to a man whose baggage covered a space of about seven feet.

Miss Bradley said: "Oh dear — "mildly. I started to say: "Listen — could you do the lady's too, so that—" but the examiner took no notice of me. He was already examining the man on the right.

The boy swung my cases away, and more were immediately put in the space. The owner gave me a gentle push in the back. I hesitated for a moment, but there did not seem to be much advantage in standing there waiting for Miss Bradley when we were about to separate, so I said: "Well, I'll say goodbye now, and go to find my train. I expect he'll come back to you next. The porter will bring all our cases to the trains when you've finished. Good-bye." Miss Bradley said, "Oh ... good-bye and thank you so much." We shook hands and I left with some relief mixed with a feeling that I was being slightly rude.

I found my seat in the Golden Arrow and began to read. Twenty minutes later I suddenly realized that the train was going to leave in

five minutes and that the porter had still not brought my cases. I was just setting off to look for him when he came, breathless, carrying them. I asked him rather sharply what he had been doing.

"It was her," he said shortly.

"Miss Bradley? Well, where is she and where's her baggage?"

"She's still there," said the boy in a hard voice. "And will be for some time, I guess. Examining her properly."

"But why?"

"Well, they'd found forty watches when I came away, and that is only the start. So I thought maybe you wouldn't want me to wait."

The sad part of the story is this: if I had been a nicer and kinder person, and more patient, and had really decided to see Miss Bradley safely to London, or if I had not been too proud about her baggage, it would almost certainly have been carelessly passed with mine; or, if it had been opened, I should have had some very awkward explaining to do. In fact, I seem to have been rude just in time. But I have often wondered whether, when Miss Bradley stood alone and sad on the station at Calais, she had already chosen me as the person to save her, or whether she was just quietly sure that someone would.

Looking back, I am fairly sure that she chose me, though I have never understood exactly how she did so. I am quite sure she never made the slightest effort to speak to me first or to get to know me.

I. Comprehension Check

Answer the questions

- 1) What is the usual way of travelling from Florence to England?
- 2) What was the author's way of travelling home from Florence?
- 3) Who else happened to take the same carriage on that particular occasion?
- 4) What made him take notice of the other passenger?
- 5) What did Miss Bradley look like?
- 6) How did it happen that the author found himself opposite Miss Bradley in the dining car?
- 7) What language did Miss Bradley use when ordering her food?
- 8) Why did this seem unusual to the author?
- 9) What impression did one get of Miss Bradley?
- 10) When did the author see her again?
- 11) Why did he really speak to Miss Bradley this time?
- 12) Why did the author believe it to be his fault that they really began to know each other when they reached Calais Port?
- 13) How did the author and Miss Bradley happen to find themselves

side by side on the boat?

- 14) What did Miss Bradley tell the author about herself during the trip?
- 15) Why did the author decide to take the Golden Arrow to London?
- 16) Why were the passengers for the Golden Arrow dealt with by the Customs first?
- 17) What made the author disown Miss Bradley's luggage?
- 18) What had delayed the porter with the author's luggage?
- 19) What had Miss Bradley been trying to smuggle into the country?
- 20) What made the author fairly sure that he had been deliberately chosen by Miss Bradley as the person to see her through the Customs?

II. Intensive Comprehension

Paraphrase or explain:

1. Yet Miss Bradley was determined to order her food in unbelievably bad schoolgirl French, though she was red in the face when she did so, and plainly very ashamed.
2. It is difficult to dine endlessly opposite some body without making a few polite sounds.
3. I smiled at her with a real and pleasant sense of virtue ...
4. I hope it will be agreed that up to this point I had acted like a gentleman, though perhaps at no great personal sacrifice.
5. ... my usual bad qualities began to take control.
6. I considered that I should certainly have to see Miss Bradley safely off the boat at Dover and on to her train ...
7. But suddenly the worst bits of pride in my nature rose to the surface.
8. ... if I had not been too proud about her baggage, it would almost certainly have been carelessly passed with mine ...

III. Language Focus

1. Find in the text the English for:

сделать пересадку (на транспорте); вагон прямого сообщения; потерять на войне руку (или ногу); крупная, полная женщина; вагон-ресторан; занимать много времени; продолжаться до бесконечности; красный как рак; испытывать чувство стыда; по моей вине; поток носильщиков; выглядеть жалкой и беспомощной; преисполниться жалости к кому-либо; нехотя; на борту парохода; рядом; скучный; запинаясь; два места (о багаже);

взять носильщика; обидеть кого-либо; не обратить внимания на кого-либо; обменяться рукопожатием; с некоторым облегчением; запыхавшись; спросить резким тоном; заговорить первой, завязать

2. Study the following phrases. Recall how they were used in the text. Make sentences with each.

cannot help doing (noticing, etc.) smth.

e. g. 1. She couldn't help smiling. It was all so ridiculous. 2. I can't help thinking that it was all my fault.

be anxious to do (please, practise, etc.) smth. e. g. 1. They were all anxious to help. 2. She was most anxious to hide her feelings.

try hard (one's hardest, one's best) to do smth. e. g. 1. He tried his best to make himself understood but couldn't. 2. The visiting team tried their hardest to win the game, but all their efforts were in vain.

a sense of virtue (humour, right, wrong, etc.)

e. g. 1. He's got a keen sense of duty. 2. His sense of honour would never let him be unjust.

deal with smth., smb. e.g. 1. The more urgent matters were dealt with first. 2. I shouldn't say that he's so easy to deal with.

be about to do (say, etc.) smth. e. g. 1. I was about to leave when I suddenly remembered that I hadn't put away the documents into the safe. 2. She was about to say that she would be leaving soon but then changed her mind as she clearly realized that not one of them really cared.

have some explaining (writing, cooking, work, etc.) to do

e. g. 1. I should gladly accompany you, but as it happens I still have a few letters to write. 2. If her little secret had been found out, she would have had some very awkward explaining to do.

3. Change the sentences to the opposite by adding a negative prefix to the italicized words. Make other necessary changes.

1) Did you say he was a man of *regular* habits?

2) I'm terribly sorry, I never meant it as a *personal* remark.

3) It was a most *exciting* story I

- 4) Was the order *obeyed*.
- 5) Rumours had it that it was a perfectly *legal* business.
- 6) Only an *honest* person could act like this.
- 7) I looked into his *smiling* face and tried to guess his thoughts.
- 8) It was something definitely *worthy* of our attention.
- 9) He was used to *comfort*.
- 10) I *liked* her at sight.

4. Add a negative prefix to the adjectives derived from the italicized words and rewrite the sentences without changing their meaning. Make other necessary changes.

Model: There was no *necessity* for interference. Interference was *unnecessary*.

- 1) If you had shown a little more *patience* with your work, the result would have been much better.
- 2) Hardly anybody *knows* this writer nowadays.
- 3) It was a fact of little *importance*, so at least he had thought at the time.
- 4) The play was performed with little *success*.
- 5) What struck me most about her was utter lack of *responsibility*.
- 6) It always pays to be *polite*.
- 7) In her new surroundings she felt far from *happy*.
- 8) He was not at all *fortunate* in his choice.
- 9) The answer I got was not exactly what I'd call *definite*.
- 10) It was only a seemingly *important* detail. Actually there was nothing to it.
- 11) I saw no *reason* for his anger.

5. Give the meaning of the italicized words.

1. a) His *face* remained expressionless, b) The map was lying on its *face*, c) That meant four hours of her company and he knew he couldn't *face* it. d) You'll have to *face* the facts sooner or later, e) The windows *faced* the street.
2. a) You had better take the child by the *hand* when crossing the street. b) Hand me your cup. I'll pour you some more tea.
3. a) You're not supposed to point *fingers* at people, b) She stood *fingering* her handkerchief.
4. a) Her *eyes* wide open, she was looking about in surprise, b) The boy was *eyeing* me with interest.
5. a) The old man had a fine *head*, b) The expedition *headed* north.

6. a) His *nose* had a peculiar turn, b) Why must he always be *nosing* about? c) The boat *nosed* her way through the channel.
7. a) His fingers are all *thumbs*, b) He *thumbed* through the book.

6. Choose the correct word to fill in the blanks.

5. a) It was a most ... story. b) The woman gave me an ... look. c) ... results, to say the least. (astonishing, astonished)
6. a) He passed his hand in a ... way over his face. b) It was a ... sort of conversation. c) You would have also found her to be a most ... woman. (tiring, tired)
7. a) She was a woman of ... ugliness. b) He wore a ... look. (surprising, surprised)
4. a) She spoke to me in a ... voice. b) He was obviously near ... point. (breaking, broken)

7. Open the brackets using the appropriate form of the infinitive.

1. She was happy (to invite).
2. Anyone would hate (to make use of) and then (to discard) like that.
3. They were lucky (to notice) the mistake in time.
4. He was anxious (to practise) his Russian on us.
5. He was pleased beyond words (to make) such an offer.
6. She was sorry (to ignore) the warning.
7. He was disappointed (not to choose) for the role.
8. The children seem (to enjoy) the show. They are laughing all the time.
9. I'm terribly sorry (to keep you waiting).

8. Paraphrase the following using the modal verb *may* in the correct form.

1. She wasn't attentive enough, may be that's why she failed to grasp the idea.
2. Possibly she had asked the question out of sheer curiosity.
3. In all probability he would have accepted the invitation if he had received it.
4. There's just a chance that he had kept on putting off things until it was too late.
5. It is quite possible that she had never taken any real pleasure in her household duties and had stayed on out of a false sense of duty.
6. Possibly she was misinformed as to the requirements of the examination.

9. Complete the following sentences.

1. The examiner spoke very slowly and carefully as if he (to talk to a child)
2. The girl smiled at me as if she (to know me for years)
3. I felt as if I (to make an unpardonable mistake)
4. She spoke as though she (not to be sure of oneself)
5. It seemed to him as if all (to be lost)
6. She completely ignored me as if all that had happened (to be entirely my fault)
7. He looked as though he (not to be happy about the task)

10. Watch how the following phrases are used. Make sentences with each.

1. Our cases were placed *side by side*, and Miss Bradley and myself were naturally *side by side* also.
2. They were walking along the street *hand in hand*.
3. We never see *eye to eye*.
4. After the *heart-to-heart* talk that we had with him over a cup of coffee I felt much easier in the mind.
5. Now he was *face to face* with real danger.

11. Study the phrases with *sense*. Use them in sentences of your own.

1. She's got plenty of *common sense*.
2. He must have been *out of his senses* to do a thing like that.
3. I reread the letter. Somehow it didn't *make sense*.
4. He is sure to appreciate the joke. He's got a fine *sense of humour*.
5. You had better listen to him. He's *talking sense*.
6. *There's no sense in* going there. It's too late.
7. A good talking to will surely *bring him to his senses*.
8. The term was used in a very broad *sense*.

12. Translate the following into English using *till*, *until* or *before* according to the sense.

1. Она решила подождать *до* двенадцати часов.
2. Она ушла *до* двенадцати часов.
3. Это случилось задолго *до* моего приезда.
4. *До* этого случая у нас с ним никогда не было споров.
5. Он оставался там *до* конца и ушел одним из последних.

6. Времени *до* отъезда оставалось очень мало.
7. Они успели уйти *до* дождя.
8. Он согласился ждать ответа *до* вечера.
9. Геологи должны были вернуться на базу *до* наступления холодов.
10. Окончательное решение вопроса придется отложить *до* возвращения ректора.

13. Translate the following into English using *give up smth.*, *give up doing smth.*

1. Когда же он, наконец, *бросит* курить?
2. Сначала они пытались говорить с ним, но потом, поняв, что это бесполезно, *махнули рукой*.
3. После первой же неудачи он *отказался от* дальнейших попыток.
4. Они не хотели понимать ее, и она даже уже не *пыталась* доказывать свою правоту.
5. Что заставило его *отказаться от* этой идеи? Она мне показалась чрезвычайно интересной.
6. Болезнь уже так далеко зашла, что врачи *отказались* его лечить.
7. Неужели он *бросил* живопись? Ему ведь пророчили большое будущее.

14. Describe a journey by train. Use the words and phrases given below:

train service; an ordinary train; an express; to change trains; to run (between; from ... to; all the way from...to; to buy oneself a seat; to reserve seats; to catch (miss) a train; to get on (out of/off) a train; on the train; to run into the station; to pull into (out of) a station; a (train) stop; a carriage; a dining car; a regular traveller; a porter; to see smb. off

15. Speak on how to clear the Customs the easy way. Use the words and phrases, given below:

the Customs; a Customs officer; Customs inspection; to observe Customs regulations; a Customs declaration form; to go through the Customs; to clear the Customs; Have you anything to declare?; to declare in writing; duty-free articles; articles exempt from duty; to qualify for an exemption; articles to be declared; dutiable articles; to pay duty on articles; to have one's luggage ready for immediate inspection; to smuggle; a smuggler; to be on guard against; fast and

friendly service.

IV. Follow-up Activities

1. Give a character-sketch of Miss Bradley.
2. Say if in your opinion Miss Bradley was an experienced smuggler or a novice.
3. Explain how it happened that the author started helping Miss Bradley almost against his will.
4. Bring out the points in the story showing that Miss Bradley had deliberately chosen the author to help her through the Customs.
5. Explain why the Customs officer had guessed about Miss Bradley trying to smuggle dutiable articles into the country.
6. What might have happened should the author have answered in the affirmative to the Customs officer's questions whether Miss Bradley and he were travelling together?
7. At the Customs. Clearance through the Customs.

Unit 6

A TRAVELLING INTO THE PAST

Focus vocabulary

Alleged treasures	Maid of Honour
Galleon	To recover oneself
To take the high seas	To be wont to do smth.
Accrding to tradition and report	To snap at smb.
Goblin gold	Terrestrial restrictions
Submerged	To explore smth. for smth.
To snatch at smth.	To ensconce

Read the text carefully consulting a dictionary to learn the meaning of unfamiliar words:

THE TREASURE-SHIP H.H. MUNRO

The great galleon lay in semi-retirement under the sand weed and water of the northern bay where the fortune of war and weather had long ensconced it. Three and a quarter centuries had passed since the

day when it had taken the high seas as an important unit of a fighting squadron — precisely which squadron the learned were not agreed. The galleon had brought nothing into the world, but it had, according to tradition and report, taken much out of it. But how much? There again the learned were in disagreement. Some were as generous in their estimate as an income-tax assessor, others applied a species of higher criticism to the submerged treasure chests, and debased their contents to the currency of goblin gold. Of the former school was Lulu, Duchess of Dulverton.

The Duchess was not only a believer in the existence of a sunken treasure of alluring proportions; she also believed that she knew of a method by which the said treasure might be precisely located and cheaply disembedded. An aunt on her mother's side of the family had been Maid of Honour at the Court of Monaco, and had taken a respectful interest in the deep-sea researches in which the Throne of that country, impatient perhaps of its terrestrial restrictions, was wont to immerse itself. It was through the instrumentality of this relative that the Duchess learnt of an invention, perfected and very nearly patented by a Monegaskan savant, by means of which the home life of the Mediterranean sardine might be studied at a depth of many fathoms in a cold white light of more than ball-room brilliancy. Implicated in this invention (and, in the Duchess's eyes, the most attractive part of it) was an electric suction dredge, specially designed for dragging to the surface such objects of interest and value as might be found in the more accessible levels of the ocean-bed. The rights of the invention were to be acquired for a matter of eighteen hundred francs, and the apparatus for a few thousand more. The Duchess of Dulverton was rich, as the world counted wealth: she nursed the hope of being one day rich at her own computation. Companies had been formed and efforts had been made again and again during the course of three centuries to probe for the alleged treasures of the interesting galleon; with the aid of this invention she considered that she might go to work on the wreck privately and independently. After all, one of her ancestors on her mother's side was descended from Medina Sidonia, so she was of opinion that she had as much right to the treasure as any one. She acquired the invention and bought the apparatus.

Among other family ties and encumbrances, Lulu possessed a nephew, Vasco Honiton, a young gentleman who was blessed with a small income and a large circle of relatives, and lived impartially and precariously on both. The name Vasco had been given him possibly in the hope that he might live up to his adventurous tradition, but he

limited himself strictly to the home industry of adventurer, preferring to exploit the assured rather than explore the unknown. Lulu's intercourse with him had been restricted of recent years to the negative processes of being out of town when he called on her, and short of money when he wrote to her. Now, however, she bethought herself of his eminent suitability for the direction of a treasure-seeking experiment; if any one could extract gold from an unpromising situation it would certainly be Vasco — of course, under the necessary safeguards in the way of supervision. Where money was in question Vasco's conscience was liable to fits of obstinate silence.

Somewhere on the west coast of Ireland the Dulverton property included a few acres of shingle, rock, and heather, too barren to support even an agrarian outrage, but embracing a small and fairly deep bay where the lobster yield was good in most seasons. There was a bleak little house on the property, and for those who liked lobsters and solitude, and were able to accept an Irish cook's ideas as to what might be perpetrated in the name of mayonnaise, Innisgluther was a tolerable exile during the summer months. Lulu seldom went there herself, but she lent the house lavishly to friends and relations. She put it now at Vasco's disposal.

"It will be the very place to practise and experiment with the salvage apparatus," she said; "the bay is quite deep in places, and you will be able to test everything thoroughly before starting on the treasure hunt,"

In less than three weeks Vasco turned up in town to report progress.

"The apparatus works beautifully," he informed his aunt; "the deeper one got the clearer everything grew. We found something in the way of a sunken wreck to operate on, too!"

"A wreck in Innisgluther Bay!" exclaimed Lulu.

"A submerged motor-boat, the Sub-Rosa," said Vasco.

"No! Really?" said Lulu. "Poor Billy Yuttley's boat. I remember it went down somewhere off the coast some three years ago. His body was washed ashore at the Point. People said at the time that the boat was capsized intentionally — a case of suicide, you know. People always say that sort of thing when anything tragic happens."

"In this case they were right," said Vasco.

"What do you mean?" asked the Duchess hurriedly. "What makes you think so?"

"I know," said Vasco simply.

"Know? How can you know? How can any one know? The thing happened three years ago."

"In the locker of the Sub-Rosa I found a water-tight strong-box. It contained papers." Vasco paused with dramatic effect and searched for a moment in the inner-breast-pocket of his coat. He drew out a folded slip of paper. The Duchess snatched at it in almost indecent haste and moved appreciably nearer the fireplace.

"Was this in the Sub-Rosa's strong-box?" she asked.

"Oh, no," said Vasco carelessly, "this is a list of the well-known people who would be involved in a very disagreeable scandal if the Sub-Rosa's papers were made public. I've put you at the head of it, otherwise it follows alphabetical order."

The Duchess gazed helplessly at the string of names, which seemed for the moment to include nearly every one she knew. As a matter of fact, her own name at the head of the list exercised an almost paralyzing effect on her thinking faculties.

"Of course you have destroyed the papers?" she asked, when she had somewhat recovered herself. She was conscious that she made the remark with an entire lack of conviction. Vasco shook his head.

"But you should have," said Lulu angrily: "if, as you say, they are highly compromising—"

"Oh, they are, I assure you of that," interposed the young man.

"Then you should put them out of harm's way at once. Supposing anything should leak out, think of all these poor, unfortunate people who would be involved in the disclosures," and Lulu tapped the list with an agitated gesture.

"Unfortunate, perhaps, but not poor," corrected Vasco: "if you read the list carefully you'll notice that I haven't troubled to include any one whose financial standing isn't above question."

Lulu glared at her nephew for some moments in silence. Then she asked hoarsely: "What are you going to do?"

"Nothing— for the remainder of my life," he answered meaningly. "A little hunting, perhaps," he continued, "and I shall have a villa at Florence. The Villa Sub-Rosa would sound rather quaint and picturesque, don't you think, and quite a lot of people would be able to attach a meaning to the name. And I suppose I must have a hobby; I shall probably collect Raeburns."

Lulu's relative, who lived at the Court of Monaco, got quite a snappish answer when she wrote recommending some further invention in the realm of marine research.

I. Comprehension Check

Answer the questions

1. Why did the great galleon become an object of special interest to the Duchess of Dulverton?
2. How did she happen to learn about the treasure?
3. What made her believe that she had an almost hereditary right to the treasure or the galleon?
4. What was the Duchess's plan?
5. Who was chosen to carry out her plan?
6. What made her think that Vasco Honiton, her nephew, was better suited for the purpose than anybody else?
7. Where did Vasco go to practise and experiment with the equipment?
8. How were his efforts rewarded?
9. How did the Duchess take the news of his discovery?
10. Why could Vasco now afford a villa in Florence and an expensive hobby?
11. Why did he propose to call the villa the Sub-Rosa?

II. Intensive Comprehension

Paraphrase or explain:

1. Some were as generous in their estimate as an income-tax assessor, others applied a species of higher criticism to the submerged chests, and debased their contents to the currency of goblin gold.
2. ... she nursed the hope of being one day rich at her own computation.
3. The name Vasco had been given him possibly in the hope that he might live up to his adventurous tradition, but he limited himself strictly to the home industry of adventurer, preferring to exploit the assured rather than explore the unknown.
4. Where money was in question Vasco's conscience was liable to fits of obstinate silence.
5. ... she lent the house lavishly ...
6. "Unfortunate, perhaps, but not poor," corrected Vasco ...
7. "...I haven't troubled to include any one whose financial standing isn't above question."

III. Language Focus

1. Say what is meant by:

high seas; according to tradition and report; deep-sea researches; an

electric suction dredge; the more accessible levels of the ocean-bed; alleged treasures; home industry; an unpromising situation; a safeguard; obstinate silence; a sunken wreck; a case of suicide; a water-tight strong-box; indecent haste; thinking faculties; lack of conviction; compromising papers; to put out of harm's way; disclosures; a snappish answer

2. Express the following more simply:

where the fortune of war and weather had long ensconced it; a species of higher criticism; through the instrumentality of this relative; among other ties and encumbrances, Lulu possessed a nephew; she bethought herself of his eminent suitability; as to what might be perpetrated in the name of mayonnaise; in the realm of.

3. Find in the text the English for:

выйти в море; боевая эскадра; согласно старинным легендам и преданиям; разойтись во мнениях; затонувшее сокровище; подводные изыскания; предметы, представляющие материальную ценность; извлекать на поверхность; приобрести права на изобретение; лелеять надежду; в течение трех столетий; оказаться достойным чего-либо; необходимые предосторожности; надзор; упорное молчание; испытывать оборудование; сообщить о положении дел; затонувшая моторная лодка; случай самоубийства; рундук; водонепроницаемый сейф; выдержать паузу; внутренний карман пиджака; сложенный лист бумаги; оказаться замешанным в скандальную историю; опубликовать; поместить в начале списка; в алфавитном порядке; прийти в себя; утратить способность мыслить; компрометирующие документы; убрать от греха подальше; просочиться (о сведениях); финансовое положение; не вызывать сомнений; охрипшим голосом.

4. Study the italicized phrases. Recall how they were used in the text. Make sentences with each.

1. It was all over in *a matter of* seconds. The car was in the ditch with all of us in a heap inside.
2. It wasn't such a bad idea *after all*.
3. Some day he hoped to *live up to* his mother's expectations.
4. He always seems to be *short of* time and *short of* temper when it comes to discussing his affairs.
5. Where will you be getting the sum *in question*?
6. I have but a few moments *at my disposal*.

7. We had waited for him the whole morning but he never *turned up*.
8. There was very little the town could offer *in the way of* entertainment.
9. The findings of the expedition, if *made public*, would create quite a stir in the scientific world.
10. Her honesty is *above question*.

5. Express the following using phrases from the exercise above.

1. We arranged that I should have the use of his flat in his absence.
2. You will be getting over the disappointment. Time cures all.
3. There could be no doubt about the sincerity of his offer.
4. He always appears most unexpectedly.
5. The book you referred to is available at the library.
6. There were things in his past he wouldn't care to have generally known.
7. In spite of everything the plan did work.
8. He would gladly take the job, not so much for the money as for the prestige.
9. All things considered, what does it matter whether he comes or not?
10. To match one's deeds with one's principles was not as easy as he expected.
11. He was as well-pleased with the trip. Not that he had learnt anything of real importance as far as facts went, but he had somehow gained deeper insight into the character of the man whose life story he was going to write.
12. The night was still young, but his cigarettes were already few. He would have to cut down on his smoking.

6. Make the following sentences emphatic using the construction with *it*.

Model: *Then* this face began to get a firmer hold of me.

It was then that this face began to get a firmer hold of me.

1. *My friend* discovered the truth.
2. *When I turned to get a better look at the stranger* I saw him disappearing round the corner.
3. Right after supper he went *back to his room* to continue work on the article.
4. I am here *for a very important reason*.

5. *Only his timely interference* saved the situation.
6. I didn't understand a word *because my command of the language was still rather poor at the time*.
7. She didn't realize what had happened *until it was too late*.

7. In the following groups of sentences, compare the meaning of the italicized words. Translate them into Russian.

1. a) She *snatched* the letter from my hand before I had time to read the address. b) The man *snatched at* the briefcase but it was I who was the quicker of the two.
2. a) The goal-keeper *caught* the ball and with a vigorous kick sent it flying across the field. b) A drowning man will *catch at* a straw.
3. a) The mother *grasped* the child firmly by the hand. b) A person who *grasps at* too much may lose all.
4. a) How much better it is to *get* wisdom than gold. b) He still hoped to *get at* the truth.
5. a) She *pulled* the strings tying the parcel and it came open. b) He *pulled at* the window. It wouldn't open.
6. a) The little girl fell asleep *clutching* the rag doll tightly. b) He would *clutch* at any excuse to stay away from work.

8. Study the italicized words, discriminate between the shades of difference in their usage or in their meaning. Translate the sentences into Russian.

A.

1. I've got a surprise for you. Now shut your eyes and don't *look*.
2. An old man opened the door and *peered* at me shortsightedly.
3. She *glared* at them in impotent rage.
4. The child raised the lid and *peeped* inside the box.
5. The travellers had reached the top of the hill and were *gazing* in wonder at the beautiful country lying at their feet.
6. He sat down opposite the living-room window and *stared* out of it as if at a vision of the past or future.
7. The crowd stood *gaping*. They had never seen a travelling circus.

B.

1. A special group of experts arrived to make inquiries and *assess* the damages.

2. He *estimated* the distance at something over five hundred yards.
3. The damage inflicted by the flood was *estimated* at several hundred thousand pounds.
4. His services were highly *appreciated* by the government.
5. I *appreciate* your interest.

C.

1. The island was yet to be *explored*.
2. It was his task to *explore* the possibilities of the invention.
3. The case was *investigated* by the police.
4. The doctor *examined* the patient carefully.
5. The matter was *examined* from every possible angle.

9. Supply the missing word.

fairly, rather

1. We found it all ... distressing. 2. She was doing ... well. 3. I didn't get to bed until ... late last night, that's what makes me feel ... tired. 4. The girl was ... good-looking, but ... stupid. 5. The buses are ... crowded at this time of the day. 6. She's ... good at explanations, so you had better take your problems to her.

respectful, respectable

1. She took a ... interest in the undertaking. 2. Such manner of behaviour is hardly 3. He was kept at a ... distance. 4. The man was greeted with a ... bow. 5. As rumours have it, his motives

tolerable, tolerant

1. We found the conditions quite 2. It was a ... kind of life. 3. He's a man of... views. 4. You should really be more ... of other people's weaknesses. 5. The food was quite

10. Study the following word combinations. Translate them into Russian. Make sentences with each.

acquire: knowledge; information; experience; property; a piece of equipment (furniture, etc); a language; description had been far from right (to smth.);

exploit: a person; the natural resources of a country; one's success;

promising: writer, painter, youth; weather; trip; situation; idea;

picturesque: name; place; character; person

11. Translate the following into English using *accept, admit*,

receive or take according to the sense.

1. В тот вечер он *принимал* гостей у себя в кабинете.
2. Я не могу *принять* вашего объяснения.
3. *Не принимайте* все так близко к сердцу!
4. Лекарство *следует принимать* по чайной ложке три раза в день перед едой.
5. В какой же институт его *приняли*?
6. Нельзя *принимать* всерьез все, что он говорит.
7. Я *принял* его приглашение.
8. Она *при няла* его предложение руки и сердца
9. Решение было, наконец, *принято*.
10. Нас всегда очень хорошо *принимали* в этом доме.

III. Follow-up Activities

1. Give character sketches of a) Lulu, the Duchess of Dulver-ton;
b) Vasco Honiton.
2. Explain the title of the story.
3. Tell the story of the galleon.
4. The part the Duchess might have played in Billy Yuttley's suicide.
5. What is the author's attitude to the characters of the story?
6. Explain why Vasco Honiton decided to name his villa the Sub-Rosa.

Unit 7

THE DREAM JOURNEY THAT NEVER CAME TRUE

Focus vocabulary

Occasional client	Operating expenses
Drudgery	To anticipate smth.
Slanting rain	To squat
Virgin forest	To validate
Light years	To flick an eyelash
Non-transferable ticket	
Gullible person	

Read the text carefully consulting a dictionary to learn the meaning of unfamiliar words:

OF MISSING PERSONS *JACK FINNEY*

Walk in as though it were an ordinary travel bureau, the stranger I'd met at a bar had told me. Ask a few ordinary questions— about a trip you're planning, a vacation, anything like that. Then hint about The Folder a little, but whatever you do, don't mention it directly, wait till he brings it up himself. And if he doesn't, you might as well forget it. If you can. Because you'll never see it; you're not the type, that's all. And if you ask about it, he'll just look at you as though he doesn't know what you're talking about.

I rehearsed it all in my mind, over and over, but what seems possible at night over a beer isn't easy to believe on a raw, rainy day, and I felt like a fool, searching the store fronts for the street number I'd memorized. It was noon hour, West 42nd Street, New York, rainy and windy; and like half the men around me, I walked with a hand on my hat brim, wearing an old trench coat, head bent into the slanting rain, and the world was real and drab, and this was hopeless.

Anyway, I couldn't help thinking, who am I to see The Folder, even if there is one? Name? I said to myself, as though I were already being asked. It's Charley Ewell, and I'm a young guy who works in a bank; a teller. I don't like the job; I don't make much money, and I never will. I've lived in New York for over three years and haven't many friends. What the heck, there's really nothing to say — I see more movies than I want to, read too many books, and I'm sick of

meals alone in restaurants. I have ordinary abilities, looks, and thoughts. Does that suit you; do I qualify?

Now I spotted it, the address in the 200 block, an old, pseudo-modernized office building, tired, outdated, refusing to admit it but unable to hide it. New York is full of them, west of Fifth.

I pushed through the brass-framed glass doors into the tiny lobby, paved with freshly mopped, permanently dirty tile. The green-painted walls were lumpy from old plaster repairs; in a chrome frame hung a little wall directory—white-celluloid, easily changed letters on a black-felt background. There were some twenty-odd names, and I found "Acme Travel Bureau" second on the list, between "A-l Mimeo" and "Ajax Magic Supplies". I pressed the bell beside the old-style, open-grille elevator door; it rang high up in the shaft. There was a long pause, then a thump, and the heavy chains began rattling slowly down toward me, and I almost turned and left — this was insane.

But upstairs the Acme office had divorced itself from the atmosphere of the building. I pushed open the pebble-glass door, walked in, and the big square room was bright and clean, fluorescent-lighted. Beside the wide double windows, behind a counter, stood a tall gray-haired, grave-looking man, a telephone at his ear. He glanced up, nodded to beckon me in, and I felt my heart pumping — he fitted the description exactly. "Yes, United Air Lines," he was saying into the phone. "Flight" —he glanced at a paper on the glass-topped counter — "seven-oh-three, and I suggest you check in forty minutes early."

Standing before him now, I waited, leaning on the counter, glancing around; he was the man, all right, and yet this was just an ordinary travel agency; big bright posters on the walls, metal floor racks full of folders, printed schedules under the glass on the counter. This is just what it looks like and nothing else, I thought, and again I felt like a fool.

"Can I help you?" Behind the counter the tall gray-haired man was smiling at me, replacing the phone, and suddenly I was terribly nervous.

"Yes." I stalled for time, unbuttoning my raincoat. Then I looked up at him again and said. "I'd like to — get away." You fool, that's too fast I told myself. Don't rush it. I watched in a kind of panic to see what effect my answer had had, but he didn't flick an eyelash.

"Well, there are a lot of places to go," he said politely. From under the counter he brought out a long, slim folder and laid it on the glass, turning it right side up for me. "Fly to Buenos Aires — Another

World" it said in a double row of pale-green letters across the top.

I looked at it long enough to be polite. It showed a big silvery plane banking over a harbor at night, a moon shining on the water, mountains in the background. Then I just shook my head; I was afraid to talk, afraid I'd say the wrong thing.

"Something quieter, maybe?" He brought out another folder: thick old tree trunks, rising way up out of sight, sun beams slanting down through them — "The Virgin Forests of Maine, via Boston and Maine Railroad." "Or" — he laid a third folder on the glass — "Bermuda is nice just now." This one said, "Bermuda, Old World in the New."

I decided to risk it. "No," I said and shook my head. "What I'm really looking for is a permanent place. A new place to live and settle down in." I stared directly into his eyes. "For the rest of my life." Then my nerve failed me, and I tried to think of a way to backtrack.

But he only smiled pleasantly and said, "I don't know why we can't advise you on that." He leaned forward on the counter, resting on his forearms, hands clasped; he had all the time in the world for me, his posture conveyed. "What are you looking for; what do you want?"

I held my breath, then said it. "Escape."

"From what?"

"Well —" Now I hesitated; I'd never put it into words before. "From New York, I'd say. And cities in general. From worry. And fear. And the things I read in my newspapers. From loneliness." And then I couldn't stop, though I knew I was talking too much, the words spilling out. "From never doing what I really want to do or having much fun. From selling my days just to stay alive. From life itself — the way it is today, at least." I looked straight at him and said softly, "From the world."

Now he was frankly staring, his eyes studying my face intently with no pretense of doing anything else, and I knew that in a moment he'd shake his head and say, "Mister, you better get to a doctor." But he didn't. He continued to stare, his eyes examining my forehead now. He was a big man, his gray hair crisp and curling, his lined face very intelligent, very kind; he looked the way ministers should look; he looked the way all fathers should look.

He lowered his gaze to look into my eyes and beyond them; he studied my mouth, my chin, the line of my jaw, and I had the he was learning a great deal about me, more than I knew myself. Suddenly he smiled and placed sudden conviction that without any difficulty both elbows on the counter, one hand grasping the other fist and gently

massaging it. "Do you like people? Tell the truth, because I'll know if you aren't."

"Yes. It isn't easy for me to relax though, and be myself, and make friends."

He nodded gravely, accepting that. "Would you say you're a reasonably decent kind of man?"

"I guess so; I think so." I shrugged.

"Why?"

I smiled wryly; this was hard to answer. "Well — at least when I'm not, I'm usually sorry about it."

He grinned at that, and considered it for a moment or so. Then he smiled — deprecatingly, as though he were about to tell a little joke that wasn't too good. "You know", he said casually, "we occasionally get people in here who seem to be looking for pretty much what you are. So just as a sort of little joke— "

I couldn't breathe. This was what I'd been told he would say if he thought I might do.

" — we've worked up a little folder. We've even had it printed. Simply for our own amusement, you understand. And for occasional clients like you. So I'll have to ask you to look at it here if you're interested. It's not the sort of thing we'd care to have generally known."

I could barely whisper, "I'm interested."

He fumbled under the counter, then brought out a long thin folder, the same size and shape as the others, and slid it over the glass toward me.

I looked at it, pulling it closer with a finger tip, almost afraid to touch it. The cover was dark blue, the shade of a night sky, and across the top in white letters it said, "Visit Enchanting Verna." The blue cover was sprinkled with white dots — stars — and in the lower left corner was a globe, the world, half surrounded by clouds. At the upper right, just under the word "Verna," was a star larger and brighter than the others; rays shot out from it, like from a star on a Christmas card. Across the bottom of the cover it said, "Romantic Verna, where life is the way it *should* be." There was a little arrow beside the legend, meaning, Turn the page.

I turned, and the folder was like most travel folders inside — there were pictures and text, only these were about "Verna" instead of Paris, or Rome, or the Bahamas. And it was beautifully printed; the pictures looked real. What I mean is, you've seen colour stereopticon pictures? Well, that's what these were like, only better, far better. In one picture you could see dew glistening on the grass, and it looked

wet. In another, a tree trunk seemed to curve out of the page, in perfect detail, and it was a shock to touch it and feel smooth paper instead of the rough actuality of bark. Miniature human faces, in a third picture, seemed about to speak, the lips moist and alive, the eyeballs shining, the actual texture of skin right there on paper; and it seemed impossible, as you stared, that the people wouldn't move and speak.

I studied a large picture spreading across the tops of two open pages. It seemed to have been taken from the top of a hill; you saw the land dropping away at your feet far down into a valley, then rising up again, way over on the other side. The slopes of both hills were covered with forest, and the color was beautiful, perfect; there were miles of green, majestic trees, and you knew as you looked that this forest was virgin, almost untouched. Curving through the floor of the valley, far below, ran a stream, blue from the sky in most places; here and there, where the current broke around massive boulders, the water was foaming white; and again it seemed that if you'd only look closely enough you'd be certain to see that stream move and shine in the sun. In clearings beside the stream there were cabins, some of logs, some of brick or adobe. The caption under the picture simply said, "The Colony."

"Fun fooling around with a thing like that," the man behind the counter murmured, nodding at the folder in my hands. "Relieves the monotony. Attractive-looking place, isn't it?"

I could only nod dumbly, lowering my eyes to the picture again because that picture told you even more than just what you saw. I don't know how you knew this, but you realized, staring at that forest-covered valley, that this was very much the way America once looked when it was new. And you knew this was only a part of a whole land of unspoiled, unharmed forests, where every stream ran pure; you were seeing what people, the last of them dead over a century ago, had once looked at in Kentucky and Wisconsin and the old Northwest. And you knew that if you could breathe in that air you'd feel it flow into your lungs sweeter than it's been anywhere on earth for a hundred and fifty years.

Under that picture was another, of six or eight people on a beach — the shore of a lake, maybe, or the river in the picture above. Two children were squatting on their haunches, dabbing in the water's edge, and in the foreground a half circle of adults were sitting, kneeling, or squatting in comfortable balance on the yellow sand. They were talking, several were smoking, and most of them held half-filled coffee cups; the sun was bright, you knew the air was

balmy and that it was morning, just after breakfast. They were smiling, one woman talking, the others listening. One man had half-risen from his squatting position to skip a stone out on to the surface of the water.

You knew this: that they were spending twenty minutes or so down on that beach after breakfast before going to work, and you knew they were friends and that they did this every day. You knew — I tell you, you *knew* — that they liked their work, all of them, whatever it was; that there was no forced hurry or pressure about it. And that — well, that's all, I guess; you just knew that every day after breakfast these families spent a leisurely half-hour sitting and talking, there in the morning sun, down on that wonderful beach.

I'd never seen anything like their faces before. They were ordinary enough in looks, the people in that picture — pleasant, more or less familiar types. Some were young, in their twenties; others were in their thirties; one man and woman seemed around fifty. But the faces of the youngest couple were completely unlined, and it occurred to me then that they had been born there, and that it was a place where no one worried or was ever afraid. The others, the older ones, there were lines in their foreheads, grooves around their mouths, but you felt that the lines were no longer deepening, that they were healed and untroubled scars. And in the faces of the oldest couple was a look of — I'd say it was a look of permanent *relief*. Not one of those faces bore a trace of malice; these people were *happy*. But even more than that, you knew they'd *been* happy, day after day for a long, long time, and that they always would be, and they knew it.

I wanted to join them. The most desperate longing roared up in me from the bottom of my soul to *be* there — on that beach, after breakfast, with those people in the sunny morning — and I could hardly stand it. I looked up at the man behind the counter and managed to smile. "This is— very interesting."

"Yes." He smiled back, then shook his head in amusement. "We've had customers so interested, so carried away, that they didn't want to talk about anything else." He laughed. "They actually wanted to know rates, details, everything."

I nodded to show I understood and agreed with them. "And I suppose you've worked out a whole story to go with this?" I glanced at the folder in my hands. "Oh, yes. What would you like to know?" "These people," I said softly, and touched the picture of the group on the beach. "What do they do?"

"They work; everyone does." He took a pipe from his pocket. "They simply live their lives doing what they like. Some study. We

have, according to our little story," he added, and smiled, "a very fine library. Some of our people farm, some write, some make things with their hands. Most of them raise children, and — well, they work at whatever it is they really want to do."

"And if there isn't anything they really want to do?" He shook his head. "There is always something, for everyone that he really wants to do. It's just that here there is so rarely time to find out what it is." He brought out a tobacco pouch and, leaning on the counter, began filling his pipe, his eyes level with mine, looking at me gravely. "Life is simple there, and it's serene. In some ways, the good ways, it's like the early pioneering communities here in your country, but without the drudgery that killed people young. There is electricity. There are washing machines, vacuum cleaners, plumbing, modern bathrooms, and modern medicine, very modern. But there are no radios, televisions, telephones, or automobiles. Distances are small, and people live and work in small communities. They raise or make most of the things they use. Every man builds his own house, with all the help he needs from his neighbors. Their recreation is their own, and there is a great deal of it, but there is no recreation for sale, nothing you buy a ticket to. They have dances, card parties, weddings, christenings, birthday celebrations, harvest parties. There are swimming and sports of all kinds. There is conversation, a lot of it, plenty of joking and laughter. There is a great deal of visiting and sharing of meals, and each day is well filled and well spent. There are no pressures, economic or social, and life holds few threats. Every man, woman, and child is a happy person." After a moment he smiled. "I'm repeating the text, of course, in our little joke" — he nodded at the folder.

"Of course," I murmured, and looked down at the folder again, turning a page. "Homes in The Colony," said a caption, and there, true and real, were a dozen or so pictures of the interiors of what must have been the cabins I'd seen in the first photograph, or others like them. There were living rooms, kitchens, dens, patios. Many of the homes seemed to be furnished in a kind of Early American style, except that it looked — authentic, as though those rocking chairs, cupboards, tables, and hooked rugs had been made by the people themselves, taking their time and making them well and beautifully. Others of the interiors seemed modern in style; one showed a definite Oriental influence.

All of them had, plainly and unmistakably, one quality in common: you knew as you looked at them that these rooms were home, really home, to the people who lived in them. On the wall of

one living room, over the stone fireplace, hung a hand-stitched motto; it said, "There Is No Place Like Home," but the words didn't seem quaint or amusing, they didn't seem old-fashioned, resurrected or copied from a past that was gone. They seemed real; they belonged; those words were nothing more or less than a simple expression of true feeling and fact.

"Who are you?" I lifted my head from the folder to stare into the man's eyes.

He lighted his pipe, taking his time, sucking the match flame down into the bowl, eyes glancing up at me. "It's in the text," he said then, "on the back page. We — that is to say, the people of Verna, the original inhabitants — are people like yourself. Verna is a planet of air, sun, land, and sea, like this one. And of the same approximate temperature. So life evolved there, of course, just about as it has here, though rather earlier; and we are people like you. There are trivial anatomical differences, but nothing important. We read and enjoy your James Thurber, John Clayton, Rabelais, Hemingway, Grimm, " Mark Twain. We like your chocolate, which we didn't have, and a great deal of your music, and you'd like many of the things we have. Our thoughts, though, and the great aims and directions of our history and development have been — drastically different from yours." He smiled and blew out a puff of smoke. "Amusing fantasy, isn't it?"

"Yes." I knew I sounded abrupt, and I hadn't stopped to smile; the words were spilling out. "And where is Verna?"

"Light years away, by your measurements."

I was suddenly irritated, I didn't know why. "A little hard to get to, then, wouldn't it be?"

For a moment he looked at me; then he turned to the window beside him. "Come here," he said, and I walked around the counter to stand beside him. "There, off to the left" — he put a hand on my shoulder and pointed with his pipe stem — "are two apartment buildings, built back to back. The entrance to one is on Fifth Avenue, the entrance to the other on Sixth. See them? In the middle of the block; you can just see their roofs."

I nodded, and he said, "A man and his wife live on the fourteenth floor of one of those buildings. A wall of their living room is the back wall of the building. They have friends on the fourteenth floor of the other building, and a wall of their living-room is the back wall of *their* building. These two couples live, in other words, within two feet of one another, since the back walls actually touch."

The big man smiled. "But when the Robinsons want to visit the Bradens, they walk from their living-room to the front door. Then

they walk down a long hall to the elevators. They ride fourteen floors down; then, in the street, they must walk around to the next block. And the city blocks there are long; in bad weather they have sometimes actually taken a cab. They walk into the other building, then go on through the lobby, ride up fourteen floors, walk down a hall, ring a bell, and are finally admitted into their friends' living-room — only two feet from their own."

The big man turned back to the counter, and I walked around it to the other side again. "All I can tell you," he said then, "is that the way the Robinsons travel is like space travel, the actual physical crossing of those enormous distances." He shrugged. "But if they could only step through those two feet of wall without harming themselves or the wall — well, that is how we "travel." We don't cross space, we avoid it." He smiled. "Draw a breath here — and exhale it on Verna."

I said softly, "And that's how they arrived, isn't it? The people in the picture. You took them there." He nodded, and I said, "Why?"

He shrugged. "If you saw a neighbor's house on fire, would you rescue his family if you could? As many as you could, at least?"

"Yes?"

"Well — so would we."

"You think it's that bad, then? With us?"

"How does it look to you?"

I thought about the headlines in my morning paper, that morning and every morning. "Not so good."

He just nodded and said, "We can't take you all, can't even take very many. So we've been selecting a few."

"For how long?"

"A long time." He smiled. "One of us was a member of Lincoln's cabinet. But it was not until just before your First World War that we felt we could see what was coming; until then we'd been merely observers. We opened our first agency in Mexico City in nineteen thirteen. Now we have branches in every major city."

"Nineteen thirteen," I murmured, as something caught at my memory. "Mexico. Listen. Did—"

"Yes." He smiled, anticipating my question. "Ambrose Bierce joined us that year, or the next. He lived until nineteen thirty-one, a very old man, and wrote four more books, which we have." He turned back a page in the folder and pointed to a cabin in the first large photograph. "That was his home."

"And what about Judge Crater?"

"Crater?"

"Another famous disappearance; he was a New York judge who simply disappeared some years ago."

"I don't know. We had a judge, I remember, from New York City, some twenty-odd years ago, but I can't recall his name."

I leaned across the counter toward him, my face very close to his, and I nodded, "I like your little joke," I said. "I like it very much, more than I can possibly tell you." Very softly I added, "When does it stop being a joke?"

For a moment he studied me; then he spoke. "Now. If you want it to."

You've got to decide on the spot, the middle-aged man at the Lexington Avenue bar had told me, *because you'll never get another chance. I know, I've tried.* Now I stood there-thinking; there were people I'd hate never to see again, and a girl I was just getting to know, and this was the world I'd been born in. Then I thought about leaving that room, going back to my job, then back to my room at night. And finally I thought of the deep-green valley in the picture and the little yellow beach in the morning sun. "I'll go," I whispered. "If you'll have me."

He studied my face. "Be sure," he said sharply. "Be certain. We want no one there who won't be happy, and if you have any least doubt, we'd prefer that — "

"I'm sure," I said.

After a moment the gray-haired man slid open a drawer under the counter and brought out a little rectangle of yellow cardboard. One side was printed, and through the printing ran a band of light green; it looked like a railroad ticket to White Plains somewhere. The printing said, "Good, when validated, for ONE TRIP TO VERNA. Non-transferable. One-way only."

"Ah — how much?" I said, reaching for my wallet, wondering if he wanted me to pay.

He glanced at my hand on my hip pocket. "All you've got. Including your small change." He smiled. "You won't need it any more, and we can use your currency for operating expenses. Light bills, rent, and so on."

"I don't have much."

"That doesn't matter." From under the counter he brought out a heavy stamping machine, the kind you see in railroad ticket offices. "We once sold a ticket for thirty-seven hundred dollars. And we sold another just like it for six cents." He slid the ticket into the machine, struck the lever with his fist, then handed the ticket to me. On the back, now, was a freshly printed rectangle of purple ink, and within it

the words, "Good this day only," followed by the date. I put two five-dollar bills, a one, and seventeen cents in change on the counter. "Take the ticket to the Acme Depot," the gray-haired man said, and leaning across the counter, began giving me directions for getting there.

It's a tiny hole-in-the-wall, the Acme Depot; you may have seen it — just a little store front on one of the narrow streets west of Broadway. On the window is painted, not very well, "Acme." Inside, the walls and ceiling, under layers of old paint, are covered with the kind of stamped tin you see in the old buildings. There's a worn wooden counter and a few battered chrome-and-imitation-red-leather chairs. There are scores of places like the Acme Depot in that area — little theatre-ticket agencies, obscure bus-line offices, employment agencies. You could pass this one a thousand times and never really see it; and if you live in New York, you probably have.

Behind the counter, when I arrived, a shirt-sleeve man smoking a cigar stump stood working on some papers; four or five people silently waited in the chairs. The man at the counter glanced up as I stepped in; looked down at my hand for my ticket and when I showed it, nodded at the last vacant chair, and I sat down.

There was a girl beside me, hands folded on her purse. She was pleasant-looking, rather pretty; I thought she might have been a stenographer. Across the narrow little office sat a young

Negro in work clothes, his wife beside him holding their little girl in her lap. And there was a man of around fifty, his face averted from the rest of us, staring out into the rain at passing pedestrians. He was expensively dressed and wore a gray Homburg hat; he could have been the vice-president of a large bank, I thought, and I wondered what his ticket had cost.

Maybe twenty minutes passed, the man behind the counter working on some papers; then a small, battered old bus pulled up at the kerb outside, and I heard the hand brake set. The bus was a shabby thing, bought third-or fourth-hand and painted red and white over the old paint, the fenders lumpy from countless pounded-out dents, the tyre treads worn almost smooth. On the side, in red letters, it said "Acme" and the driver wore a leather jacket and the kind of worn cloth cap that car drivers wear. It was precisely the sort of obscure little bus you see around there, ridden always by shabby, tired, silent people, going no one knows where.

It took nearly two hours for the little bus to work south through the traffic, toward the tip of Manhattan, and we all sat each wrapped in his own silence and thoughts, staring out the rain-spattered

windows; the little girl was asleep. Through the streaking glass beside me I watched drenched people huddled at city bus stops, and saw them rap angrily on the closed doors of buses jammed to capacity, and saw the strained, harassed faces of the drivers. At 14th Street I saw a speeding cab splash a sheet of street-dirty water on a man at the kerb, and saw the man's mouth writhe as he cursed. Often our bus stood motionless, the traffic light red, as throngs flowed out into the street from the kerb, threading their way around us and the other waiting cars. I saw hundreds of faces, and not once did I see anyone smile.

I dozed; then we were on a glistening black highway somewhere on Long Island. I slept again, and awakened in darkness as we jolted off the highway on to a muddy double-rut road, and I caught a glimpse of a farmhouse, the windows dark. Then the bus slowed, lurched once, and stopped. The hand brake set, the motor died, and we were parked beside what looked like a barn.

It was a barn — the driver walked up to it, pulled the big sliding wood door open, its wheels creaking on the rusted old trolley overhead, and stood holding it open as we filed in. Then he released it, stepping inside with us, and the big door slid closed of its own weight. The barn was damp, old, the walls no longer plumb, and it smelled of cattle; there was nothing inside on the packed-dirt floor but a bench of unpainted pine, and the driver indicated it with a beam of a flashlight. "Sit here, please," he said quietly. "Get your tickets ready." Then he moved down the line, punching each of our tickets, and on the floor I caught a momentary glimpse, in the shifting beam of his light, of tiny mounds of countless more round bits of cardboard, like little drifts of yellow confetti. Then he was at the door again, sliding it open just enough to pass through, and for a moment we saw him silhouetted against the night sky. "Good luck," he said. "Just wait where you are." He released the door; it slid closed, snipping off the wavering beam of his flashlight; and a moment later we heard the motor start and the bus lumber away in low gear.

The dark barn was silent now, except for our breathing. Time ticked away, and I felt an urge, presently, to speak to whoever was next to me. But I didn't quite know what to say, and I began to feel embarrassed, a little foolish, and very aware that I was simply sitting in an old and deserted barn. The seconds passed, and I moved my feet restlessly; presently I realized that I was getting cold and chilled. Then suddenly I knew — and my face flushed in violent anger and a terrible shame. We'd been tricked! bilked out of our money by our pathetic will to believe an absurd and fantastic fable and left, now, to sit there as long as we pleased, until we came to our senses finally,

like countless others before us, and made our way home as best we could. It was suddenly impossible to understand or even remember how I could have been so gullible, and I was on my feet, stumbling through the dark across the uneven floor, with some notion of getting to a running a phone and the police. The big barn door was heavier than I'd thought, but I slid it back, took step through it, then turned to shout back to the others to come along.

You perhaps have seen how very much you can observe in the fractional instant of a lightning flash — an entire landscape sometimes, every detail etched on your memory, to be seen and studied in your mind for long moments afterwards. As I turned back toward the opened door the inside of that barn came alight. Through every wide crack of its walls and ceiling and through the big dust-coated windows in its die streamed the light of an intensely brilliant blue and sunny sky, and the air pulling into my lungs as I opened my mouth to shout was sweeter than any I had ever tasted in my life. Dimly, through a wide, dust-smeared window of that barn, I looked — for less than the blink of an eye — down into a deep majestic V of forest-covered slope, and I saw, tumbling through it, far below, a tiny stream, blue from the sky, and at that stream's edge between two low roofs a yellow patch of sun-drenched beach. And then, that picture engraved on my mind forever, the heavy door slid shut, my fingernails rasping along the splintery wood in a desperate effort to stop it — and I was standing alone in a cold and rain-swept night.

It took four or five seconds, no longer, fumbling at that door, to heave it open again. But it was four or five seconds too long. The barn was empty, dark. There was nothing inside but a worn pine bench — and, In the flicker of the lighted match in my hand, tiny drifts of what looked like damp con fetti on the floor. As my mind had known even as my hands scratched at the outside of that door, there was no one inside now; and I knew where they were — knew they were walking, laughing aloud in a sudden wonderful and eager ecstasy, down into that forest-green valley, toward home.

I work in a bank, in a job I don't like; and I ride to and from it in the subway, reading the daily papers, the news they contain. I live in a rented room, and in the battered dresser under a pile of my folded handkerchiefs is a little rectangle of yellow cardboard. Printed on its face are the words, "Good, when validated, for one trip to Verna," and stamped on the back is a date. But the date is gone, long since, the ticket void, punched in a pattern of tiny holes.

I've been back to the Acme Travel Bureau. The first time the tall

gray-haired man walked up to me and laid two five-dollar bills, a one, and seventeen cents in change before me. "You left this on the counter last time you were here," he said gravely. Looking me squarely in the eyes, he added blankly, "I don't know why." Then some customers came in, he turned to greet them, and there was nothing for me to do but leave.

Walk in as though it were the ordinary agency it seems—you can find it, somewhere, in any city you try. Ask a few ordinary questions — about a trip you're planning, a vacation, anything you like. Then hint about The Folder a little, but don't mention it directly. Give him time to size you up and offer it himself. And if he does, if you're the type, if you can believe — then make up your mind and stick to it. Because you won't ever get a second chance. I know, because I've tried. And tried. And tried.

I. Comprehension Check

Answer the questions

1. How did Charley Ewell come to learn about The Folder?
2. What made him decide to try his luck?
3. What sort of agency was the Acme Travel Bureau?
4. What did the place look like inside?
5. How did Charley Ewell finally bring up the matter of The Folder?
6. Why did the man behind the counter make a careful study of Charley's face before showing him The Folder?
7. What was Verna?
8. What was life like on Verna?
9. Why did the man persist in repeating that the whole thing was a kind of a joke?
10. What were Charley's doubts and hesitations?
11. What made him finally decide in favour of Verna?
12. Why did the man want assurance that Charley's decision was final?
13. How much did a ticket to Verna cost?
14. Why did the Acme Depot have such a depressing effect on Charley?
15. Who was there for the journey to Verna?
16. Where did the battered old bus bring them?
17. Why was Charley seized with doubt when he found himself in the old barn?
18. What made him think that they had been tricked?
19. What happened as he left the barn?
20. Why did Charley Ewell keep the ticket for a one-way trip to

Verna?

II. Intensive Comprehension

Paraphrase or explain:

1. I rehearsed it all in my mind ...
2. Now I spotted it ... an old, pseudo-modernized building, tired, outdated, refusing to admit it but unable to hide it.
3. But upstairs the Acme office had divorced itself from the atmosphere of the building.
4. I stalled for time ...
5. Then my nerve failed me, and I tried to think of a way to backtrack.
6. ... and I had the sudden conviction that without any difficulty he was learning a great deal about me ...
7. ... they liked their work, all of them, whatever it was; that there was no forced hurry or pressure about it.
8. They (the words) seemed real; they belonged ...
9. "Nineteen thirteen," I murmured, as something caught at my memory.
10. The bus was a shabby thing, bought third-or fourth-hand ...
11. and a moment later we heard the motor start and the bus lumber away in low gear.
12. Time ticked away, and I felt an urge, presently, to speak to whoever was next to me.
13. We'd been tricked bilked out of our money by our pathetic will to believe an absurd and fantastic fable and left, now, to sit there as long as we pleased, until we came to our senses ...
14. if you're the type, if you can believe — then make up your mind and stick to it.

III. Language Focus

1. Say what is meant by:

a travel bureau; a wall directory; a virgin forest; a reasonably decent kind of man; an occasional client; color stereopticon pictures; a desperate longing; early pioneering communities; drudgery; economic, social pressures; a motto; light years; space travel; a non-transferable, one-way ticket; operating expenses; bus-line offices; a sliding door; a gullible person

2. Find in the text the English for:

здать несколько обычных вопросов; за кружкой пива; холодный, дождливый день; косой дождь; заурядные способности; двадцать с лишним названий; второй по списку; нажать на кнопку звонка; шахта (лифта); кивком пригласить войти; соответствовать описанию; рейс . (самолета); зарегистрировать билет; облокотиться на барьер; яркие рекламные плакаты; рекламные проспекты; покачать головой; задержать дыхание; заколебаться; выразить словами; пожать плечами; криво улыбнуться; в нижнем углу; гладкая бумага; грубая кора (дерева); вершина горы; склон горы; зеленые, величественные деревья; разбиваться о массивные валуны; пениться; сверкать на солнце; молча кивнуть; берег озера; сидеть на корточках; на переднем (заднем) плане; улыбнуться в ответ; кисет; набивать трубку; водопровод; прикурить трубку; выдохнуть клуб дыма; сделать вдох; выдохнуть; быть простым наблюдателем; открыть контору; иметь филиалы в каждом крупном городе; нашумевшее исчезновение; если у вас есть хоть малейшее сомнение; счет за электричество; арендная плата; компостер; железнодорожная касса; ударить кулаком по рукоятке; незанятый стул; старый, разбитый автобус; остановиться у обочины; ручной тормоз; переполненные автобусы; светофор; задремать; увидеть мельком; луч карманного фонаря; на фоне ночного неба; яростный гнев; глубокий стыд; прийти в себя; врезаться в память; отчаянное усилие

3. Study the italicized phrases. Recall how they were used in the text. Make sentences with each.

1. Since we're all here we might *as well* start with the discussion.
2. He knows me *all right*.
3. He had always found it difficult to *put* his ideas *into words*.
4. There's no earthly reason why they shouldn't take you on. I'm sure *you'll do* fine for the job.
5. *It occurred to me* that I might have been mistaken in my judgment of the man.
6. We were all *carried away* by the story.
7. There was a very pretty bag *to go with* the gloves and hat.
8. *According to* the newspapers there had been no earthquake, just a few tremors.
9. I returned to find things *just about* the way they had always been.

10. The boy went about, his pockets *jammed to capacity* with odd bits of wire, stones and pieces of coloured glass.
11. He *sized up* the situation at a glance. It was definitely not in his favour.
12. Before he *could make up his mind* which of the ties he wanted, they were both sold.

4. Express the following using phrases from the exercise above.

1. It suddenly came into her head that she should have cancelled the arrangement.
2. He appreciated at a glance what sort of man he would have to deal with.
3. The bags were full to bursting point.
4. You had better tell me the truth. I'll learn it anyway.
5. The idea seemed to hold wonderful promise for us all and we were most enthusiastic about it.
6. The way my friend told the story, the accident had occurred through some technical fault.
7. I wonder if lilac and green will make a nice combination.
8. There doesn't seem to be anything to add to the story.
9. When I saw him last he was still hesitating whether to join us on the trip or not.
10. The telephone number was correct, there could be no doubt about it.
11. I wondered if she would find the words to express her feelings.
12. It's a gardening job and you can give me any old pair of gloves.

5. Rewrite according to the model.

Model: It seemed (appeared) that he knew what was coming. *He seemed (appeared) to know what was coming.*

1. It appears that he has been attending lectures regularly.
2. It appeared that she didn't know the first thing about driving.
3. It seemed that the book had made quite a stir.
4. It seemed that there was nothing left for him but to wait for another chance.
5. It seems to me that your affairs are in a pretty mess.

6. Translate the following into Russian.

A.

1. He *pushed open* the door and entered.

2. The key was nowhere to be found and there was little else to do but *break open* the window.
3. The tyre treads *were worn out* almost *smooth*.
4. The bus *had been painted red and white* over the old paint.
5. The door *slid shut*.
6. She wondered if it was the garden gate she'd heard *click shut*.
7. With a quick, almost imperceptible movement, he *pulled open* the drawer.
8. Have I *made my meaning clear*?
9. The kitten had *licked* the saucer *clean* and was now playing happily.

B.

1. It was a place where every stream *ran pure*.
2. His blood *ran cold* at the mere thought of such a possibility.
3. It happened in the year of the drought when even the deepest wells had *run dry*.
4. The milk *turned sour*.
5. The leaves had *turned yellow* overnight.
6. It was *getting dark*.
7. The work began *to get more difficult*.
8. Nobody wants *to grow old*.

7. Show the difference in the meaning of the italicized words.

1. a) Although they *searched* the horizon with their eyes, there was not a sail in sight. b) *Searching for* the letter he went through every bit of paper on the desk.
2. a) She could *smell* something burning. b) The house *smelt of* fresh paint.
3. a) I didn't *believe* his story for a moment. b) He's one of those people who *believe in* fresh air and exercise.
4. a) He finally *admitted* that he could have been mistaken. b) The phrase *admits of* several interpretations.

8. Explain the meaning of the italicized words or substitute another word; say which phrase is used literally and which has a figurative meaning.

1. It took nearly two hours for the little bus to *work* south through the traffic, toward the tip of Manhattan.
2. They had *worked up* a little folder for occasional clients.
3. Actually there's no reason why you should get so *worked up*.
4. They'd *worked out* a whole story to go with the folder.
5. How was anybody to know that he'd had the whole scheme

worked out in his mind?

6. I wonder how things have *worked out* for him?
7. The man was *working on* some papers.
8. The music was *working* in a subtle intangible way *on* the feelings of the audience. It was comforting, soothing and relaxing.

9. The following phrases often occur in the English language. Study the examples. Translate them into Russian. Give your own examples.

A.

1. I rehearsed it all in my mind, *over and over*.
2. "Homes in The Colony," said a caption, and there, *true and real*, were a dozen or so pictures ...
3. Her answer came *quick and sharp*.
4. It was *now or never*.
5. It was the chief thing in my thoughts, *day and night*.
6. He woke up, his left leg had *pins and needles*.
7. His motto is: *slow but sure*.
8. You can't get roses at this time of the year *for love or money*.
9. The whole place was *spick and span*.
10. He had stood by them *through thick and thin*.
11. You must learn to take *the rough with the smooth*.

B.

1. I felt *like a fool*, searching the store fronts for the street number I'd memorized.
2. It was raining and blowing *like the end of the world*.
3. In their company he felt *like a fish out of water*.
4. He smokes *like a chimney*.
5. They say he drinks *like a fish*.
6. They were all packed in the car *like herrings in a tin*.
7. After a hasty farewell he was off *like a shot*.
8. The news spread *like wildfire*.
9. The boy followed him about *like a shadow*.

10. Study the italicized words, discriminate between the shades of difference in their usage or in their meaning. Translate the sentences into Russian.

A.

1. He *fumbled* under the counter, then brought out a long thin folder.
2. He *groped* in the darkness for the switch.

B.

1. He greeted me with a *casual* nod.
2. She was moving about the room putting things in order in a *desultory* sort of way.
3. It was a *random* choice.
4. *Desultory* reading will of ten do more harm than good.
5. We met at a party. It was a *chance* encounter which was later to develop into a warm and lasting friendship.

C.

1. It was a *drab* neighbourhood.
2. Life seemed flat and *monotonous*.
3. It was a *humdrum* sort of existence.
4. The way of life he had at first found so exciting seemed to have lost its charm and become *dull* and uninteresting.

11. Give the meaning of the italicized words. Translate the sentences into Russian.

1. Freedom *tasted* sweet.
2. He was *starving for* company.
3. What's *eating* you?
4. She was *drunk* with success.
5. They were *drinking in* the music.
6. She *hungered after* a little affection.
7. He *swallowed* the story, hook, line and sinker.
8. I can't *digest* all that information.
9. They *thirsted for* knowledge.

12. Translate the following into English using *time* or phrases with *time*.

1. *Не торопись с* ответом, обдумай все как следует.
2. Сейчас *не время* говорить об этом.
3. У него нет ни мину ты *свободного времени*.
4. Он все схватывает *очень быстро*. Ему достаточно сказать что-нибудь один раз.
5. Когда вы, наконец, научитесь приходить *вовремя*?
6. *Время пролетело незаметно*, и дети выросли.
7. Он один *шел не в ногу*.
8. Дети хлопали *в такт* музыке.
9. *Время от времени* я беру книги из его библиотеки.
10. Сейчас как раз *самое время* пересадить цветы в почву.
11. Хватит *топтаться на месте*!

12. Всех этих вещей хватит не только на мой *век*, но и на *век* моих детей.
13. *Прошлый раз* я тебе забыла передать приглашение от Ивановых провести воскресенье у них на даче.
14. Когда вы *в последний раз* обсуждали эту проблему? Я надеюсь, что она была полностью решена и нам уже не придется к ней возвращаться.
15. *Время не ждет*. Нельзя ли побыстрей?

13. Study the following word combinations. Translate them into Russian. Make sentences with each.

anticipate: an argument; a question; smb.'s wish; smb.'s order;
draw: water from a well; a cart; a train; enemy fire; an audience; a blank; a prize; a conclusion;
offer: a cigarette; a drink; a cup of coffee (tea); information; help; assistance; employment; advice; one's hand;
shabby: man; clothes; goods; neighbourhood; street; bus; surroundings; trick; treatment;
trivial: differences; injury; expenses; remark; mind

14. Translate the following using the infinitive or gerund after the verbs *stop, remember, forget, regret* according to the sense.

1. Говорят, что он бросил курить.
2. Он остановился у киоска, чтобы купить свежую газету.
3. Он не мог забыть запереть дверь на ключ перед уходом.
4. Она никогда не забывает забежать поздороваться и спросить, как у нас идут дела.
5. Помню, как однажды я пришел к нему в гости.
6. Вероятнее всего, мы послали ему приглашение, хотя я точно не помню.
7. Я вспомнила, что уже однажды видела этот фильм.
8. Не прошло и часа, а я уже сожалел о том, что пришел.
9. Я забыл упомянуть об еще одном чрезвычайно важном обстоятельстве.
10. К сожалению, я должен сказать, что ваша работа не отвечает требованиям.
11. Помнится, я где-то его встречал. Его лицо мне очень знакомо.

15. Translate into English using *fail*.

1. Говорят, он обиделся на карикатуру в стенной газете. На этот раз ему, должно быть, *изменило* чувство юмора.

2. Неужели он опять *провалился* на экзамене?
3. Она не явилась на соревнование и тем самым *подвела* свою команду.
4. Мы *не смогли* вовремя послать телеграмму и теперь волновались, не зная, придет ли кто-нибудь на вокзал нас встречать.
5. Он *не смог* дать удовлетворительного объяснения своему поведению.
6. За что бы он ни брался, он всегда *терпит неудачу*.

IV. Follow-up Activities

1. Give a character sketch of Charley Ewell.
2. The effect of the story depends a good deal on contrasts. Mention what contrasts you have noticed in it.
3. What is the author's idea of the way life should be.
4. Explain how it happened that Charley Ewell never made the journey to Verna.

Unit 8

THE ENGLISH ABROAD

An Englishman's home is his castle, but he likes occasionally to confirm his belief that there's no place like home.

Travel narrows the mind, as that excellent old English saying has it. In 1956, about one and a half million of the English made a tour of inspection abroad, known colloquially as "going on holiday". In 1966, stories about the extraordinary things that went on abroad having spread far and wide, about five million went to have a look.

Once the English are under way, do they relax?

"How much was the petrol? Twenty-four francs? They overcharged you. I knew they would."

"Look at that! They don't even bother to go behind the hedge!"

"I don't care how nice it looks, we can't stop here. We've got to make Rouen by six or we won't reach Marseilles to morrow."

No, they do not relax. There is a continuous process of worry and argument, a permanent atmosphere of rush and urgency, especially over the sacred and arduous ritual duty of photography. Day after day the inspection goes on, seeing the prescribed sights, taking the obligatory pictures, driving the necessary distances against the clock, and all with the added hazards of a strange language and a strange currency, most of them spending the odd breaks they get from peering through the windscreen by squinting through a viewfinder. Does it sound like a carefree life in the sun, away from the troubles that press down in the other fifty weeks of the year? Of course it does not. And two minutes listening to an English man's description of his "holiday" will prove it. With what relish he will tell of gastric disorders, car-sick children, insolent officials, bad roads, missed routes, flies, bed bugs,

cockroaches, noisy hotels, swindling, overcharging, robbery, weak tea, gassy beer, inadequate breakfasts, crowded coaches, young children who lose their sandals, older ones who lose their virginity, sunburn, sea-sickness and athlete's foot.

That is just for a start. After two more minutes you will hear an even more lurid narrative. But however long you listen, and whichever variety of hardship befell the travellers you talk to, one single thread binds them all. They will all tell you they had a marvellous holiday!

Where is the connection?

The barbarity of it all was what made it so marvellous. To talk about: "Forty minutes in a queue and when she got her ice cream it tasted of garlic." "Call this a rowing boat," I said. "We've got better on the lake in the park." "And then his old tub sank..." "Goat's milk! Can you imagine?" "The only one for sixty people; no bolt on the door, naturally..." "They laughed the other side of their faces when we told them what they could do with it; luckily we had a tin of bully beef left, so we didn't go hungry..." "I'm afraid not sir," he said, "We expect our guests to take a bath before they come..." "And the smell!... And the food!... And the PEOPLE!"

The barbarity subdued and the difficulties overcome — this is what makes an Englishman's holiday abroad marvellous. Holidays abroad are for the looking forward to and the looking back on, not for the actual enjoying. Fun to prepare the plan of campaign for, and to tell everyone afterwards, but hell to participate in. And the bit of the movie the returned holidaymaker likes to show you most is the bit with the biggest disaster in it. "See. That's it. Stuck like that for seven hours in the blazing sun. Had to round up seventeen locals to pull us out. God how they sweated! Had to tip the lot, of course, so that shot the day's spending money. Nothing but the awful local sausage. That's Joan eating it. Made her sick all night."

In the sixteenth century he explored the Pacific; in the seventeenth he traded in India; colonized America in the eighteenth; and civilized Africa in the nineteenth. In the twentieth century, the only challenge left for an Englishman is the Continent. And he meets it, head up, eyes front, every summer. Then, like any war veteran, he spends the autumn and winter swapping gory anecdotes about the holiday with his friends. Returned holidaymakers will compete violently in mileage travelled per day and overall, remoteness of place reached, where hardship is most acute, and all-round barbarism of the place — "We had to drink sour goat's milk. We'd have stayed longer if it hadn't been for Jimmy's scor pion bite" — as well as in

frustration, number of sights seen as validated by luggage labels, passport stampings and car stickers, and in general suffering. "Almost as bad as when Jimmy got mumps and none of us knew the Serbo-Croat for 'doctor'." If the Continent ever pulls its socks up, the English will stop going there and turn their attention to America, where there is also plenty of room for improvement. Only in the two of three weeks of holiday abroad can the modern Livingstone, or Cook, or Scott become a tough explorer and face the real hardship of an uncivilized, un-English world; only in those few days of the year can he cease to be the subordinate of a subordinate and become instead what his heritage of English blood insists he really is — leader and captain of a small expedition carrying out a tough assignment among upstart natives in hostile territory. It's hell, of course, but it is, let's face it, a man's life! No wonder the wife hates it.

Most of the English refuse to waste time or money on foreigners. Abroad, irritating enough in time of war, is utterly devoid of attraction in time of peace, and should be left to its own absurd devices. The majority of the English stay at home, thinking sweet thoughts about their own fair country.

To England with Love by D. Frost and A. Jay