

Marina Zoranyan  
Manana Aslanishvili

# Modern English in Topics

*English for Adult Learners*

**Intermediate/ Advanced**

**Part I**

“TECHNICAL UNIVERSITY”

TECHNICAL UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

*M. Zoranyan, M. Aslanishvili*

# Modern English in Topics

*Intermediate / Advanced*

**Part I**



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## Preface

*“Modern English in Topics” is a coursebook for adult learners and this fact is reflected in the topics we discuss and in the quite rapid rate of teaching, because we believe that adults though having worse memory than children, can remember more language information by association, especially if the materials are logically arranged.*

*The present coursebook can be used by people who underwent some language teaching and have basic language skills, by **intermediate** and even **advanced** students in order “to polish” their English. But the authors venture to think that it will not be without interest to those studying English independently after finishing a high school.*

*The book aims at supplying the learner of spoken English with material indispensable for conducting a conversation on various topics. It comprises 30 topics (30 units). The first part consists of 8 topics (units).*

*Vocabulary in the coursebook is taught around these topics and the situations we discuss and meet in everyday life.*

*Each unit contains texts by American and English writers connected with the topics under study. The texts are slightly abridged and followed by questions for discussion. The interesting plot of the stories makes it easy to retell and discuss them.*

*The book is provided with different kinds of lexical exercises which help to master the vocabulary of the units and to form oral speech skills.*

*At the end of each unit there is a text for home reading and questions for general discussion of the topic.*

*The coursebook can be used for developing reading and speaking skills.*

*The authors hope that the book will provide material and form a basis for practical studies of students learning the English language.*





## წინასიტყვაობა

“სალაპარაკო თანამედროვე ინგლისური ენა” – არის მოზრდილთა სახელმძღვანელო, და ეს ფაქტი ასახულია შესასწავლ თემებში (რომლებზეც ჩვენ ვმსჯელობთ) და სწავლების საკმაოდ სწრაფ ტემპში. იმიტომ, რომ, ჩვენი აზრით, მიუხედავად არც თუ ისეთი კარგი მეხსიერებისა, ბავშვებთან შედარებით, მოზრდილებს შეუძლიათ დაიმახსოვრონ მეტი ენობრივი ინფორმაცია ასოციაციურად. განსაკუთრებით, თუ მასალა ლოგიკურადაა წარმოდგენილი.

ეს სახელმძღვანელო შესაძლოა გამოყენებულიქნას მათთვის, ვისაც აქვს გარკვეული ენობრივი უნარი, აგრეთვე **საშუალო** და **კარგი** დონის მცოდნე სტუდენტებისათვის სიტყვათა მარაგის გაუმჯობესების მიზნით.

ავტორების თვალსაზრისით, მოცემული სახელმძღვანელო განსაზღვრულია იმ კატეგორიისთვის, ვინც დამოუკიდებლად სწავლობს ინგლისურ ენას.

ამ წიგნის მიზნად დასახულია ინგლისური ენის შემსწავლის კარგი ცოდნის მომარაგება, რომ მას შესძლოს უპრობლემოდ საუბარი თავისუფალ თემებზე.

წიგნი შეიცავს 30 გაკვეთილს (მათ შორის პირველი 8 შესულია წიგნის პირველ ნაწილში).

სახელმძღვანელოში მოცემული სიტყვათა მარაგი შეისწავლება სტუდენტების მიერ სალაპარაკო თემების საშუალებით, რაც დახმარებას უწევს ყოველდღიური ცხოვრების საუბრის დროს.

თითოეული გაკვეთილი შეიცავს ამერიკული და ინგლისური მწერლების მიერ დაწერილ ტექსტებს, რომლებიც ოდნავ შემცირებულია და ადაპტირებულია. უნდა აღინიშნოს, რომ თითოეულ ტექსტს მოჰყვება საკითხები მსჯელობისათვის.

ტექსტების საინტერესო სიუჟეტი უადვილებს შემსწავლელს მოყოლასა და მასზე მსჯელობას.

წიგნში მოცემულია სხვადასხვა ტიპის ლექსიკური სავარჯიშოები, რაც გვეხმარება თითოეული გაკვეთილის სიტყვის მარაგის დაუფლებას.

ყოველი გაკვეთილის შემდეგ არის მოცემული ტექსტი კლასგარეშე წაკითხვისათვის და დართული საკითხები ამ თემის განხილვისათვის.

სახელმძღვანელო შეიძლება იყოს გამოყენებული კითხვისა და სალაპარაკო უნარების განვითარებისა და გაუმჯობესებისათვის.

ავტორებს სჯერათ, რომ წიგნი მისცემს სტუდენტებს კარგ მარაგს, როგორც სალაპარაკო, აგრეთვე სალიტერატურო ენის შესწავლაში, რომელიც გამოადგებათ მთელი ცხოვრების მანძილზე.



# Unit 1

## Family and Relationship

### Семья и родственные связи

### ოჯახი და ნათესაური კავშირი

<b>Great-grandparents</b> [ˌɡr.eɪt ˌɡr.ænpərənts]	прадеды, прародители	დიდი ბებია, დიდი ბაბუა
<b>Great-grandfather</b> [ˌɡr.eɪt ˌɡr.ændfa:ðə]	прадед	დიდი ბაბუა
<b>Great-grandmother</b> [ˌɡr.eɪt ˌɡr.ændmʌðə]	прабабушка	დიდი ბებია
<b>Grandparents</b> [ˌɡræn ˈpərənts]	бабушка и дедушка	ბაბუები, ბებიები
<b>Grandfather, Grandmother</b> [ˌɡrændfa:ðə ˌɡrændmʌðə]	дедушка, бабушка	ბებია, ბაბუა
<b>Parents, father, mother</b> [ˈpeərənts, ˈfa:ðə, ˈmʌðə]	родители, отец, мать	მშობლები, მამა, დედა
<b>Father-in-law</b> [ˈfa:ðəɪnlɔ:]	свёкор ( <i>отец мужа</i> ), тесть ( <i>отец жены</i> )	მამამთილი, სიმამრი
<b>Mother-in-law</b> [ˈmʌðəɪnlɔ:]	свекрoвь ( <i>мать мужа</i> ) тёща ( <i>мать жены</i> )	დედამთილი, სიდედრი
<b>Uncle, aunt</b> [ʌnkl, a:nt]	дядя, тётя	ბიძა, დეიდა (მამიდა, ბიცოლა)
<b>Brother, sister</b> [ˈbrʌðə, ˈsɪstə]	брат, сестра	ძმა, და
<b>Husband, wife</b> [ˈhʌzbənd, waɪf]	муж, жена	ქმარი, ცოლი
<b>Spouse</b> [spaʊz]	супруг, супруга	მეუღლე
<b>Children, son, daughter</b> [ˈtʃɪldrən, sʌn, ˈdɔ:tə]	дети, сын, дочь	ბავშვები, ვაჟი, ქალიშვილი
<b>Nephew, niece</b> [ˈnevju:, ni:s]	племянник, племянница	დიშვილი, ძმიშვილი ბიჭი, გოგო
<b>Cousin (first cousin)</b> [ˈkʌzn, ˈfɜ:st ˈkʌzn]	двоюродный брат, двоюродная сестра	დეიდაშვილი, ბიძაშვილი(ბიჭი, გოგო)
<b>Son-in-law</b> [ˈsʌnɪnlɔ:]	зять ( <i>муж дочери</i> )	სიძე
<b>Daughter-in-law</b> [ˈdɔ:təɪnlɔ:]	сноха, невестка	რძალი

<b>Brother-in-law</b> [ˈbrʌðərlɔː]	зять ( <i>მуж сестры</i> ) სიძე шурин ( <i>ბრატ жєны</i> ), свояк ( <i>მуж свояченицы</i> ), дéверь ( <i>брат мужа</i> ) მაზლი
<b>Sister-in-law</b> [ˈsɪstərlɔː]	невéстка ( <i>жєна брата</i> ), რძალი, მუღი золóвка ( <i>сестра мужа</i> ), свояченица ( <i>сестра жєны</i> )
<b>Grandchildren, grandson, granddaughter</b> [ˈ.ænttʃɪldrən, ˈ.ænsʌn, ˈ.ændɔːtə]	внúки, внúк, შვილიშვილები, внúчка შვილიშვილი (ბიჭი, გოგო)
<b>Great grandchildren, great grandson, great granddaughter</b>	п ráвнуки, п ráвнук შვილთაშვილები п ráвнучка შვილთაშვილი (ბიჭი, გოგო)
<b>Godparents, godfather, godmother</b> [ˈ.ɔːrənts, ˈ.ɔːfɑːðə, ˈ.ɔːmʌðə]	крéстные ( <i>родители</i> ), ნათლიები, крéстный ( <i>отец</i> ), ნათლიმამა, крéстная ( <i>мать</i> ) ნათლიდედა
<b>Godchildren, godson, goddaughter</b> [ˈ.ɔːtʃɪldrən, ˈ.ɔːsʌn, ˈ.ɔːdɔːtə]	крéстные ( <i>дети</i> ), ნათლულები, крéстник, крéстница ნათლული (ბიჭი, გოგო)
<b>Stepfather, stepmother</b> [ˈstepfɑːðə, ˈstepmʌðə]	óтчим, м áчеха მამინაცვალი, დედინაცვალი
<b>Stepbrother, stepsister</b> [ˈstepbrʌðə, ˈstepsɪstə]	свóдный брат, свóдная გერი ძმა, გერი და сестра
<b>Stepchildren, stepson, stepdaughter</b> [ˈsteptʃɪldrən, ˈstepsʌn, ˈstepdɔːtə]	приёмные дéти, გერები, გერი ვაჟი, п áсынок, п áдчерица გერი ქალიშვილი
<b>Twins, twin-brother, twin-sister</b> [ˈtwɪnz, ˈtwɪn ˈbrʌðə, ˈtwɪn ˈsɪstə]	близнецы́, близнец-брат, ტყუპები, ტყუპი близнец-сестра ძმა, ტყუპი და (ტყუპისცალი)
<b>Name, family name, surname</b> [ˈsəːneɪm]	фамíлия გვარი
<b>Name, Christian [ˈkrɪstjən] name, amer: first name, given name</b>	имя სახელი
<b>Maiden name</b> [ˈmeɪden ˈneɪm]	дéвичья фамíлия ქალიშვილობის

<b>Patronymic</b> [pætrəˈnɪmɪk]	отчество	გვარი მამის სახელი
<b>Family</b> [ˈfæmɪli]	семья	ოჯახი
<b>Relation, relative, cousin</b> [rɪˈleɪn, ˈrelətɪv, kʌzn]	отношения родственник кузен, кузина	ურთიერთობა ნათესავი მამიდაშვილი, დეიდაშვილი
<b>Remote relative, forty-second cousin</b> [rɪˈmɔʊt ˈrelətɪv, ˈfɔːtɪ ˈsekənd ˈkʌzn]	дальний родственник	შორეული ნათესავი
<b>Ancestor</b> [ˈænsɪstə]	предок	წინაპარი
<b>Ancestry, lineage</b> [ˈliːnɪdʒ]	предки; родословная	წინაპარი, წინაპრები
<b>Descendant</b> [dɪˈsendənt]	потомок	შთამომავალი
<b>Marriage</b> [ˈmæɪrɪdʒ]	брак, замужество, женитьба	ქორწინება
<b>Marriage settlement</b> [ˈmæɪrɪdʒ ˈsetlmənt]	брачный контракт	ქორწინების კონტრაქტი
<b>Wedding</b> [ˈwedɪŋ]	свадьба, бракосочетание, венчание	ქორწილი
<b>To be engaged</b> [ɪn ˈeɪdʒd]	быть помолвленным	იყო დანიშნული
<b>Marry</b> [ˈmæɪ]	жениться, выходить замуж, женить, выдавать замуж	გათხოვება, ცოლის მოყვანა
<b>Married</b> [ˈmæɪrɪd]	женатый, замужняя	გათხოვილი. ცოლიანი
<b>Matrimonial</b> [mætrɪˈmɔnjəl]	супружеский	ცოლქმრის
<b>Wedlock</b> [ˈwedlɔk]	брак, супружество	ქორწინება
<b>Born in lawful wedlock</b> [ˈbɔːn ɪn ˈlɔːfʊl ˈwedlɔk]	рождённый в законном браке	კანონით დაბადებული
<b>Born out of lawful wedlock</b> [ˈbɔːn aʊt ɒv ˈlɔːfʊl ˈwedlɔk]	рождённый вне брака	უკანონოდ დაბადებული
<b>Newly-married couple, just-married</b> [kʌpl]	молодожены	ახლადდაქორწინებულნი
<b>Marriage certificate</b>	брачное свидетельство	ქორწინების მოწმობა
<b>To propose</b> [prəˈpəʊz]	просить руки	ხელის თხოვნა

<b>Engaged (to smb.)</b> [ɪn'•əɪd ʒd]	быть помолвленным (с кем-либо)	ყოფილი დახმარებული
<b>Engagement</b>	помолвка	ნიშნობა
<b>Engagement ring</b> [rɪŋ]	обручальное кольцо	ნიშნობის ბეჭედი
<b>Honeymoon</b> ['hʌni mu:n]	медовый месяц	თაფლობის თვე
<b>Fiancé</b> [fia:nseɪ]	жених ( <i>помолвленный</i> )	საქმრო
<b>Fiancée</b> [fia:nseɪ]	невеста ( <i>помолвленная</i> )	საპატარძლო
<b>Bride</b> [braɪd]	невеста	პატარძალი
<b>Bridegroom</b> [braɪd•rʌm]	жених	მეფე
<b>Concubinage</b> [kɒn'kjʊ:baɪnɪdʒ]	гражданский брак, внебрачное сожительство	სამოქალაქო ქორწინება სოჯიტელსტვო
<b>Divorce</b> [dɪ'vɔ:s]	развод, разводиться	გაყრა
<b>Divorcé, divorcée</b> [dɪ'vɔ:si], <i>ამერ:</i> [-seɪ] <b>divorced</b>	разведённый, разведённая	გაყრილი (კაცი, ქალი)
<b>Separated</b> [ˈsepəreɪtɪd]	проживающий врозь ( <i>о муже, жене</i> )	ღრობით დაშორებულები
<b>Unmarried, single man</b> [un'mærɪd, ˈsɪn•l 'mæn]	холостой человек	უცოლო კაცი
<b>Bachelor</b> ['bætʃələ]	холостяк	შინაბერა კაცი
<b>Spinster</b> ['spɪnstə]	старая дева, незамужняя	შინაბერა ქალი
<b>Widower, widow</b> ['wɪdɔwə, 'wɪdɔw]	вдовец, вдова	ქვრივი კაცი (ქალი)
<b>Orphan</b> ['ɔ:fən]	сирота	ობოლი
<b>Generation</b> [dʒenə'reɪʃən]	поколение	თაობა
<b>Baby</b> ['beɪbɪ]	младенец, ребёнок	ბავშვი, ჩვილი
<b>Youth</b> [ju:θ]	юноша, юность	ახალგაზრდობა
<b>Adolescent</b> [ædɔu'lesnt]	юноша, подросток, юношеский	ჭაბუკი
<b>Adolescence</b> [ædɔu'lesns]	юношество	სიჭაბუკე
<b>Juvenile, teen-ager</b> [ˈdʒu:vɪnaɪl, ˈti:neɪdʒə]	подросток	მოზარდი
<b>Young toddler, tiny tot</b> [ˈjʌŋ 'tɔdlə, ˈtaɪnɪ 'tɒt]	мальш	ჩვილი

<b>Childhood</b> [ˈtʃaɪldhʊd]	дѣтство	ბავშვობა
<b>Adult</b> [ˈædʌlt]	взрѳслый	მოზრდილი
<b>Adult-hood</b> [ˈædʌlthʊd]	взрѳслость	მოზრდილობა, დიღობა
<b>Folk</b> [fouk]	родня́	ახლო ნათესაობა
<b>Old folk</b> [ˈould ˈfouk]	старики	მოხუცები
<b>In-laws</b> [ˈɪnlɔːz]	родня́ со стороны́ мѳжа <i>или</i> жены́	ნათესავები შეძენილი
<b>Maternal</b> [mæˈtəːnl] <b>grandparents</b>	дѣдушкa и бáбушкa с материнской стороны́	ბაბუა და ბებია დედის მხრიდან
<b>Paternal</b> [pəˈtəːnl] <b>grandparents</b>	дѣдушкa и бáбушкa с отцовской стороны́	ბაბუა და ბებია მამის მხრიდან
<b>Jealous</b> [ˈdʒeləs], (to be jealous)	ревнивый	ეჭვიანი
<b>Jealousy</b> [ˈdʒeləsi]	ревность	ეჭვიანობა
<b>Adultry</b> [ˈædəltri]	измена	ღალატი
<b>To commit adultery</b> [kəmit]	совершить измену	ღალატის ჩადენა
<b>To be born</b>	быть рождѣнным	იყო დაბადებული
<b>To give birth to a child</b>	родить ребѣнка	ბავშვის გაჩენა
<b>Conflict</b> [ˈkɒnflɪkt]	конфликт	კონფლიქტი
<b>Problem</b> [ˈprɒbləm]	проблема	პრობლემა
<b>To die</b> [daɪ]	умирать	სიკვდილი
<b>Dead</b> [ded]	мѳртовый	მკვდარი
<b>To be alive</b> [əlaɪv]	быть живым	იყო ცოცხალი
<b>Quarrel</b> [kwɔːrəl]	ссора, ссориться	ჩხუბი
<b>Bury</b> [ˈberi]	хоронить	დაკრძალვა
<b>Death</b> [deθ]	смерть	სიკვდილი
<b>How old are you?</b>	сколько вам лет?	რამდენი წლის ხართ?

x x x x x

**Read and discuss the text:**

**ONLY CHILDREN**

Is an 'only child' special in some way? If children have no brothers and sisters, do they develop differently? Are they likely to be more intelligent? Or less confident? Or shier? Or more selfish? Or are they just same as children from large families?

Some writers even speak of the 'disadvantages' or the 'problem' of only children. But what are the facts?

### *'Onlies' and 'Non-onlies'*

What did the child experts say? In the 1920s and 1930s, they used to say: "Being an only child is a disease in itself". In fact, of course, it's impossible to support this. Only children naturally have a very different experience in childhood. They are always the centre of attention. No younger brother or sister arrives to challenge this, and to share their childhood with them.

They may be more dependent. They may be less willing to share things. They may have more difficulty getting used to school. But the phrase 'an only child' does not necessarily mean 'a lonely child'. A Professor of Child Care at Sheffield Hospital says: "There is one great advantage for an only child. He or she receives all the love parents have to offer. A loved child usually grows up into a loving adult".

So the general opinion of the experts is: Only children are not very different from 'non-onlies' in either emotions or intelligence.

Several famous and successful people who were only children were interviewed. That's what they said:

A: "My parents didn't spoil me. In fact, they were stricter than many parents. As a child, I used to talk to my dog for hours. (I think pets are very important to only children.) Mostly I was bored. This has made me work hard in my career. I like to be busy. I married young – as an only child, I think I needed a close relationship with another adult. Even now I still don't like being an only child. I have a horror of being alone".

B: "I was shy at school. I didn't make many friends. I wasn't used to being with other children. In the school holidays I used to play on my own. But I had a very good relationship with my parents. I don't remember feeling lonely as a child, but I used to invent my own dream world. And I decided very early that I was going to be successful".

C: "I was shy. At times I was very unhappy, especially when I was sent to boarding-school at five. I didn't make close friends until I was about thirteen. I became very good at being by myself. I had no-one to rely on, and no-one to ask for advice. That made me

independent, and I've always solved my problems myself. My wife and I have two sons. We didn't want an only child, because I felt I had missed a lot of things".

(From "Modern English" by Doug Case, abridged)

1. How would you answer the questions asked in the opening paragraph of the text?
2. What do you think?

1. Do 'only children' miss a lot of things? 2. Are they more confident or more dependent than other children? 3. Do they make friends easily? Are they easy to manage? 4. What traits of character do only children often develop? Are you an only child? 5. What are the advantages of a big family? 6. Would you agree that a large family is the happier?

x x x x x

**Read and discuss the text:**

### **A Lion's Skin**

W. S. Maugham

A good many people were shocked when they read that Captain Forestier had met death in a fire trying to save his wife's dog, which had been accidentally shut up in the house. Some said they never knew he had it in him; others said it was exactly what they would have expected him to do. After the tragic occurrence Mrs. Forestier found shelter in the villa of some people called Hardy, their neighbours.

Mrs. Forestier was a very nice woman. But she was neither charming, beautiful nor intelligent; on the contrary she was absurd and foolish; yet the more you knew her, the more you liked her. She was a tender, romantic and idealistic soul. But it took you some time to discover it. During the war she in 1916 joined a hospital unit. There she met her future husband Captain Forestier. This is what she told me about their courtship. "It was a case of love at first sight. He was the most handsome man I'd ever seen in my life. But he wasn't wounded. You know, it's a most extraordinary thing, he went all through the war, he risked his life twenty times a day, but he never even got a scratch. It was because of carbuncles that he was put into hospital".

It seemed quite an unromantic thing on which to start a passionate attachment, but after 16 years of marriage Mrs. Forestier still adored her husband. When they were married Mrs. Forestier's relations, hard-bitten Western people, had suggested that her husband should go to work rather than live on her money (and she had a nice sum of money on her account before the marriage), and Captain Forestier was all for it. The only stipulation he made was this: "There are some things a gentleman can't do, Eleanor. If one is a sahib one can't help it, one does owe something to his class".

Eleanor was too proud of him to let it be said that he was a fortune-hunter who had married her for her money and she made up her mind not to object if he found a job worth his while. Unfortunately, the only jobs that offered were not very important and gradually the idea of his working was dropped.

The Forestiers lived most of the year in their villa and shortly before the accident they made acquaintance of the people called Hardy who lived next door. It turned out that Mr. Hardy had met Mr. Forestier before, in India. But Mr. Forestier was not a gentleman then, he was a car-washer in a garage. He was young then and full of hopes. He saw rich people in a smart club with their ease, their casual manner and it filled him with admiration and envy. He wanted to be like them. He wanted — it was grotesque and pathetic — he wanted to be a GENTLEMAN. The war gave him a chance. Eleanor's money provided the means. They got married and he became a "sahib".

But everything ended very tragically.

Once the Forestiers' villa caught fire. The Forestiers were out. When they arrived it was already too late to do anything about it. Their neighbours, the Hardies saved whatever they could, but it wasn't much. They had nothing left to do but stand and look at the roaring flames. Suddenly Eleanor cried: "God! My little dog, it's there in the fire!"

Forestier turned round and started to run to the house. Hardy caught him by the arm. "What are you doing? The house is on fire!" Forestier shook him off. "Let me go. I'll show you how a gentleman behaves!"

It was more than an hour later that they were able to get at him. They found him lying on the landing, dead, with the dead dog in his arms. Hardy looked at him for a long time before speaking. "You fool," he muttered between his teeth, angrily. "You damned fool!"

Bob Forestier had pretended for so many years to be a gentleman that in the end, forgetting that it was all a fake, he found himself driven to act as in that stupid, conventional brain of his he thought a gentleman must act.

Mrs. Forestier was convinced to her dying day that her husband had been a very gallant gentleman.

*Vocabulary Notes:*

<b>Accidentally</b> [ˌæksɪ'dentəli]	случайно	შემთხვევით
<b>Occurrence</b> [ə'klʌrəns]	случай, происшествие	შემთხვევა
<b>Shelter</b> [ˈʃeltə]	приют	თავშესაფარი
<b>Case</b> [keɪs]	случай	შემთხვევა
<b>Love at first sight</b>	любовь с первого взгляда	ერთი ნახვით შეყვარება
<b>Extraordinary</b> [ɪks'rtɔːdnəri]	необычный	არაჩვეულებრივი
<b>Scratch</b> [skrætʃ]	царапина	ნაკაწრი
<b>Courtship</b> [ˈkɔːtʃɪp]	ухаживание	მოვლა
<b>A passionate attachment</b>	страстная привязанность	ღიღი შეჩვევა
<b>Account</b> [ə'kaʊnt]	счет (банковский)	ანგარიში (საბანკო)
<b>Stipulation</b> [ˌstɪpjʊ'leɪʃn]	возражение, обусловливание	წინააღმდეგობის გაწევა
<b>Owe (to)</b> [əʊ]	быть должным, быть обязанным	ვალდებულია
<b>A fortune – hunter</b>	охотник за состоянием	სიმდიდრეზე მონადირე
<b>Gradually</b> [ˈgrædʒuəli]	постепенно	ნელნელა
<b>Soul</b> [saʊl]	душа	სული
<b>To make acquaintance</b>	знакомиться	გაცნობა
<b>Envy</b> [envi]	зависть	შური
<b>Provide</b> [prə'vaɪd]	обеспечивать	მომარაგება
<b>Means</b> [miːnz]	средства	საშუალება
<b>Carbuncles</b> [ˈkɑːbʌŋklz]	карбункулы	კარბუნკული (ქვირთასი ქვა)
<b>Sahib</b>	саиб (господин)	საიბი (ბატონი)
<b>Landing</b> [ˈlændɪŋ]	лестничная площадка	კიბის უჭრელი
<b>Mutter</b> [ˈmʌtə]	бормотать	ბუტბუტი
<b>Pretend</b> [pri'tend]	делать вид, притворяться	თავის მოკატუნება
<b>A fake</b> [feɪk]	фикция, подделка	ყალბი
<b>Conventional</b> [kən'venʃənəl]	общепринятый, традиционный	ტრადიციული

<b>To be convinced</b> [kən 'vɪnst]	быть убежденным	იყო დარწმუნებული
<b>Gallant</b> [ˈælənt]	галантный	გალანტური
<b>Shortly before</b>	незадолго до	არც ისე დიდი ხნის წინ (...მდე)

## ჯჯჯ ჯჯჯ

### Exercises:

I. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:

погиб при пожаре	დაიღუპა ხანძრის დროს
случайно	შემთხვევით
именно то, что от него ожидали	ზუსტად ის, რასაც მისგან მოელოდნენ
трагическое событие	ტრაგიკული შემთხვევა
нашла приют	იპოვა თავშესაფარი
как раз наоборот	ზუსტად საპირისპიროდ
романтическая душа	რომანტიული სული
страстная привязанность	ვნებიანი დამოკიდებულება
на счету	ანგარიშზე
единственное возражение	ერთად-ერთი წინააღმდეგობა
охотник за состоянием	სიმდიდრეზე მონადირე
найти достойную работу	იშოვო ღირსეული სამსახური
постепенно эта мысль отпала	ნელნელა ეს აზრი გამოირიცხა
незадолго до	არც ისე დიდი ხნის წინ
жили по соседству	მეზობლად ცხოვრობდნენ
наполнило его завистью	აივსო ის შურით
спасли все, что могли	რაც შეეძლოდ გადაარჩინეს
им ничего не оставалось как...	მათ არაფერი არ დარჩა, როგორც...
пробормотал сквозь зубы	ძლივს კი ჩაიბურღლუნა
так долго притворялся	ისე დიდხანს იკატუნებდა თავს
забыл, что всё это была фикция	დაავიწყდა, რომ ეს ყველაფერი იყო ყალბი
своим глупым умишком	თავის სულელი ტვინით
до последнего дня	ბოლო დღემდე

II. *Translate into English:*

1. После того трагического случая миссис Форестье нашла приют на вилле своих соседей, Харди.

ამ ტრაგიკული შემთხვევის შემდეგ მისის ფორესტიემ იპოვა თავშესაფარი თავისი მეზობლების, ჰარდების, ვილაზე.

2. Это была любовь с первого взгляда.

ეს იყო ერთი ნახვით შეყვარება.

3. Он прошел всю войну, рисковал своей жизнью, но не получил ни одной царапины.

მან გაიარა მთელი ომი, თავისი სიცოცხლით რისკავდა, მაგრამ ერთი ნაკაწრიც კი არ გააჩნია.

4. Он был охотник за состоянием, который женился на ней ради денег.

ის იყო სიმდიდრეზე მონადირე, რომელიც დაქორწინდა მასზე ფულის გამო.

5. До последнего дня миссис Форестье была убеждена, что её муж галантный джентльмен.

ბოლო დღემდე მისის ფორესტიე დარწმუნებული იყო, რომ მისი ქმარი გალანტური ჯენტელმენია.

III. *Fill in the gaps with the correct words from the box:*

accident, sight, shelter, soul, account, fortune
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1. After the tragic occurrence Mrs. Forestier found ..... in the villa of their neighbours.

2. She was a tender, romantic and idealistic .....

3. It was a case of love at first .....

4. She had a nice sum of money on her ..... before the marriage.

5. Eleanor was too proud of him to let it be said that he was a ..... – hunter who had married her for her money.

6. Shortly before the ..... they made acquaintance of the people called Hardy.

IV. Give Russian and Georgian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own:

join smth, love at first sight, risk one's life, put into hospital, adore smb, suggest that smb should do smth, owe smth to smb, can't help doing smth, be proud of smb, make acquaintance with smb, catch fire.

V. Questions on the text:

- 1) What was the cause of Mr. Forestier's death according to the newspapers?
- 2) What did people think of it?
- 3) Describe Mrs. Forestier.
- 4) Where did she meet her future husband?
- 5) Was it because of his wound that he was put into hospital?
- 6) Why did Mrs. Forestier's relatives suggest that her husband should find some work after the marriage?
- 7) Why couldn't Mr. Forestier find a job?
- 8) What was Mr. Forestier's occupation when he lived in India? What was his dream?
- 9) What happened during the fire? Why did Mr. Forestier rush into the house?
- 10) What were Hardy's words when he saw the dead body? Do you agree with them?

VI. Discuss the following:

- 1) Was Mr. Forestier a fortune-hunter? Give your grounds.
- 2) What was the real reason of his refusal to find a job?
- 3) Is there any difference between a wish to be a gentleman and being a gentleman? Is only a wish enough?
- 4) Did Mr. Forestier manage to become a real gentleman? Prove it by the text.
- 5) Why was Mrs. Forestier convinced to her dying day that her husband had been a very gallant gentleman?
- 6) What is the difference between a sensible risk and a silly risk? Is it always possible to weigh up the danger? Discuss some risks that you think would be worth talking.

VII. Retell the story on the part of 1) Mrs. Forestier, 2) Mr. Hardy.

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### **Text for Home Reading:**

#### **MRS BIXBY AND THE COLONEL'S COAT**

Mr. and Mrs. Bixby lived in a smallish apartment somewhere in New York City. Mr. Bixby was a dentist who made an average income. Mrs. Bixby was a big vigorous woman with a wet mouth. Once a month, always on Friday afternoons, Mrs. Bixby would board the train at Pennsylvania Station and travel to Baltimore to visit her old aunt. She would spend the night with the aunt and return to New York on the following day in time to cook supper for her husband. Mr. Bixby accepted this arrangement good-naturedly. He knew that Aunt Maude lived in Baltimore, and that his wife was very fond of the old lady, and certainly it would be unreasonable to deny either of them the pleasure of a monthly meeting.

“Just so long as you don’t expect me to accompany you,” Mr. Bixby had said in the beginning.

“Of course not, darling,” Mrs. Bixby had answered. “After all, she is not *your* aunt. She’s mine.”

So far so good.

As it turned out, however, the aunt was little more than a convenient alibi for Mrs. Bixby. The dirty dog, in the shape of a gentleman known as the Colonel, was lurking slyly in the background, and our heroine spent the greater part of her Baltimore time in this scoundrel’s company. The Colonel was exceedingly wealthy. He lived in a charming house on the outskirts of the town. No wife or family encumbered him, only a few discreet and loyal servants, and in Mrs. Bixby’s absence he consoled himself by riding his horses and hunting the fox.

Year after year, this pleasant alliance between Mrs. Bixby and the Colonel continued without a hitch. They met so seldom — twelve times a year is not much when you come to think of it — that there was little or no chance of their growing bored with one another. On the contrary, the long wait between meetings only made the heart grow fonder,<sup>1</sup> and each separate occasion became an exciting reunion.

Eight years went by.

It was just before Christmas, and Mrs. Bixby was standing on the station in Baltimore waiting for the train to take her back to New York. This particular visit which had just ended had been more than usually agreeable, and she was in a cheerful mood.

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1. An allusion to the proverb "Absence makes the heart grow fonder".

"The Colonel asked me to give you this," a voice beside her said. She turned and saw Wilkins, the Colonel's groom, a small wizened dwarf with grey skin, and he was pushing a large flattish cardboard box into her arms.

"Good gracious me!" she cried, all of a flutter. "My heavens, what an enormous box! What is it, Wilkins? Was there a message? Did he send a message?"

"No message," the groom said, and walked away.

As soon as she was on the train, Mrs. Bixby carried the box into the privacy of the Ladies' Room and locked the door. How exciting this was! A Christmas present from the Colonel. She started to undo the string. "I'll bet it's a dress," she said aloud. "I won't look. I'll just feel around and try to guess what it is. I'll try to guess the colour as well, and exactly what it looks like. Also how much it cost."

She shut her eyes tight and slowly lifted off the lid. Then she put one hand down into the box. There was some tissue paper on top; she could feel it and hear it rustling. There was also an envelope or a card of some sort. She ignored this and began burrowing underneath the tissue paper.

"My God," she cried suddenly "It can't be true!"

She opened her eyes wide and stared at the coat. It was so beautiful it took her breath away.

Never had she seen mink like this before. It *was* mink, wasn't it? Yes, of course it was. But what a glorious colour! The fur was almost pure black. But what in the world could it have cost? She hardly dared to think. Four, five, six thousand dollars? Possibly more.

She just couldn't take her eyes off it. Nor, for that matter, could she wait to try it on. Quickly she slipped off her own plain red coat. The great black coat seemed to slide on her almost of its own accord, like a second skin. She glanced into the mirror. It was fantastic. And the sense of power it gave her! In this coat she could walk into any place she wanted and people would come scurrying around her like rabbits. The whole thing was just too wonderful for words!

Mrs. Bixby picked up the envelope that was still lying in the box. She opened it and pulled out the Colonel's letter:

*I once heard you saying you were fond of mink so I got you this. I'm told it's a good one. Please accept it with my sincere good wishes as a parting gift. For my own personal reasons I shall not be able to see you any more. Good-bye and good luck.*

Well! Imagine that!

Right out of the blue, just when she was feeling so happy.

No more Colonel.

What a dreadful shock.

She would miss him enormously.

Slowly, Mrs. Bixby began stroking the lovely black fur of the coat.

What you lose on the swings you get back on the roundabouts.<sup>1</sup>

She smiled and folded the letter, meaning to tear it up and throw it out of the window, but folding it she noticed that there was something written on the other side:

*P.S. Just tell them that nice generous aunt of yours gave it to you for Christmas.*

Mrs. Bixby's mouth, at that moment stretched wide in a silky smile, snapped back like a piece of elastic.

"The man must be mad!" she cried: "Aunt Maude doesn't have that sort of money. She couldn't possibly give me this."

But if Aunt Maude didn't give it to her, then who did?

Oh God! In the excitement of finding the coat and trying it on, she had completely overlooked this vital aspect.

In a couple of hours she would be in New York. Ten minutes after that she would be home, and the husband would be there to greet her; and even a man like Cyril, dwelling as he did in a dark phlegm world of root canals, bicuspid, and caries, would start asking a few questions if his wife suddenly waltzed in from a week-end wearing a six-thousand-dollar mink coat.

But the thought of parting with it now was than Mrs. Bixby could bear.

"I've got to have this coat!" she said aloud. "I've got to have this coat! I've got to have this coat!"

Very well, my dear. You shall have the coat. But don't panic. Sit still and keep calm and start thinking. You're a clever girl, aren't you? You've fooled him before. The man never has been able to see much further than the end of his own probe, you know that. So just sit absolutely still and *think*. There's lots of time.

Two and a half hours later, Mrs. Bixby stepped off the train at Pennsylvania Station and walked quickly to the exit. She was wearing her old red coat again now and carrying the cardboard box in her arms. She signaled for a taxi.

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1. What you lose on the swings you get back on the round-abouts — a saying which means that you may lose one thing and get another as compensation.

“Driver,” she said, “would you know of a pawnbroker that’s still open around here?”

“Plenty along Sixth Avenue,” the driver answered.

“Stop at the first one you see, then, will you please?”

She got in and was driven away.

Soon the taxi pulled up outside a shop that had three brass balls hanging over the entrance.<sup>1</sup>

“Wait for me, please,” Mrs. Bixby said to the driver, and she got out of the taxi and entered the shop.

“Yes?” the proprietor said, emerging from a dark place in the back of the shop.

“Oh, good evening,” Mrs. Bixby said. She began to untie the string around the box.

“Isn’t it silly of me?” Mrs. Bixby said. “I’ve gone and lost my pocketbook, and this being Saturday, the banks are all closed until Monday and I’ve simply got to have some money for the week-end. This is quite a valuable coat, but I’m not asking much. I only want to borrow enough on it to tide me over till Monday. Then I’ll come back and redeem it. How about fifty dollars?”

“I’ll loan you fifty dollars.”

The man went over to a drawer and fetched a ticket and placed it on the counter. The ticket looked like one of those labels you tie on the handle of your suitcase, the same shape and size exactly, and the same stiff brownish paper. But it was perforated across the middle so that you could tear it in two, and both halves were identical.

“Name?” he asked.

“Leave that out. And the address.”

“You’d better not lose this ticket then.”

“I won’t lose it.”

“You realize that anyone who gets hold of it can come in and claim the article?”

“Yes, I know that.”

“Simply on the number.”

“Yes, I know.”

“What do you want me to put for a description?”

“No description either, thank you. It’s not necessary. Just put the amount I’m borrowing.”

“You have it your own way then,” the man said. “It’s your coat.”

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1. three brass balls — emblem of a pawnbroker’s shop

At this point an unpleasant thought struck Mrs. Bixby. “Tell me something,” she said. “If I don’t have a description on my ticket, how can I be sure you’ll give me back the coat and not something else when I return?”

“It goes in the books.”

“But all I’ve got is a number. So actually you could hand me any old thing you wanted, isn’t that so?”

“Do you want a description or don’t you?” the man asked.

“No,” she said. “I trust you.”

The man wrote “fifty dollars” opposite the word VALUE on both sections of the ticket, then he tore it in half along the perforations and slid the lower portion across the counter. He took a wallet from the inside pocket of his jacket and extracted five ten-dollar bills. “The interest is three per cent a month,” he said.

“Yes, all right. And thank you. You’ll take good care of it, won’t you?”

The man nodded but said nothing.

Ten minutes later, she was home.

“Darling,” she said as she bent over and kissed her husband. “Did you miss me?”

Cyril Bixby laid down the evening paper and glanced at the watch on his wrist. “It’s twelve and a half minutes past six,” he said. “You’re a bit late, aren’t you?”

“I know. It’s those dreadful trains. Aunt Maude sent you her love as usual. I’m dying for a drink, aren’t you?”

The husband folded his newspaper into a neat rectangle and placed it on the arm of his chair. Then he stood up and crossed over to the sideboard.

It was funny how small he always looked after the Colonel.

I really must try to make him change the way he dresses, she told herself. His suits are just too ridiculous for words. It was a fact that in his office he invariably greeted female patients with his white coat unbuttoned so that they would catch a glimpse of the trappings underneath; and in some obscure way this was obviously meant to convey the impression that he was a bit of a dog. But Mrs. Bixby knew better. The plumage was a bluff. It meant nothing. It reminded her of an ageing peacock strutting on the lawn with only half its feathers left.

“Thank you, darling,” she said, taking the martini and seating herself on the sofa with her handbag on her lap.

“This martini is perfect,” Mrs. Bixby said, setting down her glass on the side table. “Quite perfect.” She opened her bag and took a handkerchief as if to blow her nose. “Oh look!” she cried, seeing the ticket. “I forgot to show you this! I found it just now on the seat of my taxi. It’s got a number on it, and I thought it might be a lottery ticket or something, so I kept it.”

She handed the small piece of stiff brown paper to her husband, who took it in his fingers and began examining it minutely from all angles, as through it were a suspect tooth.

“You know what this is?” he said slowly.

“No dear, I don’t.”

“It’s a pawn ticket.”

“A what?”

“A ticket from a pawnbroker. Here’s the name and address of the shop — somewhere on Sixth Avenue.”

He began explaining to her exactly how a pawn ticket worked, with particular reference to the fact that anyone possessing the ticket was entitled to claim the article. She listened patiently until he had finished his lecture.

“You think it’s worth claiming?” she asked.

“I think it’s worth finding out what it is.”

“I think it’s terribly exciting, especially when we don’t even know what it is. It could be *anything*, isn’t that right, Cyril? Absolutely anything!”

“There’s no knowing what it might be, my dear. We shall just have to wait and see.”

“I think it’s absolutely fascinating! Give me the ticket and I’ll rush over first thing Monday morning and find out!”

“I think I’d better do that.”

“Oh no!” she cried. “Let *me* do it!”

“I think not. I’ll pick it up on my way to work.”

“But it’s *my* ticket! *Please* let me do it, Cyril! Why should *you* have all the fun?”

“You don’t know these pawnbrokers, my dear. You’re liable to get cheated.”

“But Cyril, I *found* it. It’s mine. Whatever it is, it’s mine, isn’t that right?”

“Of course it’s yours, my dear. There’s no need to get so worked up about it.”

“I’m not. I’m just excited, that’s all.”

“I suppose it hasn’t occurred to you that this might be something entirely masculine — a pocket-watch, for example.”

“In that case I’ll give it to you for Christmas,” Mrs. Bixby said magnanimously. “I’ll be delighted. But if it’s a woman’s thing, I want it myself. Is that agreed?”

“That sounds very fair. Why don’t you come with me when I collect it?”

Mrs. Bixby was about to say yes to this, but caught herself just in time. She had no wish to be greeted like an old customer by the pawnbroker in her husband’s presence.

“No,” she said slowly. “I don’t think I will. You see, it’ll be more thrilling if I stay behind and wait. Oh, I do hope it isn’t going to be something that neither of us wants.”

Monday morning came at last, and after breakfast Mrs. Bixby followed her husband to the door and helped him on with his coat.

“Darling,” she said, standing close to him and straightening his tie, which was perfectly straight. “If it happens to be something you think I might like, you will telephone me as soon as you get to the office?”

“If you want me to, yes.”

“You know, I’m sort of hoping it’ll be something for you, Cyril. I’d much rather it was for you than for me.”

“That’s very generous of you, my dear. Now I must run.”

About an hour later, when the telephone rang, Mrs. Bixby was across the room so fast she had the receiver off the hook before the first ring had finished.

“I got it!” he said.

“You did! Oh, Cyril, what was it? Was it something good?”

“Good!” he cried. “It’s fantastic! You wait till you get your eyes on this! You’ll swoon!”

“Darling, what is it? Tell me quick!”

“You’re a lucky girl, that’s what you are.”

“It’s for me, then?”

“Of course it’s for you. Though how in the world it ever got to be pawned for only fifty dollars I’ll be damned if I know. Someone’s crazy.”

“Cyril! Stop keeping me in suspense! I can’t bear it!”

“You’ll go mad when you see it.”

“What is it?”

“Try to guess.”

“For goodness sake, Cyril! Why don’t you tell me?”

“Because I want it to be a surprise. I’ll bring it home with me this evening.”

“You’ll do nothing of the sort!” she cried. “I’m coming right down there to get it now!”

“I’d rather you didn’t do that.”

“Don’t be so silly, darling. Why shouldn’t I come?”

“Because I’m too busy. You’ll disorganize my whole morning schedule. I’m half an hour behind already.”

“Then I’ll come in the lunch hour. All right?”

“I’m not having a lunch hour. Oh well, come at one-thirty then, while I’m having a sandwich. Good-bye.”

At half past one precisely, Mrs. Bixby arrived at Mr. Bixby’s place of business and rang the bell. Her husband, in his white dentist’s coat, opened the door himself.

“Oh, Cyril, I’m so excited!”

“So you should be. You’re a lucky girl, did you know that?” He led her down the passage and into the surgery.

“Go and have your lunch, Miss Pulteney,” he said to the assistant, who was busy putting instruments into the sterilizer. “You can finish that when you come back.” He waited until the girl had gone, then he walked over to a closet that he used for hanging up his clothes and stood in front of it, pointing with his finger. “It’s in there,” he said. “Now — shut your eyes.”

Mrs. Bixby did as she was told. Then she took a deep breath and held it, and in the silence that followed she could hear him opening the cupboard door and there was a soft swishing sound as he pulled out a garment from among the other things hanging there.

“All right! You can look!”

“I don’t dare to,” she said, laughing.

“Mink!” he cried. “Real mink!”

At the sound of the magic word she opened her eyes quickly, and at the same time she actually started forward in order to clasp the coat in her arms.

But there was no coat. There was only a ridiculous little fur neckpiece dangling from her husband’s hand.

“Feast your eyes on that!” he said, waving it in front of her face.

Mrs. Bixby put a hand up to her mouth and started backing away. I’m going to scream, she told herself. I just know it. I’m going to scream.

“Why yes,” she stammered. “I ... I ... think it’s ... it’s lovely ... really lovely.”

“Quite took your breath away for a moment there, didn’t it?”

“Yes, it did.”

“Magnificent quality,” he said. “Fine colour, too. You know something, my dear? I reckon a piece like this would cost you two or three hundred dollars at least if you had to buy it in a shop.”

“I don’t doubt it.”

“Here,” he said. “Try it on.” He leaned forward and draped the thing around her neck, then stepped back to admire. “It’s perfect. It really suits you. It isn’t everyone who has mink, my dear.”

“No, it isn’t.”

“Better leave it behind when you go shopping or they’ll all think we’re millionaires and start charging us double.”

“I’ll try to remember that, Cyril.”

“I’m afraid you mustn’t expect anything else for Christmas. Fifty dollars was rather more than I was going to spend anyway.”

He turned away and went over to the basin and began washing his hands. “Run along now, my dear, and buy yourself a nice lunch. I’d take you out myself but I’ve got old man Gorman in the waiting-room with a broken clasp on his denture.”

Mrs. Bixby moved towards the door.

I’m going to kill that pawnbroker, she told herself. I’m going right back to the shop this very minute and I’m going to throw this filthy neckpiece right in his face and if he refuses to give me back my coat I’m going to kill him.

“Did I tell you I was going to be late home tonight?” Cyril Bixby said, still washing his hands.

“No.”

“It’ll probably be at least eight-thirty the way things look at the moment. It may even be nine.”

“Yes, all right. Good-bye.” Mrs. Bixby went out, slamming the door behind her.

At that precise moment, Miss Pulteney, the secretary-assistant, came sailing past her down the corridor on her way to lunch.

“Isn’t it a gorgeous day?” Miss Pulteney said as she went by, flashing a smile. There was lilt in her walk, a little whiff of perfume attending her, and she looked like a queen, just exactly like a queen in the beautiful black mink coat that the Colonel had given to Mrs. Bixby.

(From *Kiss Kiss* by Roald Dahl)

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*Vocabulary Notes:*

<b>Income</b> [ˈɪnkʌm]	доход	შემოსავალი
<b>Vigorous</b> [ˈvɪərəs]	сильный, энергичный	ძლიერი, ენერგიული
<b>To board the train</b>	сесть в поезд	დაჯდე მატარებელში
<b>Alibi</b> [ˈælibaɪ]	алиби	ალბი, მტკიცებულება
<b>Lurk</b> [lɜ:k]	скрываться, таиться	დამალვა
<b>Scoundrel</b> [ˈskaʊndrəl]	негодяй	საძაგელი
<b>Outskirts</b> [ˈaʊtskɜ:ts]	окраина	გარეუბანი
<b>Encumber</b> [ɪnˈkʌmbə]	мешать, обременять	ხელის შეშლა
<b>Discreet</b> [dɪsˈkri:t]	осторожный, неболтливый	ფრთხილი
<b>Console</b> [kənˈsəʊl]	утешать	დამშვიდება
<b>Alliance</b> [əˈlaɪəns]	союз	კავშირი
<b>Hitch</b> [hɪtʃ]	помеха, препятствие	წინააღმდეგობა
<b>Mood</b> [mu:d]	настроение	ხასიათი
<b>Dwarf</b> [dwɔ:f]	карлик	ჯუჯა
<b>Wizened</b> [ˈwɪznd]	высохший	ხმელი, გამხმარი
<b>Flutter</b> [ˈflʌtə]	волнение	ძვლვარება
<b>Bet</b> [bet]	пари, спорить на пари	ნიდლავი, სანადლეო
<b>Burrow</b> [ˈbɜ:rəʊ]	рыться	ქექვა
<b>To take one's breath</b>	захватить дыхание	სუნთქვის შეჩერება
<b>Mink</b> [mɪŋk]	норка	სორო
<b>Dare</b> [deə]	осмелиться	გაბედვა
<b>Of its own accord</b>	самотёком	თავისთავად
<b>Parting gift</b>	прощальный дар	გამოსამშვიდობებელი საჩუქარი
<b>Fold</b> [fəʊld]	складывать	ჩაწყობა, დალაგება
<b>Pawnbroker</b> [ˈpɔ:n.brəʊkə]	ростовщик	ვანშე (ადამიანი, რომელიც ლომბარდში მუშაობს და იძლევა სესხს ჩადებულ ნივთებზე)
<b>Pawnbroker's</b>	ломбард	ლომბარდი
<b>Pocketbook</b>	бумажник, плоская	საფულე, ბრტყელი ქალის ჩანთა

	дамская сумочка	
<b>Loan</b> [ləʊn]	заем, давать в займы	ვალად მოცემა
<b>Redeem</b> [rɪˈdiːm]	выкупать (заложенные вещи)	გამოსყიდვა
<b>Ridiculous</b> [rɪˈdɪkjʊləs]	смешной, нелепый	სასაცილო, უაზრო
<b>Reference</b> [ˈrefrəns]	ссылка	გადასახლება
<b>To be entitled</b>	давать право	უფლების მინიჭება
<b>Article</b> [ˈɑːtɪkl]	предмет торговли, товар	საქონელი
<b>Claim</b> [kleɪm]	требовать	მოთხოვნა
<b>Magnanimously</b> [mæˈnæɪməsli]	великодушно	გულუხვად
<b>Customer</b> [ˈkʌstəmə]	клиент, получатель	კლიენტი, მყიდველი
<b>Swoon</b> [swuːn]	падать в обморок	გულის წასვლა
<b>To be pawned</b>	быть заложеным	იყო ჩადებული
<b>Suspense</b> [səsˈpens]	неопределенность, неведение, неизвестность	გაურკვევლობა
<b>Schedule</b> [ˈɛdjuːl]	график, расписание	გრაფიკი, ცხრილი
<b>Garment</b> [ˈgɑːmənt]	предмет одежды, одеяние	ტანსაცმელი
<b>Feast one's eyes on smth.</b>	любоваться чем-либо	მზერით დატკობა
<b>Stammer</b> [ˈstæmə]	заикаться	ბლუყუნა
<b>Charge</b> [tʃɑːdʒ]	назначать цену	ფასის დადგენა
<b>Proprietor</b> [prəˈpraɪətə]	собственник	მესაკუთრე
<b>Neck-piece</b> [ˈnek piːs]	горжетка, меховой воротник	ბეწვის საყელო
<b>Trappings</b> [ˈtræpɪŋz]	внешние атрибуты (занимаемой должности, украшения)	სამკაულები
<b>You are liable to get cheated</b>	ты можешь быть обманута	შენ შეიძლება იყო მოტყუებული
<b>Scream</b> [skriːm]	пронзительно кричать	წვილ-კვილი
<b>Bicuspid</b> [baɪˈkʌspɪd]	один из малых коренных зубов	ერთ-ერთი სიბრძნის კბილი
<b>Out of the blue</b>	совершенно неожиданно	სრულიად მოულოდნელად

**ზღ ზღ**

**Exercises:**

*I. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:*

средний доход	საშუალო შემოსავალი
сесть в поезд	დაჯდე მატარებელში
удобное алиби	მოსახერხებელი ალიბი (მტკიცებულება)
веселое настроение	მხიარული განწყობა
пари	ნიძლავი
высохший карлик	დაჭმუჭნული ჯუჯა
прощальный дар	გამოსამშვიდობებელი საჩუქარი
ростовщик	ვასშე
заём	სესნი
предмет торговли	ვაჭრობის საგანი
падать в обморок	გულის წასვლა
норковая шуба	წაულას ქურქი
держат в неведении	საქმის კურსში არ ყოფნა
давать право	უფლების მიცემა
клиент	კლიენტი
любоваться чем-либо	მზერით დატკობა
заикаться	ბლუყუნი
назначать цену	ფასის დადგენა
быть заложным	იყო ჩადებული

*II. Translate into English:*

1. Миссис Биксби была большой энергичной женщиной с влажным ртом.  
მისის ბიქსბი იყო დიდი ენერგიული ქალი სველი პირით.

2. Раз в месяц, и всегда в пятницу днем, миссис Биксби садилась в поезд на вокзале в Пенсильвании и ехала в Балтимор навестить свою старую тетушку.

თვეში ერთხელ, და ყოველთვის პარასკევს დღისით, მისის ბიქსბი ჯდებოდა მატარებელში, პენსილვანიის სადგურში და მიდიოდა ბალტიმორში, თავისი მოხუცი დეიდის მოსანახულებლად.

3. Как выяснилось, однако, тетушка была не более чем удобное алиби для миссис Биксби.

როგორც აღმოჩნდა, დეიდა იყო არანაკლებ ხელსაყრელი ალიბი მისის ბიქსბისთვის.

4. Мистер Биксби был зубным врачом со средним доходом.

მისტერ ბიქსბი იყო საშუალო შემოსავლიანი კბილის ექიმი.

5. «Держу пари, что это платье» - сказала она громко.

“დავნიძლავდეთ, რომ ეს კაბა” – თქვა მან ხმამაღლად.

6. Шуба была такой красивой, что у неё захватило дыхание.

ქურქი ისეთი ლამაზი იყო, რომ მას სუნთქვა შეეკვრა.

7. Любой, обладающий залоговой квитанцией, имел право востребовать вещь.

ნებისმიერს, რომელიც ფლობდა დასაგირავებელ ქვითარს, ჰქონდა უფლება მოეთხოვა საქონელი.

8. «Ты знаешь этих ростовщиков, дорогая? Ты можешь быть обманута».

“შვირფასო, შენ არ იცნობ ამ ვახშეებს? შესაძლოა შენ მოტყუებული დარჩე”.

### III. Fill in the gaps with the correct words from the box:

mood, gift, perforated, suspect, income, breath, consoled, ridiculous, hitch
--

1. Year after year, this pleasant alliance between Mrs. Bixby and the Colonel continued without a .....

2. The coat was so beautiful it took her ..... away.

3. This particular visit which had just ended had been more than usually agreeable, and she was in a cheerful .....

4. Please accept it with my sincere good wishes as a ..... gift.

5. The ticket was ..... across the middle so that you could tear it in two.

6. He began examining the small piece of stiff brown paper, as though it were a .....tooth.

7. Mrs. Bixby was a dentist who made an average .....
8. In Mrs. Bixby's absence he ..... himself by riding his horses and hunting the fox.
9. I really must try to make him change the way he dresses, she told herself. His suits are just too .....

*IV. Fill in the gaps with the necessary prepositions:*

1. Mr. and Mrs. Bixby lived ..... a smallish apartment somewhere ..... New York City.
2. Mrs. Bixby was a big vigorous woman ..... a wet mouth.
3. Year after year, this pleasant alliance..... Mrs. Bixby and the Colonel continued ..... a hitch.
4. Mrs. Bixby picked ..... the envelope that was still lying .....the box.
5. What you lose ..... the swings you get back ..... the roundabouts.
6. .... a couple of hours she would be ..... New York.
7. "Wait ..... me please", Mrs. Bixby said ..... The driver, and she got ..... the taxi and entered the shop.
8. She looked like a queen, just exactly like a queen ..... the beautiful black mink coat that the Colonel had given ..... Mrs. Bixby.

*V. Say what meaning is implied in the expressions listed below. Use them in sentences of your own.*

To make an average income; to board the train; so far so good; to continue without a hitch; to be all of a flutter; to take one's breath away; right out of the blue; to signal for a taxi; to be perforated; a suspect tooth; to be liable to get cheated; to get worked up about something; to disorganize somebody's schedule; to charge somebody double.

*VI. Explain and expand on the following.*

1) The aunt was little more than a convenient alibi for Mrs. Bixby. 2) In this coat she could walk into any place she wanted and people would come scurrying around her like rabbits. 3) Mrs. Bixby's mouth, at that moment stretched wide in a silky smile, snapped back like a piece of elastic. 4) The man never has been able to see much further than the end of his own probe, you know that. 5) In some obscure way this was obviously meant to convey the impression that he was a bit of a dog. But Mrs. Bixby knew better. The plumage was a bluff. It meant nothing. It reminded her of an ageing peacock strutting on the lawn with only half its feathers left.

*VII. Answer the following questions.*

- 1) What impression did the story produce upon you?
- 2) What can you say about Mrs. Bixby? Characterize her.
- 3) What was Mrs. Bixby's opinion of her husband? Did she really know him well? How can you account for it?
- 4) How did Cyril Bixby strike you? What do you think of his behavior?
- 5) Where is the climax of the story?
- 6) Are you sorry for Mrs. Bixby or do you think she got what she deserved?

*VIII. Render the contents of the story as if told by (1) Mrs. Bixby to her intimate friend; (2) Mr. Bixby in a male company; (3) the pawnbroker.*

*IX. Make up a story in which Mrs. Bixby's revenge is described.*

*X. Play-act the scene of Mr. Bixby coming to claim the coat.*



### Questions and topics for discussions:

1. Speak about your family.
2. Speak about some famous person's family.
3. Imagine you are ..... Speak about "your" family.
4. Speak about a typical Georgian/English/American family.
5. How many people are in your family?
6. Do you have a family of your own?
7. Are you married?
8. Do you have any children?
9. How many children would you like to have?
10. At what age do people usually get married?
11. What age do you think is the best?
12. Is it different for men and women?
13. Do you live (want to live) separately, with your parents, with your in-laws?
14. What is a happy family?
15. Do you think a married woman with children mustn't work, must work or may work.
16. Do you think single people can be happy?
17. What are husband's (wife's) duties in the family?
18. Describe an ideal husband (wife) for you.
19. Do you think it's normal to have favourites among (your) one's children?
20. What conflicts (between whom, because of what) often arise in families? How is it possible to solve them?
21. What do you think about divorce? What are the reasons of divorce? Is divorce good or bad?
22. What do you think about jealousy? Is jealousy a good/normal/bad thing? Explain why.
23. What do you think about adultery? Do you think it can be pardonable?
24. Is marriage without children always unhappy?
25. Lev Tolstoy wrote in "Anna Karenina" that all happy families are happy in the same way and all unhappy families are unhappy in different ways. Can you explain what he meant.
26. Discuss problems of family planning and birth control (give medical and moral reasons).
27. Role play: a family quarrel.

## Unit 2

### Appearance and human body

### Внешность и тело человека

### გარეგნობა და ადამიანის სხეული

<b>Appearance</b> [əˈrɪərəns]	внешность	გარეგნობა
<b>Head</b> [hed]	голова́	თავი
<b>Occiput</b> [ˈɒksɪpʌt]	заты́лок	კეფა
<b>Hair</b> [heə]	во́лосы	თმა
<b>Face</b> [feɪs]	лицо́	სახე
<b>Skin</b> [skɪn]	ко́жа	კანი
<b>Wrinkle</b> [ˈrɪŋkəl], <b>line</b> [laɪn]	морщи́на	ნაოჭი
<b>Muscle</b> [ˈmʌsl]	мышца, мускул	კუნთი, მუსკული
<b>Forehead</b> [ˈfɔːrɪd]	лоб	შუბლი
<b>Temple</b> [ˈtempl]	висо́к	საფეთქელი
<b>Cheek</b> [tʃi:k]	щека́	ლოყა
<b>Nose</b> [nouz]	нос	ცხვირი
<b>Nostril</b> [ˈnɒstrɪl]	ноздря́	ნესტო
<b>Mouth</b> [mauθ]	рот	პირი
<b>Lip</b> [lɪp], <b>full lips</b> [ful]	губа́, пухлые губы	ტუჩი, სქელი ტუჩები
<b>Tooth, pl teeth</b> [tu:θ, ti:θ]	зуб, зу́бы	კბილი, კბილები
<b>Even</b> [ˈi:vən]	ровный	სწორი
<b>Uneven</b> [ʌnˈi:vən]	неровный	უსწორ-მასწორო კბილები
<b>Gum</b> [•ʌm]	десна́	ღრძილები
<b>Throat</b> [θraʊt]	глотка, горло	ყელი
<b>Neck</b> [nek]	шея	კისერი
<b>Tongue</b> [tʌŋ]	язы́к	ენა

<b>Upper jaw, lower jaw</b> [ˈʌpə ˈdʒɔː, ˈləʊə ˈdʒɔː]	вѐрхняя чѐлюсть, ни́жняя чѐлюсть	ზედა ყბა ქვედა ყბა
<b>Chin</b> [tʃɪn]	подборóдок	ნიკაპი
<b>Eye</b> [aɪ]	глаз	თვალი
<b>Eyebrow</b> [ˈaɪbraʊ]	бровь	წარბი
<b>Upper eyelid, lower eyelid</b> [ˈaɪlɪd]	вѐрхнее ве́ко, ни́жнее ве́ко	ზემო ქუთათო ქვემო ქუთათო
<b>Eyelash</b> [ˈaɪləʃ]	ресни́ца	წამწამი
<b>Thick</b> [θɪk]	густой	სქელი, ხშირი
<b>Aquiline</b> [ˈækwɪlɪn], <b>crooked</b> [ˈkruːkɪd]	орлиный с горбинкой (нос)	კეხიანი ცხვირი
<b>Snub</b> [snʌb], <b>turned-up</b> [ˈtəːnd-ʌp]	курносый	აპრეხილი ცხვირი
<b>Protruding (chin)</b> [prəˈtruːdɪŋ]	выступающий вперед (подбородок)	წინწამოწეული ნიკაპი
<b>Wavy</b> [weɪvɪ]	волнистый	ტალღოვანი
<b>Straight</b> [streɪt]	прямой	სწორი
<b>Curly</b> [kɜːli]	кучерявый	ხუჭუჭა, ხვეული
<b>Pupil</b> [ˈpjʊːpl]	зрачо́к	გუგა
<b>Eyeball</b> [ˈaɪbɔːl]	глазно́е я́блоко	თვალის კაკალი
<b>Optic nerve</b> [ˈɒptɪk ˈnɜːv]	глазно́й нерв	თვალის ნერვი
<b>Ear</b> [ɪə]	у́хо	ყური
<b>Auricle</b> [ˈɔːrɪkl]	ушная ра́ковина	ყურის ნიჟარა
<b>Ear lobe</b> [ˈɪə ˈləʊb]	мо́чка у́ха	ყურის ბიბილო
<b>Auditory nerve</b> [ˈɔːdɪtəri ˈnɜːv]	слухово́й нерв	სასმენი ნერვი
<b>Trunk</b> [trʌŋk]	туловище	ტანი
<b>Back</b> [bæk]	спина́	ზურგი
<b>Shoulder</b> [ˈʃouldə]	плечо́	მხარი
<b>Shoulderblade</b> [ˈʃouldəbleɪd]	лопа́тка	ზურგის ფიცარი
<b>Loins</b> [lɔɪnz]	поясница	წელი
<b>Armpit</b> [ˈɑːmpɪt]	подмы́шка	ილღია
<b>Chest, thorax</b> [tʃest, ˈθɔːræks]	грудная кле́тка	გულმკერდი
<b>Breast</b> [brest]	1) грудь ( <i>женская</i> ); 2) грудь ( <i>передняя часть</i> )	1) ქალის მკერდი; 2) გულმკერდი

	<i>грудной клетки)</i>	
<b>Bosom</b> [ˈbuzəm]	грудь ( <i>передняя часть грудной клетки)</i>	გულმკერდი
<b>Waist</b> [weɪst]	та́лия	წელი
<b>Hip</b> [hɪp]	бедро́ ( <i>наружная часть таза и верхней части ноги)</i>	თეძო
<b>Navel</b> [neɪvəl]	пупо́к	ჭიბი
<b>Stomach</b> [ˈstʌmək], <b>abdomen</b> , <i>разг. belly</i> [ˈbelɪ]	живо́т, желудок	მუცელი, კუჭი
<b>Arm</b> [ɑ:m]	рука́ ( <i>от кисти до плеча)</i>	მკლავი
<b>Upper arm</b> [ˈʌpəɹ ˈɑ:m]	плечо́ ( <i>верхняя часть руки до локтевого сустава)</i>	მხარი
<b>Elbow</b> [ˈelbou]	ло́коть	იდაყვი
<b>Hand</b> [hænd]	рука	ხელი
<b>Fist</b> [fɪst]	кула́к	მუშტი
<b>Finger</b> [ˈfɪŋ•ə]	па́лец руки́	ხელის თითი
<b>Thumb</b> [θʌm]	большо́й ( <i>первый</i> ) па́лец	ცერა თითი
<b>Index finger, second finger</b>	указа́тельный ( <i>второй</i> ) па́лец	საჩვენებელი თითი
<b>Middle finger, third finger</b>	сре́дний ( <i>третий</i> ) па́лец	შუა თითი
<b>Ring finger, fourth finger</b>	безымя́нный ( <i>четвёртый</i> ) па́лец	უსახელო თითი
<b>Little finger, fifth finger</b>	мизы́нец ( <i>пятый</i> ) па́лец	ნეკა თითი
<b>Palm of the hand</b> [ˈpɑ:m əv ðə ˈhænd]	ладо́нь	ხელის გული
<b>Wrist</b> [rɪst]	запя́стье, кисть	მაჯა
<b>Nail, fingernail</b> [neɪl, ˈfɪŋ•əneɪl]	но́готь на па́льце руки́	ხელის ფრჩხილი
<b>Leg</b> [le•]	нога́	ფეხი
<b>Foot</b> [fʊt]	ступня́, нога́ ( <i>ниже щиколотки</i> )	ტერფი
<b>Ankle</b> [æŋkl]	лоды́жка, щико́лотка	კოჭი
<b>Heel</b> [hi:l]	пя́тка	ქუსლი

<b>Thigh</b> [θaɪ]	ბედრო (часть ноги от таза до коленного сгиба)	თეძო
<b>Knee</b> [ni:]	колéно	მუხლი
<b>Toe</b> [tu]	пáлец ноги	ფეხის თითი
<b>Toenail</b> [ˈtounel]	нóготь на пáльце ногí	ფეხის ფრჩხილი
<b>Skeleton</b> [ˈskelɪtn]	скелéт	ჩონჩხი
<b>Bone</b> [baʊn]	кость	ძვალი
<b>Skull</b> [skʌl]	чéреп	თავის ქალა
<b>Coccyx</b> [ˈkɒksɪks]	кóпчик	კულუსუნი
<b>Rib</b> [rɪb]	ребро́	ნეკნი
<b>Pelvis</b> [ˈpelvɪs]	таз	მენჯი
<b>Brain</b> [breɪn]	мозг	ტვინი
<b>Spinal cord</b> [ˈspaɪnl ˈkɔ:d]	спинно́й мозг	ზურგის ტვინი
<b>Blood circulation</b> [ˈblʌd ˈsə:kjuˈleɪʃn]	систéма кровообращéния	სისხლის მიმოქცევა
<b>Artery</b> [ˈɑ:təri]	артéрия	არტერია
<b>Vein</b> [veɪn]	вéна	ძარღვი
<b>Lungs</b> [lʌŋz]	лéгкие	ფილტვი
<b>Windpipe</b> [ˈwɪndpaɪp]	трахéя	ტრაქეა
<b>Bronchus</b> [ˈbrɒŋkəs], <i>pl</i> <b>bronchi</b> [-kaɪ]	бронх	ბრონქი
<b>Heart</b> [ha:t]	сéрдце	გული
<b>Liver</b> [ˈlɪvə]	пéчень	ღვიძლი
<b>Gall-bladder</b> [ˈɑ:lˈblædə]	жёлчный пузырь	ნაღველის ბუშტი
<b>Spleen</b> [splɪ:n]	селезёнка	ელენთა
<b>Stomach</b> [ˈstʌmək]	желúдок	კუჭი
<b>Intestines</b> [ɪnˈtestɪnz], <b>bowel</b> [ˈbauəl]	кишéчник	ნაწლავი
<b>Gut</b> [gʌt], <b>intestine</b> [ɪnˈtestɪn]	кишкá	ნაწლავი
<b>Rectum</b> [ˈrektəm]	прямáя кишкá	სწორი ნაწლავი
<b>Kidney</b> [ˈkɪdni]	пóчка	თირკმელი
<b>Bladder</b> [ˈblædə]	мочевóй пузырь	შარდის ბუშტი
<b>Pancreas</b> [ˈpæŋkriəs]	поджелúдочная жёлéзá	პანკრეასი

<b>Respiratory system</b> [rɪsˈpaɪətəri ˈsɪstəm]	дыха́тельная систе́ма	სუნთქვის სისტემა
<b>Five senses</b> [ðə ˈfaɪv ˈsensɪz]	пять чу́вств	ხუთი გრძობა
<b>(Eye) sight, vision</b> [saɪt, vɪʒn]	зрэ́ние	მხედველობა
<b>Hearing</b> [ˈhɪərɪŋ]	слух	სმენა
<b>Smell</b> [smel]	обоня́ние	ენოსვა
<b>Touch</b> [tʌtʃ]	осяза́ние	შეხება
<b>Taste</b> [teɪst]	вкус	გემო
<b>Tall</b> [tɔ:l]	высокий	მაღალი
<b>Short</b> [ʃɔ:t]	низкий	დაბალი
<b>Middle-sized</b>	среднего роста	საშუალო სიმაღლე
<b>Young</b> [jʌŋ]	молодой	ახალგაზრდა
<b>Middle-aged</b>	среднего возраста	საშუალო ასაკის
<b>Elderly</b> [ˈeldəli]	пожилой	ხანშიშესული
<b>Old</b> [ould]	старый	მოხუცი, ბებერი
<b>Thin</b> [θɪŋ]	худой	გამხდარი
<b>Skinny</b> [skɪni] (skin a bone)	худощавый (кожа да кости)	ძალიან გამხდარი ადამიანი
<b>Slender</b> [slendə], <b>slim</b> [slɪm]	стройный	ტანადი
<b>Stout</b> [staut]	полный	მსუქანი
<b>Plump</b> [plʌmp]	пухленький	პუტკუნა
<b>Pale</b> [peɪl]	бледный	ფერმკრთალი
<b>Wrinkles</b> [rɪŋklz]	морщины	ნაოჭები
<b>Freckles</b> [freklz]	веснушки	ჭორფლები
<b>Dimples</b> [dɪmplz]	ямочки	ნახვლეტები ლოყაზე
<b>Mole</b> [mou]	родинка	ხალი
<b>Beard</b> [biəd]	борода	წვერი
<b>Moustache</b> [məˈsta:ʃ]	усы	ულვაში
<b>Whiskers</b> [ˈwɪskəz]	бакенбарды	ბაკები
<b>Big</b> [bɪ•]	большой	დიდი
<b>Little</b> [lɪtl]	маленький (по возрасту)	პატარა (ასაკით)
<b>Small</b> [smɔ:l]	маленький (по размеру)	პატარა (ზომით)
<b>Overweight</b> [ouvəˈweɪt]	перевес	ჭარბი წონა

<b>Underweight</b> [ʌndəˈweɪt]	недостаточный вес	არასაკმარისი წონა
<b>Beautiful</b> [ˈbju:tɪfʊl]	красивый (о женщине и ребенке)	ლამაზი (ქალი ან ბავშვი)
<b>Handsome</b> [ˈhænsəm]	красивый (о мужчине)	სიმბათიური (მამაკაცი)
<b>Nice</b> [naɪs], <b>good</b> [ɡʊd]	хороший	კარგი
<b>Good-looking</b> [ɡʊd-ˈlʊkɪŋ]	приятный, с хорошей внешностью	კარგი გარეგნობის
<b>Ugly</b> [ʌɡli]	безобразный, урод	მაზინჯი
<b>Attractive</b> [əˈtræktɪv]	привлекательный	მიმზიდველი
<b>Funny</b> [fʌni]	смешной	სასაცილო
<b>Man</b> [mæn] <i>pl</i> <b>men</b> [men]	мужчина, мужчины	კაცი, კაცები
<b>Woman</b> [ˈwʊ:mən] <i>pl</i> <b>women</b> [ˈwɪmɪn]	женщина, женщины	ქალი, ქალები
<b>Boy</b> [bɔɪ]	мальчик	ბიჭი
<b>Girl</b> [ɡɜ:l]	девочка	გოგო
<b>Child</b> [tʃaɪld] , <b>kid</b> [kɪd]	ребёнок	ბავშვი
<b>Children</b> [ˈtʃɪldrən]	дети	ბავშვები

x x x x x

**Read the text:**

### **Appearance and Manners**

When we speak about somebody's figure, face, hands, feet we mean his or her appearance. A person may be tall, middle-sized or short, thin or plump. A face may be round, oval or square. In summer some people may have freckles on their faces. Old people have wrinkled faces.

People's hair may be long or short, thin or thick, good or bad, straight or curly. If it is long it is often plaited.

Its colour may be black or fair, chestnut or red. Old people have grey hair.

Eyes may be large or small. They may be of different colour, grey, green, black, or hazel (brown).

Cheeks may be rosy or pale (if a person is ill), plump or hollow (if a person is very ill). Some people have dimples in their cheeks when they smile.

Women usually have their hair done at the hairdresser's.

The manner of walking is called the walk (gait). One's step may be: light, heavy, firm. Old people often shuffle their feet, have a shuffling gait.

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*Vocabulary Notes:*

<b>Freckle</b>	веснушка	ჭორფლი
<b>Wrinkled face</b>	морщинистое лицо	ნაოჭებული სახე
<b>Shuffle</b>	шаркать, волочить ноги	ფეხის ძლივს მითრევა
<b>Gait</b> [•eit]	походка	სიარულის მანერა
<b>Firm gait</b>	твёрдая походка	მყარი სიარული
<b>Appearance</b>	внешность	გარეგნობა
<b>Plump</b> [plʌmp]	пухленький	პუტკუნა
<b>Plaited</b>	заплетенные в косы	დაწვნილი თმა
<b>Chestnut</b>	каштановый	წაბლისფერი
<b>Hazel (brown)</b>	карие, медовые	თაფლისფერი
<b>Hollow</b>	впалые	ჩაკარდნილი
<b>Dimples</b>	ямочки (на щеках)	ჩაკუჭული (ლოყები)
<b>To have one's hair done</b>	причесать волосы (в парикмахерской)	თმის დავარცხნა
<b>Shuffle</b>	шаркать, волочить ноги	ფეხის მითრევა

*Answer the following questions:*

1. What do we mean by "appearance"?
2. What do some people have in their cheeks when they smile?
3. What does the word "gait" mean?
4. What kind of gait do old people have?
5. What can you say about old people's face?
6. What do some people have on their faces in summer?
7. What cheeks do very ill people have?

x x x x x

**Read the text:**

**The Beard**

*G. Clark*

I was going by train to London. I didn't have the trouble to take anything to eat with me

and soon was very hungry. I decided to go to the dining-car to have a meal.

The dining-car steward signaled me to come on it. He was standing by a table for two at which a man, with his back to me, was already seated.

As I swung round to seat myself, I saw, with a slight quiver, that the gentleman I was to face wore a large beard.

He was a young man. His beard was full, loose and jet black. In the instant glance I permitted myself before lowering my gaze to the white table cloth, I noted that he was a big, pleasant young man with mild, dark, level eyes.

Indeed, I could feel his eyes on me, as I fumbled with the knives and forks and reached for the menu card. I found myself pulling myself together. It is not easy to face a beard. But when I could escape no longer, I raised my eyes and found the young man's on my own.

"Good evening," I said, cheerily.

"Good evening," he replied, pleasantly, and inserted a goodly chunk of crisp buttered roll within the bush of his beard. Not even a crumb fell off.

It was a magnificent beard. It covered entirely the V where his shirt and tie would have shown. His moustache was full and upswept, vigorous and virile. The beard was crisp. Within it, I could see his white teeth, and his firm red lips, as he inserted another chunk of roll.

He had ordered soup. This was fascinating. It was that kind of vegetable soup with strings of spaghetti in it, a difficult soup for even the most barefaced of men to eat. With the greatest ease, and despite the juggling of the train, he spooned the soup up and down the brushy cavern, and not a drop did he waste on his whiskers.

For his main course, he took one of the large, loose railway salads, with slippery tomatoes in quarters, much shredded lettuce and slathers of salad dressing. With his fork, he manipulated the whole bucketful of rabbit food into his whiskers with never a mishap. All the while, we chatted in the desultory fashion of railway dining-cars. He kept his eyes on me, blandly, in between bites. But I knew he knew that I was watching his every bite with acute fascination.

"I am impressed," I said, "with your beard."

"I suspected as much," smiled the young man, filling a briar pipe.

"Is it a wartime device?" I inquired. "Navy, perhaps?"

"No," said he, "I am too young to have been in the war. I grew this beard two years ago."

"It's magnificent," I informed him.

"Thank you," he replied. "As a matter of fact this beard is an experiment in

psychology.”

“Psychology?”

“Yes, sir. Up until two years ago, I suffered horribly from shyness. All through my boyhood and youth, I was so shy it amounted to a phobia, actually. At university I went to psychiatrists about it, and they worked on me. But to no avail I read a good deal of psychology, and one day, about two years back, I found a chapter on escapism, on defence mechanism, explaining how so many of us resort to all kinds of tricks to escape from the world, or from conditions in the world which we find hateful.”

“Well, sir, I just turned a thing around. I backed into psychology. I decided to make other people shy of me. So I grew this beard.”

“The effect was astonishing. I found people, even tough, hard-boiled people, were shy of looking in the face. And as for the general run of people, they were panicked by my whiskers. It made them uneasy. If I wore a monocle, I could not intimidate people more. My shyness vanished completely.”

He pulled his fine black whiskers affectionately and gave his gallant moustache a couple of upward whiffs with his fingers.

“Psychology,” he said, “is a great thing. Unfortunately people don’t know about it. Psychology should help people discover such most helpful tricks. Life is too short to be wasted in desperately striving to be normal.”

“I should say,” I suggested, “that whiskers are normal to man. We have to continually keep cutting them off, a stubble at a time.”

“You have a point there,” agreed the young man.

“Tell me,” I said, finally. “How did you master eating the way you have? You never got a crumb or drop on your beard, all through dinner.”

“Nothing to it, sir,” said he. “When you have a beard, you keep your eyes on those of your dinner partner. And whenever you note his eyes fixed in horror on your chin you wipe it off.”

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*Vocabulary Notes:*

**Swing** [swɪŋ] **round**

повернуться

მობრუნება

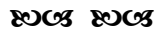
**Quiver** [ˈkwɪvə]

дрожь

კანკალი

<b>Glance</b> [ˈglɑːns]	быстрый взгляд	თვალის გადავლება, შეხედვა
<b>Gaze</b> [ˈgeɪ ]	пристальный взгляд	მიშტერებითი მზერა
<b>Level</b> [ˈlevl]	спокойный, уравновешенный	წყნარი, გაწონასწორებული
<b>Fumble</b> [ˈʌmbəl]	неумело обращаться, вертеть, рыться	ქექვა, ფრიალი
<b>To pull oneself together</b>	взять себя в руки	თავის ხელში აყვანა
<b>To escape</b> [ɪsˈkeɪp]	избегать	გაურბის
<b>To raise</b> [reɪz]	поднять	აწევა
<b>Crumb</b> [krʌmb]	крошка	ნამცეცი
<b>Chunk</b> [tʃʌŋk]	кусок	ნაჭერი
<b>Crisp</b> [krɪsp]	хрустящий, жесткий, кудрявый	ხრამუნა, უხეში, ხუჭუჭი
<b>Magnificent</b> [ˌmæˈnɪfɪsnt]	великолепный	შესანიშნავი
<b>Virile</b> [ˈvɪraɪl]	возмужалый, мужественный	ვაჟკაცური
<b>To face smb.</b>	стоять лицом к кому-то	პირის-პირ დგომა
<b>Shredded</b> [ˈʃredɪd]	дробленный, расщепленный	დაჩეხილი
<b>Slathers</b> [ˈslæðəz]	большое количество	დიდი რაოდენობა
<b>Mishap</b> [ˈmɪʃæp]	неудача	უიღბლობა
<b>Desultory</b> [ˈdesʌltəri]	несвязный, отрывочный	გაურკვეველი, წყვეტილი
<b>Blandly</b> [ˈblændli]	вежливо, мягко	თავაზიანად, რბილად
<b>To keep one's eyes on smb.</b>	не сводить глаз с кого-то	არ მოაცილო თვალი
<b>To be impressed with</b>	быть впечатленным	იყო შთამბეჭდილი
<b>But to no avail</b>	не без пользы	სარგებლობის გარეშე
<b>Hard-boiled</b>	чёрствый	ხმელი, უგულო
<b>Intimidate</b> [ɪnˈtɪmɪdeɪt]	пугать, запугивать	დამინება
<b>Shyness</b> [ˈʃaɪnɪs]	робость, смущение	მორიდება
<b>Vanish</b> [ˈvænɪʃ]	исчезать	გაქრობა
<b>Striving</b> [ˈstraɪvɪŋ]	старание, стремление	ცდა, მისწრაფება
<b>Stubble</b> [ˈstʌbl]	давно небритая борода, щетина	დიდი ხნის გაუპარსავი, წვერები
<b>To suffer from...</b> [sʌfə]	страдать от....	რალაციით დაიტანჯო

<b>To master (doing) smth.</b>	овладеть, научиться делать что-то	დაუფლება, ისწავლო რაღაცის კეთება
<b>Resort (to smth.)</b> [rɪˈzɔ:t]	прибегать к чему-то	რაღაცასთან გამოიქცე



## Exercises:

*I. Reproduce the story and give your own ending to it.*

*II. Here are the key items of the outline to help you reproduce the story:*

- a. A young man with a beard.
- b. The description of the young man's beard.
- c. The way the young man mastered eating.
- d. An experiment in psychology.

*III. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:*

не позаботился	არ ზრუნავდა
вагон-ресторан	ვაგონი-რესტორანი
только я собирался сесть	დავაპირე თუ არა დაჯდომა
чувствовал на себе его взгляд	მის მზერას ვგრძნობდი
безбородый	უწვერო
внушительная	შთაბეჭდავი
дело в том, что	საქმე იმაშია, რომ
психологический эксперимент	ფსიქოლოგიური ექსპერიმენტი
смущение	მორიდება
занился психологией	დაკავებულია ფსიქოლოგიით
защитные силы человека	ადამიანის დამცავი ძალა
прибегать к различным уловкам	სხვადასხვა ხრიკების გამოყენება
уйти от реальности	რეალობისაგან წასვლა

потрясающий эффект	არაჩვეულებრივი ეფექტი
чёрствы́е люди	უგულო ადამიანები
бакенбарды наводили на них панику	ბაკენბარდები მათში პანიკას იწვევდა
чувствовать себя не в своей тарелке	უხერხულად იგრძნო თავი
полностью исчезла	სრულიად გაქრა
отчаянно пытаюсь	გულდასმით ცდილობდა
ничего сложного	არაფერი რთული

*IV. Translate into English:*

1. Я не позаботился, чтобы взять что-нибудь поесть с собой и вскоре очень проголодался.

მე არ მიზრუნია, რომ თან რაიმე საჭმელი წამელო და მალე მომშივდა.

2. Я всё это время чувствовал его взгляд на себе пока вертел в руках ножи и вилки.

მე მთელი ეს დრო ვგრძნობდი მის მზერას სანამ ვაფრიალებდი ხელში დანა-ჩანგალს.

3. Дело в том, что эта борода является психологическим экспериментом.

საქმე იმაშია, რომ ეს წვერი ფსიქოლოგიური ექსპერიმენტია.

4. Два года назад я ужасно страдал от робости.

ორი წლის წინ მე საშინლად ვიტანჯებოდი მორიდებისგან.

5. Моя робость полностью исчезла.

ჩემი მორიდება სრულიად გაქრა.

6. Как вы научились есть, так как вы это делаете? У вас нет ни крошки и ни капли на бороде.

ასეთი ჭამა როგორ ისწავლეთ? თქვენ არ გაქვთ არც წვეთი და არც ნამცეცი წვერზე.

*V. Fill in the gaps with the words from the box:*

hard-boiled, master, resort, impressed, beard, desultory, pulling, virile, to face

1. His moustache was full and upswept, vigorous and .....

2. I saw, with a slight quiver, that the gentleman I was ..... wore a large beard.
3. I found people, even tough, ..... people, were shy of looking in the face.
4. How did you ..... eating the way you have?
5. I found a chapter on escapism on defence mechanism, explaining how so many of us ..... to all kinds of tricks to escape from the world.
6. His ..... was full, loose and jet black.
7. "I am ....., " I said "with your beard".
8. All the while, we chatted in the ..... fashion of railway dining-cars.
9. I found myself ..... myself together. It is not easy to face a beard.

*VI. Fill in the gaps with the necessary prepositions:*

1. I was going ..... train to London.
2. I noted that he was a big pleasant young man ..... mild, dark level eyes.
3. It was that kind ..... vegetable soup ..... strings ..... spaghetti ..... it.
4. Two years ago I suffered horribly ..... shyness.
5. As a matter ..... fact this beard is an experiment ..... psychology.
6. ....his main course, he took one ..... the large loose railway salads.
7. He pulled his fine black whiskers affectionately and gave his gallant moustache a couple ..... upward whiffs ..... his fingers.

*VII. Give Russian and Georgian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own:*

face smb, glance at smb, pull oneself together, keep one's eyes on smb, be impressed with smth, suffer from smth, read books on smth, come across, find smth hateful, make smb

do smth, be shy of doing smth, waste life (time), master (doing) smth, to wear a beard, to escape, to raise, a crumb, magnificent, moustache, an experiment in ..., to no avail, effect to intimidate, to vanish.

*VIII. Questions on the text:*

- 1) Why did the author go to the dining-car?
- 2) Describe the man who was sitting opposite him.
- 3) Why did the author feel ill at ease?
- 4) What was it that struck the author in the manner his companion was eating?
- 5) What did the young man suffer from when he was a student?
- 6) What did he read about human defence mechanisms in one of the books on psychology?
- 7) What idea occurred to him?
- 8) What was the effect of his experiment?
- 9) How did the young man explain to the author his careful manner of eating?

*IX. Discuss the following:*

- 1) Is the knowledge of psychology important for a person? Why? Give your grounds.
- 2) What do you know about human defence mechanisms? In what situations are they displayed?
- 3) What kind of world conditions do you consider "hateful"? What are the ways to improve them?
- 4) How do you understand the phrase "escape from the world"? When and why do people have to do it?

x x x x x

**Read the text:**

**Fair of Face**

John Franklin, with whom I was at Oxford, invited me to stay with his people at Markhampton for the Markshire Hunt Ball. He and his sister were arranging a small party for it, he said.

“I’ve never met your sister,” I remarked. “What is she like?”

“She is a beauty,” said John, seriously and simply.

I thought at the time that it was an odd, old-fashioned phrase, but it turned out to be strictly and literally true. Deborah Franklin was beautiful in the grand, classic manner. She didn’t look in the least like a film star or a model. But looking at her you forgot everything. It was the sheer beauty of her face that took your breath away.

With looks like that, it would be asking too much to expect anything startling in the way of brains, and I found Deborah, a trifle dull. She was of course well aware of her extraordinary good looks, and was perfectly prepared to discuss them, just as a man seven feet high might talk about the advantages and inconveniences of being tall.

Most of our party were old friends of the Franklins, who took Deborah for granted as a local phenomenon, but among them was a newcomer – a young man with a beard named Aubrey Melcombe, who had lately taken charge of the local museum. As soon as he set eyes on Deborah he said:

“We have never met before, but your face, of course, is perfectly familiar.”

Deborah had evidently heard that one before.

“I never give sitting to photographers,” she said, “but people will snap me in the street. It’s such a nuisance.”

“Photographs!” said Aubrey. “I mean your portrait – the one that was painted four hundred years ago. Has nobody ever told you that you are the living image of the Warbeck Titian?”

“I’ve never heard of the Warbeck Titian,” said Deborah, “You shall judge for yourself,” — said Aubrey. “I’ll send you a ticket for the opening of the exhibition.”

Then he went off to dance with Rosamund Clegg, his assistant at the museum, who was said to be his fiancée.

I did not care much for Aubrey, or for his young woman, but I had to admit that they knew their job when I came to the opening of the exhibition a few months later. They had gathered in treasures of every sort from all over the county and arranged them admirably. The

jewel of the show was, of course, the great Titian. It had a wall to itself at the end of the room and I was looking at it when Deborah came in.

The likeness was fantastic. Lord Warbeck had never had his paintings cleaned, so that Titian's flesh tints were golden and carmine, in vivid contrast to Deborah's pink and white. But the face behind the glass might have been her mirror image. By a happy chance she had chosen to wear a very plain black dress which matched up well to the portrait's dark clothes. She stood there still and silent, staring at her centuries-old likeness. I wondered what she felt.

A pressman's camera flashed and clicked. First one visitor and then another noticed the resemblance and presently the rest of the gallery was deserted. Everyone was crowding round the Titian to stare from the painted face to the real one and back again. The only clear space was round Deborah herself. People were moving to get a good view of her profile, without losing sight of the Titian, which fortunately was in profile also. It must have been horribly embarrassing for Deborah, but she never seemed to notice them. She went on peering into the picture, for a very long time. Then she turned round and walked quickly out of the building. As she passed me I saw that she was crying — a surprising display of emotion in one so calm.

About ten minutes later Aubrey discovered that a pair of Degas statuettes was missing from a stand opposite the Titian. They were small objects and very valuable. The police were sent for and there was a considerable fuss, but nothing was found. I left as soon as I could and went to the Franklins'. Deborah was in.

"Have you got the statuettes?" I asked.

She took them out of the handbag.

"How did you guess?"

"It seemed to me that your reception in front of the Titian was a performance," I explained. "It distracted attention from everything else in the room while the theft took place."

"Yes," said Deborah, "Aubrey arranged it very cleverly, didn't he? He thought of everything. He even helped me choose this dress to go with the one in the picture, you know."

"And the press photographer? Had he been laid on too?"

"Oh, yes. Aubrey arranged for someone to be there to photograph me. He thought it would help to collect a crowd."

Her coolness was astonishing. Even with the evidence of the statuettes in front of me I found it hard to believe that I was talking to a thief.

"It was a very clever scheme altogether," I said. "You and Aubrey must have put a lot of work into it. I had no idea that you were such friends."

There was a flush on her cheeks as she replied:

“Oh yes, I’ve been seeing a good deal of him lately. Ever since the Hunt Ball, in fact.”

After that there didn’t seem to be much more to say.

“There’s one thing I don’t quite understand,” I said finally. “People were surrounding you and staring at you up to the moment you left the gallery. How did Aubrey manage to pass the statuettes to you without anyone seeing?”

She rounded on me in a fury of surprise and indignation.

“Pass the statuettes to me?” she repeated. “Good God! Are you suggesting that I helped Aubrey to steal them?”

She looked like an angry goddess, and was about as charming.

“But—but—” I stammered. “But if you didn’t who did?”

“Rosamund, of course. Aubrey gave them to her while all was going on in front of the Titian. She simply put them in her bag and walked out. I’d only just got them back from her when you came in.”

“Rosamund!” It was my turn to be surprised. “Then the whole thing was a put-up job between them?”

“Yes. They wanted to get married and hadn’t any money, and she knew a dealer who would give a price for things like these with no questions asked and —and there you are.”

“Then how did you come into it?” I asked.

“Aubrey said that if I posed in front of the Titian it would be wonderful publicity for the exhibition—and, of course, I fell for it.” She laughed. “I’ve only just remembered. When Aubrey wanted to make fun of me he used to say I’d make a wonderful cover girl. That’s just what I was—a cover girl for him and Rosamund.”

She stood up and picked up the statuettes.

“These will have to go back to the gallery, I suppose,” she said, “Can it be done without too much fuss? It’s silly of me, I know, but I’d rather they didn’t prosecute Aubrey.”

I made sympathetic noises.

“It was Rosamund’s idea in the first place,” she went on. “I’m sure of that. Aubrey hasn’t the wits to think of anything so clever.”

“It was clever enough,” I said. “But you saw through it at once. How was that?”

Deborah smiled.

“I’m not clever,” she said. “But that old dark picture with the glass on it made a perfect mirror. Aubrey told me to stand in front of it, so I did. But I’m not interested in art, you

know. I was looking at myself. And of course I couldn't help seeing what was happening just behind me..."

*Vocabulary Notes:*

<b>Odd</b> [ɒd]	необычный, странный	არაჩვეულებრივი, უცნაური
<b>Old-fashioned</b>	старомодный	ძველმოდური
<b>To turn out</b> [tə:n aut]	оказаться	აღმოჩნდე
<b>Sheer</b> [ʃiə]	абсолютный, явный	აბსოლუტური, აშკარა
<b>To take one's breath away</b>	захватывать дух	სულის შეკვრა
<b>Startling</b> [ˈsta:tliŋ]	потрясающий, поразительный	თავზარდამცემი, არაჩვეულებრივი
<b>A trifle dull</b>	скучноватый	მოსაწყენი
<b>To be aware of</b> [əˈweə]	быть осведомлённым, отдавать себе отчёт	პასუხი ავო რასაც აკეტებ
<b>To take for granted</b>	принимать на веру	ირწმუნო
<b>To take charge of</b>	встать во главе, возглавлять	დადგე სათავეში, ითავო
<b>To set eyes on</b>	остановить взгляд на	რალაცაზე შეაჩერო მზერა
<b>Familiar</b> [fəˈmliə]	знакомый	ნაცნობი
<b>Evidently</b> [ˈevidəntli]	очевидно	აშკარა
<b>Give sittings to photographers</b>	позировать фотоаграфам	ფოტოგრაფთან პოზირება
<b>Snap</b> [snæp]	делать моментальный снимок	სურათის მომენტალური გადაღება
<b>Nuisance</b> [ˈnju:sns]	досада, неприятность	უსიამოვნება
<b>To care for ...</b>	питать интерес (любовь)	ინტერესის გამჟღავნება
<b>Admit</b> [ədˈmit]	признавать	აღიარება
<b>Flesh tints</b>	телесные оттенки	ნათელი (ღია) ჩრდილები
<b>To match up well to</b>	хорошо гармонировать (сочетаться, соответствовать)	კარგად ჰარმონირება (შესაფერისობა)
	c...	
<b>Resemblance</b> [riˈzembləns]	сходство	მსგავსება

<b>To stare</b> [stɛə]	пристально смотреть	მიშტერება
<b>To lose sight of</b>	потерять из виду	მხედველობიდან დაკარგვა
<b>To go on peering</b>	продолжать всматриваться	გააგრძელო დაკვირება
<b>Fuss</b> [fʌs]	суета, суматоха	აურზაური
<b>To distract attention</b>	отвлечь внимание	ყურადღების გაფანტვა
<b>Theft</b> [θeft]	кража	ქურდობა
<b>Evidence</b> [ˈevidəns]	очевидность	აშკარაობა
<b>Flush</b> [flʌʃ]	румянец	შეყარდისფერებული ლოყები
<b>I found it hard to believe</b>	трудно было поверить	ძნელი იყო დაჯერება
<b>To pass</b> [pa:s]	передавать	გადაცემა
<b>Fury</b> [ˈfjʊəri]	неистовство, ярость	გაცოფება
<b>Stammer</b> [ˈstæmə]	заикаться	ბლუყუნი
<b>Put-up</b>	задуманный заранее, спланированный	წინასწარ დაგეგმილი
<b>To make fun of smb.</b>	высмеивать кого-либо	ვილაცის დაცინვა
<b>Cover girl</b>	журнальная красотка, девушка с обложки журнала	გოგონა ჟურნალის ყდიდან
<b>To fall for</b>	попасться на удочку (крючок)	ანკესზე წამოგება
<b>Prosecute</b> [ˈprɒsɪkjʊ:t]	преследовать судебным порядком, обвинять	დადევნება, დადანაშაულება
<b>But you saw through it at once</b>	но вы сейчас же раскусили это	მაგრამ თქვენ ახლავე მიხვდით ამის შესახებ
<b>I couldn't help seeing</b>	я не могла не видеть	არ შემიძლო არ მენახა

❧ ❧

## Exercises:

*1. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:*

старомодная фраза

ბველმოდური ფრაზა

ნი в малейшей степени  
захватывало дух  
с такой внешностью  
скуchnovataя  
встал во главе  
очень знакомо  
никогда не позирую фотографам  
  
судить самому  
вынужден был признать  
сходство было поразительным  
зеркальное отражение  
по счастливой случайности  
заметили сходство  
казалось, не замечала  
хватало двух статуэток  
отвлечь внимание  
продумал всё  
было трудно поверить  
часто виделись  
помогла украсть  
в чём заключалась ваша роль?  
попалась на крючок  
не хватило ума  
раскусила  
не интересоваться живописью

უმცირეს შემთხვევაშიც კი არა  
სუნთქვა შეშეკრა  
ასეთი გარეგნობით  
მოსაწყენი  
იყო სათავეში  
ძალიან მეცნობა  
არასოდეს არ ვპოზირებ  
ფოტოგრაფების წინაშე  
თვითონ განსაჯო  
იძულებული იყო ელიარებინა  
მსგავსება იყო არაჩვეულებრივი  
სარკის ანარეკლი  
საბედნიეროდ  
შეამჩნიეს მსგავსება  
თითქოს არ მამჩნევდა  
ორი ქანდაკება აკლდა  
ყურადღების გაფანტვა  
ყველაფერი გაიაზრა  
ძნელი იყო დაჯერება  
ხშირად ნახულობდნენ  
დაეხმარა მოპარვაში  
რაში გამოიხატებოდა თქვენი როლი  
ანკესზე წამოგება  
ჭკუა არ იყო  
მიხვედრა, გამოჭერა  
არ იყო დაინტერესებული ფელწერით

## II. Translate into English:

1. Смотри на нее, вы забывали обо всём. От абсолютной красоты её лица у вас захватывало дыхание.

მისი შემყურე, თქვენ შეგებლოთ ყველაფრის დავიწყება. მისი სახის სრულყოფილი სილამაზის გამო, თქვენ შეგეკვრათ სუნთქვა.

2. «Я никогда не позирую фотографам», - сказала она.

“მე არასოდეს ვპოზირებ ფოტოგრაფების წინაშე”, – თქვა მან.

3. Как Обри удалось передать вам статуэтки так, что это никто не увидел?

როგორ მოახერხა ობრიმ ამ ქანდაკებების გადმოცემა ისე, რომ ეს არავინ შეამჩნია?

4. Для него и Розамунд я была всего лишь девушка с обложки.

მისთვის და როზამუნდისთვის მე ვიყავი მხოლოდ გოგონა ჟურნალის ყდიდან.

5. Она продолжала всматриваться в картину в течение долгого времени.

დიდი ხნის განმავლობაში ის აგრძელებდა სურათზე ყურებას.

6. Меня не очень интересовал Обри и его молодая женщина, но я должен был признать, что они знали своё дело.

მე არც ისე მაინტერესებდა ობრი და მისი ახალგაზრდა ქალი, მაგრამ მე უნდა მეღიარებინა, რომ მათ კარგად იცოდნენ თავიანთი საქმე.

7. Всё это было запланировано заранее между ними.

ეს ყველაფერი იყო მათ შორის წინასწარ დაგეგმილი.

### III. Fill in the gaps with the words from the box:

distracted, familiar, granted, turned out, fuss, help, to stare
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1. I thought at the time that it was an odd, old-fashioned phrase, but it ..... to be strictly and literally true.
2. Most of our party were old friends of the Franklins, who took Deborah for ..... as a local phenomenon.
3. The police were sent for and there was a considerable ....., but nothing was found.
4. It ..... attention from everything else in the room while the theft took place.
5. “We have never met before, but your face, of course, is perfectly .....”.
6. Everyone was crowding round the Titian ..... from the painted face to the real one and back again.
7. “I was looking at myself. And of course I couldn’t ..... seeing what was happening just behind me”.

*IV. Fill in the gaps with the necessary prepositions:*

1. Most ..... our party were old friends ..... the Franklins, who took Deborah ..... granted as a local phenomenon.
2. Among them was a newcomer — a young man ..... a beard named Aubrey Melcombe, who had lately taken charge ..... the local museum.
3. I did not care much ..... Aubrey, or ..... his young woman, but I had to admit that they knew their job when I came ..... the opening ..... the exhibition a few months later.
4. He went to dance ..... Rosamund Clegg, his assistant ..... the museum, who was said to be his fiancée.
5. I'll send you a ticket ..... the opening ..... the exhibition.
6. The jewel ..... the show was, of course, the great Titian.
7. It seemed ..... me that you reception ..... front ..... the Titian was a performance.

*V. Say according to the text if it is true or false:*

1. John Franklin invited the author to stay with his family at Markhampton.
2. Deborah Franklin was beautiful and looked like a film star or a model.
3. A young man with a beard named Aubrey Melcombe was responsible for the local museum.
4. The jewel of the exhibition were a pair of Degas statuettes.
5. It was Deborah who had stolen a pair of Degas statuettes from the exhibition.

*VI. Give Russian and Georgian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own:*

turn out to be true, sheer beauty, arrange a party, take for granted, local phenomenon, set eyes on, not care much for smb, arrange admirably, the jewel of the show, match up well (to), get a good view of smth/smb, peer into the picture, display of emotion, astonishing coolness, wonderful publicity, without much fuss, prosecute.

*VII. Questions on the text:*

- 1) Why did the author come to the Franklins'?
- 2) Describe Deborah.
- 3) Why didn't the author expect Deborah to be a clever girl?
- 4) What did Aubrey Melcombe say about Deborah's face?
- 5) Where did he invite the girl?
- 6) Why did the author say that Aubrey and his fiancée knew their job when he came to the opening of the exhibition?
- 7) Why did everybody crowd round the picture?
- 8) Describe Deborah's behavior at the exhibition.
- 9) What surprised the author in the way Deborah left the exhibition?
- 10) What was discovered some time later?
- 11) How did the author guess that the theft had been carefully planned?
- 12) Why was Deborah indignant?
- 13) Who had stolen the statuettes?
- 14) How had Aubrey made Deborah act as a cover girl?
- 15) How had Deborah found out what was going on?

*VIII. Discuss the following:*

- 1) Give a character sketch of a) Deborah, b) Aubrey.
- 2) Do you agree with the author that if a person has good appearance "it would be asking too much to expect anything startling in the way of brains"? Was Deborah really so stupid?
- 3) Analyse Aubrey's behaviour. Do you think he belongs to the sort of people who make use of others for their own sake?
- 4) Why did Deborah say "I'd rather they didn't prosecute him"?
- 5) What's the author's attitude to the heroine of the story?

*IX. Retell the story on the part of 1) Deborah, 2) Rosamund, 3) Aubrey.*

*X. Say what you know about Titian, Degas or other famous painters.*

x x x x x

**Read the text:**

### **Wistful, Delicately Gay**

*(From Irvin Show)*

I met her at a theatrical cocktail party in an apartment on Fifty-fourth Street. I was still new enough to New York so that I went to every party I was invited to. Harold Sinclair, who worked in the office with me, had a brother, Charley, who was an actor and who occasionally took us along with him when he was invited out. I liked theatrical parties. The girls were pretty, the drinks plentiful, and the people seemed bright, generous, and amusing, especially after a day spent among lawyers.

She was standing against a wall talking to an elderly woman with bluish hair who was, I later found out, the widow of a producer. I had never seen Carol Hunt before, on or off the stage, and she had not yet played any part important enough so that people would remember her name or point her out. I looked at her, and I was sure she was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. Maybe I still think so.

She was not spectacular-looking, but she seemed to shine, in the corner of the crowded, smoky room, with a scrubbed, springtime health. She was small, blond, with a neat-brushed head and deep-blue eyes, and her movements were plain and unaffected, and as she talked to the producer's widow her eyes did not flicker hungrily over the room, as did the eyes of most of the other women there. She had a slender throat that rose out of the high collar of her dress, and her mouth, which had only a light touch of lipstick on it, seemed almost childish and delicately gay.

She gave the impression of being frail, innocent, and very young, and even though we were at a place in which almost all the people were connected in one way or another with the theater, I felt she was, like me, an outsider.

I also felt that, because of the delicacy of her structure and coloring, I was the only one who realized how beautiful she was. I was, of course, wrong.

Three months later, I asked her to marry me.

In those three months, I met her almost every night, waiting for her at the stage door of the theater in which she was playing and taking her out, with a miser's wisdom, to supper in small, quiet restaurants. I watched her in her play six or seven times, and although she had only a small and undistinguished part, I came away each time with the feeling she was a superlatively talented actress.

Lovers become biographers, and in those three months of quiet midnights I ransacked her past, feeling, I suppose, that in discovering the modest details of her childhood and adolescence and the exact nature of her ambitions I was somehow making her more completely my own. The more I learned about her the more I became convinced she was not only a beautiful girl but an extraordinary and valuable one.

Since the war I had had the uneasy impression that a good many of my friends, men and women alike, had allowed themselves to become soft, to drift, to limit their aspiration. While it was easy to find excuses in the unsteady climate of our times, I could not help feeling that quite a few of the people I liked best and was most attached to were, finally useless and unworthy. So it was almost with a sense of relief that, finding myself irrevocably in love with Carol Hunt, I found her at the same time to be so full of merit.

She had arrived in New York five years before, along with four thousand or forty thousand other girls. She was just out of college, and she had firmly told a young man who ran the eight-eighty faster than any other young man on the Pacific Coast that year, that she would not marry him. His name was Dean and he looked more like a movie star than a runner, Carol said, and his family owned a chain of hotels on the West Coast. As far as she could tell, carefully taking into account her youth and her inexperience and the natural pride that came with being offered a man who was the target for all the other girls she knew, she was in love with him. She had only five hundred dollars to her name and her father was dead and her mother had married a man who worked, not very prosperously, in an engineer's office, but she said no.

She said no because she wanted to go to New York and be an actress. She was aware of the banality of the ambition, aware, too, of the four thousand other girls who would descend upon the city that year with the same ambition and who would, along with the survivors and victors of previous years, compete with her in that dwindling arena for the few prizes of the season. She was aware of the size of the gamble, the stake she was risking (her youth; the fleet, well-loved young man; the chain of hotels, with everything that went along with it); she

was aware of the role of luck in the profession, the waste of talent, the probability and pain of failure.

She had figured it all out, logically and hardheadedly, because she was a logical and intelligent girl and capable of thought, an attribute that, she knew, made her superior to almost all the other four thousand girls, and that, given the nature of the theater, would not help her to succeed over them. And after figuring at all out, she had taken her five hundred dollars out of the bank, kissed the mournful runner good-bye, and sat up three days and four nights in a steamy coach and arrived in New York.

She did all this not because she was stagestruck or had any false notions about the gait of backstage life, or because she was adventurous and wanted to live in a strange, great city or meet the kind of men she would never be able to meet in San Francisco. She did it because she possessed, she was sure, great talent, because there was nothing else in the whole world she wished to do. She did it with the hard, sexless obsessiveness of an artist cleaving to his art.

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*Vocabulary Notes:*

<b>Occasionally</b> [ə'keɪʒnəli]	изредка, время от времени	დრო და დრო
<b>Amusing</b> [ə'mju:ziŋ]	забавный, смешной	სასაცილო
<b>To point out</b>	указывать, обращать (чьё-либо) внимание	მითითება, ყურადღების მიქცევა
<b>Spectacular-looking</b> [spek 'tækjʊlə]	выглядящая эффектно, импозантно	ეფექტურად გამოიყურებოდა
<b>Unaffected</b> [ˌʌnə'fektɪd]	неподдельный (естественный)	არაყალბი
<b>Flicker</b> ['flɪkə]	мерцать	ციმციმი
<b>Frail</b> [freɪl]	хрупкий	ფაქიზი
<b>Innocent</b> ['ɪnəsənt]	невинный	უდანაშაულო
<b>Outsider</b> [ˈaʊt'saɪdə]	посторонний, чужак	უცხო
<b>With a miser's wisdom</b>	с мудростью скупца	ძუნწის სიბრძნით
<b>Ransack</b> ['rænsæk]	искать, рыться	ძებნა, ქექვა
<b>Modest</b> ['mɒdɪst]	скромный	მორიდებული
<b>Ambition</b> [æm'biʃən]	стремление, цель, амбиция	მისწრაფება, მიზანი,

<b>Convinced</b> [kən'vɪnst]	убеждённый	ამბიცია დარწმუნებული
<b>Drift</b> [drɪft]	быть пассивным, плыть по течению, предоставлять всё судьбе	იყო პასიური, მიყვებინებას
<b>Aspiration</b> [ˌæspə'reɪʃən]	стремление достичь чего-либо	ეცადო რაღაცას მიაღწიო
<b>I could not help feeling</b>	я не мог не чувствовать	მე არ შემიძლო არ მეგრძნო
<b>To be attached to</b>	быть привязанным к кому-то	იყო ვალაცაზე მოჯაჭბული
<b>With a sense of relief</b>	с чувством облегчения	შვების შეგრძნებით
<b>Irrevocably</b> [ɪ'revəkəblɪ]	окончательно, безвозвратно, бесповоротно	საბოლოოდ
<b>Full of merit</b>	полный достоинства	ღირსების სავსე გრძნობა
<b>To take into account</b>	принимать во внимание	გქონდეს მხედველობაში
<b>Pride</b> [praɪd]	гордость	სიამაყე
<b>Target</b> [ˈtɑ:ɡɪt]	цель, мишень	მიზანი, სამიზნე
<b>To be aware of</b>	быть осведомлённым о..	იყო საქმის კურსში
<b>Compete with smb.</b>	конкурировать с кем-либо, соревноваться	შეეჯიბრო ვიღაცას
<b>Dwindling</b>	уменьшающийся, сокращающийся	შემცირებული, დაპატარავებული
<b>Gamble</b> [ˌæmbəl]	рискованное предприятие, авантюра	სარისკო საქმე
<b>Stake</b> [steɪk]	ставка (в картах), доля	ფსონი, წილი
<b>Waste</b> [weɪst]	потеря	დანაკარგი
<b>Failure</b> [ˈfeɪljə]	неудача, провал	უიღბლობა, ჩავარდნა
<b>Figure out</b>	вычислить	გამოთვლა
<b>Hardheadedly</b>	практично	პრაქტიკულად
<b>Mournful</b> [ˈmɔ:nl]	печальный	სევდიანი
<b>Coach</b> [kəʊtʃ]	вагон	ვაგონი
<b>False notion</b>	неправильное представление	არასწორი წარმოდგენა
<b>Obsessiveness</b> [əb'sesɪvnis]	одержимость (чем-либо)	დაუფლება, დაპატრონება

**ღღ ღღ**

**Exercises:**

*I. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:*

эффектно выглядящая	ეფექტური
невинный	უმანკო
обращать (чьё-либо) внимание	ყურადღების მიქცევა
плыть по течению	მოყვე დინებას
скромный	მორიდებული
хрупкий	ფაქიზი
забавный	სასაცილო
полный достоинства	თავმოყვარეობით სავსე
авантюра	ავანტიურა
неправильное представление	არასწორი წარმოდგენა
быть осведомлённым	იყო საქმის კურსში
с чувством облегчения	შვების შეგრძნებით
с мудростью скупца	ბუნწის სიბრძნით
неподдельный	არაყალბი
цель (мишень)	მიზანი (სამიზნე)
преданный искусству	ხელოვნების ერთგული
цель (амбиция)	მიზანი (ამბიცია)

*II. Translate the following sentences into English:*

1. Его брат, который был актёром, время от времени брал нас с собой, когда его приглашали на вечеринки.

მის ძმას, რომელიც მსახიობი იყო, დროდადრო თან მივყავდით წვეულებზე, როცა მას ეპატიჟებოდნენ.

2. Она производила впечатление хрупкой, невинной и очень молодой женщины.

ის ფაქიზი, უმანკო და ძალიან ახალგაზრდა ქალის შთაბეჭდილებას ტოვებდა.

3. Я чувствовал, что для них она была такой же, как я.

მე ვგრძნობდი, რომ ის იყო მათთვის ისეთივე, როგორც მე.

4. Иногда с мудростью скупца я водил её ужинать в маленькие тихие рестораны.

ზოგჯერ, ძუნწის სიბრძნით, მე მიმყავდა ის სავანშმოდ პატარა, წყნარ რესტორნებში.

5. Чем больше я узнавал её, тем больше я убеждался, что она не только очень красивая девушка, но и необычная.

რაც უფრო მეტს ვიცნობდი მას, მით უფრო ვრწმუნდებოდი, რომ ის არა მხოლოდ ლამაზი, არამედ არაჩვეულებრივიცაა.

6. Она всё просчитала логически и практично.

მან ყველაფერი გამოთვალა ლოგიკურად და პრაქტიკულად.

7. Влюбившись в неё, я в то же время обнаружил, что она полна достоинств.

მასზე შეყვარებულმა, მე ამავდროულად აღმოვაჩინე, რომ ის სავსეა ღირსებით.

*III. Give Russian and Georgian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own:*

a neat-brushed head, unaffected, to point smb. out, to give the impression of being frail, a miser's wisdom, full of merit, a sense of relief, aspiration, to take into account, compete with smb., stake, an artist cleaving to his art, to figure out, pain of failure, chain of hotels, mournful runner, sexless obsessiveness, steamy coach, to be in love with smb.

*IV. Questions for discussion:*

- 1) Where did the author met Carol Hunt?
- 2) How did she look? Describe her appearance.
- 3) What was the author's opinion about Carol Hunt as an actress?
- 4) Why did he felt a sense of relief when he found that he was in love with Carol Hunt?
- 5) When did Carol Hunt arrive to New York?
- 6) Who was Dean? What was he?
- 7) Why did she refuse to marry Dean?
- 8) What was Carol Hunt's aim of coming to New York?

x x x x x

**Text for Home Reading:**

**THE SOJOURNER**

*Carson McCullers (abridged)*

John Ferris awoke in a room a New York hotel. He had the feeling that something unpleasant was awaiting him — what it was, he did not know. The feeling, submerged by matinal necessities, lingered even after he had dressed and gone downstairs. It was a cloudless autumn day and the pale sunlight sliced between the skyscrapers. Ferris went into the next-door drugstore and sat at the end booth next to the window glass that overlooked the sidewalk. He ordered an American breakfast with scrambled eggs and sausage.

Ferris had come from Paris to his father's funeral which had taken place the week before in his home town in Georgia. The shock of death had made him aware of youth already passed. His hair was receding and the veins in his now naked temples were pulsing and prominent and his body was spare except for an incipient belly bulge. Ferris had loved his father and the bond between them had once been extraordinarily close — but the years had somehow unraveled his filial devotion; the death, expected for a long time, had left him with an unforeseen dismay. He had stayed as long as possible to be near his mother and brothers at home. His plane for Paris was to leave the next morning.

Ferris pulled out his address book to verify a number. He turned the pages with growing attentiveness. Names and addresses from New York, the capitals of Europe, a few from his home state in the South. Betty Wills: a random love, married now. Charlie Williams: wounded in the Hürtgen Forest, unheard of since. Grand old Williams — did he live or die? Cozie Hall: he had heard that she was dead. Heedless, laughing Cozie — it was strange to think that she too, silly girl, could die. As Ferris closed the address book, he suffered a sense of hazard, almost of fear.

He was staring out the window when there, on the sidewalk, passing by, was his ex-wife. Elizabeth passed quite close to him, walking slowly. He could not understand the wild quiver of his heart, nor the following sense of recklessness and grace that lingered after she was gone.

Quickly Ferris paid his check and rushed out to the sidewalk. Elizabeth stood on the corner waiting to cross Fifth Avenue. He hurried toward her meaning to speak, but the lights changed and she crossed the street before he reached her. Ferris followed. Her fair brown hair was plainly rolled, and as he watched her Ferris recalled that once his father had remarked that Elizabeth had a “beautiful carriage”. She turned at the next corner and Ferris followed, although by now his intention to overtake her had disappeared.

Ferris questioned the bodily disturbance that the sight of Elizabeth aroused in him, the dampness of his hands, the hard heart-strokes.

It was eight years since Ferris had last seen his ex-wife. He knew that long ago she had married again. And there were children. During recent years he had seldom thought of her. But at first after the divorce, the loss had almost destroyed him. Then, he had loved again, and then again. Jeannine, she was now. Certainly his love for his ex-wife was long since past. Ferris wheeled suddenly and, hurried back to the hotel.

Ferris poured himself a drink, although it was not yet eleven o’clock. He sprawled out in an armchair like a man exhausted, nursing his glass of bourbon and water. He had a full day ahead of him as he was leaving by plane the next morning for Paris. He checked over his obligations: take luggage to Air France, lunch with his boss, buy shoes and an overcoat. And something — wasn’t there something else? Ferris finished his drink and opened the telephone directory.

His decision to call his ex-wife was impulsive. The number was under Bailey, the husband’s name, and he called before he had much time for self-debate. He and Elizabeth had exchanged cards at Christmastime, and Ferris had sent a carving set when he received the announcement of her wedding. There was no reason *not* to call. He waited, listening to the ring.

Elizabeth answered; her familiar voice was a fresh shock to him. Twice he had to repeat his name, but when he was identified, she sounded glad. He explained he was only in town for that day. They had a theater engagement, she said — but she wondered if he would come by for an early dinner. Ferris said he would be delighted.

As he went from one engagement to another, he was still bothered at odd moments by the feeling that something necessary was forgotten. Ferris bathed and changed in the late afternoon, often thinking about Jeannine: he would be with her the following night. “Jeannine,” he would say, “I happened to run into my ex-wife when I was in New York. I had dinner with her. And her husband, of course. It was strange seeing her after all these years.”

Elizabeth lived in the East Fifties, and Ferris taxied uptown. By the time he reached his destination it was already autumn dark. The place was a building with a marquee and a doorman, and the apartment was on the seventh floor.

“Come in, Mr. Ferris.”

Braced for Elizabeth or even the unimagined husband, Ferris was astonished by the freckled red-haired child; he had known of the children, but his mind had failed somehow to acknowledge them. Surprise made him step back awkwardly.

“This is our apartment,” the child said politely. “Aren’t you Mr. Ferris? I’m Billy. Come in.”

In the living room beyond the hall, the husband provided another surprise. Bailey was a red-haired man with a deliberate manner. He rose and extended a welcoming hand.

“I’m Bill Bailey. Glad to see you. Elizabeth will be in, in a minute. She’s finishing dressing.”

The last words struck a gliding series of vibrations, memories of the other years. Fair Elizabeth, rosy and naked before her bath. Half-dressed before the mirror of her dressing table, brushing her fine, chestnut hair. Ferris shrank from the unbidden memories and compelled himself to meet Bill Bailey’s gaze.

“Billy, will you please bring that tray of drinks from the kitchen table?”

The child obeyed promptly, and when he was gone Ferris remarked conversationally, “Fine boy you have there.”

“We think so.”

Flat silence until the child returned with a tray of glasses and a cocktail shaker of Martinis. With the priming drinks they pumped up conversation: Russia, they spoke of, and the New York rain-making, and the apartment situation in Manhattan and Paris.

“Mr. Ferris is flying all the way across the ocean tomorrow,” Bailey said to the little boy. “I bet you would like to be a stowaway in his suitcase.”

Billy pushed back his limp bangs. “I want to fly in an airplane and be a newspaperman like Mr. Ferris.” Billy added with sudden assurance, “That’s what I would like to do when I am big.”

Bailey said, “I thought you wanted to be a doctor.”

“I do!” said Billy. “I would like to be both. I want to be a atom-bomb scientist too.”

Elizabeth came in carrying in her arms a baby girl.

“Oh, John!” she said. She settled the baby in the father’s lap. “It’s grand to see you. I’m awfully glad you could come.”

The little girl sat on Bailey's knees. She wore a pale pink frock, and a matching silk hair ribbon tying back her pale soft curls. Her skin was summer tanned and her brown eyes flecked with gold and laughing. When she reached up and fingered her father's hornrimmed glasses, he took them off and let her look through them a moment. "How's my old Candy?"

Elizabeth was very beautiful, more beautiful perhaps than he had ever realized. Her straight clean hair was shining. Her face was softer, glowing and serene. It was a Madonna loveliness, dependent on the family ambience.

"You've hardly changed at all," Elizabeth said, "but it has been a long time."

"Eight years." His hand touched his thinning hair self-consciously.

Ferris felt himself suddenly a spectator among these Baileys. Why had he come? He suffered. His own life seemed so solitary. He felt he could not bear much longer to stay in the family room.

He glanced at his watch. "You're going to the theater?"

"It's a shame," Elizabeth said, "but we've had this engagement for more than a month. But surely, John, you'll be staying home one of these days before long. You're not going to be an expatriate, are you?"

"Expatriate," Ferris repeated. "I don't much like the word."

"What's a better word?" she asked.

He thought for a moment. "Sojourner might do."

Ferris glanced again at his watch and again Elizabeth apologized. "If only we had known ahead of time —"

"I just had this day in town. I came home unexpectedly. You see, Papa died last week."

"Papa Ferris is dead?"

"Yes, at Johns-Hopkins. He had been sick there nearly a year. The funeral was down home in Georgia."

"Oh, I'm so sorry, John. Papa Ferris was always one of my favourite people."

The little boy moved from behind the chair so that he could look into his mother's face. He asked, "Who is dead?"

"Mr. Ferris' father, Billy. A really grand person. Somebody you didn't know."

"But why did you call him *Papa* Ferris?"

Bailey and Elizabeth exchanged a trapped look. It was Bailey who answered the questioning child. "A long time ago," he said, "your mother and Mr. Ferris were once married. Before you were born — a long time ago."

"Mr. Ferris?"

The little boy stared at Ferris, amazed and unbelieving. And Ferris' eyes, as he returned the gaze, were somehow unbelieving too. Was it indeed true that at one time he had called this stranger, Elizabeth, Little Butterduck during nights of love, that they had lived together, shared perhaps a thousand days and nights and — finally — endured in the misery of sudden solitude the fiber by fiber (jealousy, alcohol and money quarrels) destruction of the fabric of married love.

Bailey said to the children. "It's somebody's suppertime. Come on now."

"But Daddy! Mama and Mr. Ferris — I — "

Billy's everlasting eyes — perplexed and with a glimmer of hostility — reminded Ferris of the gaze of another child. It was the young son of Jeannine — a boy of seven whom Ferris avoided and usually forgot.

"Quick march!" Bailey gently turned Billy toward the door. "Say good night now, son."

"Good night, Mr. Ferris." He added resentfully, "I thought I was staying up for the cake."

"You can come in afterward for the cake," Elizabeth said. "Run along now with Daddy for your supper."

Ferris and Elizabeth were alone. The weight of the situation descended on those first moments of silence. Ferris asked permission to pour himself another drink and Elizabeth set the cocktail shaker on the table at his side. He looked at the grand piano and noticed the music on the rack.

"Do you still play as beautifully as you used to?"

"I still enjoy it."

"Please play, Elizabeth."

Elizabeth arose immediately. Now as she approached the piano there was the added readiness of relief.

She began with a Bach prelude and fugue. Ferris rested his head on the chair back and closed his eyes. In the following silence a clear, high voice came from the room down the hall.

"Daddy, how *could* Mama and Mr. Ferris —" A door was closed.

The piano began again — what was this music? Now it spoke to him of another time, another place — it was the music Elizabeth used to play. The delicate air summoned a wilderness of memory. Ferris was lost in the riot of past longings, conflicts, ambivalent desires. The singing melody was broken off by the appearance of the maid.

"Miz Bailey, dinner is out on the table now."

Even after Ferris was seated at the table between his host and hostess, the unfinished music still overcast his mood. He was a little drunk.

“There’s nothing that makes you so aware of the improvisation of human existence as a song unfinished. Or an old address book,” he said.

“Address book?” repeated Bailey.

“You’re still the same old boy, Johnny,” Elizabeth said with a trace of the old tenderness.

It was a Southern dinner that evening, and the dishes were his old favourites. They had fried chicken and corn pudding and rich, glazed candied sweet potatoes. During the meal Elizabeth kept alive a conversation when the silences were overlong. And it came about that Ferris was led to speak of Jeannine.

“I first knew Jeannine last autumn — about this time of the year — in Italy. She’s a singer and she had an engagement in Rome. I expect we will be married soon.”

The words seemed so true, inevitable, that Ferris did not at first acknowledge to himself the lie. He and Jeannine had never in that year spoken of marriage. And indeed, she was still married — to a White Russian money-changer in Paris from whom she had been separated for five years. But it was too late to correct the lie. Already Elizabeth was saying: “This really makes me glad to know. Congratulations, Johnny.”

He tried to make amends with truth. “The Roman autumn is so beautiful.” He added. “Jeannine has a little boy of six. A curious trilingual little fellow. We go to the Tuileries sometimes.”

A lie again. He had taken the boy once to the gardens. The sallow foreign child in shorts that bared his spindly legs had sailed his boat in the concrete pond and ridden the pony. The child had wanted to go in to the puppet show. But there was not time, for Ferris had an engagement at the Scribe Hotel. He had promised they would go to the guignol another afternoon. Only once had he taken Valentin to the Tuileries.

The maid brought in a white-frosted cake with pink candles. The children entered in their night clothes. Ferris still did not understand.

“Happy birthday, John,” Elizabeth said. “Blow out the candles.”

Ferris recognized his birthday date. The candles blew out lingeringly and there was the smell of burning wax. Ferris was thirty-eight years old. The veins in his temples darkened and pulsed visibly.

“It’s time you started for the theater.”

Ferris thanked Elizabeth for the birthday dinner and said the appropriate good-byes. The whole family saw him to the door.

A high, thin moon shone above the dark skyscrapers. The streets were windy, cold. Ferris hurried to Third Avenue and hailed a cab. He was alone. He longed for flighttime and the coming journey.

The next day he looked down on the city from the air. Then America was left behind and there was only the Atlantic and the distant European shore. The ocean was milky pale and placid beneath the clouds. Ferris dozed most of the day. Toward dark he was thinking of Elizabeth and the visit of the previous evening. He thought of Elizabeth among her family with longing, gentle envy and inexplicable regret. During the dinner hour the plane reached the shore of France.

At midnight Ferris was in a taxi crossing Paris. It was a clouded night and mist wreathed the lights of the Place de la Concorde. The midnight bistros gleamed on the wet pavements. As always after a transocean flight the change of continents was too sudden. New York at morning, this midnight Paris. Ferris glimpsed the disorder of his life: the succession of cities, of transitory loves.

Valentin opened the door to him. The little boy wore pajamas and an outgrown red robe. His grey eyes were shadowed and, as Ferris passed into the flat, they flickered momentarily.

*“J’attends Maman.”*

Jeannine was singing in a night club. She would not be home before another hour. Valentin returned to a drawing. Ferris looked down at the drawing — it was a banjo player with notes and wavy lines inside a comic-strip balloon.

“We will go again to the Tuileries.”

The child looked up and Ferris drew him closer to his knees. The melody, the unfinished music that Elizabeth had played, came to him suddenly this time bringing only recognition and sudden joy.

“Monsieur Jean,” the child said, “did you see him?”

Confused, Ferris thought only of another child — the freckled, family-loved boy. “See who, Valentin?”

“Your dead papa in Georgia.” The child added, “Was he okay?”

Ferris spoke with rapid urgency: “We will go often to the Tuileries. Ride the pony and we will go into the guignol. We will see the puppet show and never be in a hurry any more.”

“Monsieur Jean,” Valentin said. “The guignol is now closed.”

Again, the terror, the acknowledgement of wasted years and death, Valentin, responsive and confident, still nestled in his arms. His cheek touched the soft cheek and felt the brush of the delicate eyelashes. With inner desperation he pressed the child close — as though an emotion as protean as his love could dominate the pulse of time.

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*Vocabulary Notes:*

<b>Submerged</b>	затопленный, погружённый	ჩაძირული
<b>Matinal necessity</b>	утренняя необходимость	დილის აუცილებლობა
<b>Linger</b>	задерживаться, тянуться	დაყოვნება, დაგვიანება
<b>Scrambled eggs</b>	яичница-болтуня	ერბოკვერცხი
<b>Funeral</b>	похороны	დაკრძალვა
<b>Youth</b> [ju:θ]	юность, молодость	ახალგაზრდობა
<b>Recede</b>	убывать, идти на убыль	უკან დახევა
<b>Temple</b>	висок	საფეთქელი
<b>Spare</b> (adj.)	худощавый	გამხდარი
<b>Incipient</b>	появляющийся, зарождающийся	აღმოჩენითი
<b>Bulge</b> (n.)	выпуклость	ამობურცული
<b>Bond</b>	связь	კავშირი
<b>Unravel</b>	распутывать, разгадывать, объяснять	ახსნა
<b>Unforeseen dismay</b>	непредвиденная тревога (страх, уныние)	მოულოდნელი შიში
<b>Heedless</b>	невнимательный, небрежный	უყურადღებო
<b>Hazard</b>	риск, опасность	რისკი, საშიშროება
<b>Recklessness</b>	безрассудность, опрометчивость, дерзость, отчаянность	უგუნურობა, განუსჯელობა, უხეშობა
<b>Carriage</b>	осанка, манера себя держать	თავის დაჭერის მანერა
<b>Intention</b>	намерение	დაპირება
<b>Overtake</b> (v.)	догнать	დაწევა
<b>Loss</b>	потеря	დაკარგვა
<b>Wheel</b> (v.)	поворачивать(ся)	მობრუნება
<b>To pour a drink</b>	налить напиток	სასმელის დასხმა

<b>To sprawl out in an armchair</b>	развалиться в кресле	სავარძელში ჩავარდნა
<b>Nurse (v.)</b>	лелеять, ласкать	მოფერება, მოვლა
<b>Obligation</b>	обязанность	ვალდებულება
<b>Telephone directory</b>	телефонный справочник	სატელეფონო ცნობარი
<b>Carving set – a large knife and fork for carving (cutting) boiled meat.</b>		
<b>To be identified</b>	быть опознанным	გამოიცნო
<b>Theater engagement</b>	приглашение в театр	თეატრში მიპატიჟება
<b>Engagement</b>	свидание, встреча, приглашение, помолвка	პაემანი, შეხვედრა, მოწვევა, ნიშნობა
<b>To run into smb.</b>	столкнуться с кем-либо, встретиться	შეხვედ ვინმეს
<b>Destination</b>	место назначения	დანიშნულების ადგილი
<b>Awkwardly</b>	неуклюже	მოუხერხებლად
<b>Marquee – a roof projecting over the entrance to a house.</b>		
<b>Deliberate</b>	преднамеренный, обдуманный, осторожный, неторопливый	მოფიქრებული, ფრთხილი
<b>Shrink (v.)- (shrank, shrunk)</b>	сморщиться	შეკუმშვა
<b>Compel (v.)</b>	заставлять, принуждать	იძულება
<b>Obey (v.)</b>	слушаться, подчиняться	რიდი, დამორჩილება
<b>Promptly</b>	сразу, быстро	სწრაფად, უეცრად
<b>With the priming drinks they pumped up conversation</b>	заправляясь напитками они завели (начали) разговор	სასმლით ხელში ისინი ლაპარაკს შეუდგნენ
<b>Bet (v.)</b>	спорить, держать пари	კამათი
<b>Stowaway</b>	безбилетный пассажир	უბილეთო მგზავრი
<b>Limp</b>	мягкий, нежёсткий	რბილი
<b>Bang</b>	чёлка	შუბლზე შეჭრილი თმა
<b>Lap</b>	колени	მუხლი
<b>Tanned</b>	загоревший	გარუჯული
<b>Fleck (v.)</b>	покрывать пятнами (крапинками)	დალაქული

<b>Glow</b> ( <i>v.</i> )	светиться, сверкать	ნათება
<b>Serene</b>	спокойный	წყნარი
<b>Loveliness</b>	красота, миловидность	სილამაზე
<b>Ambience</b>	окружение	გარშემორტყმა
<b>Family ambience</b>	семейное окружение	ოჯახური გარშემორტყმა
<b>Before long</b>	скоро, вскоре	მალე
<b>Sojourner – a person who makes a brief or temporary stay in a place.</b>		
<b>Ahead of time</b>	вперёд, заранее	წინასწარ
<b>Exchange a trapped look</b>	перехватить (уловить) взгляд друг друга	ერთმანეთის მზერა
<b>Endure</b> ( <i>v.</i> )	длиться, продолжаться	გაგრძელება
<b>Misery</b>	страдание, нищета, бедность	სიღარიბე, სიღატაკე
<b>Solitude</b>	одинокчество	მარტოობა
<b>Fabric</b>	ткань	ქსოვილი
<b>Everlasting</b>	вечный, длительный, надоедливый, выносливый	მუდმივი, მოსაწყენი, ხანგრძლივი, ამტანი
<b>Perplex</b> ( <i>v.</i> )	ставить в тупик, ошеломлять	ჩიხში მიყენება
<b>Perplexed</b>	ошеломлённый, растерянный	თავზარდაცემული, დაბნეული
<b>With a glimmer of hostility</b>	с проблеском (огнём) враждебности	მტრულად
<b>Avoid</b> ( <i>v.</i> )	избегать	გაქცევა
<b>Resentfully</b>	обиженно	ნაწყენი
<b>Relief</b>	облегчение (страдания, боли), утешение	შეება, ნუგეში
<b>Summon</b> ( <i>v.</i> )	вызывать, созывать, собирать, призывать	გამოძახება, შეკრება, გაწვევა
<b>Overcast</b> ( <i>v.</i> )	покрывать, омрачать	დაფარვა, ჩაშხამება
<b>Trace</b>	след	კვალი
<b>Riot</b>	изобилие	უწყესრიგობა, უამრავი
<b>Glazed candied sweet potatoes</b>	глазированный засахаренный сладкий картофель	დამაქრული ტკბილი კარტოფილი
<b>Inevitable</b>	неизбежный, неминуемый	გარდაუვალი
<b>Acknowledge</b> ( <i>v.</i> )	признавать(ся)	აღიარება

<b>Longing</b>	сильное желание	ძლიერი სურვილი
<b>To make amends</b>	возмещать убытки, компенсировать	კომპენსირება
<b>Sallow</b>	желтоватый, болезненный	მოყვითალო, ავადმყოფური
<b>Spindly legs</b>	длинные (тонкие) ноги	გრძელი ფეხები
<b>Guignol – puppet show</b>	кукольный театр	თოჯინების თეატრი
<b>White – frosted cake</b>	белый, глазированный торт	თეთრი მინანქრის ტორტი
<b>Ambivalent</b>	противоречивый	საწინააღმდეგო
<b>Lingeringly</b>	медлительно	ნელი
<b>To see smb. to the door</b>	проводить кого-либо до дверей	მიაცილო კარებამდე
<b>To hail a cab</b>	остановить такси	ტაქსის გაჩერება
<b>To long for smth.</b>	страстно желать чего-то	ძალიან გსურდეს
<b>Placid</b>	спокойный, мирный	წყნარი, მშვიდობიანი
<b>Envy</b>	зависть	შური
<b>Mist</b>	туман (дымка)	ნისლი
<b>Wreathe [ri:ð]</b>	обвивать(ся), окутывать	მოღება
<b>Glimpse (v.)</b>	увидеть мельком	თვალის გაკვრივით დანახვა
<b>Succession</b>	последовательность	თადარიგი
<b>Transitory</b>	мимолётный, временный	ღრობითი, წუთიერი
<b>Outgrown</b>	переросший (выросший из одежды)	გაზრდილი
<b>Robe</b>	халат ( <i>амер.</i> )	ხალათი
<b>Flicker (v.)</b>	мерцать	ციმციმი
<b>“j’attends Maman” – “I am waiting for mother”</b>		
<b>Balloon</b>	воздушный шар	საჰაერო ბუმბუტი
<b>The load of memory jettisoned – his memory abandoned the sad thoughts of wasted years and solitude.</b>		
<b>Recognition</b>	узнавание, опознание, признание, одобрение	ამოცნობა, გამართლება
<b>Confused</b>	смущённый	შეწუხებული
<b>Valentin, responsive</b>	Валентин, чуткий и доверчивый,	ვალენტინი მყუდროდ

**and confident, still** всё ещё уютно устроившийся მოკალათდა მის მკლავებში  
**nestled in his arms** у него на руках

**Protean-inconstant, changeable; from Proteus** [ˈproutju:s]; **in Greek mythology a sea-god who could change his shape at will.**

**Brush** лёгкое прикосновение მსუბუქი შეხება

**As though** как будто თითქოს

*Answer the following questions:*

- 1) Why did Ferris come to New York?
- 2) Where did he come from?
- 3) What impression did his father's death make on him?
- 4) Whom did Ferris see when he was staring out of the window?
- 5) When had he last seen his ex-wife?
- 6) Why did Ferris decide to call his ex-wife?
- 7) Was Elizabeth glad to hear his voice?
- 8) Did Ferris accept Elizabeth's invitation for dinner?
- 9) How did Elizabeth's family meet him?
- 10) What impression did Elizabeth make on Ferris?
- 11) Who did Elizabeth's son remind Ferris of?
- 12) Describe Ferris' feelings while Elizabeth was playing the piano.
- 13) Do you think that he was still in love with Elizabeth?
- 14) How do you think why he said that Jeannine and he would be married soon? Why did he say the lie?
- 15) How has Ferris changed after returning to Paris?
- 16) Do you think that his feelings towards little Valentin have changed? What in your opinion was the reason of it?



### **Questions and topics for discussions:**

1. Describe some famous person.
2. Describe somebody you like and somebody you dislike.

3. Describe a beautiful woman (a handsome man).
4. Describe your favourite actress.
5. Describe an ugly person.
6. Compare yourself with your friend.
7. What part of man's (woman's) body (face) is the most important one for you? Why?
8. For what professions appearance is especially important? Why?
9. Can you judge people by appearance? If so, are you often mistaken?
10. What do you think of plastic surgery? In what cases should people have plastic operations made?
11. Role play: you are meeting a business partner at the airport. You know him/her only by correspondence and telephone. Ask him/her to describe himself/herself.

## Unit 3

### Character. Emotions and Feelings.

#### Характер. Эмоции и чувства.

#### ზასიათი. ემოციები და გრძნობები

<b>Character</b> [ˈkærəktə]	характер	ზასიათი		
<b>Clever</b> [ˈklevə], <b>intelligent</b> [inˈtelidʒ ant]	умный	ჭკვიანი		
<b>Wise</b> [waiz]	мудрый	ბრძენი		
<b>Foolish</b> [ˈfuliʃ] ( <i>adj.</i> )	глупый	სულელი (ზედს. სახ.)		
<b>A fool</b> [fu:l] ( <i>n.</i> )	дурак	სულელი (არს. სახ.)		
<table border="1" style="margin-left: auto; margin-right: auto;"> <tr> <td style="padding: 5px;">He is</td> <td style="padding: 5px;">foolish. a foolish man. a fool.</td> </tr> </table>			He is	foolish. a foolish man. a fool.
He is	foolish. a foolish man. a fool.			
<b>Kind</b> [kaind]	добрый	კეთილი		
<table border="1" style="margin-left: auto; margin-right: auto;"> <tr> <td style="padding: 5px;">an angry man: he is angry with her</td> </tr> </table>			an angry man: he is angry with her	
an angry man: he is angry with her				
<b>Cruel</b> [kruəl]	жестокий	სასტიკი		
<b>Angry</b> [ˈæŋgri]	сердитый	ბრაზიანი/გაბრაზებული...ზე		
<b>Evil</b> [ˈi:vl] ( <b>Am. E. also</b> [ˈevil])	злой	ავი, ბოროტი		
<b>Lazy</b> [ˈleizi]	ленивый	ზარმაცი		
<b>A lazybones</b> [ˈleizibounz]	лентяй	ზარმაცპენტერა		
<b>Hardworking</b> [ˌha:dˈwə:kiŋ]	трудолюбивый	მშრომელი		
<b>Cheerful</b> [ˈtʃiəful], <b>merry</b> [ˈmeri]	весёлый	მხიარული		

<b>Sad</b> [sæd] ნალვლიანი	грустный	სევდიანი, მოწყენილი,
<b>Educated</b> [ˌedju:ˈkeɪtɪd]	образованный	განათლებული
<b>Ignorant</b> [ˈɪgnərənt]	неуч	გაუნათლებელი, უცოდინარი
<b>Talented</b> [ˈtæləntɪd]	талантливый	ნიჭიერი
<b>Polite</b> [pəˈlaɪt]	вежливый	ზრდილობიანი
<b>Impolite</b> [ɪmpəˈlaɪt]	невежливый	უზრდელი
<b>Quick</b> [kwɪk]	быстрый	სწრაფი
<b>Slow</b> [sləʊ]	медлительный, медленный	ნელი
<b>Shy</b> [ʃaɪ]	робкий	მორცხვი, მორიდებული
<b>Modest</b> [ˈmɒdəst]	скромный	სადა, უბრალო, თავმდაბალი
<b>Communicative</b> [kəˈmju:nɪkətɪv]	общительный	გულლია, კომუნიკაბელური
<b>Bold</b> [bəʊld]	наглый	ზედმეტად თამამი
<b>Brave</b> [breɪv]	храбрый	მამაცი
<b>Cowardly</b> [ˈkɔ:wədli]	трусливый	მშიშარა (ზედს. სახ.)
<b>A coward</b> [ˈkɔ:wəd]	трус	მშიშარა (არს. სახ.)

He is	cowardly. a cowardly man. a coward.
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<b>Honest</b> [ˈɒnɪst]	честный	პატიოსანი
<b>Dishonest</b> [dɪsˈɒnɪst]	нечестный	არაპატიოსანი, უსინდისო
<b>Proud (of)</b> [praʊd]	гордый	ამაყი

He is proud of his son. She is a proud person.
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<b>Generous</b> [dʒenərəs]	щедрый	ხელგამლილი
<b>Greedy</b> [ˈɡri:di], <b>mean</b> [mi:n], <b>stingy</b> [stɪndʒi]	жадный	ბუნწი
<b>Rich</b> [rɪtʃ]	богатый	მდიდარი
<b>Prosperous</b> [ˈprɒspərəs]	процветающий, обеспеченный	შეძლებული, წარმატებული, აყვავებული
<b>Well-of</b> [ˈwelˈɔ:f]	обеспеченный	უზრუნველყოფილი, შეძლებული
<b>Poor</b> [puə] / [pɔ:]	бедный, несчастный	საცოდავი, ღარიბი

Poor boy! He is so poor!

<b>Pauper</b> [ˈpaʊpə]	нищий	ღატაკი
<b>Strong</b> [strɒŋ]	сильный	ღონიერი
<b>Weak</b> [wi:k]	слабый	სუსტი
<b>Of strong (weak) character (will)</b>	сильный (слабый) характер (воля)	ძლიერი (სუსტი) ხასიათის (ნებისყოფის)
<b>Gifted</b> [ˌɪˈtɪd]	одарённый	ნიჭიერი
<b>Stupid</b> [stjʊpɪd]	тупой	სულელი
<b>Beggar</b> [beːgə]	попрошайка	მათხოვარი
<b>Tidy</b> [ˈtaɪdi]	аккуратный	აკურატული (მოწესრიგებული, სუფთა)
<b>Untidy</b> [ʌnˈtaɪdi]	неаккуратный	არაკურატული (მოუწესრიგებული, უსუფთაო)
<b>Accurate</b> [ˈækjʊ:rit] – <b>inaccurate</b>	точный, пунктуальный – неточный, непунктуальный	ზუსტი, პუნქტუალური, – უზუსტო, არაპუნქტუალური
<b>Ambitious</b> [əmˈbiʃəs]	целеустремлённый	პატივმოყვარე, მიზანმსწრაფი
<b>Attentive</b> [əˈtentɪv]	внимательный	ყურადღებიანი
<b>Inattentive</b> [ɪnəˈtentɪv]	невнимательный, рассеянный	უყურადღებო, გაფანტული
<b>Curious</b> [ˈkjʊ:riəs]	1) любопытный , 2) курьёзный	1) ცნობისმოყვარე, 2) კურიოზული
<b>Confident</b> [ˈkɒnfɪdənt]	уверенный (в себе)	თავისთავში დაჯერებული (დადებითი სიტყვა)
<b>Self-confident</b> [ˌself-]	уверенный (в себе)	(შეიძლება დადებითად და უარყოფითად იყოს ნახმარი)
<b>Conceited</b>	самоуверенный	“ცხვირ აწეული”, ამაო
<b>Touchy</b> [ˈtʌtʃi]	чувствительный	მგრძობიარე, წყენია, ბუტია
<b>Elegant</b> [ˈeləgənt]	элегантный	ელეგანტური
<b>Nervous</b> [ˈnɜ:vəs]	нервный	ნერვიული
<b>Calm</b> [kɑ:m]	спокойный	წყნარი, მშვიდი
<b>Stubborn</b> [ˈstʌbən], <b>obstinate</b> [ɒbstɪnɪt]	упрямый	ჯიუტი
<b>Careful</b> [ˈkeəfʊl]	осторожный	ფრთხილი, ყურადღებიანი

<b>Careless</b> [kæəlis]	безрассудный	უყურადღებო
<b>Talkative</b> [ˈtɔ:kətɪv]	болтливый	ლაპარის მოყვარული
<b>Silent</b> [ˈsaɪlənt]	тихий, молчаливый	ჩუმი, სიტყვაძვირი
<b>Faithful</b> [ˈfeɪθfʊl]	верный, преданный	ერბოგული
<b>Active</b> [ˈæktɪv]	активный	აქტიური
<b>Passive</b> [ˈpæsɪv]	пассивный	პასიური
<b>Sly</b> [slai]	хитрый	მოხერხებული, ეშმაკი
<b>Deceitful</b> [diˈsi:tʃʊl]	лживый	ეშმაკი, მატყუარა (ზელს. სახ.)
<b>Envious</b> [ˈenviəs] (of sm., st.)	завистливый	შურიანი
<b>Lame</b> [leɪm]	хромой	კოჭლი
<b>Humpbacked</b> [ˈhʌmpˈbækt]	горбатый	კუზიანი
! dumb may also mean stupid!		
<b>Blind</b> [blaɪnd]	слепой	ბრმა
<b>Deaf</b> [def]	глухой	ყრუ
<b>Deaf-and-dumb</b> [dʌm]	глухонемой	ყრუ-მუნჯი
<b>Dumb, mute</b> [mju:t]	немой	მუნჯი

### Speaking about our Feelings and Emotions

SENSE            чувство                            გრძნობა

- a.            MECHANISM OF PERCEPTION – faculty of perceiving by means of sense organs (eye) sight, hearing, smell, touch;
- b.            particular faculty of sensation, e.g. A good sense of balance, humour,....

SENSATION    ощущение                            შეგრძნება

bodily reaction, feeling, sometimes including mental reaction, e.g. I have a very strange sensation when she looks at me.

FEELING            чувство, эмоция                    გრძნობა

emotional state or reaction (love/hatred, fear, anger, happiness).

SENTIMENT    чувство, эмоция    გრძნობა, ემოცია – unreasoned opinion or belief, e.g. Women are believed to have stronger sentiments / emotions. Let's discuss the problem without sentiments.

EMOTION    эмоция    ემოცია - Strong (not bodily) feeling.

PASSION    страсть    ვნება – Very strong feeling, difficult to be controlled, e.g. Don Juan's passion to women was stronger than fear of death.

PRESENTIMENT    предчувствие    წინათგრძნობა – fear or expectation of st. (usually bad) which you feel is going to happen, e.g. My presentiment didn't fail me: there was a bad accident.

to WORSHIP    поклоняться    თაყვანისცემა: honour or admire as divine.

WORSHIP (*n.*): 1. a form of expression of religious feelings or feelings as strong as religious ones; 2. cult (კულტი).

to ADMIRE    восхищаться    აღტაცება

to ADORE    обожать    თაყვანება (ეთაყვანება)

- to LIKE: 1. be suitable and agreeable  
2. feel attraction towards  
3. take pleasure in (like to play the guitar)  
4. approve of

- to LOVE: 1. like or desire actively, feel a lover's passion, devotion, tenderness  
2. take pleasure in (love music)

LOVE (*n.*): 1. a strong affection to another person arising from kinship (ნათესაობა, ახლობლობა) or personal ties

2. attraction based on sexual desire, affection and tenderness felt by lovers
3. warm devotion
4. admiration
5. object of love (he is my first love)

to SATISFY: suit, fit, be all right for some purpose.

CREDIT (*n., v.*): trust, believe/belief    доверие

to SYMPATHIZE with, SYMPATHY, COMPASSION (*n.*) – сочувствие    თანაგრძნობა

RESPECT : (v.) (n.) уважение, уважать პატივისცემა – consider worthy (and the corresponding feeling).

RESPECTFUL (adj.): почтительный, вежливый პატივცემული, პატივმცემელი, respecting уважающий პატივმცემელი, respectable почтенный, респектабельный რესპექტაბელური, პატივსაცემი.

to DETEST [di'test] ненавидеть, питать ненависть.

to HATE: to feel strong hostility ненавидеть მტრული განწყობა usually deriving from fear, anger or sense of injury.

HATEFUL(adj.): 1. Full of hatred (He's a hateful person, so everybody is afraid of him). 2. causing hatred (Look! What a hateful picture!)

to DAMN: (v.) (და)წყევლა, проклинать – Call upon sm. or st. divine (божественный, ღვთიური) or supernatural power to send injury. E.g. Damn it! Why did it happen today?

DAMNATION (n.) проклятие

CURSE (n.), (v.) (გა)ლანძვლა, გინება, წყევლა проклинать, ругаться (выражаться) – 1. words of damnation, 2. send injury. E.g.: Don't curse all the time, it's impolite. He cursed me that's why I'm so unlucky.

BLESS благословлять კურთხება: (v.) – to ask God to send happiness to sm. E.g.: God bless you! BLESSING(S) (n.) She couldn't get married without his blessing.

to PREFER предпочитать ურჩევნია: - choose, like more.

LOATHE (v.), DISDAIN (v.), DISGUST (n.), AVERSION (n.) отвращение ზიზღი: (to experience a) strong feeling caused by st. unpleasant, ugly, immoral; strong dislike.

We call sm. or st. we love or like dear, darling, adored, favourite.

My dear friend, ...Darling, are you here? His beloved wife. She is adored by all her listeners. My favourite film (film-star) is ...

He looked at her with worship (adoration, admiration, love sympathy, compassion, satisfaction, pleasure) (anger, displeasure, disgust, hatred, aversion, loathe, dissatisfaction). I am not sure I love him, but my devotion to him is rather strong. I am not afraid of his curses and damnations.

I worship (admire; adore; love; sympathize with; am fond of; am satisfied with) him. He detests (dislikes; hates; damns; curses) her.

Some more words necessary to speak about love:

love affair – episode between lovers;

be in love; fall in love;

jealous (*adj.*) – intolerant of unfaithfulness or rivalry ревнивый ეჭვიანი

jealousy (*n.*) ревность ეჭვიანობა

lover person sm. has a love affair with любовник საყვარელი

suspicion, doubt, uncertainty подозрение, сомнение ეჭვი

suspect (*v.*), suspicious (*adj.*) подозревать, подозрительный ეჭვის ქონა

### Discussing Mood and State

be in high / low spirits

БЫТЬ в хорошем (плохом) настроении

be in good / bad mood (humour)

კარგ / ცუდ ხასიათზე ყოფნა

get on (sm.'s) nerves (ვილაცის) ნერვებზე მოქმედება действовать на нервы

Are you all right? კარგად ხარ(თ)? ხომ არაფერი გიჭირთ? У вас всё в порядке?

Is anything wrong?

რამე ხომ არ მოხდა? რაშია საქმე?

Has anything happened?

что-то случилось?

What's up?

What's the matter?

x x x x x

### Read the text:

#### The Value of a Sense of Humour

There are troubles in everybody's life, and very often the small ones are more irritating than the big ones. But the person who can face his difficulties with a sense of humour does not allow them to press upon him with an intolerable weight. He throws them off with a laugh, and emerges on the other side, scatheless.

When you are waiting in a bus queue in the boiling sun and bus after bus goes by full, you can either fidget and fret, and grumble about the inadequacy of public transport, or you can amuse yourself by watching the various expressions on the faces of the other people in the

queue, and joking with your neighbours. If you do the first, you will be cross and tired, and the rest of your day will be ruined; if you have chosen the second, you will have saved yourself from the worst of the ill-affect of lateness and tiredness, for your nerves will not have to suffer from irritation.

People who have a sense of humour usually have the power of sympathy strongly developed. The misdeeds and failures of other people do not shock and revolt them; they see the funny side, and amusement cannot mix with hatred. It is more at home with tolerance and pity, and therefore the person with a sense of humour is a lovable and loving person, one who has a sense of kinship with his fellow men and women.

Laughter is a very good tonic. There are many proverbs about the salutary effect of laughter, and its infectious nature, and these, like most sayings of the people, are based on experience of life. The cheerful people are, as a rule, the healthiest, if not always physically, at least mentally. They do not suffer from melancholia and depression and other miserable afflictions of the mind that make their victims' lives hardly worth living. And laughter soon spreads. When a happy child gets into a bus and laughs at the delights which surround it, the long faces of the other passengers soon relax and soften. Humour has laid its healing touch on them.

(From *Fifty Model Essays* by Joyce Miller)

*Explain the meaning of the following sayings and expressions.*

- 1) He is not laughed at that laughs at himself first.
- 2) He laughs best who laughs last.
- 3) To laugh on the wrong side of one's face.
- 4) To make a laughing-stock of somebody.

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*Vocabulary Notes:*

<b>Irritating</b> [ˈɪrɪteɪŋ]	раздражающий	გამალიზიანებელი
<b>To face the difficulties</b>	сталкиваться с трудностями	სირთულეებთან შეჯახება
<b>Sense of humour</b>	чувство юмора	იუმორის გრძნობა
<b>Intolerable</b> [ɪnˈtɒlərəbəl]	невыносимый	აუტანელი
<b>Emerge</b> [ɪˈmɜːdʒ]	появляться, возникать	გამოჩენა
<b>Scatheless</b> [ˈskeɪðlɪs]	невредимый	არამავნე
<b>Queue</b> [kjuː]	очередь	რიგი

<b>Fidget</b> [ˈfɪdʒɪt]	быть в волнении, ёрзать, нервно перебирать что-то	იყო აღელვებული
<b>Fret</b> [fret]	беспокоиться, волноваться	შეწუხდეს, აღელდეს
<b>Grumble</b> [ˈɹʌmbl]	ворчать	ბუზღუნის
<b>Amuse</b> [əˈmjuz]	забавлять	გართობს
<b>To be cross</b>	сердиться, раздражаться	გაბრაზდეს, გაღიზიანდეს
<b>Ruined</b>	разрушенный, погубленный	დანგრეული
<b>To suffer from</b>	страдать от чего-то	იღარღო რაღაცაზე
<b>Sympathy</b> [ˈsɪmpəθi]	сочувствие	თანაგრძნობა
<b>Misdeed</b> [ˈmɪsˈdi:d]	преступление, злодеяние	ღანაშაული
<b>Failure</b> [ˈfeɪljə]	неудача, провал	მარცხი, დამარცხება
<b>Revolt</b> [rɪˈvɔʊlt]	противиться, отталкивать	წინააღმდეგობის გაწევა, ხელის კვრა
<b>Hatred</b> [ˈheɪtrɪd]	ненависть	სიძულვილი
<b>Kinship</b> [ˈkɪnʃɪp]	родство, сходство	ნათესაობა, მსგავსობა
<b>Laughter</b> [ˈlɑːftə]	смех	სიცილი
<b>Salutary</b> [ˈsæljʊtəri]	благотворный, полезный	კეთილშობილი, სასარგებლო
<b>Cheerful</b> [ˈtʃiəfʊl]	весёлый	მხიარული
<b>As a rule</b>	как правило	როგორც წესი
<b>Mentally</b> [ˈmentəli]	умственно	აზროვნულად
<b>Affliction</b> [əˈflɪkʃən]	горе, несчастье, бедствие, недостаток (физический)	უბედურება, ნაკლი (ფიზიკური)
<b>Miserable</b>	несчастный, печальный	უბედური, ნაღვლიანი
<b>Victim</b> [ˈvɪktɪm]	жертва	მსხვერპლი
<b>Delight</b> [dɪˈlaɪt]	удовольствие, восхищение	სიამოვნება, აღფრთოვანება
<b>Relax</b> [rɪˈlæks]	расслабляться	მოდუნება
<b>Healing</b> [ˈhiːlɪŋ]	целебный	სამკურნალო
<b>To be at home (with)</b>	хорошо знать что-либо, хорошо владеть чем-либо	რაღაცას კარგად ფლობდეს
<b>He is not laughed at that laughs himself first</b>	нет лучше шутки, чем над собой	სჯობს შენს თავს დასცინოს, ვიდრე სხვას
<b>To laugh on the wrong side of one's face</b>	неожиданно перейти от радости (смеха) к слезам	მოულოდნელად გადასვლა სიცილისგან ცრემლებზე

x x x x x

**Read the text:****The English Character**

The national character of the English has been very differently described, but most commentators agree over one quality which they describe as fatuous self-satisfaction, serene sense of superiority, or insular pride. English patriotism is based on a deep sense of security. Englishmen as individual may have been insecure, threatened with the loss of a job, unsure of themselves, or unhappy in many ways; but as a nation they have been for centuries secure, serene in their national successes. They have not lived in a state of hatred of their neighbours as Frenchmen or Germans have often lived. This national sense of security, hardly threatened by the Armada, or by Napoleon, or by the First World War, has been greatly weakened by the Second World War and by the invention of the atomic bomb.

Many books have been written – even more, perhaps, by Frenchmen, Americans, Germans, and other foreigners than by Englishmen – on English traits, English ways of life, and the English character. Their authors are by no means always in agreement, they tend to point out what seem to them puzzles, contrasts, in the way the English behave. A few of these contrasts may serve to sum up how the world looks at the English.

First, there is the contrast between the unity the English display in a crisis, their strong sense for public order, indeed for conformity, and their extraordinary toleration of individual eccentricities. German are usually astounded by what they regard as the Englishman's lack of respect for authority and discipline. Frenchmen are often puzzled by the vehemence of English political debates, by the Hyde Park public orator, and similar aspects of English life, which in their own country would seem signs of grave political disturbance. This sort of contrast has led to the common belief held by foreigners, and indeed by Englishmen themselves that they are a most illogical people, always preferring practical compromise to theoretical exactness.

Second, there is the contrast between the English sense of dignity and importance of the individual, and the very great social and economic inequalities that have hitherto characterised English life. There has recently been some tendency to allow greater social equality. But

Victorian and Edwardian English did display extremes of riches and poverty, and drew an almost caste line between ladies and gentlemen and those not ladies and gentlemen.

Third, there is the contrast between the reputation of the English as hard-headed practical men – the “nation of shopkeepers” – and English tradition in philosophy has always been realistic and hostile to mysticism; yet the English look down on the French as narrow rationalists. The apparent coldness of Englishmen and their reserve has been almost universally noted by foreigners; but foreigners also confess that they find English reserve not unpleasant, and that once one gets to know an Englishman he turns out to be a very companionable fellow.

(From *Mozaika*, 1967)

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*Reading Notes:*

**1. English:** the term should not be used too loosely, and it would be inaccurate to refer to the British as English. The Scots and the Welsh find it particularly annoying, for they do not regard themselves as English.

**2. insular:** it will be noted that the British, *when they are in Britain*, do not look upon themselves as Europeans. The Europeans, to them, are those rather excitable foreigners from the other side of the Channel, who have never learnt to speak English, and the “Continent”: a place full of interest for British tourists. Thus, although geographically speaking Britain is a part of Europe, yet the fact that it is a separate island has made its people feel very, very *insular*. Hence, used figuratively, *insular* means narrow-minded, prejudiced, smugly intolerant.

**3. Armada:** the unsuccessful naval expedition sent by Phillip II of Spain in 1588 against England, commanded by the Duke of Sidonia, and defeated by the British fleet, which was helped in this by a gale from the North-west. Elizabeth I had a medal struck bearing in Latin the inscription, “God blew, and they were scattered”.

**4. Napoleon Bonaparte,** 1769-1821; as is known he had plans of invading England.

**5. Hyde Park public orator:** a speaker at Hyde Park’s Speakers’ Corner. Foreign visitors are always conducted there to witness the alleged freedom of discussion in Britain’s capital.

**6. Victorian and Edwardian England:** England of the times of Victoria (1837-1901) and Edward VII (1901-1910) with its horrifying contrast between extreme poverty and superficial prosperity, also characterized by the worst forms of middle-class respectability, prudery and bigotry.

7. **The nation of shopkeepers:** the phrase used by Napoleon to describe the English. Though uttered in a sneering spirit, it embodied the profound truth that British prosperity was based upon trade.

8. **reserve:** self-control in speech and behaviour; keeping silent or saying little, not showing one's feelings.

9. **not unpleasant:** this type of combination is very common in English, serving to create a "middle" meaning – halfway between the positive and the negative.

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*Vocabulary Notes:*

<b>Fatuous</b> [ˈfætʃuəs]	глупый, пустой	სულელი, ცარიელი
<b>Serene</b> [sɪˈri:n]	спокойный, тихий	წყნარი, ჩუმი
<b>Sense of superiority</b>	чувство превосходства	უპირატესობის გრძნობა
<b>Insecure</b> [ˌɪnsɪˈkjuə]	небезопасный, ненадежный, неуверенный, сомневающийся	არასანდო, არადარწმუნებელი, საეჭვო
<b>Threaten</b> [ˈθreɪn]	угрожать	მუქარა
<b>Hatred</b> [ˈheɪtrɪd]	ненависть	სიძულვილი
<b>Trait</b> [treɪ]	характерная черта, особенность	დამახასიათებელი თვისება
<b>Puzzle</b> [ˈpʌzl]	(n.) загадка, затруднение, (v.) озадачивать, ставить в тупик	ამოცანა, სირთულე, ჩიხში მოქცევა
<b>Unity</b> [ˈjuːnɪti]	единство, сплоченность, единение	ერთობა
<b>Conformity</b> [kənˈfɔːmɪti]	соответствие, согласованность, подчинение, ортодоксальность	შეთანხმება, დამორჩილება
<b>Toleration</b> [ˌtɒləˈreɪʃən]	терпимость	მოთმინება
<b>Eccentricity</b> [ˌɛksənˈtrɪsɪti]	эксцентричность, оригинальность	ექსცენტულობა, ორიგინალურობა
<b>Astound</b> [əˈsaʊnd]	поражать, изумлять	გაოცება
<b>Grave</b> [ˌɡreɪv]	серьезный, важный	სერიოზული, მნიშვნელოვანი
<b>Disturbance</b> [dɪsˈtɜːbəns]	беспокойство	მოუსვენრობა
<b>Sense of dignity</b>	чувство достоинства	ღირსების გრძნობა

<b>Hitherto</b> [ˈhɪðəˈtuː]	до настоящего времени, до сих пор	ღღემდე
<b>Caste</b> [kaːst]	каста	კასტა
<b>Hard-headed</b>	практичный	პრაქტიკული
<b>Reserve</b> [rɪˈzɜːv]	сдержанность, скрытость	თავშეკავება
<b>Hostile</b>	враждебный	მტრული
<b>Confess</b>	признавать	აღიარება
<b>Countrymen</b>	соотечественники	თანამემამულეები

*Answer the questions:*

1. What is the traditional opinion about the British as a nation?
2. What is to be understood by the “national successes” of the English?
3. Why doesn't Britain feel as secure at present, as it did in the past?
4. Why are books describing the English and their way of life often contradictory?
5. What surprises the Germans about the English?
6. What puzzles the French?
7. Why are the English often referred as the “nation of shopkeepers”?
8. How do foreigners characterize English people?

x x x x x

**Read the text:**

**LOUISE**

*(after W. S. Maugham)*

I could never understand why Louise disliked me. I knew that behind my back she seldom lost the opportunity of saying an unpleasant thing about me. It was true that we had known one another for twenty-five years. Although she hated me she didn't leave me alone, on the contrary, she was constantly inviting me to have lunch and dinner with her and once or twice a year asked me to spend a week-end at her house in the country. At last I thought that I had found her motive. She was not sure if I believed in her; and that was why she did not like

me, it was also why she wanted my friendship. Perhaps she had a feeling that I saw the face behind the mask.

I knew Louise before she married. She was a weak in health girl with large melancholy eyes. After some illness, scarlet fever, I think, there was something wrong with her heart. And when Tom Maitland asked her to get married to him her parents didn't know what to answer as they thought Louise was too weak for the hard state of marriage.

But Tom was rich. He promised to do everything in the world for Louise and finally her parents agreed to their marriage. Tom was a big, very good-looking fellow and fine athlete. With her weak heart he could not hope to keep her with him long and he decided to do everything he could to make her few years on earth happy. He gave up the games, not because she wanted him to, she was glad that he could play golf and hunt, but as soon as he was about to leave her for a day she had a heart attack.

Once I saw her walk eight miles on an expedition that she very much wanted to make. I suggested to Tom that she was stronger than one expected her to be. He shook his head.

"No, no she is very weak. She's been to all the best heart specialists in the world and they all say that her life hangs on a thread."

I had noticed that if a party was amusing she could dance till five in the morning, but if it was dull she felt very poorly and Tom had to take her home early.

"I sometimes think that you are strong enough to do the things you want to," I said.

"You don't expect me to fall down dead just to please you," she answered.

Louise lived much longer than her husband did. He caught his death of cold one day, when they were travelling on board a ship and Louise needed all the clothes there were to keep her warm. He left her much money and a daughter. Her friends expected her speedily to follow Tom Maitland. Indeed they already felt sorry for Iris, her daughter, who would be left parentless. On the contrary Louise wasn't going to die. She wanted a man to be nearby, otherwise she would be lonely and lost without one to take care of her. Her friends asked why she didn't marry again. Oh, with her heart it was out of the question; who wanted to take care of the invalid like herself? But a year after Tom's death she was led to the altar by George Hobhouse. He was a fine fellow, rather rich. He hesitated a little if he should throw up his career, and at first Louise did not want to do it; but at last she agreed, and he prepared to make his wife's last few years as happy as he could.

"It can't be very long now," she said.

For the next two or three years Louise went to all the most lively parties, she was always beautifully dressed, while much of her husband's free time was devoted to drinking.

But very fortunately (for her) the war broke out. He joined his regiment and three months later was killed. It was a great shock to Louise. She felt, however, that in such a crisis she must not and should not think of her own feelings. She organized a hospital for officers in her villa at Monte Carlo, just to forget her husband's death.

And she forget. She was enjoying her life. There was no hospital in France that was more popular. I met her by chance in Paris. She was lunching at the restaurant with a tall and very handsome young Frenchman. She explained that she was there on business which was connected with the hospital. She told me that the officers were very kind.

“By the way, your heart is much better, isn't it?”

“It'll never be better. I saw a specialist this morning and he said I must be prepared for the worst.”

“Oh, well, you've been prepared for that for nearly twenty years now, haven't you?”

When the war came to an end Louise left for London. She was now a woman of over forty, with large eyes but she didn't look a day more than twenty-five. Iris, who had been at school and now was grown up, came to live with her.

“She'll look after me,” said Louise. “It'll be hard for her to live with such an invalid as I am, but it can only be for such a little while I'm sure she won't mind.”

Iris was a nice girl. She had been brought up with the thought that her mother had poor health. As a child she had never been allowed to play noisy games. It was a happiness to do what she could for her poor dear mother.

“It pleases the child to think that she is useful,” Louise said.

“Don't you think she should go out more?” I asked.

“That's what I'm always telling her. I never want anyone to forget about themselves because of me,” said Louise.

And Iris once said to me:

“Poor dear mother, she wants me to go and stay with friends and go to parties, but the moment I'm about to leave she has one of her heart attacks, so I much prefer to stay at home.”

But soon she fell in love. A young friend of mine, a very good fellow, asked her marry him and she agreed. I liked the child and was glad that she would be given at last the chance to lead a life of her own. She had never seemed to think that such a thing was possible. But one day the young man came to me and told me that his marriage was postponed. Iris felt that she should not leave her mother. Of course it was really no business of mine, but I found a chance to go and see Louise. She was always glad to receive her friends at tea-time and now that she was older she was surrounded by painters and writers.

“Well, I hear that Iris isn’t going to be married,” I said after a little.

“I don’t know about that. I asked her not to take me into consideration, but she absolutely does not want to leave me.”

“My dear Louise, you’ve buried two husbands, I can’t see the least reason why you shouldn’t bury at least two more. You are always strong enough to do anything you want to and your weakness saves you from doing things you don’t want to do.”

“Oh, I know, I know what you’ve always thought of me, You’ve never believed that I had anything the matter with me, have you?”

“Never. You ruined the lives of those two men you married and now I see you ruining the life of your daughter.”

I fully expected her to have a heart attack then.

“My poor friend, one of these days you’ll be sorry you said this to me.”

“Are you certain you don’t want Iris to marry this boy?”

“I’ve begged her to marry him. I know it’ll kill me, but I don’t mind. Nobody cares for me.”

“Did you tell her it would kill you?”

“I had to. But she can marry her young man tomorrow if she likes. If it kills me, it kills me.”

“Well, let’s risk it, shall we?”

“Iris shall marry in a month’s time,” she said, “and if anything happens to me I hope you and she will be able to forgive yourselves.”

Louise was as good as her word. A date was appointed and invitations were sent out. Iris and the boy were happy. On the wedding day, at ten o’clock in the morning, Louise had one of her heart attacks – and died. She died forgiving Iris for her death.

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*Vocabulary Notes:*

<b>Opportunity</b> [ˌɒpəˈtjuːnɪti]	возможность (благоприятная)	შესაძლებლობა
<b>On the contrary</b>	наоборот	საპირისპირო, უკუღმა
<b>To be sure</b>	быть уверенным	იყო დარწმუნებული
<b>Scarlet fever</b> [ˈskaːlɪtˈfiːvə]	скарлатина	ქუნთრუმა
<b>To give up</b>	отказаться от, бросить (привычку)	უარის თქმა რაღაცაზე
<b>Hunt</b> [hʌnt]	охота	ნადირობა

<b>Her life hangs on a thread</b>	ее жизнь висит на волоске (ниточке)	მისი სიცოცხლე ბეწვზე ჰკიდია
<b>To catch one's death of cold</b>	умереть от простуды	მოკვლე გაციებისგან
<b>On a board a ship</b>	на борту корабля	გემის ბაქანზე
<b>Indeed</b> [in'di:d]	в самом деле, действительно	ღანამდვილებით
<b>Otherwise</b> [ˈʌðəwaɪz]	иначе, в противном случае	უკიდურეს შემთხვევაში
<b>To take care of smb.</b>	заботиться о ком-либо	ვილაცაზე ზრუნვა
<b>Hesitate</b> [ˈheziteɪt]	колебаться, не решаться	მერყეობა
<b>To be devoted (to)</b>	быть посвященным	იყო მიძღვნილი
<b>Fortunately</b>	к счастью	საბედნიეროდ
<b>To break out</b>	вспыхивать (о войне, пожаре), разразиться	ბუთქვა, გაჩაღება
<b>To join one's regiment</b>	вернуться в полк (после перерыва в службе)	დაბრუნდა პოლკში
<b>By the way</b>	между прочим	სხვათაშორის
<b>To leave for London</b>	уехать в Лондон	ლონდონში გამგზავრება
<b>To bring up</b>	воспитывать	აღზრდა
<b>Prefer</b> [prɪ'fə:]	предпочитать	უპირატესობის მინიჭება
<b>To fall in love</b>	влюбиться	შეყვარება
<b>His marriage was postponed</b>	его женитьба была отложена	მისი ქორწინება გადაიდო
<b>To take into consideration</b>	принимать во внимание	მიიღო მხედველობაში
<b>Bury</b> [ˈberi]	похоронить, хоронить	დასაფლავება, დაკრძალვა
<b>Ruin</b> [ruɪn]	разрушать	ღანგრევა
<b>To be certain</b>	быть уверенным	იყო დარწმუნებული
<b>Beg</b> [be]	просить, умолять	ხვეწნა, მუდარა
<b>I don't mind</b>	я не возражаю	მე არ ვარ წინააღმდეგი
<b>Forgive</b>	прощать	პატიება
<b>To be as good as one's word</b>	держат (своё) слово	სიტყვის არ გატეხვა
<b>A date was appointed</b>	дата была назначена	თარიღი იყო დანიშნული

ღღ ღღ

## Exercises:

### I. Answer the questions:

1. Why did Louise often invite to her place?
2. Why didn't she like the author?
3. Why didn't Louise's parents want her to get married to Tom Maitland?
4. Why did the parents finally agree to their daughter's marriage?
5. Why did Tom Maitland give up all his hobbies?
6. Why were her friends so much concerned about Louise after Tom's death?
7. How long did Louise stay alone after Tom's death?
8. What was the second husband? Why did he give up his career after his marriage?
9. What happened to Louise's second husband when the war broke out?
10. What did she do to forget her husband's death?
11. What can you say about Iris?
12. Why was her marriage with a young man postponed?
13. What happened on Louise's wedding day?

### II. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:

возможность	შესაძლებლობა
быть уверенным	იყო დარწმუნებული
скарлатина	ქუნთრუმა
на борту корабля	გემის ბაქანზე
в самом деле	სინამდვილეში
колебаться	მერყეობა
к счастью	საბედნიეროდ
между прочим	სხვათა შორის
воспитывать	აღზრდა
предпочитать	უპირატესობის მინიჭება
влюбиться	შეყვარება
разразилась война	ომი გაჩაღდა
отложить женитьбу	ქორწინების გადადება
принимать во внимание	გათვალისწინება

похоронить	დაკრძალვა
разрушить	დანგრევა
прощать	პატიება
держат слово	სიტყვის არ გატეხვა
умолять	ღრეჭვა
сердечный приступ	გულის შეტევა

### III. Translate into English:

1. Я думал, что за моей спиной она редко упускала возможность сказать неприятное обо мне.

მე ვფიქრობდი, რომ ის ჩემს ზურგს უკან იშვიათად უშვებდა ხელიდან შესაძლებლობას, რომ რაიმე არასასიამოვნო ეთქვა ჩემზე.

2. Она не была уверена верил ли я ей, вот почему я ей не нравился и поэтому ей нужна была моя дружба.

ის არ იყო დარწმუნებული მჯეროდა მე მისი თუ არა, აი რატომ არ მოეწონდი მე მას და ამიტომ მას ჩემი მეგობრობა სჭირდებოდა.

3. Она побывала у всех лучших специалистов по сердцу в мире и все они говорят, что её жизнь висит на волоске.

ის იყო მსოფლიოში ყველაზე საუკეთესო გულის სპეციალისტებთან და მათ უთხრეს, რომ მისი სიცოცხლე ბეწვზე ჰკიდია.

4. Однажды, когда они путешествовали на корабле, он умер от простуды.

ერთხელ, როდესაც ისინი გემით მოგზაურობდნენ, ის გარდაიცვალა გაციებისგან.

5. Её воспитывали с мыслью о том, что у её матери плохое здоровье.

მას ზრდიდნენ იმ გაგებით, რომ მის დედას ცუდი ჯანმრთელობა ჰქონდა.

6. Ты разрушила жизнь двух мужчин за которыми ты была замужем и теперь я вижу ты разрушаешь жизнь своей дочери.

შენ დაუნგრევე ცხოვრება ორ მამაკაცს, რომლებსაც გაჰყევი ცოლად, და ახლა მე ვხედავ როგორ უნგრევ ცხოვრებას შენს ქალიშვილს.

7. Луиза сдержала своё слово.

ლუიზამ სიტყვა არ გატეხა.

8. Дата была назначена и приглашения были разосланы.

თარიღი იყო დანიშნული და მოსაწვევეები იყო დარიგებული.

*IV. Fill in the gaps with the words from the box:*

devoted, board, joined, attacks, scarlet fever, hesitated, to forgive, appointed, brought up
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1. After some illness, ....., I think, there was something wrong with her heart.
2. He caught his death of cold one day, when they were travelling on ..... a ship.
3. He ..... a little if he should throw up his career.
4. Louise went to all the most lively parties, she was always beautifully dressed, while much of her husband's free time was ..... to drinking.
5. He ..... his regiment and three months later was killed.
6. She had been ..... with the thought that her mother had poor health.
7. If anything happens to me I hope you and she will be able ..... yourselves.
8. A date was ..... and invitations were sent out.
9. On the wedding day, at ten o'clock in the morning, Louise had one of her heart ..... – and died.

*V. Give Russian and Georgian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own:*

opportunity, her life hangs on a thread, indeed, otherwise, the war broke out, heart attack, by the way, fortunately, prefer, to fall in love, to take into consideration, ruin the life, to bury, to be certain, to forgive, to be as good as smb's word.

*VI. Fill in the gaps with necessary prepositions:*

1. She was constantly inviting me to have lunch and dinner ..... her and once or twice a year asked me to spend a week-end ..... her house ..... the country.

2. ....some illness, scarlet fever, I think, there was something wrong .....  
her heart.
3. He promised to do everything ..... the word ..... Louise and finally he  
parents agreed ..... their marriage.
4. “She’s been to all the best heart specialists ..... the world and they all say that  
her life hangs ..... a thread.”
5. Louise went ..... all the most lively parties, she was always beautifully dressed,  
while much ..... her husband’s free time was devoted ..... drinking.
6. But soon she fell ..... love. A young friend ..... mine, a very good fellow,  
asked her to marry him and she agreed.
7. I asked her not to take me ..... consideration, but she absolutely does not  
want to leave me.
8. One day the young man came ..... me and told me that his marriage was  
postponed.

x x x x x

### **Home Reading:**

*(by Ring W. Lardner)*

### **OLD FOLKS’ CHRISTMAS**

Tom and Grace Carter sat in their living-room on Christmas Eve, sometimes talking, sometimes pretending to read and all the time thinking things they didn’t want to think. Their two children, Junior, aged nineteen, and Grace, two years younger, had come home that day from their schools for the Christmas vacation. Junior was in his first year at the university and Grace attending a boarding-school that would fit her for college.

I won’t call them Grace and Junior any more, though that is the way they had been christened. Junior had changed his name to Ted and Grace was now Caroline, and thus they insisted on being addressed, even by their parents.

Other university freshmen who had lived here had returned on the twenty-first, the day when the vacation was supposed to begin. Ted had telegraphed that he would be three days late owing to a special examination which, if he passed it, would lighten the terrific burden of the next term. He had arrived at home looking so pale, heavy-eyed and shaky that his mother doubted the wisdom of the concentrated mental effort, while his father secretly hoped the stuff had been non-poisonous and would not have lasting effects. Caroline, too, had been behind schedule, explaining that her laundry had gone astray and she had not dared trust others to trace it for her.

Grace and Tom had attempted, with fair success, to conceal their disappointment over this delayed homecoming and had continued with their preparations for a Christmas that would thrill their children and consequently themselves. They had bought an imposing lot of presents, costing twice or three times as much as had been Tom's annual income a year ago.

Behind the closed door of the music-room was the elaborately decked tree. The piano and piano bench and the floor around the tree were covered with packages of all sizes, shapes and weights, one of them addressed to Tom, another to Grace, a few to the servants and the rest to Ted and Caroline. But the big surprise for the boy was locked in the garage, a black Gorham sedan, a model more up to date and better-looking than Tom's own car that stood beside it. Ted could use it during the vacation if the mild weather continued, there being a rule at the university forbidding undergraduates the possession or use of private automobiles.

Every year for sixteen years, since Ted was three and Caroline one, it had been the Christmas Eve custom of the Carters' to hang up their children's stockings and fill them with inexpensive toys. Tom and Grace had thought it would be fun to continue the custom this year; the contents of the stockings would make the "kids" laugh.

The children had long-standing dates in town. Caroline was going to dinner and a play with Beatrice Murdock and Beatrice's nineteen-year-old brother Paul. The latter would call for her in his car at half past six. Ted had accepted an invitation to see the hockey match with two classmates.

Ted and Caroline had taken naps in the afternoon and gone off together in Paul Murdock's stylish roadster, giving their word that they would be back by midnight or a little later and that tomorrow night they would stay home. And now their mother and father were sitting up for them, because the stockings could not be filled and hung till they were safely in bed, and also because trying to go to sleep is a painful and hopeless business when you are kind of jumpy. At three-twenty a car stopped at the front gate. Tom went to the window. He could just discern the outlines of the Murdoch boy's roadster. It was nearly four when the car lights flashed on and the car drove away. Caroline walked into the house and stared dazedly at her parents.

"Heavens! What are you doing up?"

"We were talking over old Christmases," she said. "Is it very late?"

"I haven't any idea," said Caroline.

"Where is Ted?"

"Isn't he home? I haven't seen him since we dropped him at the hockey place."

Caroline said good night and went upstairs.

“Let’s go to bed,” said Tom. “Ted ought not to be long now. I suppose his friend will bring him home. We’ll hear him when he comes in.”

There was no chance not to hear him when, at ten minutes before six, he came in. He had done his Christmas shopping late and brought home a package.

Grace was downstairs again at half past seven, telling the servants breakfast would be postponed till nine. She nailed the stockings beside the fireplace. Tom appeared a little before nine.

Tom and Grace breakfasted alone and once more sat in the living-room, talking, thinking and pretending to read.

At noon the “children” made their entrance and responded to their parents’ salutations with almost the proper warmth. Ted declined a cup of coffee and he and Caroline apologized for making a “breakfast” date at the Murdocks’.

“Sis and I both thought you’d be having dinner at seven, as usual.”

“We’ve always had it at one o’clock on Christmas,” said Tom.

“I’d forgotten it was Christmas,” said Ted.

“Well, those stockings ought to remind you.”

Ted and Caroline looked at the bulging stockings.

“Isn’t there a tree?” asked Caroline.

“Of course,” said her mother. “But the stockings come first.”

“We’ve only a little time,” said Caroline. “We’ll be terribly late as it is. So can’t we see the tree now?”

“I guess so,” said Grace, and led the way into the music-room.

The servants were summoned and the tree stared at and admired.

“You must open your presents,” said Grace to her daughter.

“I can’t open them all now, ” said Caroline. “Tell me which is special.”

The cover was removed from the huge box and Grace held up the coat.

“Oh, Mother!” said Caroline. “A sealskin coat!”

“Put it on,” said her father.

“Not now. We haven’t time.”

“Then look at this!” said Grace, and opened the case of jewels.

“Oh, Mother! Opals!” said Caroline.

“They’re my favourite stone,” said Grace quietly.

"If nobody minds," said Ted, "I'll postpone my personal investigation till we get back. I know I'll like everything you've given me. But if we have no car in working order, I've got to call a taxi and catch a train."

"You can drive in," said his father.

"Come up to the garage and we'll see."

Ted got his hat and coat and kissed his mother good-bye.

"Mother, " he said, "I know you'll forgive me for not having any presents for you and Dad. I was so rushed the last three days at school. And I thought I'd have time to shop a little when we got in yesterday, but I was in too much of a hurry to be home. Last night, everything was closed."

"Don't worry," said Grace, "Christmas is for young people. Dad and I have everything we want."

The servants had found their gifts and disappeared, expressing effusive Scandinavian thanks.

Caroline and her mother were left alone.

"Mother, where did the coat come from?"

"Lloyd and Henry's."

"Would you mind horribly if I exchanged this?"

"Certainly not, dear. You pick out anything you like, and if it's a little more expensive, it won't make any difference. We can go in town tomorrow or next day. But don't you want to wear your opals to the Murdocks'?"

"Well. I'm not so crazy about - "

"I think they can be exchanged too," said Grace. "You run along now and get ready to start."

Caroline obeyed with alacrity.

Tom opened the garage door.

"Why, you've got two cars!" said Ted.

"The new one isn't mine," said Tom.

"Whose is it?"

"Yours. It's the new model."

"Dad, that's wonderful! But it looks just like the old one. Well, what I really wanted, Dad, was a Barnes sport roadster, something like Paul Murdock's, only a different color scheme. And if I don't drive this Gorham at all, maybe you could get them to take it back or make some kind of a deal with the Barnes people."

Tom didn't speak till he was sure of his voice. Then: ""All right, son. Take my car and I'll see what can be done about yours.

Caroline, waiting for Ted, remembered something and called to her mother. "Here's what I got for you and Dad," she said. "It's two tickets to *Jolly Jane*, the play I saw last night. You'll love it!"

"When are they for?" asked Grace.

"Tonight," said Caroline.

"But, dearie," said her mother, "we don't want to go out tonight, when you promised to stay home."

"We'll keep our promise," said Caroline, "but the Murdocks may drop in and bring some friends and we'll dance and there'll be music. And Ted and I both thought you'd rather be away somewhere so our noise wouldn't disturb you."

"It was sweet of you to do this," said her mother, "but your father and I don't mind noise as long as you're enjoying yourselves."

"It's time anyway that you and Dad had a treat."

"The real treat," said Grace, "would be to spend a quiet evening here with just you two."

"The Murdocks practically invited themselves and I couldn't say no after they'd been so nice to me. And honestly, Mother, you'll love this play!"

"Will you be home for supper?"

"I'm pretty sure we will, but if we're a little late, don't you and Dad wait for us. Take the seven-twenty so you won't miss anything. The first act is really the best. We probably won't be hungry, but have Signe leave something out for us in case we are."

Tom and Grace sat down to the elaborate Christmas dinner and didn't make much impression on it. Even if they had had any appetite, the sixteen-pound turkey would have looked almost like new when they had eaten their fill.

The afternoon was the longest Grace had ever known. The children were still absent at seven and she and Tom taxied to the train. Neither talked much on the way to town. As for the play, which Grace was sure to love, it turned out to be a rehash of *Cradle Snatchers* and *Sex*, retaining the worst features of each.

When it was over, Tom said: "Now I am inviting you to the Cove Club. You didn't eat any breakfast or dinner or supper and I can't have you starving to death on a feast-day. Besides, I'm thirsty as well as hungry."

They ordered the special table *d'hôte* and struggled hard to get away with it. Tom drank six highballs, but they failed to produce the usual effect of making him jovial. Grace had one highball and some kind of cordial that gave her a warm, contented feeling for a moment. But the warmth and contentment left her before the train was half way home.

The living-room looked as if Von Kluck's army had just passed through. Ted and Caroline had kept their promise up to a certain point. They had spent part of the evening at home, and the Murdocks must have brought all their own friends and everybody else's, judging from the results. The tables and floors were strewn with empty glasses, ashes and cigarette stubs. The stockings had been torn off their nails and wrecked contents were all over the place. Two sizable holes had been burnt in Grace's favourite rug.

Tom took his wife by the arm and led her into the music-room.

"You never took the trouble to open your own present," he said.

"And I think there's one for you, too," said Grace. "They didn't come in here," she added, "so "I guess there wasn't much dancing or music."

Tom found his gift from Grace, a set of diamond studs and cuff buttons for festive wear. Grace's present from him was an opal ring.

"Oh, Tom!" she said.

"We'll have to go out somewhere tomorrow night, so ?I can break these in," said Tom.

"Well, if we do that, we'd better get a good night's rest," said Grace.

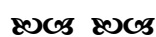
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*Vocabulary Notes:*

<b>Old folks</b>	старики, родители	მშობლები
<b>Pretend to do smth.</b>	делать вид, притворяться	თავის მოკატუნება
<b>Vacation</b> [və'keɪʃən]	каникулы	არდადეგები
<b>To attend boarding-school</b>	посещать пансион	დასწრება პანსიონში
<b>To be christened</b>	быть крещенным	იყო მონათლული
<b>Insist (on)</b>	настаивать (на)	დაძალება
<b>Freshman</b> [ˈfreʃmən]	первокурсник	პირველკურსელი
<b>Owing to</b>	по причине	მიზეზით
<b>Burden</b> [ˈbɜːdn]	ноша, тяжесть, груз, бремя	ტვირთი, სიმძიმე
<b>Doubt</b> [daʊt]	сомневаться	ეჭვი
<b>Wisdom</b> [ˈwɪzdəm]	мудрость	სიბრძნე
<b>Mental effort</b>	умственное усилие	გონებრივი ძალა

<b>To be behind schedule</b>	запаздывать	დაგვიანება
<b>To go astray</b>	заблудиться	გზის დაბნევა, გზის დაკარგვა
<b>Laundry</b> [ˈlɔːndri]	прачечная, бельё для стирки и из стирки	სამრეცხაო, გასარეცხი თეთრეული
<b>She had not dared trust others to trace it for her</b>	она не осмелилась доверить другим обнаружить его для неё	მან არ გაბედა ენდოს სხვებს ისი აღმოეჩინა ის თავისთვის
<b>To conceal disappointment</b>	скрыть разочарование	იმეღვაცრუების დამალვა
<b>Delayed</b>	задержанный, отсроченный	დაკავებული, ვადაგასული
<b>Thrill</b> [θrɪl]	вызывать трепет, взволновать	ააღელვო
<b>Annual income</b>	годовой доход	წლიური შემოსავალი
<b>Elaborately decked</b>	тщательно украшенный	გულდასმით მოთვინიერებული
<b>Possession</b> [pəˈzeʃən]	владение, обладание	ფლობა
<b>Contents</b> [ˈkɒntents]	содержимое	შინაარსი
<b>Date</b> [deɪt]	свидание	პაემანი
<b>Accept an invitation</b>	принять приглашение	მიიღო მოწვევა
<b>To take a nap</b>	вздремнуть	თვლება
<b>Jumpy</b> [ˈdʒʌmpɪ]	нервный, раздражительный	ნერვიული, გაღიზიანებული
<b>Discern</b> [dɪˈsɜːn]	различать, разглядеть	განსხვავება, დათვალიერება
<b>Flash on</b>	вспыхивать	ბუთქვა
<b>To stare dazedly</b>	смотреть изумленно	გაოცებული ყურება
<b>To drop</b>	высадить, подвезти	ჩამოსვა, მიყვანა
<b>Postpone</b>	откладывать	გადადება
<b>Salutation</b> [ˌsælju(:)ˈteɪʃn]	приветствие	მისალმება
<b>Decline</b> [dɪˈklaɪn]	отказаться, отклонить предложение	უარის თქმა
<b>Bulging</b> [ˈbʌldʒɪŋ]	выпяченный, оттопыривающий(ся)	წინწამოწეული
<b>Summon</b> [ˈsʌmən]	собирать, созывать	შეკრება, მოგროვება
<b>The cover was removed</b>	обертка была снята	შეფუთვა მოხსნილი იყო
<b>In order</b>	в порядке	წესრიგში
<b>Sealskin coat</b>	котиковая шуба	ზღვის კატის ქურქი
<b>To catch a train</b>	успеть на поезд	მოუსწრო მატარებელს

<b>Rush</b> [rʌʃ]	торопиться, спешить	იჩქარო
<b>Disappear</b> [ˌdɪsəˈpiə]	исчезать	გაქრობა
<b>Effusive</b> [ɪˈfjuːsɪv]	несдержанный, неумеренный	შეუკავებელი
<b>Pick out</b>	выбирать	არჩევა
<b>To keep one's promise</b>	сдерживать обещание	სიტყვის შესრულება
<b>Elaborate dinner</b>	изысканный обед	განსაკუთრებული სადილი
<b>To make impression on</b>	произвести впечатление	შთაბეჭდილების მოხდენა
<b>To eat one's fill</b>	наестся досыта	გაძლომა
<b>Rehash</b> [ˈriːˈhæʃ]	переделка(старого) на новый вид	გადაკეთება (ძველის ახლად)
<b>Retain</b> [riˈteɪn]	сохранять	შენარჩუნება
<b>To starve to death</b>	умирать от голода	შიშშილით სიკვდილი
<b>Feast-day</b> [ˈfiːstdeɪ]	праздник	ზეიმი, დღესასწაული
<b>Highball</b>	виски с содой и льдом	ვისკი სოლით და ყინულით
<b>Failed to produce the usual effect</b>	не смогли произвести обычный эффект	ვერ შესძლეს ჩვეულებრივი ეფექტის მოხდენა
<b>Contented</b>	довольный, удовлетворенный	ნასიამოვნები, დაკმაყოფილებული
<b>Contentment</b> [kənˈtentmənt]	удовлетворенность	სიამოვნება, კმაყოფილება
<b>Tear off (torn off)</b>	срывать, изорвать	დაგლეჯვა, გახევა
<b>Wrecked</b>	поломанный, обломанный	გატეხილი
<b>To take trouble</b>	постараться	ცდა
<b>Stud</b> [stʌd]	запонка	მაჯის საკინძი
<b>Cuff</b> [kʌf]	манжета	მანუეტი
<b>Festive</b> [ˈfestɪv]	праздничный	სადღესასწაულო



## Exercises:

I. Answer the questions and discuss the text:

1. Does the author show more favour to the parents than to the children?
2. What details show you the parents' feelings toward their children, their love and tact?

3. Comment on the details showing Tom and Grace Carters' attitude toward each other.
4. What conclusions about the characters of Ted and Caroline can you draw from the first episodes of the story? Do these conclusions change while reading the story?
5. Are you surprised at the young people's behaviour or does it seem quite normal to you? Explain your answer.
6. Is the time of the action an important element in this story? Is the story strengthened or weakened by the actions taking place during Christmas?
7. Is the story emotionally moving? What details produce an emotional reaction?
8. Tragical motives run through the story. How can you reveal them?
9. Why is there such a great difference between the parents and the children?
10. What is, in your opinion, the basis for a healthy and affectionate relationship between parents and children?
11. Is the problem of father-son relationship the only one in the story or are there any other problems?

*II. Choose the correct answers according to the text:*

1. Their two children, junior, aged nineteen and Grace, two years younger, had come home that day from their schools for .....
  - a) the Easter vacation
  - b) the summer holidays
  - c) the Christmas vacation
2. I won't call them Grace and junior any more .....
  - a) though that is the way they insisted on being addressed.
  - b) though that is the way they had been christened.
  - c) because they are not already little children.
3. Grace and Tom had bought .....
  - a) a lot of cheap presents for their children.
  - b) a imposing lot of presents, costing twice or three times as much as had been Tom's annual income a year ago.
  - c) the presents for their children costing as much as was Tom's monthly income.
4. The big surprise for the boy was locked in the garage .....
  - a) a black Gorham sedan.
  - b) a blue Mercedes.

c) a sport roadster.

5. It had been the Christmas Eve custom of the Carter's to hang up their children's stockings and fill them with.....

a) money

b) valuable presents

c) inexpensive toys

6. The parents presented Caroline .....

a) a mink coat and diamonds

b) a sealskin coat and rubies

c) a sealskin coat and opals

7. Caroline had bought for her parents .....

a) two tickets to the cinema.

b) two tickets to the play "Jolly Jane".

c) two tickets to the night club.

8. When the parents returned home .....

a) their children were waiting them in the living-room

b) the living-room looked as if Von Kluck's army had just passed through

c) the living-room looked very tidy but there was nobody in it.

x x x x x

### **Questions and topics for discussion:**

1. What science studies people's characters and behaviour?

2. What features of a friend are more important for you? Why?

3. Have you got faithful friends?

4. Do you think that all educated people are kind and polite?

5. Can everybody be elegant?

6. Who are generally more talkative men or women?

7. What kind of people do you like? (Hate?)

8. Describe your character.

9. Is beautiful soul more important than beautiful body? Make a comment.

10. Speak about Georgian national character.

11. Write a marriage advertisement.

12. Role play: you are a boss. You want to hire a new employee. Describe what kind of person you need.
13. Speak about a girl (boy, young man) of your dreams.
14. Say what qualities are necessary to be a good politician, teacher, doctor, writer, policeman, etc.?
15. What do you usually do when you are angry with smb./smth.?
16. What feelings can we express without words with our face or behaviour?
17. Are there any emotions you have never felt? Why?
18. What can make you distressed?
19. Do you think envy is an evil feeling?
20. Say what makes you feel happy, proud, nervous, frightened, suspicious, irritated, angry, tender.
21. What do you do (how do you behave) with your positive (negative) feelings? Name some positive and negative feelings.
22. Tell about some incident in your life (a failure at the exam, a visit to the doctor, a special birthday, a quarrel with your friend, your wedding, etc.), describe your feelings.

## Unit 4

### Time The Days of the Week. Holidays. Signs of Zodiac.

#### Время. Дни недели. Праздники. Знаки зодиака.

#### კვირის დღეები. დღესასწაულები. ზოდიაქოს ნიშნები.

<b>Wall clock, pendulum clock</b> [ˈwɔ:l ˈklɒk, ˈpendjʊləm ˈklɒk]	настѐнные часы; маятниковые часы	კედლის საათი
<b>Alarm clock</b> [əˈlɑ:m ˈklɒk]	будильник	მალვიდარა
<b>Pocket watch</b> [ˈpɒkɪt ˈwɔ:tʃ]	кармáнные часы	ჯიბის საათი
<b>Sundial</b> [ˈsʌndaɪəl]	сóлнечные часы	მზის საათი
<b>Table clock, electric clock</b> [ˈteɪbl ˈklɒk, ɪˈlektɹɪk ˈklɒk]	настóльные часы; электрические часы	ელექტრონული საათი
<b>Hourglass (egg timer)</b> [ˈaʊə.lɑ:s (ˈe. ˈtaɪmə)]	песóчные часы	ქვიშის საათი
<b>Grandfather clock</b> [ˈgrændfɑ:ð ˈklɒk]	старíнные часы	ძველებური საათი

<b>Clock face, clock dial</b> [ˈklɒk ˈfeɪs, ˈklɒk ˈdaɪəl]	ციფერბლათ	ციფერბლატი
<b>Second hand</b> [ˈsekənd ˈhænd]	секундная стрелка	წამის ისარი
<b>Minute hand</b> [ˈmɪnɪt ˈhænd]	минутная стрелка	წუთის ისარი
<b>Hour hand</b> [ˈaʊə ˈhænd]	часовая стрелка	საათის ისარი
<b>Timer, time clock</b> [ˈtaɪmə, ˈtaɪm ˈklɒk]	таймер	ტაიმერი
<b>Clockwork</b> [ˈklɒkwɜ:k]	часовой механизм	საათის მექანიზმი
<b>Stop watch</b> [ˈstɒp ˈwɒtʃ]	секундомёр	წამზომი
<b>Winding crown</b> [ˈwaɪndɪŋ ˈkraʊn]	заводная головка	დასაქოქი
<b>Stone, jewel</b> [stəʊn, ˈdʒu:əl]	камень ( <i>подшипник</i> )	ქვა
<b>Strap, watch strap</b> [stræp, ˈwɒtʃ ˈstræp]	браслёт	სამაჯური
<b>Wind up the clock</b> [ˈwaɪnd ˈʌp ðə ˈklɒk]	заводить часы	საათის დაქოქვა
<b>Set the clock</b> [ˈset ðə ˈklɒk]	устанавливать часы	საათის დაყენება
<b>Clockwise</b> [ˈklɒkwaɪz]	по часовой стрелке	ისრის მიმართულებით
<b>Anticlockwise, counter-clockwise</b> [ˈæntɪˈklɒkwaɪz, ˈkaʊntəˈklɒkwaɪz]	против часовой стрелки	ისრის საპირისპიროდ
<b>Put the clock back</b> [ˈput ðə ˈklɒk ˈbæk]	переставлять часы назад	საათის უკან გადაწევა
<b>Put the clock on/forward</b> [ˈput ðə ˈklɒk ˈɒn/ˈfɔ:wəd], <i>amer. set the clock ahead</i> [ˈset ðə ˈklɒk əˈhed]	переставлять часы вперёд	საათის გადმოწევა
<b>The clock is fast</b> [ðə ˈklɒk ɪz ˈfa:st]	часы спешат	საათი წინაა
<b>The clock is slow</b> [ðə ˈklɒk ɪz ˈsləʊ]	часы отстают	საათი უკანაა
<b>Time</b> [taɪm]	время	დრო
<b>Second</b> [ˈsekənd]	секунда	წამი
<b>Minute</b> [ˈmɪnɪt]	минута	წუთი

<b>Hour</b> [hauə]	час	საათი
<b>For two hours</b>	в течении двух часов	ორი საათის განმავლობაში
	<b><u>but</u></b>	
<b>At two o'clock</b>	в два часа	ორ საათზე
<b>Half</b> [ha:f]	половина	ნახევარი
<b>Quarter</b> [kwɔ:tə]	четверть	მეოთხედი
<b>At half past two</b>	в половине третьего	სამის ნახევარზე
<b>At quarter to two</b>	без четверти два	ორს რომ თხუთმეტი დააკლდება
<b>For</b> [fɔ:]	в течение (продолжительность)	განმავლობაში
<b>During</b> [ˈdju:ɹɪŋ]	в течение (период)	განმავლობაში (პერიოდი)
<b>During summer</b>		
<b>At 8 a.m. (ante meridiem) = at 8 sharp (in the morning)</b>		
<b>a. m. (from midnight till midday)</b>	время с полуночи до полудня	დრო შუალამიდან შუალემდე
<b>at 3 p.m. (post meridiem) = at 3 sharp (in the afternoon) a.m.</b>		
<b>p.m. (from midday till midnight)</b>	время с полудня до полуночи	დრო შუალდიდან შუალამემდე
<b>How long</b> [hau ˈlɒŋ]?	Сколько? (Как долго?)	როგორ, რამდენად
<b>From...to (till)</b>	с...до	დან...-მდე
<b>From 5 to/till 9</b>		
<b>After</b> [ˈa:ftə]	после	შემდეგ
<b>Before</b> [bɪˈfɔ:]	до	-მდე
<b>Schedule</b> [ˈʃedju:l]	расписание, график	განრიგი, ცხრილი

#### DAY OF THE WEEK

#### Дни недели

#### კვირის დღეები

<b>Monday</b> [ˈmʌndɪ]	Понедельник	ორშაბათი
<b>Tuesday</b> [ˈtju:zdi]	Вторник	სამშაბათი
<b>Wednesday</b> [ˈwenzdi]	Среда	ოთხშაბათი

<b>Thursday</b> [ˈθə:zdi]	Четвёрг	ხუთშაბათი
<b>Friday</b> [ˈfraɪdi]	Пятница	პარასკევი
<b>Saturday</b> [ˈsætədi]	Суббота	შაბათი
<b>Sunday</b> [ˈsʌndi]	Воскресенье	კვირა
<b><u>Seasons</u></b> [ˈsi:zənz]	времена года	წელიწადის დრო
<b>Winter</b> [ˈwɪntə]	зима	ზამთარი
<b>Spring</b> [sprɪŋ]	весна	გაზაფხული
<b>Summer</b> [ˈsʌmə]	лето	ზაფხული
<b>Autumn</b> [ɔ:təm]	осень	შემოდგომა
<b><u>In winter</u></b>	зимой	ზამთარში
<b><u>Month</u></b> [mʌnθ]	месяц	თვე
<b>January</b> [ˈdʒænju:əri]	январь	იანვარი
<b>February</b> [ˈfebruəri]	февраль	თებერვალი
<b>March</b> [ma:tʃ]	март	მარტი
<b>April</b> [ˈeɪprɪl]	апрель	აპრილი
<b>May</b> [meɪ]	май	მაისი
<b>June</b> [dʒu:n]	июнь	ივნისი
<b>July</b> [dʒuˈlaɪ]	июль	ივლისი
<b>August</b> [ˈɔ:əst]	август	აგვისტო
<b>September</b> [səpˈtembə]	сентябрь	სექტემბერი
<b>October</b> [əkˈtəʊbə]	октябрь	ოქტომბერი
<b>November</b> [nəˈvembə]	ноябрь	ნოემბერი
<b>December</b> [diˈsembə]	декабрь	დეკემბერი
<b><u>In December</u></b>	в декабре	დეკემბერში
<b><u>but</u></b>		
<b><u>on</u> the 1<sup>st</sup> of December</b>		
<b>Day</b> [deɪ]	день	დღე
<b>Morning</b> [ˈmɔ:niŋ]	утро	დილა
<b>Afternoon</b> [ˈɑ:ftəˈnu:n]	день	დღე, შუადღე
<b>Evening</b> [ˈi:viŋ]	вечер	სალამო
<b><u>In the morning (afternoon,</u></b>	утром (днём, вечером)	დილით (დღისით, საღამოს)

evening)

<b>Night</b> [naɪt]	ночь	ღამე
<b>At night</b>	ночью	ღამით
<b>Week</b> [wi:k]	неделя	კვირა
<b>Week-day</b>	будний день	კვირის დღე
<b>Week-end</b>	выходной	დასვენების დღე
<b>Holiday</b> [ˈhɒlədeɪ]	праздник	ღღესასწაული
<b>New Year</b> [ˈnju:ˈjɜ:]	Новый год	ახალი წელი
<b>St. Valentine's Day</b> [ˈseɪnt ˈvæləntaɪnz ˈdeɪ]	День святого Валентина	წმინდა ვალენტინის დღე
<b>Mothers' Day</b> [ˈmʌðəz ˈdeɪ]	день матери	დედის დღე
<b>Easter</b> [i:stə]	пасха	აღდგომა
<b>Independence Day</b> [ˌɪndɪˈpendəns]	день независимости	დამოუკიდებლობის დღე
<b>Thanksgiving Day</b> [ˈθæŋks, ɡɪvɪŋ]	день благодарения	მადლიერების დღე
<b>Halloween</b> [ˈhæləuˈi:n]	канун дня всех святых	ღამე ყველა წმინდანის დღის წინ
<b>Christmas</b> [ˈkrɪsməs]	рождество	შობა

#### SINGS OF THE ZODIAC

#### ЗНАКИ ЗОДИАКА

#### ზოდიაქოს ნიშნები

**Aries** [ˈɛəri:z] (the Ram)

**21<sup>st</sup> March – 20<sup>th</sup> April** Овен 21 марта-20 апреля ვერძი

**Taurus** [ˈtɔ:rəs] (the Bull)

**21<sup>st</sup> April – 20<sup>th</sup> May** Телец 21 апреля – 20 мая კურო

**Gemini** [ˈdʒemɪnaɪ] (the Twins)

**21<sup>st</sup> May – 20<sup>th</sup> June** Близнецы 21 мая – 20 июня ტყუპები

**Cancer** [ˈkænsə] (the Crab)

**21<sup>st</sup> June – 20<sup>th</sup> July** Рак 21 июня – 20 июля კობორჩხალა

**Leo** [ˈli:u] (the Lion)

<b>21<sup>st</sup> July – 19<sup>th</sup>/22<sup>nd</sup> August</b>	Лев 21 июля – 19/22 августа	ლომი
<b>Virgo [ˈvɜː.ou] (the Virgin)</b>		
<b>20<sup>th</sup>/23<sup>rd</sup> August – 22<sup>nd</sup> September</b>	Дева 20/23 августа – 22 сентября	ქალწული
<b>Libra [ˈlaɪbrə] (the Balance, the Scales)</b>		
<b>23<sup>rd</sup> September – 22<sup>nd</sup> October</b>	Весы 23 сентября - 22 октября	სასწორი
<b>Scorpio (the Scorpion) [ˈskɔːpiən]</b>		
<b>23<sup>rd</sup> October – 21<sup>st</sup> November</b>	Скорпион 23 октября - 21 ноября	ღრიანკალი
<b>Sagittarius [sædʒɪˈteəriəs] (the Archer)</b>		
<b>22<sup>nd</sup> November – 20<sup>th</sup> December</b>	Стрелец 22 ноября - 20 декабря	შვილდოსანი
<b>Capricorn [ˈkæprɪkɔːn] (the Goat, the Sea Goat) 21<sup>st</sup> December – 20<sup>th</sup> January</b>	Козерог 21 декабря - 20 января	თხის რქა
<b>Aquarius [əˈkwɛəriəs] (the Water Carrier, the Water Bearer)</b>		
<b>21<sup>st</sup> January – 19<sup>th</sup> February</b>	Водолей 21 января - 19 февраля	მერწყული
<b>Pisces [ˈpɪsiːz] (the Fishes)</b>		
<b>20<sup>th</sup> February – 20<sup>th</sup> March</b>	Рыбы 20 февраля - 20 марта	თევზები

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*Give your criticism of the following essay and say whether you think its main idea right or wrong. Prove your statement.*

### **The Use of Leisure**

By the way in which a man uses his leisure his character can be told – more surely, in all probability, than by the way he does his work. For most men, work is necessity in order to gain a living. Vast numbers of men have not even been able to choose what work they would do, but have been forced by economic necessity to take the first job that came their way. But in their leisure time, they do what they really want to do and their real selves are reflected in their actions.

Some people are completely passive during leisure hours. If such people go out they go to some place of entertainment where no effort is required by them, a cinema or a dance-hall, and if the latter, they do not dance but simply sit and watch others dancing.

A different type of person hurries home from work full of eagerness to begin on some scheme which he has been planning for his leisure time. Perhaps his hobby is carpentry or model engineering or gardening; or he might wish to write, or to study some subject in which he is interested. This is the creative type of character. For him, his leisure hours are full of

promise and he can look back on them with satisfaction when he reviews what he has achieved in them.

Leisure should be refreshment; it should send a man out with fresh spirits to battle with the problems of life. Sometimes this freshness comes not from doing anything, but by filling one's mind with fresh springs of beauty. Many a man gets full value from his leisure by contemplating nature, listening to music, or reading noble books. By this sort of occupation he may not have made anything that he can show, but he has none the less recreated his own source of inspiration and made his own mind a richer and fuller treasure house. This is the true use of leisure.

(From *Fifty Model Essays* by Joyce Miller)

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*Vocabulary Notes:*

<b>Leisure</b> [ˈleɪzə]	досуг, свободное время	თავისუფალი დრო
<b>In all probability</b>	по всей вероятности	სხვათა შორის
<b>In order to</b>	для того, чтобы	იმისათვის, რომ
<b>To gain a living</b>	зарабатывать на жизнь	გამომუშავება არსებობისათვის
<b>Vast</b> [ˈvaːst]	громадный, многочисленный	უზარმაზარი, მრავალრიცხოვანი
<b>To be forced</b>	быть вынужденным	იძულებით
<b>To reflect</b> [rɪˈflekt]	отражать	ირეკლავს
<b>Entertainment</b> [ˌentəˈteɪnmənt]	развлечения	გართობა
<b>Effort</b> [ˈefət]	усилие, попытка	ცდა, ძალის დატანება
<b>Eagerness</b> [ˈiːənis]	рвение, пыл	დიდი სურვილი
<b>Carpentry</b> [ˈkɑːpɪntrɪ]	плотничное дело	სადურგლო საქმე
<b>Refreshment</b> [rɪˈfreʃmənt]	восстановление сил, отдых	ძალის აღდგენა, დასვენება
<b>Spirits</b> [ˈspɪrɪts]	настроение, душевное состояние	ხასიათი, განწყობა, სულიერი მდგომარეობა
<b>Spring</b> [sprɪŋ]	источник, родник, энергия	ნაკადული, წყარო, ენერგია
<b>Contemplate</b> [ˈkɒntempleɪt]	созерцать	თვალთვალი, დათვალიერება
<b>Noble</b> [ˈnəʊbl]	благородный, прекрасный, замечательный	კეთილშობილი, შესანიშნავი
<b>Inspiration</b> [ˌɪnspəˈreɪʃən]	вдохновение	შთაგონება

*Answer the following questions:*

1. What can be told by the way a man uses his leisure?
2. What is work for most people?
3. What do people do in their leisure time? How can they spend their leisure time?
4. What should leisure be for people?
5. What is the true use of leisure?

x x x x x

**Read and discuss the text:**

### **Holidays and How to Spend Them**

The whole point of a holiday is that it should be a change. Most people like a change of scene; if they live upcountry, they like to go to a big town and spend their time looking at shops and visiting cinemas and museums and art galleries, and having gay evenings at hotels and dances; if they are city-dwellers, they like a quiet holiday in the hills or by the sea, with nothing to do but walk and bathe and laze in the sun.

But such changes of scenes are usually expensive, and many people, from lack of money, are obliged to spend their holidays in the same surroundings as their working days. What can these do to make their period of rest a real holiday?

The best thing is to choose some form of occupation entirely different from their daily avocation<sup>1</sup>.

The whole virtue of holiday which brings a change of scene or occupation is that it is only temporary. Sooner or later it comes to an end, and the holiday-maker goes back to his normal life. If he has used his holiday well, he ought not to feel a very deep regret that it is over, however much he has enjoyed it, for it ought to have refreshed him and filled him with vigour for the true work of his life to which he is now returning.

(From *Fifty Model Essays* by Joyce Miller)

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1. avocation= vocation

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*Vocabulary Notes:*

<b>City-dweller</b>	городской житель	ქალაქის მაცხოვრებელი
<b>Bathe</b> [ˈbeɪð]	купаться	ბანაობა
<b>Laze</b> [leɪz]	бездельничать	უსაქმურობა
<b>Avocation</b> [ˌævəʊˈkeɪʃən]	основное занятие, призвание	მოწოდება, ძირითადი საქმიანობა
<b>Virtue</b> [ˈvɜːtjuː]	достоинство, хорошее качество, сила, свойство	ღირსება, კარგი თვისება, ძალა
<b>Holiday-maker</b>	отдыхающий, отпускник	დამსვენებელი, მივლინებაში მყოფი
<b>Vigour</b> [ˈviːə]	сила, энергия	ძალა, ენერჯია
<b>To be obliged</b>	быть вынужденным	გაიძულონ

*Answer the following questions:*

1. What is the whole point of a holiday?
2. Why are many people obliged to spend their holiday in the same surroundings as their working days?
3. What can people do to make their period of rest a real holiday?
4. What is the virtue of holiday?

x x x x x

**Read and discuss the text:**

**Signs of Zodiac**

The Zodiac is an imaginary belt of constellations in the sky. To each constellation corresponds a sign. From ancient times these signs have been used for astrological purposes.

There are 12 signs of Zodiac. And people who belong to the definite sign have their own character, habits and manners. So if you were born under the sign of Aquarius (21<sup>st</sup> January – 18<sup>th</sup> February) you like to be free. You have original ideas. Some of your ideas are crazy! Pisces (19<sup>th</sup> February – 20<sup>th</sup> March) are friendly and kind. They are good at art and they love music. They often lose things and forget the time. Aries (21<sup>st</sup> March – 20<sup>th</sup> April) like

jokes, parties and loud music. They are good at sport. They don't often ask for advice. Sometimes they're a bit selfish. The people who are born under the sign of Taurus (21<sup>st</sup> April – 21<sup>st</sup> May) work hard. They are very practical and helpful. They don't like changes. They like food!

If you're Gemini (22<sup>nd</sup> May – 21<sup>st</sup> June) you love surprises. You like chatting with your friends. You do a lot of things at once. Cancer (22<sup>nd</sup> June – 22<sup>nd</sup> July) seems strong and selfish. But really he's soft and sensitive. One minute he's happy, the next minute he feels bad. Leos (23<sup>rd</sup> July – 23<sup>rd</sup> August) are leaders. They want to be rich and important one day. They love expensive things. Virgo (24<sup>th</sup> August – 22<sup>nd</sup> September) always works hard. She chooses her friends carefully because they have to be perfect!

If you're Libra (23<sup>rd</sup> September – 23<sup>rd</sup> October) people like you because you always say nice things. You hate fights. You want everyone to be happy. You're a bit lazy. People who were born under the sign of Scorpio (24<sup>th</sup> October – 22<sup>nd</sup> November) are very strong persons. They always get what they want. They're very good friends. If you are Sagittarius (23<sup>rd</sup> November – 21<sup>st</sup> December) you are friendly. You spend money like water. You always tell the truth. Sometimes this can hurt your friends' feelings. Capricorns (22<sup>nd</sup> December – 20<sup>th</sup> January) are quiet and serious. They work hard. Their friends like them because they never do stupid things.

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*Vocabulary Notes:*

<b>Imaginary</b> [ɪ'mædʒɪnəri]	воображаемый	წარმოსახვითი
<b>Belt</b> [belt]	пояс	ქამარი
<b>Constellation</b> [ˌkɒnstəleɪʃn]	созвездие	თანავარსკვლავედი
<b>Correspond</b> [ˌkɒrəs'pɒnd]	соответствовать	შესაბამისობა (შეესაბამება)
<b>Sign</b> [saɪn]	знак	ნიშანი
<b>Ancient</b> ['eɪnʃənt]	древний	უძველესი
<b>Purpose</b> ['pɜ:pəs]	цель	მიზანი
<b>Habit</b> [hæbɪt]	привычка	ჩვევა
<b>Selfish</b> [selfɪʃ]	эгоистичный	ეგოისტური
<b>Aquarius</b>	Водолей	მერწყული
<b>Pisces</b>	Рыбы	თევზები
<b>Aries</b>	Овен	ვერძი
<b>Taurus</b>	Телец	კურო

<b>Gemini</b>	Близнецы	ტყუპები
<b>Cancer</b>	Рак	კობორჩხალა
<b>Leo</b>	Лев	ლომი
<b>Virgo</b>	Дева	ქალწული
<b>Libra</b>	Весы	სასწორი
<b>Scorpio</b>	Скорпион	ღრიანკალი (მორიელი)
<b>Sagittarius</b>	Стрелец	მშვილდოსანი
<b>Capricorn</b>	Козерог	მარტორქა

*Answer the following questions:*

1. What is Zodiac?
2. What have these signs been used for?
3. How many signs of Zodiac are there?
4. Do people belonging to a definite sign of Zodiac have their own character and habits?
5. What is your sign of Zodiac?
6. What do you know about your sign?
7. Do you believe in horoscopes?

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**Read the text:**

### **The Very Fine Clock**

*(Muriel Spark)*

Once there was a very fine clock whose name was Ticky. His friend, Professor Horace John Morris, had brought Ticky home with him from Switzerland one day, in the winter time, many years ago. Since then, Ticky and the professor had become very attached to each other and they understood each others' ways.

Professor Horace John Morris did not like to be called "Professor Horace", and so Ticky called him "Professor Morris" for a little while, and later on he called his friend, "Professor John", which pleased the professor very much.

Ticky always stood on a table beside the fireplace, which was his favourite spot. Every night at fourteen minutes past ten, when Professor John finished writing at his desk, he would

come and wind up Ticky and listen to hear if Ticky's heart was still beating well. Then he would set his wristwatch by Ticky's time, and, after that, he would set and wind all the other clocks in the house.

"You are a very fine clock, Ticky," he said one night, "You are always on time, and you are never too fast or too slow. In fact, you are the most reliable of all my friends."

"I'm delighted to hear it, Professor John," Ticky replied, "and I know that my grandfather, who lives in a castle on top of a mountain in Austria, would be very proud if he could hear it, too."

"To be perfectly honest, Ticky," said Professor John, "I do not care for grandfather clocks as a rule. They are so very tall that one can never look into their faces and see what they are thinking. But *your* grandfather must be a very special clock, as it is always a good thing to have an ancestor who lives in a castle."

Every Thursday night, instead of going to bed after he had wound up all the clocks in the house, Professor John would stay up till midnight to entertain four of his friend, who came to visit him. Their names were:

1. Professor Sturge Baldwin Parker.
2. Professor Norman Bailee.
3. Professor Raymond Offenbach.
4. Professor Maximilian Rosmini.

All four professors were as clever and famous as Professor John himself. They were all very agreeable to Ticky, for they knew he was Professor John's best-loved friend and was also very reliable.

Ticky would listen eagerly as the five professors sat talking to each other on Thursday nights.

They talked about interesting things like the moon and the stars, and seemed to know so much about them that Ticky could almost believe they had visited all the planets in the sky.

One Thursday evening, Professor Norman Bailee, who came from the north, said to Ticky, "You know, Ticky, you are the cleverest of us all because you can tell the exact time without looking at the clock."

All the other professors agreed that this was so.

"Not one of us," said Professor John, "can be *quite* sure of the time without looking at a clock. We can only make a guess. But Ticky always knows."

He looked admiringly at his friend, Ticky, who stood on the table by his side. (Ticky was a plain, sturdy, wooden clock with a round white face and long black hands.)

Ticky thanked the professors warmly for their compliment and said that his grandfather would have been proud to hear it. He added, "I could not keep the time, of course, without the help and care of my friend, Professor John, who winds me up at exactly fourteen minutes past ten every night."

"But," said Professor Sturge Baldwin Parker, who also came from the north, "if it were not for *you*, Ticky, how could Professor John be sure when it *was* fourteen minutes past ten?"

Nobody was able to answer this question. Then Professor Maximilian Rosmini, who came from the south, said that he had an important suggestion to make.

"I suggest," he said, "that Ticky is as wise as any of us, and so he should be called Professor Ticky. Let us prepare the papers tomorrow. All five of us shall sign our names and make Ticky our new professor."

The other four professors all said this was a splendid idea, and Professor Raymond Offenbach who came from the north-north-east, clapped his hands and said, "Bravo, Professor Ticky!"

Ticky then made a speech.

"I am very happy to hear your suggestion," Ticky said, "and I know that my grandfather would be happy, too."

"But I am afraid that if I were to become Professor Ticky, I would lose the friendship of all the other clocks in the house."

"You see, when Professor John goes off in the morning to sit all day in his professor's chair at the university, and when the rooms have been cleaned and dusted, then all the house is silent except for the sound of the clocks in the other rooms. It is then that we speak to each other and tell all the stories of our lives."

"Upstairs and downstairs, we give out our tick-tock messages, some in a breathless hurry and some in a sky tremble."

"The kitchen clock, of course, always lets her tongue run away with her. She is very cheerful, and chatters on a high note."

"Most of all I like Pepita, the Spanish mother-of-pearl orphan clock in the spare bedroom. I love her especially when her heart misses a beat."

"Professors, there is an old saying that my grandfather told me: 'Heart speaks to heart.' And this is true of us all in this house."

"And so, my dear professor, I must decline to be Professor Ticky. My fellow clocks would never feel the same about me. They would think I had become too grand for them to

talk to, while *I* would feel very much left out of their company. Please do not think me ungrateful.”

When the professors had heard this speech of Ticky’s, they all said they admired him more than ever.

“Ticky,” said Professor John, “I have always known that you were a very fine clock, and I think even more highly of you now.”

“It is true that the other clocks in the house are not perfect timekeepers like you. But still, it is a noble thing to refuse the title of professor and remain plain Ticky for their sake.”

Professor Maximilian Rosmini clapped his hands at this, while the other four professors nodded their heads gravely.

Ticky smiled and pointed his hands towards midnight. As the four visitors rose to leave, he mused, “Why, the charming pearly orphan, Pepita, in the spare room, would not know how to say the word ‘professor’. All she can say is ‘Ticky, Ticky, Ticky’. All day long she says, ‘Ticky, Ticky, Ticky’, to me.”

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*Vocabulary Notes:*

<b>Attached</b> [əˈtætʃt]	привязанный, преданный	ერთგული
<b>Spot</b> [spɒt]	пятно, место	ლაქა, ადგილი
<b>Wind up</b> [ˈwaɪnd ʌp]	заводить (часы)	დაქოქვა (საათის)
<b>To set the wristwatch</b>	установить (наладить, поставить) часы	ღროის დაყენება
<b>Reliable</b> [riˈlaɪəbl]	надежный	საიმელო
<b>As a rule</b>	как правило	როგორც წესი
<b>Ancestor</b> [ˈænsɪstə]	предок	წინაპარი
<b>Entertain</b> [ˌentəˈteɪn]	развлекать	გართობა
<b>To be agreeable to smb.</b>	быть приятным (милым) с кем-либо	იყო კეთილად (კარგად) განწყობილი
<b>To make a guess</b>	догадываться, предполагать	მიხვედრა, ვარაუდობა
<b>Plain</b> [pleɪn]	простой, обыкновенный	უბრალო, ჩვეულებრივი
<b>Sturdy</b> [ˈstɜːdi]	стойкий, крепкий	მაგარი, გამძლე
<b>If it were not for you</b>	если бы не ты	შენ რომ არა
<b>Suggestion</b> [səˈdʒestʃən]	предложение	წინადადება

<b>Sign</b> [saɪn]	подписывать (ся)	ხელის მოწერა
<b>Splendid</b> [ˈsplendɪd]	великолепный, роскошный	არაჩვეულებრივი, შესანიშნავი
<b>Tremble</b> [ˈtreɪmbl]	дрожь, сильное волнение	კანკალი, ძლიერი მღელვარება
<b>Mother-of-pearl</b>	перламутровый	სადაფი
<b>Orphan</b> [ˈɔːfən]	сирота, сиротский	ობოლი, ობოლთა
<b>Decline</b> [diˈklaɪn]	отклонить (предложение)	(წინადადების) გადადება
<b>Title</b> [ˈtaɪtl]	титул	ტიტული, წოდება
<b>Face</b> [feɪs]	циферблат	ციფერბლატი
<b>For smb's sake</b>	ради кого-то	ვიღაცის გამო
<b>Gravely</b> [ˈɡreɪvli]	серьезно, важно	სერიოზულად, მნიშვნელოვნად
<b>Muse</b> [mjuːz]	размышлять, задумываться	გააზრება, ჩაფიქრება
<b>Spare</b> [spɛə]	свободный	თავისუფალი
<b>Timekeeper</b> [ˈtaɪmˌkiːpə]	часы	საათი

**ღმრთა ღმრთა**

### **Exercises:**

*I. Answer the following questions:*

1. Whose name was Ticky?
2. Where had prof. Horace John Morris brought Ticky from?
3. What did prof. John do every Thursday night?
4. What did prof. Norman Bailee say to Ticky one Thursday evening?
5. What did prof. Maximilian Rosmini suggest?
6. What speech did Ticky make?
7. What did the professors say when they had heard Ticky's speech?
8. What did Ticky muse when the four visitors rose to leave?

*II. Give Russian and Georgian equivalents for the following words and expressions:*

attached to each other, wind up, he would set his wristwatch by Ticky's time, in fact, reliable, as a rule, ancestor, entertain, the exact time, make a guess, to make suggestion, splendid idea, to sign the names, mother-of-pearl, orphan, decline, for their sake, spare room, to nod gravely.

III. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:

привязаны друг к другу	ერთმანეთზე მიჯაჭვული
заводить часы	საათის დაქოქვა
фактически	ფაქტიურად
надежный	საიმედო
гордиться	იამაყო
как правило	როგორც წესი
предок	წინაპარი
развлекать	გართობა
точное время	ზუსტი დრო
догадываться	მიხვედრა
обыкновенный	ჩვეულებრივი
предложение	წინადადება
дружба	მეგობრობა
перламутровые часы	სადაფის საათი
отклонить	გადადება
ради них	მათ გამო
размышлять	გააზრება
циферблат	ციფერბლატი

IV. Translate into English:

1. С тех пор как профессор привез Тики из Швейцарии они привязались друг к другу.  
იმ დღიდან, რაც პროფესორმა ჩამოიყვანა ტიკი შვეიცარიიდან, ისინი შეეჩვივნენ ერთმანეთს.
2. Часы всегда стояли на столе рядом с камином, это было их любимое место.  
საათი ყოველთვის იდო მაგიდაზე ბუხრის გვერდით, ეს იყო მათი საყვარელი ადგილი.
3. На самом деле ты самый надежный из всех моих друзей.  
დანამდვილებით შენ ყველაზე საიმედო მეგობარი ხარ ყველას შორის.
4. Все они были очень милы с Тики поскольку знали, что он любимый друг профессора Джона.  
ისინი ყველანი ძალიან თავაზიანად ექცეოდნენ ტიკის, რადგანაც იცოდნენ, რომ ის პროფესორი ჯონის საყვარელი მეგობარი იყო.

5. Это были простые деревянные часы с круглым белым циферблатом и длинными черными стрелками.  
ეს იყო უბრალო ხის საათი დიდი თეთრი ციფერბლატით და გრძელი შავი ისრებით.
6. Всегда хорошо иметь предка, который живет в замке.  
ყოველთვის კარგია წინაპრის ყოლა, რომელიც ცხოვრობს კოშკში.

x x x x x

**Text for Home Reading:**

**Read and discuss the text:**

**On time**

*By John O'Hara*

Laura was the first person to take a seat in the Pullman. It was always that way with Laura. Whether for a train, a dentist appointment, the theatre, a dinner-party, Laura was always punctual. In her home town, her friends would look out of their windows, and seeing Laura on her way to a luncheon or their meeting, they would say, "We have plenty of time. Laura's just leaving." Her punctuality meant that she often had to wait for people. In fact, some time ago, she had been kept waiting a very long time. And now here was the man who had made her wait, taking his seat at the other end of the car.

After ten years, she still knew him before she saw his face. She was annoyed with herself because the sight of him made her realize that she still cared. Just in time she pretended to shade her eyes with her hand as he turned around before sitting down.

The train started. Frank was deep in his paper and a dozen Pullman chairs away from him, Laura was left with her memory of an afternoon a decade ago, an afternoon when she had waited, and waited alone. He had arranged to meet her at Luigi's. He had chosen the place with great care, it was a place where no one knew her. "I'll telephone them to expect you, and you go straight through the bar to the last booth. You won't know anybody, but just in case."

When she went into the place, the owner seemed to recognize her. "Yes, lady, you are meeting Mr. Hillman. Right this way, please." He led her to the booth, took her order for the first drink. She had left her bags in the front of the restaurant, and there was not the slightest doubt in her mind that the owner knew what was going on. He was very polite, very attentive

as though every afternoon at four he greeted young women who were walking out on their husbands because they had fallen madly in love with someone else.

There was admiration but no disrespect in his eyes as he brought her the first drink. The admiration gave way to pity after she had waited two hours and had taken her sixth drink. Then she went home. Frank had tried to get in touch with her, but all his attempts were unsuccessful because she had never replied.

“Would you like to have lunch with me in the dining car?” Frank was standing over her with his easy charming smile.

“Why, Frank,” she said, pleased that she did not sound as frightened as she felt. “Why, yes, thanks.” She got up and they went to the diner. They did not speak until they had ordered. She hoped that the years had changed her as little as they had him. He was still very handsome.

“I’m very pleased,” he said.

“Why? At what?”

“That you speak to me. For ten years I’ve wanted to tell you about that awful day. I know you think I should at least have telephoned, but you never gave me a chance to tell you what happened. Do you know what happened?”

“What happened, Frank?”

“I met with an accident on my way to Luigi’s, I was run down by a taxi. When I woke up in the hospital it was too late to call you even if I could have got out of bed, which I didn’t for nearly three months.”

“Really?” she said.

“And of course there was no one I could ask to phone you. No one else knew.”

All at once she saw a way to wipe out the humiliation of those ten years and that one afternoon. “Frank, I’ve got to tell you something. I wasn’t there.” She looked at him and, she knew, convincingly.

“What?”

“I never went to the place. I did come to New York. I was going to meet you, but at the last minute I was afraid.”

“But, Laura,” he said, “when I got out of the hospital, I asked Luigi. He said, yes, he remembered a lady waiting for me.”

“It wasn’t I. I just couldn’t do it. I couldn’t walk out on Bob that way. Then when I went home I was ashamed for being such a coward. That’s why I never returned your calls. I was too cowardly.”

“You weren’t there,” he said in a flat voice. “I can’t believe it. I can’t believe it.”

“It worked out better this way,” she said. She was heartless, cruel, but she got some comfort out of what she had said.

“Well, I suppose so,” he said. He was taking it very well. He couldn’t have her see what a hard blow it was for him. “Punctual Laura, on the one occasion when you really should have been on time, you didn’t turn up at all.”

“Well, better never than late, as they say,” she said sweetly.

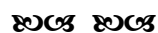
*(Adapted)*

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*Vocabulary Notes:*

<b>All at once</b>	неожиданно	მოულოდნელად
<b>To take a seat</b>	садиться	ადგილის დაკავება
<b>Appointment</b> [əˈpɔɪntmənt]	условленная встреча	დაგეგმილი შეხვედრა
<b>Punctual</b> [ˈpʌŋktʃuəl]	пунктуальный, точный	პუნქტუალური, ზუსტი
<b>To keep waiting</b>	заставлять ждать	ლოდინის დაძალება
<b>To be annoyed</b>	раздражаться	გალიზიანება
<b>Sight</b> [saɪt]	вид	ხელი, ხილვადობა
<b>Pretend</b> [priˈtend]	притворяться, делать вид	თავის მოკატუნება
<b>Arrange</b> [əˈreɪndʒ]	улаживать, договариваться	შეთანხმება
<b>Just in case</b>	на всякий случай	ყოველი შემთხვევისთვის
<b>Booth</b> [buːð]	кабина	კაბინა
<b>Cruel</b> [kruəl]	жестокий	სასტიკი
<b>To take order</b>	принять заказ	შეკვეთის მიღება
<b>Doubt</b> [daʊt]	сомнение	ეჭვი
<b>To get in touch with smb.</b>	связаться с кем-либо	შეეკვრა ვიღაცას
<b>Attempt</b> [əˈtempt]	попытка	ცდა
<b>Accident</b> [ˈæksɪdənt]	несчастный случай, авария	ავარია, უბედური შემთხვევა
<b>Care</b>	питать интерес, любить	სიყვარული
<b>To walk out on smb’s husband</b>	уйти от мужа, бросить, покинуть	ქმრის მიტოვება
<b>Humiliation</b>	унижение	დამცირება
[hju(:),miliˈeɪʃən]		
<b>Convincingly</b> [kənˈvɪnsɪŋli]	убедительно	დარწმუნებით

<b>Coward</b> [ˈkaʊəd]	трус	მშიშარა
<b>Flat</b> [flæt]	скучный, унылый	მოწყენილი, მოსაწყენი
<b>Work out</b>	сработать, быть успешным, реальным	იყო წარმატებული, რეალური
<b>Suppose</b> [səˈpəʊz]	предполагать, полагать	ვარაუდობა
<b>Occasion</b> [əˈkeɪʒən]	случай	შემთხვევა
<b>On time</b>	вовремя	დროულად
<b>Run down</b>	переехать, задавить	გადავლა, დაჯახება
<b>Turn up</b>	внезапно появляться, приходить	უეცრად გამოჩენა
<b>Better late than never</b>	лучше поздно, чем никогда	სჯობს გვიან ვიდრე არასდროს



### Exercises:

*I. Discuss the following points:*

1. Tell (a) Laura's, (b) Luigi's and (c) Frank's stories of the events of a decade ago.
2. How did Laura and Frank feel about each other a decade later? Quote the text to prove your point.
3. Why didn't Laura tell the truth about her long and hopeless wait at Luigi's?
4. How did Frank take Laura's story? Did he believe it, or not? Give your reasons.
5. Why did Laura change the saying: "Better late than never" to "Better never then late"?

*II. Give Russian and Georgian equivalents for the following words and expressions:*

to take a seat, appointment, plenty of time, punctuality, to keep waiting, booth, memory, just in case, doubt, accident, pretend, to walk out on smb's husband, to get in touch with smb., attempt, humiliation, coward, run down, better late than never.

III. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:

условленная встреча	დაგეგმილი შეხვედრა
пунктуальный	პუნქტუალური
заставлять ждать	ალოდინო
раздражаться	გალიზიანება
притворяться	თავის მოკატუნება
на всякий случай	ყოველი შემთხვევისთვის
сомнение	ეჭვი
связаться с кем-либо	ვინმეს შეეკვრა
несчастный случай	უბედური შემთხვევა
уйти от мужа	ქმრის მიტოვება
неожиданно	მოულოდნელად
унижение	დამცირება
трус	მშიშარა
вовремя	დროულად
задавить	დაჯახება
лучше поздно, чем никогда	სჯობს გვიან ვიდრე არასდროს

IV. Translate into English:

1. Она была раздражена, потому что его вид заставил её осознать, что она всё ещё его любит.  
ის იყო გალიზიანებული, იმიტომ, რომ მისმა გარეგნობამ აიბუნა გაეთვითცნობიერებინა, რომ მას ის ჯერ ისევ უყვარს.
2. Фрэнк пытался связаться с ней, все его попытки были безуспешными.  
ფრენკი ცდილობდა მასთან დაკავშირებას, მაგრამ ყველა მისი ცდა წარუმატებელი იყო.
3. Со мной произошел несчастный случай по пути к Луиджи, меня переехала машина.  
ლუიჯისთან წასვლისას უბედური შემთხვევა შემემთხვა, მე მანქანამ გადამიარა.
4. Неожиданно она поняла как избавиться от унижения тех десяти лет и того дня.  
მოულოდნელად ის მიხვდა, როგორ გაინთავისუფლოს თავი იმ ათი წლის და იმ ერთი დღის დამცირება.
5. Он проводил её в кабину и принял заказ.

მან მიაცილა ის კაბინამდე და მიიღო შეკვეთა.

6. Она была бессердечной, жестокой, но она получила успокоение от того, что сказала.

ის იყო უგულო და სასტიკი, მაგრამ მან შვებით ამოისუნთქა იმისგან, რაც სთქვა.

*V. Fill in the gaps with the necessary prepositions*

1. Laura was the first to take a seat .....the Pullman.
2. She was annoyed ..... herself because sight ..... him made her realize that she still cared.
3. He had arranged to meet her ..... Luigi's.
4. He led her ..... the booth, took her order ..... the first drink.
5. Frank had tried to get ..... touch ..... her, but all his attempts were unsuccessful because she had never replied.
6. There was admiration but no disrespect ..... his eyes as he brought her the first drink.
7. .... her home town, her friends would look .....their windows, and seeing Laura ..... her way ..... a luncheon or other meeting.

*VI. Make up word-combinations from the two columns:*

to take	blow
to keep	town
to fall in	smile
home	waiting
to get in	a chance
charming	seat
dining	love
to give	car
to return	touch
hard	town

*VII. Say according to the text if it is true or false:*

1. Whether for a train, a dentist appointment, the theatre, a dinner-party, Laura was always late.
2. When Laura saw Frank she realized that she still was in love with him.
3. Ten years ago Frank had arranged to meet Laura at Luigi's, but when he came Laura had already gone.
4. On his way to Luigi's Frank got into accident.
5. Laura told Frank that he had been waiting for him at Luigi's.
6. Laura didn't answer Frank's calls because she was ashamed for being a coward.
7. Frank was offended because Laura didn't come to the meeting.
8. "Better late than never" said Laura to Frank.



### **Questions and topics for discussions:**

1. Describe your typical day (week, year). Mention when do you do what.
2. Describe one of your week-ends.
3. Speak about Georgian /English/American holidays.
4. Speak about your favourite holiday. Describe how do you like to spend it?
5. What is your favourite season? Why?
6. What season makes you sad?
7. How do you spend your leisure time?
8. When were you born? When is your birthday?
9. How do you like to spend your birthday?
10. Say what you know about the signs of Zodiac.
11. Do you believe that your character depends on the sign of Zodiac under which you were born?
12. Can the character of a person be explained according to his sign of Zodiac?
13. What is your sign of Zodiac?
14. Compare your sign of Zodiac with that of your friend's (sister's, brother's, etc.).

## Unit 5

### Describing and Characterizing Things and Substances

[dis'kraibɪŋ ənd 'kærəktə, raiziŋ θɪŋz ənd 'sʌbstənsɪz]

### Описание и характеристика предметов и веществ

საგნების და ნივთიერებების აღწერა და დახასიათება

<b>New</b> [nju:] – <b>old</b> [ould]	новый – старый	ახალი - ძველი
<b>Clean</b> [kli:n] – <b>dirty</b> ['dati]	чистый – грязный	სუფთა – ჭუჭყიანი
<b>Big</b> – <b>small</b> [big – smɔ:l]	большой – маленький	დიდი – პატარა
<b>Tiny</b> ['taini] – <b>enormous</b> [ɪ'no:məs]	крошечный – громадный	პაწაწინა – უზარმაზარი
<b>Long</b> – <b>short</b> [lɒŋ - ʃɔ:t]	длинный – короткий	გრძელი – მოკლე
<b>High</b> – <b>low</b> [hai - lau]	высокий – низкий	მაღალი – დაბალი
<b>Shape</b> [ʃeɪp]	форма	ფორმა
<b>Round</b> – <b>square</b> [raʊnd - skwɛə]	круглый – квадратный	მრგვალი – კვადრატული
<b>Circle</b> ['sɜ:kl] – <b>square</b>	круг – квадрат	წრე – კვადრატი
<b>Angle</b> [æŋɡl]	угол (геометрический)	კუთხე (გეომეტრიული)
<b>Triangle</b> [traɪ-] – <b>triangular</b>	треугольник – треугольный	სამკუთხედი – სამკუთხა
<b>Sphere</b> [sfɪə] – <b>spherical</b> ['sferɪkəl]	сфера, сферический	სფერო – სფერული
<b>Cube</b> [kju:b] – <b>cubic</b>	куб – кубический	კუბი – კუბური

<b>Cylinder</b> [ˈsilɪndə] – <b>cylindrical</b>	цилиндр – цилиндрический	ცილინდრი – -ცილინდრული
<b>Flat</b> [flæt]	плоский	ბრტყელი
<b>Curved</b> [kə:vɪd]	кривой	მრუდი
<b>Size</b> [saɪz]	размер	ზომა
<b>Length</b> [leŋθ]	длина	სიგრძე
<b>Wide</b> [waɪd]	широкий	განიერი
<b>Width</b> [wɪðθ]	ширина	სიგანე
<b>Height</b> [haɪt]	высота	სიმაღლე
<b>Weight</b> [weɪt]	вес	წონა
<b>Light</b> [laɪt]	1. легкий; 2. светлый	1. მსუბუქი; 2. ნათელი, ღია ფერის
<b>Heavy</b> [ˈhevi]	тяжелый	მძიმე
<b>Colour</b> (Am.E. – color) [ˈkʌlə]	цвет	ფერი

### COLOUR *ამერ.* COLOR

	ЦВЕТ	ფერი
<b>Red</b> [red]	красный	წითელი
<b>Yellow</b> [ˈjelou]	жёлтый	ყვითელი
<b>Blue</b> [blu:]	синий	ლურჯი
<b>Pink</b> [pɪŋk]	розовый	ვარდისფერი
<b>Brown</b> [braun]	коричневый	ყავისფერი
<b>Azure, sky-blue</b> [ˈæzə], [ˈskaɪˈblu:]	голубой, лазурный	ცისფერი
<b>Orange</b> [ˈɒrɪndʒ]	оранжевый	ნარინჯისფერი
<b>Green</b> [gri:n]	зелёный	მწვანე
<b>Violet</b> [ˈvaɪələɪt]	фиолетовый	იისფერი
<b>White</b> [waɪt]	белый	თეთრი
<b>Black</b> [blæk]	чёрный	შავი
<b>Grey</b> [greɪ]	серый	ნაცრისფერი
<b>Scarlet</b> [ˈska:lɪt]	алый	მუქი წითელი
<b>Gold</b> [gould]	золотой	ოქროსფერი
<b>Crimson</b> [krɪmzɪn]	малиновый, пунцовый	ჟოლოსფერი
<b>Cream</b> [kri:m]	кремовый	კრემისფერი

<b>Nacreous</b> [ˈneɪkriəs], <b>pearly</b> [ˈpɛəli]	перламутровый	სადაფისფერი
<b>Silvery</b> [ˈsilvəri]	серебристый	ვერცხლისფერი
<b>Lilac</b> [ˈlaɪlək]	лиловый, сиреневый	იასამნისფერი
<b>Dark</b> [da:k]	тёмный	მუქი
<b>Light</b> [laɪt]	светлый	ღია
<b>Natural</b> [ˈnætʃrəl]	натуральный	ნატურალური
<b>One-coloured</b> [ˈwʌnˈkɒləd]	одноцветный	ერთფეროვანი
<b>Two-coloured</b> [ˈtuːˈkɒləd]	двухцветный	ორფეროვანი
<b>Multicoloured</b> [ˈmʌltiˈkɒləd]	цветной, многокрасочный	ფერადი
<b>Colourless</b> [ˈkɒlələs]	бесцветный, бледный	უფერული, ფერმკრთალი
<b>Motley</b> [ˈmɒtli]	разноцветный, пёстрый	ფერადი, ჭრელი
<b>Spotted</b> [ˈspɒtɪd]	пятнистый, крапчатый	ლაქიანი, კოპლებიანი
<b>Striped</b> [straɪpt]	полосатый	ზოლიანი
<b>Bright</b> [braɪt]	яркий	კაშკაშა, მკვეთრი
<b>Faded</b> [ˈfeɪdɪd]	блёклый, выцветший	გაცვეთილი, მკრთალი, გახუნებული
<b>Made of/in</b> [ˈmeɪd əv]	сделано из/в	გამზადებული ...-გან
<b>Wood</b> [wu:d]	дерево, древесина	ხე (მასალა: ხე-ტყე)
<b>Metal</b> [ˈmetəl]	металл	ლითონი
<b>Glass</b> [glɑ:s] (Am.E. [glæs])	стекло	მინა, შუშა
<b>Plastic</b> [ˈplæstɪk]	пластмасса	პლასტმასა
<b>Stone</b> [stəʊn]	камень	ქვა
<b>Clay</b> [kleɪ]	глина	თიხა
<b>Paper</b> [ˈpeɪpə]	бумага	ქაღალდი
<b>Rubber</b> [ˈrʌbə]	резина	რეზინი

names of substances are uncountable nouns, so no article is normally used with them

<b>Leather</b> [ˈleðə]	кожа	ტყავი
<b>Brick</b> [brɪk]	кирпич	აგური
<b>Iron</b> [aɪən]	железо	რკინა
<b>Concrete</b> [kənˈkri:t]	бетон	ბეტონი
<b>Soft</b> [sɒft]	мягкий	რბილი
<b>Hard</b> [hɑ:d]	жесткий, твёрдый	ხისტი, მაგარი

“brick” and “stone” can be countable (objects) or uncountable (material): two

stones/bricks, but the house is built of brick/stone

<b>State</b> [steit]	состояние	მდგომარეობა
<b>Solid</b> ( <i>n., adj.</i> ) [ˈsɒlɪd] – <b>gaseous</b> ( <i>adj.</i> ) [ˈɡæziəs] – <b>liquid</b> ( <i>n., adj.</i> ) [ˈlikwɪd]	твёрдый - газообразный - жидкий	მყარი – აიროვანი - -თხევადი
<b>Transparent</b> [ˈtrænspərənt]	прозрачный	გამჭვირვალე
<b>Precious</b> [prɪʃəs]	драгоценный	ძვირფასი
<b>Precious metals</b>	драгоценные металлы	ძვირფასი ლითონი
<b>Gold</b> [ɡəʊld]	золото	ოქრო
<b>Silver</b> [sɪlvə]	серебро	ვერცხლი
<b>Platinum</b> [ˈplætɪnəm]	платина	პლატინა
<b>Semi – precious</b> [semi - prɪʃəs]	полу-драгоценный	ნახევრად ძვირფასი
<b>Precious stones</b>	драгоценные камни	ძვირფასი (თვლები) ქვები
<b>Diamond</b> [ˈdaɪmənd]	бриллиант	ბრილიანტი
<b>Emerald</b> [ˈemərəld]	изумруд	ზურმუხტი
<b>Pearl</b> [pɜːl]	жемчуг	მარგალიტი
<b>Ruby</b> [ruːbi]	рубин	ლალი
<b>Sapphire</b> [ˈsæfaɪə]	сапфир	საფვირი
<b>Opal</b> [ˈoʊpəl]	опал	ოპალი
<b>Topaz</b> [ˈtɒpəz]	топаз	ტოპაზი
<b>Turquoise</b> [ˈtɜːkwɪːz]	бирюза	ფირუზი
<b>Garnet</b> [ɡɑːnət]	гранат	ძოწი
<b>Amethyst</b> [ˈæmɪθɪst]	аметист	ამეთვისტო
<b>Artificial</b> [ɑːtɪfɪʃɪəl]	искусственный	ხელოვნური
<b>Artificial pearls</b>	искусственный жемчуг	ხელოვნური მარგალიტი
<b>Crystalline-amorphous</b> [ˈkrɪstəlɪn - əmɔːfəs]	кристаллический - -аморфный	კრისტალური – -ამორფული
<b>Colourless</b> [ˈkʌlələs]	бесцветный	უფერული
<b>Smell</b> [smel]	запах	სუნი
<b>Odour</b> [ˈɔːdə]	запах, аромат	სუნი, არომატი
<b>Odourless</b> [ˈɔːdələs]	без запаха	უსუნო
<b>Taste</b> [teɪst]	вкус	გემო
<b>Tasteless</b> [teɪstləs]	безвкусный	უგემური, უგემოვნო

<b>With weak/strong smell, taste</b>	со слабым и сильным	სუსტი/ძლიერი სუნის,
	запахом, вкусом	გემოს მქონე
<b>Water</b> [ˈwɔ:tə]	вода	წყალი
<b>Steam</b> [sti:m]	пар	(წყლის) ორთქლი
<b>Air</b> [εə]	воздух	ჰაერი
<b>Acid – alkali (alkali) – salt</b>	кислота – щелочь – соль	მჟავა – ტუტე /
[ˈæsid - ˈælkəli / ˈælkəli - sɔ:lt]		ფუზე - მარილი
<b>Organic – inorganic</b>	органический -	ორგანული -
[ɔ:ˈgænik - inɔ:ˈgænik]	-неорганический	არაორგანული
<b>Alcohol</b> [ˈælkəhəl]	спирт	სპირტი
<b>Proteins – fats – carbohydrates</b>	белки – жиры – углеводы	ცილები – ცხიმები -
[ˈprəʊtəinz - fæts - ˌka:bouˈhaɪdreɪts]		-ნახშირწყალბადები

#### A PIECE OF SOMETHING

#### ЧАСТЬ ЧЕГО-ЛИБО (ВЕЩЕСТВА, ПРЕДМЕТА)

#### რაღაცის (ნივთის, საგნის) ნაწილი

<b>A piece of bread (paper, wood, clay)</b> [ə ˈpi: s əv ˈbred (ˈpeɪpə, wud, kleɪ)]	кусок хлеба ( <i>клочок бумаги, кусок дерева, ком глины</i> )	პურის ნაჭერი
<b>A chunk of stone (wood)</b> [ə ˈtʃʌŋk əv ˈstoun (wud)]	камень (кусок дерева)	ქვა (ხის ნაჭერი)
<b>A slice of bread (cake, meat)</b> [ə ˈslais əv ˈbred (keɪk, mi:t)]	ломтик хлеба ( <i>торта, мяса</i> )	ტორტის (პურის) ნაჭერი
<b>A rasher of bacon</b> [ə ˈræʃ əv ˈbeɪkən]	ломтик бекона	ხორცის ნაჭერი
<b>A bar of chocolate (soap)</b> [ə ˈbɑ: r əv ˈtʃɒkəlɪt (səʊp)]	плитка шоколада ( <i>кусок мыла</i> )	შოკოლადის ფილა
<b>A bit of bread (paper, wood, clay)</b> [ə ˈbɪt əv ˈbred (ˈpeɪpə, wud, kleɪ)]	немного хлеба ( <i>бумаги, дерева, глины</i> )	ცოტა პური
<b>A segment of orange</b> [ə ˈsegmənt əv ˈɔrɪndʒ]	долька апельсина	ფორთოხლის ნაჭერი
<b>A crumb of bread (cake)</b> [ə ˈkrʌm əv ˈbred (keɪk)]	крошка хлеба ( <i>торта</i> )	პურის ნამცეცი
<b>A grain (a pinch) of salt</b> [ə ˈgreɪn (ə ˈpɪntʃ) əv ˈsɔ:lt]	щепотка соли	მწიკვი

<b>A speck of dust</b> [ə 'spæk əv 'dʌst]	пылинка	მტკერი
<b>A flake of snow</b> [ə 'fleik əv 'snou]	снежинка	ფიფქი
<b>A scrap (a shred) of paper (cloth)</b> [ə 'skræp (ə 'ʃred) əv 'peɪpə (kloʊθ)]	клочок бумаги, лоскут	ქალღლის ნაჭერი, ნაგლეჯი
<b>A splinter (a sliver) of glass</b> [ə 'splintə (ə 'slivə) əv 'gla:s]	осколок стекла	შუშის ნამსხვრევი
<b>A drop of water (oil, wine)</b> [ə 'drɒp əv 'wɔ:tə (ɔɪl, weɪn)]	капля воды ( <i>масла, вина</i> )	წყლის (ღვინის) წვეთი
<b>A lump of sugar</b> [ə 'lʌmp əv 'ju:gə]	кусок сахара	შაქრის ნაჭერი
<b>A sheaf (of) (greens)</b> [ʃi:f]	пучок зелени	მწვანის კონა
<b>Shivers</b> [ʃɪvəz]	обломки, осколки	ნანგრევი, ნამსხვრევი
<b>Fragment</b> ['frægment]	часть, отрывок, фрагмент	ნაწილი, ფრაგმენტი
<b>Wreckage (of the aircraft, of the ship)</b> ['rekɪdʒ (əv ðə 'eɪkrɑ:ft, əv ðə 'ʃɪp)]	обломки (самолёта, корабля)	(თვითმფრინავის), გემის ნამსხვრევები

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## Read the text:

### LOVE DRUG

(after O'Henry)

Jim, a poor young man, was a boarder at old Riddle's. Jim and Rosie, old Riddle's daughter, loved each other and wanted to get married but Rosie's father did not want to hear about it. He hoped to find a rich husband for his daughter.

Jim had a friend who worked at the chemist's. His name was Pilkins. Pilkins seemed to be a quiet man unable to do anything wrong. One afternoon Jim called at the chemist's. He looked excited, his face was red. He said to Pilkins: "Old Riddle has been angry with me lately though I don't know why. Probably he learned that Rosie and I loved each other. This week he hasn't allowed Rosie to go out with me. He doesn't want me to live in their house any longer. So Rosie and I decided to elope and get married this night. I'll be the happiest man if Rosie doesn't change her mind. One day she says she'll do it, the same evening she says she won't. She lacks courage. I'm at a loss what to do."

Pilkins was attentively listening to every word Jim said.

“So we’re going to elope this night,” Jim went on, “But I’m afraid Rosie will change her mind again. You can help me, Pilkins.”

“What do you mean?” Pilkins asked him. “I say, Pilkins, is there a medicine that’ll help Rosie keep her courage and love me more? I could give it to her at supper tonight. Then she wouldn’t change her mind and we’d get married. Can you give me such medicine?” asked Jim.

Pilkins was shocked to hear the news. He turned white but Jim took no notice of it. He had no idea that Pilkins was secretly in love with Rosie. Without saying a word Pilkins went out into another room and took a powder of morphia. “Rosie will sleep for hours if she takes the powder,” he thought to himself.

“Here’s the medicine you asked me for,” he said giving the powder to Jim. “Put it in Rosie’s tea.”

Pilkins hoped to set up a chemist’s shop of his own and marry Rosie one day. When Jim left he hurried to Mr. Riddle’s house.

“Thank you very much,” said Mr. Riddle angrily. “So he thinks I’m an old fool. Well, I’ll ruin their plan. As soon as he comes near Rosie’s room he’ll find his death there.”

All that night Pilkins waited for the news but no news came. At nine in the morning he ran out and walked towards Mr. Riddle’s house. The first man he saw in the street was Jim with a happy smile on his face.

“Why, what are you doing here?” said Pilkins.

“You can congratulate me, Rosie and I got married last night,” Jim said.

“Congratulations! But ... but what about the medicine ...” “Oh, the medicine you gave me?” interrupted him Jim. “Well, at supper last night I looked at Rosie and said to myself, “Rosie loves you dearly. You shouldn’t give her the medicine.” Then I looked at her father. “If you marry Rosie you’ll be connected with her family. It would be good if he loved you,” I thought. And I put the medicine in Mr. Riddle’s cup of tea. “Thank you for the medicine,” said Jim and hurried away.

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*Vocabulary Notes:*

<b>Drug</b> [drʌg]	лекарство, наркотик	წამალი, ნარკოტიკი
<b>A boarder</b> [ˈbɔ:də]	пансионер	პანსიონერი
<b>Chemist’s</b>	аптека	აფთიაქი

<b>To look excited</b>	выглядеть взволнованно	აღელვებულად გამოიყურებოდე
<b>To elope</b> [ɪˈləʊp]	сбежать (с возлюбленным )	გაქცევა (შეყვარებულთან ერთად)
<b>Lack</b> [læk]	не хватать, недоставать	უკმარობა, არასაკმარისი
<b>Courage</b> [ˈkʌrɪdʒ]	мужество	სიმამაცე
<b>To be at a loss</b>	быть в растерянности	იყო დაბნეული
<b>To change one’s mind</b>	передумать	გადაიფიქრო
<b>A medicine</b> [ˈmedsɪn]	лекарство	წამალი
<b>To get married</b>	пожениться	დაქორწინდე
<b>To take no notice</b>	не заметить	ვერ შეამჩნიო
<b>Powder</b> [ˈpaʊdə]	порошок	ფხვნილი
<b>To set up a chemist’s shop</b>	открыть аптеку	აფთიაქის გახსნა
<b>To ruin the plan</b>	разрушить план	გეგმის ჩაშლა
<b>Congratulate</b> [kən,grætjuˈleɪt]	поздравить	მილოცვა
<b>As soon as</b>	как только	როგორც კი
<b>Interrupt</b> [ˌɪntəˈrʌpt]	прерывать	შეწყვეტა
<b>To be connected with</b>	быть связанным с	იყო დაკავშირებული
<b>To hurry away</b>	поспешно унести	სწრაფად გავარდე

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### Exercises:

*I. Answer the questions:*

1. Why didn't Mr. Riddle want Jim to marry his daughter?
2. Why was Jim afraid that Rosie wouldn't keep her promise?
3. In what way could Pilkins help Jim?
4. How did Mr. Riddle receive the news that his daughter was going to elope with Jim?
5. What helped Jim and Rosie to elope?
6. Why didn't Jim put the medicine in Rosie's cup of tea?
7. Would you call Pilkins a true friend? Why?

*II. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:*

пансионер	პანსიონერი
аптека	აფთიაქი
выглядеть взволнованным	აღელვებულად გამოიყურებოდე
быть сердитым на кого-либо	იყო გაბრაზებული ვიღაცაზე
сбежать	გაქცევა
пожениться	დაქორწინება
передумать	გადაიფიქრო
сохранить мужество	სიმამაცის შენარჩუნება
быть в растерянности	იყო დაბნეული
недоставать	უკმარისობა
порошок	ფხვნილი
принять порошок	მიიღო ფხვნილი
открыть аптеку	გახსნა აფთიაქი
разрушить планы	გეგმების ჩაშლა
поздравить	მილოცვა
прерывать	შეწყვეტა
как только	როგორც კი
быть связанным с	იყო დაკავშირებული
поспешно унести	სწრაფად გავარდე

*III. Translate into English:*

1. Джим и Роузи любили друг друга и хотели пожениться.  
ჯიმს და როუზის უყვარდათ ერთმანეთი და დაქორწინება უნდოდათ.
2. Я буду счастливым человеком, если Роузи не передумает.  
მე ბედნიერი ადამიანი ვიქნები, თი როუზი არ გადაიფიქრებს.
3. У неё не хватает мужества. Я в растерянности и не знаю что делать.  
მას არ ჰყოფნის სიმამაცე. მე დაბნეული ვარ და არ ვიცი რა ვქნა.
4. Нет ли такого лекарства, которое поможет Роузи сохранить мужество и любить меня больше?  
ნუთუ არ არის ისეთი წამალი, რომელიც დაეხმარება როუზის სიმამაცის შენარჩუნებაში და ჩემს სიყვარულში.
5. Он побелел, но Джим не заметил это.

ის გაფეთრდა, მაგრამ ჯიშმა ეს ვერ შეამჩნია.

6. Пилкинс надеялся открыть свою собственную аптеку и однажды жениться на Роузи.

პილკინს იმედი ჰქონდა თავისი საკუთარი აფთიაქის გახსნის და ერთ მშვენიერ დღეს როუზზე დაქორწინებისა.

7. Я разрушу его планы. Как только он подойдет близко к комнате Роузи он там найдет свою смерть.

მე მას ჩაუშლი გეგმებს. ის იპოვის თავის სიკვდილს როგორც კი მიუახლოვდება როუზის ოთახს.

*IV. Give Russian and Georgian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own:*

a boarder, chemist's shop, to look excited, to lack courage, to be at a loss, to elope, to change one's mind, to take no notice, to set up a chemist's shop, to ruin one's plan, to interrupt, to take a powder, to hurry away

*V. Fill in the gaps with the words from the box:*

notice, powder, mind, congratulate, boarder, to set up, connected
---

1. Jim, a poor young man, was ..... at old Riddle's.
2. I'll be the happiest man if Rosie doesn't change her .....
3. He turned white but Jim took no ..... of it.
4. Without saying a word Pilkins went out into another room and took ..... of morphia.
5. He hoped ..... a chemist's shop of his own and marry Rosie one day.
6. You can ..... me, Rosie and I got married last night.
7. If you marry Rosie you'll be ..... with her family.

*VI. Fill in the gaps with the necessary prepositions:*

1. Old Riddle has been angry ..... me lately though I don't know why.
2. She lacks courage. I am ..... a loss what to do.

3. He turned white but Jim took no notice ..... it.
4. He had no idea that Pilkins was secretly ..... love ..... Rosie.
5. All that night Pilkins waited .....the news but no news came.
6. The first man he saw ..... the street was Jim ..... a happy smile ..... his face.
7. He hoped to find a rich husband ..... his daughter.

x x x x x

### **Read the text:**

*JOHN COLLIER*

### **The Chaser**

Alan Austen, as nervous as a kitten, went up dark and creaky stairs in the neighborhood of Pell Street, and peered about for a long time on the dim landing before he found the name he wanted written obscurely on one of the doors.

He pushed this door, as he had been told to do, and found himself in a tiny room, which contained no furniture but a plain kitchen table, a rocking-chair, and an ordinary chair. On one of the dirty walls were a couple of shelves, containing in all perhaps a dozen bottles and jars.

An old man sat in the rocking-chair, reading a newspaper. Alan, without a word, handed him the card he had been given. "Sit down, Mr. Austen," said the old man very politely. "I am glad to make your acquaintance."

"Is it true," asked Alan, "that you have a certain mixture that has – er – quite extraordinary effects?"

"My dear sir," replied the old man, "I think nothing I sell has effects which could be precisely described as ordinary."

"Well, the fact is —" began Alan.

"Here, for example," interrupted the old man, reaching for a bottle from the shelf. "Here is a liquid as colorless as water, almost tasteless, quite imperceptible in coffee, milk, wine, or any other beverage. It is also quite imperceptible to any known method of autopsy."

"Do you mean it is a poison?" cried Alan, very much horrified.

"Call it a glove-cleaner if you like," said the old man indifferently. "Maybe it will clean gloves. I have never tried. One might call it a life-cleaner. Lives need cleaning sometimes."

"I want nothing of that sort," said Alan.

“Do you know the price of this? For one teaspoonful, which is sufficient, I ask five thousand dollars. Never less. Not a penny less.”

“I hope all your mixtures are not as expensive,” said Alan apprehensively.

“Oh dear, no,” said the old man. “It would be no good charging that sort of price for a love potion, for example. Young people who need a love potion very seldom have five thousand dollars. Otherwise they would not need a love potion.”

“I am glad to hear that,” said Alan.

“I look at it like this,” said the old man. “Please a customer with one article, and he will come back when he needs another. Even if it *is* more costly. He will save up for it, if necessary.”

“So,” said Alan, “do you really sell love potions?”

“If I did not sell love potions,” said the old man, reaching for another bottle, “I should not have mentioned the other matter to you.”

“Their effects are permanent.”

“Dear me!” said Alan, “How very interesting!”

“But consider the spiritual side,” said the old man.

“I do indeed,” said Alan.

“For indifference,” said the old man, “they substitute devotion. For scorn, adoration. Give one tiny measure of this to the young lady – its flavor is imperceptible in orange juice, soup, or cocktails – and she will change altogether. She will want nothing but solitude, and you.”

“I can hardly believe it,” said Alan. “She is so fond of parties.”

“She will not like them anymore,” said the old man. “She will be afraid of the pretty girls you may meet.”

“She will actually be jealous?” cried Alan. “Of me?”

“Yes, she will want to be everything to you.”

“She is already. Only she doesn’t care about it.”

“She will, when she has taken this. She will care intensely. You will be her sole interest in life.”

“Wonderful!” cried Alan.

“She will want to know all you do,” said the old man. “All that has happened to you during the day. Every word of it. She will want to know what you are thinking about, why you smile suddenly, why you are looking sad.”

“That is love!” cried Alan.

“Yes,” said the old man. “How carefully she will look after you! She will never allow you to be tired. If you are an hour late, she will be terrified. She will think you are killed, or that some siren has caught you.”

“I can hardly imagine Diana like that!” cried Alan, with joy.

“You will not have to use your imagination,” said the old man. “And, by the way, if by any chance you slip a little, you need not worry. She will forgive you, in the end. She will be terribly hurt, of course, but she will forgive you – in the end.”

“That will not happen,” said Alan.

“Of course not,” said the old man. “But, if it did, you need not worry. She would never divorce you.”

“And how much,” said Alan, “is this wonderful mixture?”

“It is not as dear,” said the old man, “as the glove-cleaner, or life-cleaner, as I sometimes call it. No. That is five thousand dollars, never a penny less.”

“But the love potion?” said Alan.

“Oh, that,” said the old man, opening the drawer in the kitchen table, and taking out a tiny, rather dirty-looking bottle. “That is just a dollar.”

“I can’t tell you how grateful I am,” said Alan.

“I like to oblige,” said the old man. “Then customers come back, later in life, when they want more expensive things. Here you are. You will find it very effective.”

“Thank you again,” said Alan. “Good-bye.”

“*Au revoir*,” said the old man.

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*Vocabulary Notes:*

<b>Chaser</b> [ˈtʃeɪsə]	глоток воды после спиртного, წყლის ყლუპი ალკოჰოლის преследователь	შემდეგ, მღევნელი
<b>Kitten</b>	котёнок	ფისო, კატის კნუტი
<b>Creaky</b> [ˈkri:ki]	скрипучий	ჭრიალა
<b>Neighborhood</b> [ˈneɪbəhʊd]	соседство, близость	სამეზობლო
<b>To peer</b> [piə]	вглядываться, всматриваться	მიშტერება
<b>Dim</b> [dim]	тусклый	მკრთალი შუქი
<b>Tiny</b>	крошечный	პაწაწინა
<b>Plain</b>	простой, обыкновенный	უბრალო, ჩვეულებრივი

<b>Rocking-chair</b>	კრესლო-კაჩალკა	სავარძელი-საქანელა
<b>Containing</b>	содержащий	შემცავი
<b>Article</b>	предмет, изделие, вещь	ნივთი, ნამუშევარი
<b>To make smb's acquaintance</b>	познакомиться с кем-либо	ვილაცის გაცნობა
<b>Love potion</b>	любовный эликсир	სიყვარულის ელიქსირი
<b>Extraordinary</b>	необычный,необыкновенный	არაჩვეულებრივი
<b>Precisely</b> [pri'saisli]	точно	ზუსტად
<b>Liquid</b> ['likwid]	жидкость	სითხე
<b>Imperceptible</b> [imp,ə'septəbl]	незаметный	შეუმჩნეველი
<b>Beverage</b> ['bevərɪdʒ]	напиток	სასმელი
<b>Autopsy</b> ['ɔ:təpsi]	вскрытие (трупа)	გვამის გაკვეთა
<b>Poison</b> ['pɔɪzn]	яд, отравა	საწამლაკი
<b>Apprehensively</b>	с беспокойством, со страхом, с тревогой	შიშით, განგაშით
<b>To charge a price</b>	назначить цену	ფასის დადგენა
<b>Otherwise</b>	иначе	სხვა მხრივ
<b>Love potion</b> ['rəʊʃən]	любовный напиток	სასიყვარულო სასმელი
<b>Save up</b>	копить, делать сбережения	დაგროვება (ფულის), დანაზოვი
<b>Permanent</b>	постоянный	მუდმივი
<b>Substitute</b>	заменять, замещать	შეცვლა
<b>Devotion</b>	преданность	ერთგულება
<b>Scorn</b> [skɔ:n]	презрение	ზიზღით
<b>Adoration</b>	обожание	დიდი სიყვარული
<b>Flavor</b> ['fleivə]	вкус, аромат	გემო, არომატი
<b>Solitude</b>	одиночество, уединение	მარტოობა, განმარტოება
<b>To be jealous</b>	ревновать	იეჭვიანო
<b>To care (about)</b>	заботиться (о)	მზრუნველობა
<b>Sole</b> [soul]	единственный, исключительный	ერთადერთი, განუმეორებელი
<b>Siren</b> ['saɪərən]	сирена, красивая бездушная соблазнительная женщина	სირენა, ლამაზი უგულო მაცდური ქალი

<b>Imagine</b>	представлять	წარმოდგენა
<b>By the way</b>	между прочим	სხვათა შორის
<b>Slip</b> [slɪp]	поскользнуться, ошибаться	გაცურება, შეცდომა
<b>Hurt</b> [hɜ:t]	причинять боль	ტკივილის მიყენება
<b>Forgive</b>	прощать	პატიება
<b>Drawer</b> [drɔ:]	ящик (стола, комода)	უჯრა (მაგიდის, კამოდის)
<b>Grateful</b>	благодарный	მადლიერი
<b>Oblige</b> [ə'blaɪdʒ]	обязывать, делать одолжение, угождать	დავალდებულება, საქმის გაწევა, გულის მოგება

**Au revoir (French)=good-bye**

**ღჯ ღჯ**

### **Exercises:**

*1. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:*

скрипучий	ჭრიალა
соседство	სამეზობლო
всматриваться	მიშტერება
крошечный	პაწაწინა
содержащий	შემცავი
познакомиться с кем-либо	გაიცნო ვიღაც
необычный	არაჩვეულებრივი
жидкость	სითხე
незаметный	შეუმჩნეველი
напиток	სასმელი
вскрытие (трупа)	გვამის გაკვეთა
назначить цену	ფასის დადგენა
любовный напиток	სასიყვარულო სასმელი
делать сбережения	დანაზოგი
постоянный	მუდმივი
преданность	ერთგულება
презрение	ეჭვის თვალით

ревновать	ეჭვიანობა
между прочим	სხვათა შორის
ошибаться	შეცდვ
угождать	გულის მოგება

## II. Translate into English:

1. «Садитесь мистер Остин» - сказал старик очень вежливо. «Я рад с вами познакомиться».

“დაბრძანდით მისტერ ოსტინ” – უთხრა მოხუცმა ძალიან თავაზიანად. “მოხარული ვარ თქვენი გაცნობით”.

2. Вот жидкость бесцветная как вода, почти безвкусная, совершенно незаметная в кофе, молоке, вине или любом другом напитке.

აი სითხე უფერული, როგორც წყალი, თითქმის უგემური, სრულიად შეუმჩნეველი წყალში, რძეში, ღვინოში ან სხვა ნებისმიერ სასმელში.

3. «Я надеюсь, что не все ваши смеси такие дорогие», сказал Алан с тревогой.

“იმედი მაქვს, რომ ყველა თქვენი ხსნარი არ არის ასეთი ძვირადღირებული”, სთქვა ალანმა განგაშით.

4. Было бы не хорошо назначить такую цену за любовный эликсир. Молодые люди, которым нужен любовный эликсир очень редко имеют пять тысяч долларов.

არ იქნებოდა კარგი, რომ სასიყვარულო ელიქსირზე დაეწესად ასეთი ფასი. ახალგაზრდა ადამიანებს, რომლებსაც სჭირდებად სასიყვარულო ელიქსირი, ძალიან იშვიათად აქვთ ხუთი ათასი დოლარი.

5. Дайте одну его крошечную дозу вашей молодой леди – его вкус незаметен в апельсиновом соке, супе или коктейле – и она совершенно изменится.

მიეცით ახალგაზრდა ქალს მისი უმცირესი დოზა – მისი გემო შეუმჩნეველია ფორთოხლის წვენში, სუფში ან კოკტეილში – და ის საერთოდ შეიცვლება.

6. «Мне нравится угождать», сказал старик. «Тогда клиенты возвращаются, когда им нужно что-то более дорогое».

“მე მომწონს გულის მოგება”, თქვა მოხუცმა. “მაშინ კლიენტები დაბრუნდებიან, როდესაც მათ რაიმე უფრო ძვირადღირებული დასჭირდებათ”.

## III. Give Russian and Georgian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text:

kitten, creaky, neighborhood, to peer, dim, tiny, plain, containing, to make smb's acquaintance, precisely, imperceptible, poison, teaspoonful, sufficient, apprehensively, love potion, otherwise, to save up, permanent, scorn, adoration, to be jealous, by the way, to slip, flavor, oblige.

*IV. Fill in the gaps with the words from the box:*

siren, slip, teaspoonful, article, hurt, potion, rocking-chair, extraordinary
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1. An old man sat in the ....., reading a newspaper.
2. "Is it true" asked Alan, "that you have a certain mixture that has quite ..... effects?"
3. Please a customer with one ..... and he will come back when he needs another.
4. It would be no good charging that sort of price for a love .....
5. If you are an hour late she will be terrified. She will think you are killed, or that some ..... has caught you.
6. If by any chance you ..... a little, you need not worry. She will forgive you.
7. For one ....., which is sufficient, I ask five thousand dollars. Never less.
8. She will be terribly ..... but she will forgive you in the end.

*V. Comprehension and Discussion Questions*

1. What kind of a building did Alan go into? Office or residential? Old or new? Well kept up or shabby?
2. Why did he enter without ringing the bell or knocking?
3. What was there in the room?
4. How did the old man know Alan's name?
5. What sort of products did the old man have for sale? Do you think he had many customers? Why?
6. What is the "life-cleaner"? How much did it cost?
7. What did the old man mean when he said "Young people who need a love potion very seldom have five thousand dollars. Otherwise they would not need a love potion"?

8. What was the old man's sales philosophy?
9. Were the physical effects of the love potion temporary or long-lasting? Slight or great?
10. How will Diana's attitude toward Alan change after she has drunk the potion?
11. Will Diana ever be tired of Alan or become angry with him? Will she ever be unfaithful to him?
12. Where did the old man keep the love potion? How much did it cost? Why do you think it was so inexpensive?
13. Why did the old man say *au revoir*?
14. What does the title of the story imply?

VI. Say according to the text if it is true or false:

1. Alan Austen is an old man.
2. Alan came to the old man to buy a poison.
3. The poison the old man spoke about was possibly just water or didn't exist at all.
4. The old man said the effect of his love potion lasted for ever.
5. Alex couldn't imagine Diana so much in love with him.
6. He decided not to buy the poison.
7. Alan was full of joy as he managed to save his money.

x x x x x

### **Text for Home Reading**

## **THE GIFT OF THE MAGI**

*(After O. Henry)*

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a gray cat walking a gray fence in a gray backyard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only \$ 1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only \$ 1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare – something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an \$ 8 flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

“I buy hair,” said Madame. “Take yer hat off and let’s have a sight at the looks of it.”

Down rippled the brown cascade.

“Twenty dollars,” said Madame, lifting the mass with a practiced hand.

“Give it to me quick,” said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. She was ransacking the stores for Jim’s present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation – as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim’s. It was like him. Quietness and value – the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home she got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

“If Jim doesn’t kill me,” she said to herself, “before he takes a second look at me, he’ll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do – oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?”

At 7 o’clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: “Please God, make him think I am still pretty.”

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two – and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

“Jim, darling,” she cried, “don’t look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn’t have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It’ll grow out again – you won’t mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say ‘Merry Christmas!’ Jim, and let’s be happy. You don’t know what a nice – what a beautiful, nice gift I’ve got for you.”

“You’ve cut off your hair?” asked Jim.

“Cut it off and sold it,” said Della. “Don’t you like me just as well, anyhow? I’m me without my hair, ain’t I?”

Jim looked about the room curiously.

“You say your hair is gone?” he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

“You needn’t look for it,” said Della. “It’s sold, I tell you – sold and gone, too. It’s Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered,” she went on with a sudden serious sweetness, “but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?”

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della.

Then Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

“Don’t make any mistake, Dell,” he said, “about me. I don’t think there’s anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you’ll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first.”

White fingers tore the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails.

For there lay The Combs – the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jeweled rims – just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: “My hair grows so fast, Jim!”

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, “Oh, oh!”

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright spirit.

“Isn’t it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You’ll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it.”

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

“Dell,” said he, “let’s put our Christmas presents away and keep ’em a while. They’re too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on.”

The magi, as you know, were wise men – wonderfully wise men – who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.

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*Vocabulary Notes:*

<b>Magi</b> [ˈmeidʒai]	волхвы	მოგვები
<b>The gift of the magi</b>	дары волхвов	მოგვების საჩუქრები
<b>By bulldozing</b>	путем запугивания, принуждения	დაშინებით, იძულებით
<b>Grocer</b> [ˈgrəʊsə]	бакалейщик	ბაყალი
<b>Butcher</b>	мясник	ყასაბი
<b>Imputation of parsimony</b>	обвинение в скупости	სიძუნწეში დადანაშაულება
<b>Dealing</b> [ˈdi:lɪŋ]	поведение	მოქცევა
<b>Imply</b> [ɪmplaɪ]	подразумевать	გულისხმობა

<b>Flop down</b>	шлепнуться, плюхнуться, свалиться	დავარდნა, ჩავარდნა
<b>Shabby</b> [ˈʃæbi]	убогий, жалкий	საბრალო, საცოდავი
<b>Couch</b> [ˈkaʊtʃ]	кушетка, тахта	ტახტი
<b>Howl</b> [haʊl]	рев, стон	ღრიალი, კვნესა
<b>To instigate</b>	побуждать, провоцировать	პროვოცირება
<b>Sob</b>	рыдание	ღრიალი
<b>Sniffle</b>	сопение	სრუტუნე
<b>To save</b> [seiv]	экономить	დაზოგვა
<b>Expenses</b>	расходы	ხარჯები
<b>Rare</b> [rɛə]	редкий	იშვიათი
<b>Worthy of the honor</b>	заслуживающий уважения	იმსახურებს პატივისცემას
<b>Pier-glass</b> [piəglɑ:s]	трюмо	ტრილიაჟი
<b>Agile</b> [ˈædʒail]	проворный, подвижный	მოძრავი, მოქნილი
<b>To master the art</b>	овладеть искусством	ხელოვნებით დაუფლება
<b>To take a mighty pride in smth.</b>	испытывать громадную гордость за что-либо	დიდი სიამაყის გრძნობა
<b>Airshaft</b>	вентиляционная шахта	სავენტილიაციო მაღარო
<b>Across</b> [əˈkrɒs]	поперек	გავლით
<b>Depreciate</b>	обесценить	გაუფასურება
<b>Janitor</b>	швейцар, дворник, сторож	შვეიცარი, მეუბოვე, დარაჯი
<b>Treasure</b> [ˈtreʒə]	сокровище	განძი
<b>To pile up</b>	накоплять, нагромождать	დაგროვება
<b>Pluck at</b>	дергать, хвататься	რალაცას ჩაეჭიდო
<b>Envy</b>	зависть	შური
<b>Rippling</b>	волнистый (о волосах)	ტალღოვანი, ხვეული
<b>Garment</b> [ˈgɑ:mənt]	одеяние	ჩაცმულობა
<b>Falter</b> [ˈfɔ:ltə]	колебаться	მერყეობა
<b>Splash</b>	брызгать	წუწობა
<b>Worn</b> [wɔ:n]	поношенный	გაცვეთილი
<b>Whirl</b>	кружение, вихрь	ტრიალი, ბრუნვა
<b>Sparkle</b> [spa:kl]	блеск, сверкание	სიბრწყინვალე
<b>Flutter out</b>	выпорхнуть	გამოფრინდე

<b>Chilly</b>	сухой, чопорный	მშრალი, გრილი, ცივი
<b>To have a sight at the looks of it</b>	взглянуть на их вид	შეხელო მათ
<b>To ripple</b>	струиться (о волосах)	დაფენვა (მხრებზე)
<b>To trip</b>	идти быстро и легко, бежать	სწრაფად და მსუბუქად სიარული, სირბილი
<b>To ransack</b>	искать	ძებნა
<b>Fob</b>	карман для часов	ჯიბე საათისთვის
<b>Chaste</b> [tʃeɪst]	строгий, простой	მკაცრი, უბრალო
<b>Proclaiming its value</b>	свидетельствовать (говорить) об их ценности	იყო ძვირფასეულობის მოწმე
<b>Substance</b>	вещество	ნივთიერება
<b>Meretricious ornamentation</b>	показное украшение	სანახაობრივი სამკაული
<b>Applied (to)</b>	применимый (к)	მიღებული
<b>To be anxious (about)</b>	быть озабоченным (обеспокоенным) чем-либо	რალაციით იყო შეწუხებული
<b>He sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap</b>	он иногда смотрел на них тайно из-за старого кожаного ремешка	ზოგჯერ უცურებდა მათ ჩუმრუმად ძველი ტყავის ქაშრის ქვეშიდან
<b>To repair the ravages</b>	устранить ущерб	ზარალს აარიდო
<b>Generosity</b>	щедрость	ხელგამლილობა
<b>Chorus girl</b>	хористка	გუნდში მომღერალი გოგო
<b>Chop</b>	отбивная котлета	დაბერგვილი (კატლეტი) ხორცი
<b>Prayer</b>	молитва	ლოცვა
<b>To be burdened (with)</b>	быть обремененным чем-либо	იყო დამძიმებული (დარღისგან)
<b>As immovable as a setter at the scent of quail</b>	неподвижный как сеттер при запахе перепелки	გაუნძრეველი, როგორც სეტერი, რომელმაც იგრძნო მწერის სუნი
<b>Disapproval</b>	неодобрение	არგამართლება
<b>Christmas Eve</b>	канун рождества	შობის წინა ღამე
<b>Enfold</b> [inˈfəʊld]	обнимать	ჩახუტება

<b>You may see why you had me going a while at first</b>	ты поймешь, почему я сначала слегка растерялся	შენ გამიგებ, ოდნავ რატომ დავიბენი თავიდან
<b>Tear (tore, torn)</b>	рвать	დახევა, დაგლეჯვა
<b>Ecstatic</b>	восторженный	აღფრთოვანებული
<b>Wail</b>	воплъ	ღმუილი
<b>Comb [kəʊm]</b>	гребень	სავარცხელი
<b>Worship</b>	поклоняться, почитать	თაყვანისცემა
<b>Tortoise shell [ˈtɔ:təs ʃel]</b>	панцирь черепахи	კუს ჯავშანი
<b>Vanished</b>	исчезнувший	გამქრალი
<b>Tresses</b>	локоны, распущенные волосы	კულულები, გამლილი თმა
<b>Adorn</b>	украшать	მორთვა
<b>Adornment</b>	украшение	სამკაული
<b>Coveted</b>	желанный	სასურველი
<b>To hug</b>	крепко обнимать	მაგრა ჩახუტება
<b>Dim</b>	тусклый	მკრთალი
<b>Singed</b>	обожженный	დამწვარი, შემომწვარი, გამომწვარი
<b>Palm</b>	ладонь	ხელის გული
<b>Precious metal</b>	драгоценный метал	ძვირფასი მეტალი
<b>To hunt</b>	искать	ძებნა
<b>Obey</b>	повиноваться, подчиняться	დაჯერება, დაქვემდებარება
<b>Tumble down</b>	падать	დავარდნა
<b>Babe in the manger</b>	младенец в яслях (Иисус Христос)	ჩვილი ბაგაში (იესო ქრისტე)
<b>No doubt</b>	без сомнения	უდაოთ, უეჭვოდ
<b>Relate</b>	рассказывать	მოყოლა
<b>Sacrifice</b>	пожертвовать	იმსხვერპლო
<b>Invent</b>	изобретать	გამოგონება

*Answer the following questions:*

1. Why was Della upset? What made her cry?
2. What did she decide to do?
3. What two possessions were the mighty pride of Jim and Della?
4. What present did Della buy for her husband?
5. What was Jim's reaction when he saw his wife's hair cut?
6. What present did Jim give to Della?
7. What shows that their love for each other is sincere?
8. What do you think, why the story is called "The gift of the magi"?



### **Questions and topics for discussion:**

1. What science studies substances?
2. Describe your room. Describe the room you are in now.
3. Describe what you are dressed in? Can you describe your .... (shoes, shirt, trousers .....).
4. What equipment do you use in your speciality (profession)? What parameters must it have?
5. Speak about a good car, computer.
6. What electric appliances do you have at home? What parameters do they have?
7. What building materials can you name? What are their properties? Which is the best building material to your mind?
8. Do you like to wear natural or artificial clothes? Why?
9. Name some metals, precious metals and precious stones.

10. What are the three main states of substances?
11. Describe oil, gold, silver, milk, copper.
12. Name some organic and inorganic substances.
13. Compare different metals.
14. Speak about plastic (its properties, usage).
15. Compare two books shown to you.
16. Describe some thing you want to buy or have recently bought.
17. Imagine that you are going to buy a present to your friend and describe it.
18. Describe some substance / object so that others can guess what it is.
19. Compare two things (substances).
20. Close your eyes. Your groupmates will give you some objects. Try to describe them and then guess what they are.
21. Role play: something has been stolen from you. Describe this thing to a police officer.

## Unit 6

### Professions and Jobs

[pr'əfeɪnɪz ənd dʒəbz]

### Профессии и работа

### პროფესიები და სამსახური

**Director** [di'rektə], **manager** ['mænidʒə], **managing director** ['mænədʒɪ di'rektə],  
**president** ['prezɪdənt]

**Chairman** ['tʃeɪmən]      председатель      თავმჯდომარე

**Chief (engineer...)**      главный инженер      მთავარი ინჟინერი

[ˈtʃ:f'endʒɪniə]

**Commander-in-chief**      главнокомандующий      მთავარსარდალი

[kə'mændə]

**Boss** [bɔs]      начальник, управляющий      უფროსი, ხელმძღვანელი

<b>Secretary</b> [ˈsekrətəri] ( <b>to sm.</b> ), <b>assistant</b> [əˈsistənt]	секретарь, помощник	მდივანი, დამხმარე
<b>Shop-assistant</b> [ˌʃɒp]	продавец	გამყიდველი
<b>Lab- assistant</b> [læb]	лаборант	ლაბორანტი
<b>Assistant teacher</b> [ˈti:tʃə]	младший преподаватель (стажер)	უმცროსი მასწავლებელი, მასწავლებლის ასისტენტი (სტაჟიორი)
<b>Vice ....-</b> [vais]	вице, заместитель	მოადგილე, ვიცე-...
<b>Vice- rector</b> [ˌvais -ˈrektə]	проректор	პრორექტორი
<b>Rector</b> [ˈrektə]	ректор	რექტორი
<b>Deputy</b> [ˈdepju:ti]	заместитель, депутат	მოადგილე
<b>Deputy minister</b> [ˈministə]	зам. министр	მინისტრის მოადგილე
<b>Dean</b> [di:n]	декан	დეკანი
<b>Vice-dean</b> [ˈvais-ˈdi:n]	зам. декан	დეკანის მოადგილე
<b>Head (of...)</b> [hed]	заведующий	გამგე, უფროსი, ხელმძღვანელი
<b>Headteacher</b> [ˈhedˈti:tʃə], <b>principal</b> [ˈprɪnsɪpl]	директор (школы)	დირექტორი (სკოლის)
<b>Owner</b> [ˈounə]	владелец	მფლობელი, პატრონი
<b>Master</b> [ˈma:stə]	хозяин, владелец	პატრონი, ბატონი
<b>Landlord (of a hotel), landlady</b> [ˈlændlɔ:d] [-leidi]	владелец и владелица гостиницы	სასტუმროს პატრონი
<b>Clerk</b> [kla:k]	клерк	კლერკი, საკანცელარიო მუშაკი
<b>Researcher</b> [riˈsə:tʃə]	исследователь	მკვლევარი
<b>Science</b> [saɪəns]	наука	მეცნიერება
<b>Scientist</b> [ˈsaɪəntɪst]	ученый	მეცნიერი
<b>Science</b>		<b>Scientist</b>
<b>Mathematics</b> [ˌmæθiˈmætiks]	-	<b>Mathematician</b> [ˌmæθiˈmætɪʃn]
<b>Physics</b> [ˈfɪzɪks]	-	<b>Physicist</b> [ˈfɪzɪsɪst]
<b>Chemistry</b> [ˈkemɪstri]	-	<b>Chemist</b> [ˈkemɪst]
<b>History</b> [ˈhɪstəri]	-	<b>Historian</b> [hɪsˈtɔ:riən]
<b>Biology</b> [baɪˈɒlədʒi]	-	<b>Biologist</b> [baɪˈɒlədʒɪst]
<b>Astronomy</b> [əsˈtrɒnəmi]	-	<b>Astronomer</b> [əsˈtrɒnəmə]
<b>Geography</b> [dʒɪˈɒɡrəfi]	-	<b>Geographer</b> [dʒɪˈɒɡrəfə]

<b>Philosophy</b> [fi'ləsəfi]	-	<b>Philosopher</b> [fi'ləsəfə]
<b>Economy</b> [i'kɒnəmi]	-	<b>Economist</b> [i'kɒnəmist]
<b>Philology</b> [fi'lələdʒi]	-	<b>Philologist</b> [fi'lələdʒist]
<b>Psychology</b> [sai'kɒlədʒi]	-	<b>Psychologist</b> [sai'kɒlədʒist]
<b>Geology</b> [dʒi'ɒlədʒi]	-	<b>Geologist</b> [dʒi'ɒlədʒist]
<b>Archeology</b> [ˈa:kə'ɒlədʒi]	-	<b>Archeologist</b> [ˈa:kə'ɒlədʒist]

Physicist – ფიზიკ – ფიზიკოსი, მაგრამ physician – врач-терапевт – ექიმი-თერაპევტი
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<b>Doctor</b> [ˈdɒktə]	доктор	ექიმი
<b>Chemist</b>	1. химик, 2. аптекарь	1. ქიმიკოსი, 2. მეაფთიაქე
<b>Ph.D (philosophy doctor)</b>	доктор наук	მეცნიერებათა დოქტორი
[ˈpi'eit] [ˈdi:] [fi'ləsəfi ˈdɒktə]		(ჰუმანიტარულ მეცნიერებებში ან ტოლფასი ჩვენი მეცნიერებათა კანდიდატის)
<b>D.Sci (doctor of science)</b>	доктор наук	მეცნიერებათა დოქტორი (უფრო მაღალი ხარისხია, ვიდრე Ph.D)
[ˈes ˈdi:]		
<b>MA (Master of Arts)</b>	магистр	მაგისტრი (კლასიკური უნივერსიტეტის)
[ˈem ˈei] [ˈma:stə(r) əf ˈa:ts]		
<b>MS (Master of Science)</b>	магистр	მაგისტრი (მეცნიერებათა მაგისტრი)
<b>BA [ˈbi: ˈei] (Bachelor of Arts),</b>	бакалавр	ბაკალავრი
<b>BS [ˈbi: ˈes] (Bachelor of Science)</b>		
[ˈbætʃələ]		
<b>Graduate</b> [ˌgrædʒu:ˈeit] <b>from</b>	окончить (высшее учебное заведение)	დამთავრება (უმაღლესის)
<b>Graduate</b> [ˌgrædʒu:it]	выпускник	კურსდამთავრებული
<b>Undergraduate student</b> [ʌndə-]	студент	სტუდენტი
<b>(post)graduate</b> [ˈpoust] <b>student</b>	аспирант, магистрант	სტუდენტ-მაგისტრანტი, ასპირანტი
<b>Businessman</b> [ˈbiznismən] –	<b>businesswoman</b> [ˌbiznisˈwʊmən]	
<b>Policeman</b> [pəˈli:smən] –	<b>policewoman</b>	
<b>Military man</b> [ˈmilitəri] –	<b>military woman</b>	

**Sportsman** [spɔ:ts] - **sportswoman**

**Salesman** [ˈseɪlsmən]–**saleswoman** продавец – продавщица ვაჭარი

**Clergyman** [ˈklɛ:dʒɪmən] священник მღვდელმსახური

საქმიანობის აღმნიშვნელ სიტყვების ნაცვლად, რომლებიც ნაწილს –**man** შეიცავს, უმჯობესია სხვა ფორმა გამოვიყენოთ, ისე რომ ჩვენი გამონათქვამი ორივე სქესს ეხებოდეს: **business people, chair person.**

**Actor** [ˈæktə] – **actress** [ˈæktrɪs] актер - актрисა მსახიობი (კაცი – ქალი)

**-ess** – მღვდლობითი სქესის არსებითი სახელის სართი

**Artist** [ˈɑ:tɪst] художник ხელოვანი, მხატვარი (ფართო გაგებით)

**Painter** [ˈpeɪntə] художник, маляр მხატვარი

**Sculptor** [ˈskʌlptə] скульптор სკულპტორი

**Architect** [ˈɑ:kɪtəkt] архитектор არქიტექტორი

**Composer** [kəmˈpouzə] композитор კომპოზიტორი

**Musician** [mju:ˈzɪʃn] музыкант მუსიკოსი

**Writer** [ˈraɪtə] писатель მწერალი

**Poet** [ˈpɔɪt] поэт პოეტი

**Playwright** [ˈpleɪˈraɪt] драматург დრამატურგი

**Worker** [ˈwɜ:kə] рабочий მუშა

**Farmer** [ˈfɑ:mə] фермер ფერმერი

**Peasant** [ˈpezənt] крестьянин გლეხი

**Miner** [ˈmaɪnə] шахтер მეშახტე

**Driver** [ˈdraɪvə] водитель, шофер მძღოლი

**Maid** [meɪd] служанка მოსამსახურე (ქალი)

**Servant** [ˈsɜ:vənt] слуга მოსამსახურე (კაცი)

**Cook** [ku:k] повар მზარეული

**Nurse** [nɜ:s] медсестра, няня ექთანი, ძიძა

**Singer** [ˈsɪŋə] певец მომღერალი

**Dancer** [ˈdɑ:nsə] танцор მოცეკვავე

**Lawyer** [ˈlɔ:jə] юрист, адвокат იურისტი, ადვოკატი

**Judge** [dʒʌdʒ] судья მოსამართლე

**Sailor** [ˈseɪlə] моряк მეზღვაური

**Fisherman** [ˈfɪʃmən] рыбак მეთევზე

<b>Hunter</b> [ˈhʌntə]	ოხотნიკ	მონადირე
<b>Journalist</b> [ˈdʒɔːnəlɪst]	журналист	ჟურნალისტი
<b>TV (radio) commentator</b> [ˈtiːˈviː kəmənˈteɪtə] [ˈreɪdiou]	теле – (радио) комментатор	ტელე – (რადიო-) კომენტატორი
<b>Animal – trainer</b> [ˈæniməl – ˈtreɪnə]	дрессировщик	(ცხოველთა) მწვრთნელი
<b>Coach</b> [kəʊtʃ]	тренер	(სპორტული) მწვრთნელი
<b>Clown</b> [klaʊn]	клоун	კლოუნი, ჯამბაზი
<b>Hotel – keeper</b> [houˈtel - ˈkiːpə]	владелец гостиницы	სასტუმროს პატრონი
<b>Librarian</b> [laɪˈbrerɪən]	библиотекарь	ბიბლიოთეკარი
<b>Pilot</b> [ˈpaɪlət]	пилот, летчик	მფრინავი, პილოტი
<b>Conductor</b> [kənˈdʌktə]	1. проводник, 2. дирижер	1. მატარებლის გამცილებელი, 2. დირიჟორი
<b>Air – hostess</b> [ˈeə-ˈhɒstɪs],	стюардесса	სტიუარდესა
<b>flight attendant</b> [flaɪt əˈtendənt]		
<b>Editor</b> [ˈeditə]	редактор	რედაქტორი
<b>Book-keeper</b> [ˌbʊk - ˈkiːpə]	бухгалтер	ბუხჰალტერი
<b>Smith</b> [smɪθ]	кузнец	მჭედელი
<b>Shoemaker</b> [ˈʃuːˈmeɪkə]	сапожник	ხარაზი
<b>Artisan</b> [ˈɑːtɪzən]	ремесленник	ხელოსანი
<b>Occupation</b> [ˌɔkjʊːˈpeɪʃn]	занятие	საქმიანობა
<b>Hobby</b> [ˈhɒbi]	хобби	ხობი
<b>Apply</b> [əˈplaɪ] <b>for a job</b>	обратиться, чтобы получить работу	მიმართო სამუშაოსთვის
<b>Employ</b> [ɪmˈplɔɪ] ( <i>v.</i> ), <b>employment</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	нанимать, брать на работу	დასაქმება, სამსახურში აყვანა
<b>Unemployment</b> [un-]	безработица	უმუშევრობა
<b>Receive unemployment allowance</b> [əˈlauəns] / <b>benefit</b> [ˈbenəfɪt] = <b>be</b> <b>on the dole</b> [dɔʊl]	быть на пособие по безработице	(უმუშევრის) დახმარების მიღება

<b>Unemployed</b>	безработный	უმუშევარი
<b>Employer</b>	работодатель	სამუშაოს მიმცემი
<b>Employee</b>	служащий, сотрудник	მუშაკი, თანამშრომელი
<b>Staff</b> [sta:f], <b>personnel</b> [ˌpɜːsəˈnel]	штат, персонал	თანამშრომელთა შტატი
<b>What are you?</b>	Кто вы по профессии?	რა სპეციალობის ხარ?
<b>What do you do (for a living)?</b>	Чем занимаетесь?	რას აკეთებ? რა საქმიანობას ეწევი? რა შემოსავლის წყარო გაქვს?
<b>Where do you work?</b>	Где работаете?	სად მუშაობთ?
<b>What is your post/position?</b>	Какая у вас должность?	თქვენი თანამდებობა რა არის?
<b>Get a promotion</b> [prəˈmouʃn]	продвижение по службе	დაწინაურება
<b>Mechanical</b> [miˈkænikəl]	механический	მექანიკური
<b>Creative</b> [kriˈeɪtɪv]	творческий	შემოქმედებითი
<b>Salary</b> [ˈsæləri]	зарплата	განაკვეთის მიხედვით ხელფასი
<b>Wages</b> [ˈweɪdʒɪz]	зарплата по выработке	გამომუშავების მიხედვით ხელფასი
<b>High / low salary / wages</b>		
<b>Dismiss</b> [disˈmɪs] ( <i>v.</i> ), <b>dismissal</b> ( <i>n.</i> )	уволить с работы	სამსახურიდან გაშვება, განთავისუფლება
<b>Quit</b> ( <i>v.</i> )	уйти с работы (оставить работу)	სამსახურიდან წასვლა, სამსახურის მიტოვება
<b>Retire</b> [riˈtaɪə]	уйти на пенсию	პენსიაზე გასვლა
<b>Retired (person), pensioner</b> [ˈpenʃənə]	пенсионер	პენსიონერი
<b>Work part / full time</b>	работа на полставки, целую ставку	არასრულ / მთელ განაკვეთზე მუშაობა
<b>Resign</b> [rɪzain]	уйти в отставку	სამსახურიდან გადადგომა

<b>Metallurgist</b> [me'tælədʒɪst]	металлург	მეტალურგი
<b>Arc welder</b> ['ɑ:k 'weldə]	электросварщик	შემღულელებელი
<b>Plumber</b> ['plʌmə]	водопроводчик	წყალსადენის ოსტატი
<b>Gasfitter</b> ['gæsfitə]	газопроводчик	გაზის ოსტატი
<b>Carpenter</b> ['kɑ:pɪntə]	плотник	ღურგალი
<b>Joiner</b> ['dʒɔɪnə]	столяр	ღურგალი
<b>Glazier</b> ['gleɪzjə]	стекольщик	მეშუშე
<b>Electrician</b> [ɪlek'trɪʃn]	электрик	ელექტრიკი
<b>Dressmaker</b> ['dresmeɪkə]	портниха( <i>женского платья</i> )	მკერავი (ქალი)
<b>Tailor</b> ['teɪlə]	портной( <i>мужской одежды</i> )	მკერავი (კაცი)
<b>Beautician</b> [bju:'tɪʃn]	косметолог	კოსმეტოლოგი
<b>Florist</b> ['flɔrɪst]	цветовод	მეყვავილე
<b>Homemaker</b> ['hoummeɪkə], <b>housewife</b> [hauswaɪf]	домохозяйка	დიასახლისი
<b>Waiter, waitress</b> ['weɪtə, 'weɪtrɪs]	официант; официантка	ოფიციანტი კაცი, ოფიციანტი ქალი
<b>Sales person</b> ['seɪlz 'pɜ:sn]	продавец	გამყიდველი
<b>Fire fighter</b> ['faɪə 'faɪtə]	пожарный	მეხანძრე
<b>Executive</b> [ɪg'zekjʊtɪv]	должностное лицо, руководитель	თანამდებობის პირი, ხელმძღვანელი
<b>White-collar workers</b>	«белые воротнички», люди, занятые чистым (не физическим) трудом (клерки в офисах)	“თათრსაყელოიანი მუშები”, ვინც სუფთა არაფიზიკურ შრომის ეწევა
<b>Blue-collar workers – people occupied in some kind of dirty or physical work</b>		

x x x x x

**Read the article, and do the assignments which follow:**

### Unemployment

I read in the papers recently that there are 500 million marginal people on the earth. There are people the world can't use. There is no economic need for them – no jobs, not

enough natural resources, not enough arable land, not enough food. Socially and economically, they are useless, if not worse, since they cause political unrest, high taxes and slums.

More and more Americans will become marginal people very soon now; if the economists are correct. These are the people who will have to move off the employment list as inflation shakes down the economy. Official economists are talking about unemployment going as high as 6 per cent before inflation begins to slow down, and pessimists are talking about 7 per cent.

And afterward, what? Shall we go on, old style, abusing them as idlers, welfare bums, failures, shameful takers of government handouts, life's losers, people who have let the country down?

These traditional views rest on the notion that work is good and that people who work are, therefore, good, too, and ought not to be burdened with the support of people who don't work (bad).

Surely, however, this traditional view fails to recognize economic reality. If more people must go into the margin to halt inflation, then the people who go are doing great service to the state.

What, after all, is so ethical about work when the country is crying out for unemployment to save its economy from being inflated into an uneconomy?

If the country needs fewer workers, not more, it has every reason to preach the nobility of the nonwork ethic. Uncle Sam needs idlers. That should be its slogan.

*(After "The Evil of Work" by Russel Baker)*

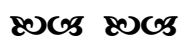
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*Vocabulary Notes:*

<b>Marginal</b>	незначительный, несущественный, უმნიშვნელო маргинальный	
<b>Arable land</b> [ˈæɹəbl lænd]	пахотная земля	
<b>Slums</b> [slʌmz]	трущобы	მიერუებული ადგილი
<b>Move off</b>	выбывать, покидать	მიტოვება
<b>Employment</b>	служба, работа	მსახურობა, სამსახური
<b>Unemployment</b>	безработица	უმუშევრობა
<b>Abuse</b>	оскорблять, ругать	შეურაცხყოფის მიყენება,

<b>Idler</b> [ˈaɪdlə]	бездельник	შეურაცხყოფა უსაქმური
<b>Welfare bums (slang)</b>	безработный, нуждающийся, получающий помощь от государства (часто презрительный термин)	უბუშევიანი, გაჭირვებული, რომელიც სახელმწიფოსგან ღებულობს დახმარებას
<b>Failure</b> [ˈfeɪljə]	неудачник	უიღბლო
<b>Shameful</b>	позорный	სამარცხინო
<b>Handouts</b>	подаяние, милостыня, (одежда, пища выдаваемые бесплатно с целью благотворительности)	დახმარება
<b>Let down</b>	унижать, вредить репутации	დამცირება, რეპუტაციის შელახვა
<b>To be burdened with</b>	быть обремененным чем-либо	
<b>Halt</b> [hɔ:lt]	останавливать	გაჩერება
<b>Notion</b>	понятие, идея	გაგება, იდეა, აზრი
<b>Margin</b>	поле, предел, грань	მინდორი (წიგნისა, რვეულისა)
<b>Uneconomy</b>	неэкономность, безхозяйственность	არაეკონომიური
<b>To preach</b>	проповедовать, поучать	ქადაგება
<b>Nobility</b>	благородство, великодушие	კეთილშობილობა

Uncle Sam: a personification of the US Government, represented as a tall thin man with a white beard wearing a blue swallow – tailed coat, red-and-white striped trousers, and a tall hat with a band of stars.



### Exercises:

*I. Give words corresponding to the following definitions:*

1. (of land) fit for ploughing (a...). 2. a street or district of dilapidated, dirty, overcrowded houses (s...). 3. say severe, cruel or unjust things about sb (a...). 4. a lazy person; a loafer,

time-waster (i...). 5. sth given free, such as food, clothes, etc, especially to someone poor (h...). 6. idea, conception; opinion (n...). 7. load or trouble (b...). 8. morally good; in accordance with a moral code (e...). 9. advise or urge others to accept a thing or course of behaviour; advocate (p...).

*II. Explain the following word units, suggest their Russian equivalents.*

economic need; natural resources; arable land; political unrest; high taxes; official economists; traditional views; economic reality.

*III. Explain the following:*

1. Why marginal people are generally considered socially and economically useless, if not worse?
2. Why marginal people are viewed as dangerous?
3. What accounts for the rapid growth in the number of marginal people?
4. Why public is negative in its attitude towards marginal people?

x x x x x

**Read the text:**

### **THE LOVE OF A BUSY BUSINESSMAN**

*(After O'Henry)*

Pitcher was the chief clerk in the office of Harvey Maxwell. Mr. Maxwell was a businessman. He bought and sold things. He also helped other businessmen buy and sell things. Pitcher was an important man in Maxwell's office.

This morning Pitcher's face had a look of surprise on it. The clerk did not usually show his feelings, but today his boss came into the office late. It was half past nine. And he had his pretty young secretary with him.

With a quick "Good morning," Maxwell hurried to his desk. Hundreds of papers waited for him there. He started working on them at once. The secretary was beautiful. She did not look or dress like a secretary. Her simple clothes and hair were most pleasant to see. And this morning her face shone with a gentle light. Her eyes were bright and full of dreams.

Pitcher noticed this. He also noticed a difference in her ways this morning. She usually went straight into her office. Today she stayed near Mr. Maxwell's desk. But he did not notice her. As soon as he sat down at the desk, Maxwell became a machine.

At last he saw her. "Well, what is it?" he asked sharply. His cold grey eyes looked at her. He wanted to get on with his work.

"Nothing," said the secretary. She moved away with a little smile. "Mr. Pitcher," she said to the clerk. "Did Mr. Maxwell say anything about the agency yesterday?"

"About getting another secretary, Miss Leslie? Yes, he did. He told me to telephone the agency. I did. I told them to send me a secretary this morning. But it's a quarter to ten now, and no one has arrived yet."

"I will just continue my work then," said the secretary. "Just until the new secretary arrives." She went into her office. She hung up her hat and started to work.

Perhaps you have never seen a really busy New York businessman at work. "One crowded hour of busy life," the old song says. Mr. Maxwell's hours were crowded. The minutes and seconds were fighting for a place in them.

This day was one of Harvey Maxwell's busiest days. The telephone rang all the time. He was buying, selling, arranging. Visitors came in, visitors went out. The clerks in the office flew about like leaves in a strong wind. Pitcher's usually calm face still looked very surprised.

Business was fast and fierce. Prices flew up and down and Maxwell had to follow them exactly. He moved among his business machines and telephones. He gave orders...he was in another world.

In the middle of all this, the businessman suddenly noticed a stranger. It was a young woman with a lot of bright yellow hair. She wore a large green hat and a white coat with a black collar. Pitcher came and stood at her side.

"A young lady from the agency, sir," he said. "About the job."

Maxwell turned round in his big chair. His hands were full of papers. "What job?" he asked.

"The job of secretary, sir," said Pitcher. "You asked me to call the agency yesterday. You wanted to hire a new secretary this morning."

"Pitcher, you are going mad," said the businessman. "I do not need a new secretary. Miss Leslie has been with us for a year. I am very pleased with her. She is a very good secretary. Madam," he said to the young woman. "I am sorry. There is no job here." He

turned to Pitcher. "Tell the agency that you made a mistake. Don't bring any more secretaries in here."

The young woman left the office. There was an angry look on her face under the large hat.

"Oh dear," thought Pitcher. "The boss has forgotten!"

Business continued. Orders to buy and sell flew about like birds. Maxwell still worked like a machine. He worked quickly and exactly. This was the world of business and money. There was no time for feelings.

At one o'clock the clerks went out to get something to eat. The office was a little calmer. Maxwell did not go out. Businessmen do not have time to eat in the middle of a working day. He stood by his desk. His hands were full of letters and telegrams. His pen was behind his ear. His hair hung untidily all over his face.

The window of his office was open. Spring was coming to the city. Through the window came the soft, sweet smell of spring flowers. For a second Maxwell stood still. He knew that scent. His secretary always wore it. The scent brought Miss Leslie into Maxwell's busy thoughts. Suddenly the world of business appeared very unimportant. She was in the next office and he had something to say to her.

"I'll do it now," Maxwell said to himself. "Why didn't I do it long ago?"

He hurried into his secretary's office. She looked up at him with a smile. Her face was pink and her eyes were honest and kind. Maxwell sat down on the edge of her desk. His hands were still full of papers. His pen was still behind his ear.

"Miss Leslie," he began. "I can't stay here long. I am very busy but I want to say something to you. Will you be my wife? I haven't had time to talk to you about love in the ordinary way but I really do love you. Answer quickly, please. I must get back to work."

"Oh, what are you talking about?" cried the secretary. She looked at him with round, surprised eyes.

"Don't you understand?" went on Maxwell. "I wanted to tell you. I wanted for a long time; I was too busy before...Oh, dear. There's another telephone call for me now. Tell them to wait a minute, Pitcher...Miss Leslie, will you marry me?"

The secretary acted in a very strange way. At first she was too surprised to move or speak. Then she cried. Then she smiled, like the sun after rain. One of her arms slipped round the businessman's neck.

"I know now," she said softly. "You're so busy, dear. It really makes you forget everything, doesn't it? Harvey, have you really forgotten? We got married yesterday!"

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*Vocabulary Notes:*

<b>Sharply</b> [ʃɑ:pli]	резко	ბასრად
<b>He wanted to get on with his work</b>	он хотел продолжить работу	მას უნდოდა სამსახურის გაგრძელება
<b>Crowded</b> [ˈkraudid]	переполненный, битком набитый	გადატენილი, გადაჭედილი
<b>Her eyes were bright and full of dreams</b>	её взгляд был радостным и мечтательным	მისი მზერა იყო მხიარული და მეოცნებე
<b>He also noticed difference in her ways</b>	он также заметил разницу в её поведении	მან აგრეთვე შეამჩნია განსხვავება მის ქცევაში
<b>Flew about like leaves in a strong wind</b>	летали повсюду, как листья на ветру	ყველგან დაფრინავდნენ, როგორც ფოთლები ქარზე
<b>Fast and fierce</b>	стремительный и жестокий	სწრაფი და სასტიკი
<b>To follow</b>	следовать	მიყოლა, მიდენა
<b>To hire</b>	нанимать	დაქირავება
<b>His hair hung untidily all over his face</b>	его волосы неопрятно свисали на лицо	მისი თმა არააკურატულად მიყრილი იყო სახეზე
<b>Scent</b> [sent]	аромат, запах	არომატი, სუნი
<b>On the edge of</b>	на краю	საზღვარზე, განაპირას, ნაპირზე
<b>In the ordinary way</b>	при обычных обстоятельствах	ჩვეულებრივ გარემოებაში
<b>One of her arms slipped round the businessman's neck</b>	одна из её рук плавно обняла бизнесмена	ერთი ხელით მან ნაზად მოეხვია ბიზნესმენს კისერზე

*Answer the following questions:*

1. What were Mr. Pitcher, Mr. Maxwell and Miss Leslie's jobs?
2. What kind of company did they work at?
3. Why did Mr. Pitcher's face had a look of surprise that morning?

4. What was the morning day like for Mr. Maxwell?
5. Why did Mr. Maxwell turn the woman down?
6. What made Mr. Maxwell remember about Miss Leslie?
7. What did he want to tell her?
8. Why was she surprised to hear that?

x x x x x

## **Read the text:**

### **Success Story**

*(After J. G. Cozzens)*

I met Richards ten or more years ago when I first went down to Cuba. He was a short, sharp-faced, agreeable chap, then about 22. He introduced himself to me on the boat and I was surprised to find that Panamerica Steel was sending us both to the same job.

Richards was from some not very good state university engineering school. Being the same age myself, and just out of technical college I saw at once that his knowledge was rather poor. In fact I couldn't imagine how he had managed to get this job.

Richards was naturally likable, and I liked him a lot. The firm had a contract for the construction of a private railroad. For Richards and me it was mostly an easy job of inspections and routine paper work. At least it was easy for me. It was harder for Richards, because he didn't appear to have mastered the use of a slide rule. When he asked me to check his figures I found his calculations awful. "Boy," I was at last obliged to say, "you are undoubtedly the silliest white man in this province. Look, stupid, didn't you ever take arithmetic? How much are seven times thirteen?" "Work that out," Richards said, "and let me have a report tomorrow."

So when I had time I checked his figures for him, and the inspector only caught him in a bad mistake about twice. In January several directors of the United Sugar Company came down to us on business, but mostly pleasure; a good excuse to get south on a vacation. Richards and I were to accompany them around the place. One of the directors, Mr. Prosser was asking a number of questions. I knew the job well enough to answer every sensible question – the sort of question that a trained engineer would be likely to ask. As it was Mr. Prosser was not an engineer and some of his questions put me at a loss. For the

third time I was obliged to say, “I’m afraid I don’t know, sir. We haven’t any calculations on that”. When suddenly Richards spoke up.

“I think, about nine million cubic feet, sir”, he said. “I just happened to be working this out last night. Just for my own interest”.

“Oh,” said Mr. Prosser, turning in his seat and giving him a sharp look. “That’s very interesting, Mr. Richards, isn’t it? Well, now, maybe you could tell me about - ”

Richards could. Richards knew everything. All the way up Mr. Prosser fired questions on him and he fired answers right back. When we reached the head of the rail, a motor was waiting for Mr. Prosser. He nodded absent-mindedly to me, shook hands with Richards. “Very interesting, indeed,” he said. “Good-bye, Mr. Richards, and thank you.”

“Not, at all, sir,” Richards said. “Glad if I could be of service to you.”

As soon as the car moved off, I exploded. “A little honest bluff doesn’t hurt; but some of your figures...!”

“I like to please,” said Richards grinning. “If a man like Prosser wants to know something, who am I to hold out on him?”

“What’s he going to think when he looks up the figures or asks somebody who does know?”

“Listen, my son,” said Richards kindly. “He wasn’t asking for any information he was going to use. He doesn’t want to know these figures. He won’t remember them. I don’t even remember them myself. What he is going to remember is you and me.” “Yes,” said Richards firmly. “He is going to remember that Panamerica Steel has a bright young man named Richards who could tell him everything, he wanted – just the sort of chap he can use; not like that other fellow who took no interest in his work, couldn’t answer the simplest question and who is going to be doing small-time contracting all his life.”

It is true. I am still working for the Company, still doing a little work for the construction line. And Richards? I happened to read in a newspaper a few weeks ago that Richards had been made a vice-president and director of Panamerica Steel when the Prosser group bought the old firm.

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*Vocabulary Notes:*

<b>Agreeable chap</b>	приятный (милый) парень	სასიამოვნო ბიჭუნა
<b>He introduced himself</b>	он представился мне	ის წარვსა ჩემს წინაშე

to me

<b>State university engineering school</b>	школа, готовящая строителей дорог, мостов	სკოლა, რომელიც ამზადებს ინჟინრებს
<b>At once</b>	сейчас же	ახლავე
<b>His knowledge was rather poor</b>	его знания были достаточно плохими	მისი ცოდნა საკმაოდ ღარიბული იყო
<b>To be naturally likable</b>	обладать природным обаянием	იყო ბუნებით სასიამოვნო
<b>Routine</b> [ru:ti:n]	обычный, шаблонный	ჩვეულებრივი, შაბლონური
<b>At least</b>	по крайней мере	ბოლოს და ბოლოს
<b>To master the use of a slide rule</b>	овладеть пользованием логарифмической линейки	ფლობდეს ლოგარითმული სახაზავის მოხმარება
<b>I was at last obliged to say</b>	в конце концов я был обязан сказать	ბოლოს და ბოლოს მე ვალდებული ვიყავი მეთქვა
<b>Undoubtedly</b> [ʼʌnˈdaʊtɪdli]	несомненно	უეჭვოდ
<b>Stupid</b>	глупый, тупой	სულელი, უჭკვო
<b>Didn't you ever take arithmetic?</b>	вы что не изучали математику?	თქვენ რა მათემატიკას არ სწავლობდით?
<b>Work out</b>	решать (задачу)	ამოცანის გამოყვანა
<b>On business</b>	по делу	საქმით
<b>A good excuse</b>	удачная отговорка (повод, предлог)	იღბლიანი საბაბი
<b>Sensible</b>	разумный	გრძნობიარე, კეთილგონიერი
<b>Trained engineer</b>	обученный, квалифицированный инженер	ნასწავლი, კვალიფიცირებული ინჟინერი
<b>To put smb. at a loss</b>	ставить кого-то в затруднительное положение, ставить в тупик	ჩიხში მიყენება
<b>To give a sharp look</b>	бросить проницательный взгляд	ჩამწვლომი მზერა
<b>To fire questions on smb.</b>	забрасывать кого-то вопросами	კითხვები დაყარო
<b>To nod absent-mindedly</b>	рассеянно кивнуть	დაბნეულად თავის დაკვრა
<b>To shake hands</b>	пожать руки	ხელის ჩამორთმევა
<b>Indeed</b>	в самом деле	დანამდვილებით

<b>Explode</b>	взорваться	აფეთქება
<b>Glad if I could be of service to you</b>	рад был бы вам услужить	მოხარული ვიქნები, რომ თქვენ მოგემსახუროდ
<b>Bluff</b>	блеф, обман	ბლეფი, ტყუილი
<b>Hurt</b> [hə:t]	вредить	მავნებლობა
<b>To please</b>	угождать	სიამოვნების მიყენება
<b>Grin</b>	скалить зубы, ухмыляться	კბილების კრეჭა
<b>To hold out</b>	удерживать, задерживать	დაკავება
<b>Firmly</b>	решительно, твердо	დარწმუნებულად, მტკიცედ
<b>To take no interest in smth.</b>	не интересоваться чем-либо	არაფრიდ არ დაინტერესდე

## ჯჯჯ ჯჯჯ

### Exercises:

I. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:

приятный парень	სასიამოვნო ბიჭი
с удивлением обнаружил	გაკვირვებით აღმოაჩინა
обладать природным обаянием	იყო ბუნებით სასიამოვნო
обычная канцелярская работа	ჩვეულებრივი საკანცელარიო სამსახური
уметь пользоваться логарифмической линейкой	შეძლო ლოგარითმული სახაზავის მოხმარება
проверить цифры	ციფრების შემოწმება
поймать на ошибке	შეცდომაზე დაჭერა
хороший повод	კარგი საბაბი
ряд вопросов	ბევრი კითხვა
квалифицированный инженер	კვალიფიციური ინჟინერი
ставить в тупик	ჩინში მოყენება
засыпать вопросами	კითხვებით დაყრა
рассеянно кивнуть	დაბნეულად თავის დაკვრა
способный молодой человек	ნიჭიერი ახალგაზრდა ადამიანი

не интересоваться работой	არ იყო დაინტერესებული მუშაობით
мелкая работа	წვრილი სამუშაო
бросить проницательный взгляд	ჩამწვდომი მზერა

*II. Translate the sentences into English:*

1. Тогда ему было около 22 лет, он был маленького роста приятным парнем с заостренным лицом.  
მაშინ ის დაახლოებით 22 წლის იყო, პატარა სიმაღლის, სასიამოვნო გარეგნობით ბიჭი, მოგრძო სახით.
2. Будучи сам того же возраста и только что окончив технический колледж я сейчас же понял, что у него были довольно таки плохие знания.  
რადგანაც მე მისი ასაკის ვიყავი და ახალი დამთავრებული მქონდა ტექნიკური კოლეჯი მე იმწუთასვე მივხვდი, რომ მას საკმაოდ ღარიბი ცოდნა ჰქონდა.
3. Ричардс обладал природным обаянием и мне он очень нравился.  
რიჩარდს სასიამოვნო ბუნება ჰქონდა და მე ის ძალიან მომწონდა.
4. Ричардсу было труднее, потому что оказалось он не умеет пользоваться логарифмической линейкой.  
რიჩარდს უჭირდა, რადგანაც აღმოჩნდა, რომ მას არ შეუძლია ლოგარითმული სახაზავის მოხმარება.
5. Как оказалось мистер Просет не был инженером и некоторые его вопросы ставили меня в тупик.  
როგორც აღმოჩნდა მისტერ პროსეტი არ იყო ინჟინერი და ზოგიერთი მისი შეკითხვა მე ჩიხში მაყენებდა.
6. Он рассеянно кивнул мне головой и пожал Ричардсу руку.  
მან დაბნეულად დამიკვრა თავი და რიჩარდს ხელი ჩამოართვა.
7. Я знал работу достаточно хорошо, чтобы ответить на любой разумный вопрос, на который вероятно бы ответил только квалифицированный инженер.  
მე საკმაოდ კარგად ვიცოდი სამუშაო, რომ პასუხი გამეცა ნებისმიერ ხანდაზმულ შეკითხვას, რომელზეც პასუხის გაცემა მხოლოდ კვალიფიციურ ინჟინერს შეეძლო.

*III. Make up word – combinations using the words from two columns:*

agreeable	questions
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slide	hands
a good	absent-mindedly
trained	excuse
to fire	rule
to nod	arithmetic
to shake	on business
to take	engineer
come	chap

*IV. Give Russian and Georgian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own:*

ten or more years ago, a sharp-faced chap, being the same age, just out of technical college, found his calculations awful, take arithmetic, every sensible question, be of service, just the sort of chap he can use, introduce smb. to smb., master smth., come on business, accompany smb., be likely to do smth, shake hands with smb., take a lot (some, no) interest in smth.

*V. Questions on the text:*

1. Describe Richards (age, appearance, education, manners).
2. Why was the author surprised that Richards had managed to get the same job?
3. What kind of work were the young men to do?
4. How did they cope with it?
5. Why did the author call his colleague stupid? Did it annoy Richards?
6. Why did the young men find themselves in the company of Mr. Prosser?
7. Why was the author unable to answer Mr. Prosser's questions?
8. What did Richards do and how did he explain his behaviour to the author later?
9. What made Mr. Prosser give Richards a sharp look?
10. What opinion had Mr. Prosser formed of the two young men, judging by the way he said good-bye to them?
11. Why did the author explode?
12. Whose theory proved to be right?

*VI. Discuss the following:*

1. Explain why Richards took little trouble to do his job properly. What was Richards' ambition? Do you approve of his behaviour? Give your reasons.
2. What to your mind is more important: to have good knowledge in the field you work or the ability to be equal to the situation?
3. Can we say that Richards was a good "psychologist"? In what way did it help him?
4. Who had more advantages to win the top job: Richards or his friend? Do you agree that hard work plus knowledge always leads to success?
5. Give a character sketch of
  - a) Richards, b) the other young man, c) Mr. Prosser
6. Whom do you think are the author's sympathies with? Prove your choice.

x x x x x

**Read the text:**

### **Hunting for a Job**

*(After S. S. McClure)*

I reached Boston late that night and got out at the South Station. I knew no one in Boston except Miss Bennet. She lived in Somerville, and I immediately started out for Somerville. Miss Bennet and her family did all they could to make me comfortable and help me to get myself established in some way. I had only six dollars and their hospitality was of utmost importance to me.

My first application for a job in Boston was made in accordance with an idea of my own. Every boy in the Western states knew the Pope Manufacturing Company, which produced bicycles. When I published my first work "History of Western College Journalism" the Pope Company had given me an advertisement, and that seemed to be a "connection" of some kind. So I decided to go to the offices of the Pope Manufacturing Company to ask for a job. I walked into the general office and said that I wanted the president of the company.

"Colonel Pope?" asked the clerk.

I answered, "Yes, Colonel Pope."

I was taken to Colonel Pope, who was then an alert energetic man of thirty-nine. I told Colonel Pope, by way of introduction, that he had once given me an advertisement for a little book I had published, that I had been a College editor and out of a job. What I wanted was work and I wanted it badly.

He said he was sorry, but they were laying off hands. I still hung on. It seemed to me that everything would be all up with me, if I had to go out of that room without a job. I asked him if there wasn't anything at all that I could do. My earnestness made him look at me sharply.

"Willing to wash windows and scrub floors?" he asked.

I told him that I was, and he turned to one of his clerks.

"Has Wilmot got anybody yet to help him in the downtown rink?" he asked.

The clerk said he thought not.

"Very well," said Colonel Pope. "You can go to the rink and help Wilmot out for tomorrow."

The next day I went to the bicycle rink and found that what Wilmot wanted was a man to teach beginners to ride. I had never been on a bicycle in my life nor even very close to one, but in a couple of hours I had learnt to ride a bicycle myself and was teaching other people.

Next day Mr. Wilmot paid me a dollar. He didn't say anything about my coming back the next morning, but I came and went to work, very much afraid that I would be told I wasn't needed. After that Mr. Wilmot did not exactly engage me, but he forgot to discharge me, and I came back every day and went to work. At the end of the week Colonel Pope sent for me and placed me in charge of the uptown rink.

Colonel Pope was a man who watched his workmen. I hadn't been mistaken when I felt that a young man would have a chance with him. He often used to say that "water would find its level", and he kept an eye on us. One day he called me into his office and asked me if I could edit a magazine.

"Yes, sir," I replied quickly. I remember it flashed through my mind that I could do anything I was put at – that if I were required to run an ocean steamer I could somehow manage to do it. I could learn to do it as I went along. I answered as quickly as I could get the words out of my mouth, afraid that Colonel Pope would change his mind before I could get them out.

This is how I got my first job. And I have never doubted ever since that one of the reasons why I got it was that I had been “willing to wash windows and scrub floors”. I had been ready for anything.

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*Vocabulary Notes:*

<b>Reach</b> [ri:t]	добираться	მიწვდომა
<b>To get oneself established</b>	найти работу	იშოვო სამსახური
<b>Start out (for)</b>	направиться куда-либо	მიემგზავრო სადმე
<b>Hospitality</b>	гостеприимство	სტუმართმოყვარეობა
<b>To be of utmost importance to smb.</b>	быть чрезвычайно важным для кого-то	იყო ძალიან მნიშვნელოვანი ვილაცისთვის
<b>Application</b>	заявление	განცხადება
<b>In accordance with</b>	в соответствии с	შესაბამისად
<b>Advertisement</b> [ədˈvɜ:tismənt]	реклама	რეკლამა
<b>Connection</b>	связь	კავშირი
<b>Alert</b> [əˈlɜ:t]	живой, проворный	ცოცხალი
<b>Introduction</b>	представление (официальное)	წარდგენა (ოფიციალური)
<b>Editor</b>	редактор	რედაქტორი
<b>To be out of job</b>	быть безработным	იყო უმუშევარი
<b>Laying off hands</b>	увольняя рабочих	მუშების განთავისუფლება
<b>Hang on</b>	настаивать	დაძალება
<b>Everything would be all up with me</b>	для меня все будет кончено	ჩემთვის ყველაფერი დამთავრდება
<b>Earnestness</b>	серьезность	სერიოზულობა
<b>To scrub</b>	тереть, чистить	გაწმენდა, გაფხეკა
<b>Downtown</b>	деловая часть города	ქალაქის საქმიანი ნაწილი
<b>Bicycle rink</b>	велосипедный трек	ველოტრეკი
<b>To engage smb.</b>	нанимать кого-то	აყვანა, დაქირავება
<b>To discharge</b>	освободить, уволить	განთავისუფლება, დათხოვება

<b>In charge of</b>	ответственный за, заведующий	პასუხისმგებელი
<b>Uptown</b>	жилая часть города	ქალაქის საცხოვრებელი ნაწილი
<b>Level</b>	уровень	ღონე
<b>To edit magazine</b>	издавать журнал	ჟურნალის გამოქვეყნება
<b>To keep an eye on smb.</b>	следить за кем-либо	თვალყურის დევნა
<b>Require</b>	требовать	მოთხოვნა
<b>To run an ocean steamer</b>	управлять океанским пароходом	გემით მართვა
<b>As I went along</b>	по ходу дела	საქმიდან გამომდინარე
<b>To change one's mind</b>	изменить решение	გადაწყვეტილების შეცვლა
<b>Doubt</b> [daut]	сомневаться	ეჭვობა
<b>Since</b>	с тех пор	იმ დღიდან
<b>Reason</b> [ri:zn]	причина	მიზეზი
<b>To be ready for anything</b>	БЫТЬ ГОТОВЫМ НА ВСЁ	იყო მზად ყველაფრისთვის
<b>To get words out of mouth</b>	ВЫМОЛВИТЬ СЛОВО	გამოთქვა სიტყვა

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### Exercises:

*1. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:*

направиться куда-либо	სადღაც მიემგზავრო
помочь устроиться	დაეხმარო მოწყობაში
гостеприимство	სტუმართმოყვარეობა
было необычайно важно	უზომოდ მნიშვნელოვანი იყო
в соответствии с	შესაბამისად
рекламировать	რეკლამირება
энергичный человек	ენერგიული ადამიანი
без работы	უსამსახურო
никогда в жизни я не ездил на велосипеде	არასოდეს ცხოვრებაში არ მიმგზავრია ველოსიპედით
нанимать на работу	სამსახურში აყვანა

увольнять	დათხოვება, განთავისუფლება
назначить заведующим	გამგელ დანიშვნა
издавать журнал	ჟურნალის გამოქვეყნება
вымолвить	გამოთქვა
передумать	გადაიფიქრო
с тех пор не сомневался	იმ დღიდან ეჭვი არ მეპარებოდა

## II. Translate the following sentences into English:

1. Я не знал никого в Бостоне кроме мисс Бенет. Она жила в Сомервилле и я сейчас же направился туда.

მე მის ბენეტის გარდა ბოსტონში არავის ვიცნობდი. ის სომერვილში ცხოვრობდა და მე იმ წუთასვე იქ გავემგზავრე.

2. Мисс Бенет и её семья сделали всё что могли, чтобы мне было удобно и помогли мне устроиться на работу.

მის ბენეტმა და მისმა ოჯახმა რაც შეეძლო ყველაფერი გააკეთა იმისათვის, რომ მე ვგრძნობდე თავს მოხერხებულად და დამეხმარეს სამსახურის მოწყობაში.

3. Меня отвели к полковнику Поупу, который тогда был проворным и энергичным человеком 39 лет.

მე მიმიყვანეს პოლკოვნიკ პოუპთან, რომელიც მაგ დროისათვის იყო 39 წლის ენერგიული ადამიანი.

4. Он сказал, что ему жаль, но они увольняют рабочих.

მან თქვა, რომ წუხს იმის გამო, რომ მუშები გაანთავისუფლეს.

5. Мне казалось, что для меня всё будет кончено, если я выйду из этой комнаты без работы.

მე მეგონა, რომ ჩემთვის ყველაფერი დამთავრდებოდა, თუ მე ამ ოთახიდან უმუშევარი გამოვიდოდი.

6. Моя серьезность заставила его посмотреть на меня проницательно.

ჩემმა სერიოზულობამ აიძულა მას შემოეხედა ჩემთვის განსაკუთრებული ყურადღებით.

7. На следующий день я пошёл на велосипедный трек и обнаружил, что Уилсону нужен человек для обучения новичков езде на велосипеде.

მეორე დღეს მე წავიდე ველოტრეკზე და აღმოვაჩინე, რომ უილსონს ველოსიპედით მართვის სასწავლებლად ადამიანი სჭირდებოდა.

8. В конце недели полковник Поуп послал за мной и назначил меня заведующим трека в жилой части города.

კვირის ბოლოს ოლკოვნიკმა პოუპმა ჩემს მოსაყვანად გამოგზავნა და ღამნიშნა ტრეკის გამგედ ქალაქის საცხოვრებელ ნაწილში.

*III. Give Russian and Georgian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own:*

got out at, to make me comfortable, in some way, application for a job, wanted it badly, scrub floors, in a couple of hours, kept an eye on us, it flashed through my mind, be ready for anything.

*IV. Fill in the gaps with the necessary prepositions:*

1. My application ..... a job ..... Boston was made ..... accordance ..... an idea ..... my own.
2. I decided to go ..... the offices ..... the Pope manufacturing Company to ask ..... a job.
3. I had only six dollars and their hospitality was ..... utmost importance ..... me.
4. I was taken ..... Colonel Pope, who was then an alert energetic man ..... thirty-nine.
5. I told Colonel Pope, ..... way ..... introduction, that he had once given me an advertisement ..... a little book I had published, that I had been a College editor and ..... a job.
6. He said he was sorry, but they were laying ..... hands.
7. .... the end ..... the week Colonel Pope sent ..... me and placed me ..... charge ..... the uptown rink.

*V. Paraphrase the sentences using phrases from the text:*

1. Miss Bennet and her family *received him very warmly*.
2. Everybody tried *to help him to find some kind of job*.
3. Their concern and hospitality were *very important to him*.

4. He told Colonel Pope that he *was unemployed and needed any job very much*.
5. The man thought that *everything would be lost for him* if he didn't find a job.
6. He had *never ridden a bicycle* in his life.
7. Mr. Wilmot *neither employed the journalist nor dismissed him*.
8. The boss *made him responsible for the uptown rink*.
9. *It suddenly occurred to him* that his willingness to do any job had helped him to get his first job.

*VI. Questions on the text:*

1. Who was the only person the author knew in Boston?
2. In what way was he received? Why was it of great importance to him?
3. What made the young man apply for a job to the Pope Company?
4. Describe Colonel Pope. What was his answer to the young man's story?
5. Why did the man still hang on though he found out that the company was laying off hands?
6. What question did the Colonel ask him?
7. Describe the young man's job and say whether he coped with it.
8. Why did the man continue to work for Mr. Wilmot though he hadn't engaged him?
9. What happened at the end of the week?
10. What job was the young man offered in the long run?
11. What idea flashed through his mind?
12. What helped the man to get his first job?

*VII. Discuss the following:*

1. Say if you agree or disagree with the statement "water would find its level".  
How do you understand it? Give examples in support of your opinion.
2. Give a character sketch of the main hero. Compare him with the heroes of the story "Success Story."
3. Is the problem of unemployment acute nowadays? Why? Is this problem interconnected with the problem of wasted lives? Give your grounds.

*VIII. Retell the text using the following:*

to start for, to make smb. comfortable, to get oneself established, to be of utmost importance to smb., application for a job, to give smb. an advertisement, alert, by way of introduction, out of a job, to want badly, to lay off hands, to hang on, earnestness, to look sharply at, willing, to scrub floors, to ride, to engage, to discharge, to place in charge of, to have a chance with, to keep an eye on, to edit, to flash through one's mind, to run an ocean steamer, to get the words out of one's mouth, to change one's mind, to doubt.

x x x x x

### **Text for Home Reading:**

#### **I'LL HAVE A JOB**

I was fed up. As I lay awake in the grey small hours of an autumn morning, I reviewed my life. Three a. m. is not the most propitious time for meditation, as everyone knows, and a deep depression was settling over me.

I had just returned from New York, where the crazy cyclone of gaiety in which people seem to survive over there had caught me up, whirled me round, and dropped me into a London which seemed flat and dull. I felt restless, dissatisfied, and abominably badtempered.

"Surely," I thought, "there's something more to life than just going out to parties that one doesn't enjoy, with people one doesn't even like? What a pointless existence it is. Something has to be done to get me out of this rut."

In a flash it came to me:

"I'll have a job!"

I said it out loud and it sounded pretty good to me. The more I thought about it, the better I liked the idea, especially from the point of view of making some money.

My mind sped away for a moment and showed me visions of big money – furs – a new car – but I brought it back to earth with an effort to wonder for what sort of a job I could possibly qualify. I reviewed the possibilities. I turned to cooking. That was the thing which interested me most and about which I thought I knew quite a lot. I had had a few lessons from my "Madame" in Paris, but my real interest was aroused by lessons I had at a wonderful school of French cookery in London.

When I told my family that I was thinking of taking a cooking job, the roars of laughter were rather discouraging. No one believed that I could cook at all, as I had never had a chance to practice at home.

I had no idea of exactly what job I should apply for, so I decided to go to an agency. Finding the place quite easily, swung breathlessly through a door which said, "Enter without knocking, if you please."

The woman at the desk wondered why I was looking for this sort of job, so I felt impelled to give her a glimpse of a widowed mother and a desperate struggle against poverty. I almost made myself believe in the pathos of it, and we had to cough and change the subject. I felt even more pathetic when she told me that it would be difficult to get a job without experience or references. I wondered whether I ought to leave, when the telephone on her desk rang. While she was conducting a cryptic conversation she kept looking at me. Then I heard her say:

"As a matter of fact, I've got someone in the office at this very moment who might suit." She wrote down the number, and held out to me, saying: "Ring up this lady. She wants a cook immediately. In fact, you would have to start tomorrow by cooking a dinner for ten people. Could you manage that, I wonder?"

"Oh, yes," said I – never having cooked for more than four in my life. I thanked her, paid a shilling, and dashed out to the nearest telephone box. I collected my wits, powdered my nose, took a deep breath, and dialed the number. A voice at the other end informed me that I was speaking to Miss Cattermole. I assured her, that I was just what she was looking for. I asked her what tomorrow's menu was to be.

"Just a small, simple dinner: lobster cocktails, soup, turbot<sup>1</sup>, pheasants with vegetables, fruit salad, and a savoury."<sup>2</sup> In a rather shaken voice, I promised to turn up in good time, and rang off.

I spent the hours feverishly reading cookery books, and wishing that I hadn't let myself in for something about which I knew so little. My family were still highly amused at the idea of my attempting it, which didn't increase my confidence.

Miss Cattermole lived in Dulwich<sup>3</sup> in one of the most depressing houses ever seen. I rang at the back door and the depression of the house closed round me as I was admitted by a weary-looking maid. The maid condescended to show me the kitchen, though I could see that she hated me at sight.

As I started to prepare the dinner I began to share her gloomy view of myself, as it dawned on me more and more that high-class cooking lessons are all very well, but a little

practical experience is necessary, too, in order to cope with surprises that crop up in the kitchen.

I made the fruit salad first. That was quite easy, as all I had to do was cut up fruit and mess it together in a bowl. After a bit, I got tired of scraping the pith off oranges, and pushed the rest, all stringy, to the bottom of the dish, and rushed the pheasants into the oven. Then I washed the vegetables, and put them on to cook. Feverishly I opened the tins of lobster. Then I was confronted by the problem of how on earth one made a lobster cocktail. I started to make them into a sticky mess with some tomato, thinned down with a little of my life-blood. At this critical point the mistress of the house careered into the kitchen in full feather.

The first impression one got of Miss Cattermole was like looking into one of those kaleidoscopes. Out of this profusion, a pair of beady eyes darted a piercing glance of horror at my poor lobster.

“Oh, dear!” she shrieked. “Is that the way you make lobster cocktails? It looks funny to me; oh dear, I do hope everything’s going to be all right. Are you *sure* – ” I saw the eyes jump round to where the turbot lay keeping warm. I had cooked it too early and it was getting harder and drier every minute while it waited for its sauce to cover it.

These was a desperate sinking feeling inside me, and I had to call to my aid all the bluff I knew.

With the air of one who knows so much that it’s almost boring, I said:

“Well, actually, I was talking to a famous chef <sup>4</sup> the other day, and he gave me a special recipe – they use it at the Savoy, <sup>5</sup> too. I thought you might like to have it, but, of course, if you prefer the ordinary -” I shrugged my shoulders, watching her closely from under scornfully-drooped eyelids. Would she buy it? She did. She retired under my supercilious gaze and I returned to my lobster. Dinner was at eight and it was already a quarter past seven. I rushed about, snatching things away here and there as they were about to burn. I turned the oven down, and put everything inside to keep warm, and stood back wiping the sweat off my brow and feeling rather pleased with myself. Even the savoury was ready – it would be pretty dried up by the time it appeared, but it was a load off my mind.

I only just got this done before the hired waitress came in with the trays and said that the guests were there and they wanted to serve dinner. I was carefully carving the pheasants, calculating that it would take them a little time to drink their soup and toy with their fish while conversing elegantly of this and that. However, they evidently had nothing

to say to each other and were concentrating on quick eating, because the waitress came back for the pheasants long before they were ready. Black despair settled on me and I could have cried with exhaustion and hatred of everybody in this horrible house.

Things were a little calmer now, except that dirty dishes kept on arriving in astonishing numbers and being piled up wherever there was an inch of space.

The washing up took an age. I began to regret the days when a huge dish was put on the middle of the table and everyone helped themselves with their fingers. It was finished at last, and we all sat down in the sitting-room round the unappetizing remains of the feast, “hotted up” by me. I was too tired to do more than drink a cup of tea. I thought it was about time I was going, so I went and put my coat on. I wanted to know what time I had to come the next day, and nothing had as yet been settled about my wages. “She” was in the hall, her plumage drooping a little from the strain of sociability. “Ah, Miss Dickens!” her voice was higher than ever, and falsely bright. “I really don’t think I can settle anything permanent just now, so pleased don’t bother to come tomorrow. Thank you so much. Good night!” She pressed some coins into my hand and vanished into the drawing-room. When the door had shut behind her, I opened my hand on two half-crowns and a shilling.

“Well,” I said to myself, as I banged out into the Dulwich night, “what a cheek, eh?”

(From *One Pair of Hands* by Monica Dickens)

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1. turbot – a large, flat sea-fish with firm, white flesh, much valued as food.
  2. savoury – a small highly seasoned dish served as a course at the end of a dinner, in contrast to the sweet.
  3. Dulwich – part of London.
  4. chef (*French*) – the head cook (in full, “chef de cuisine”).
  5. Savoy – one of the biggest hotels and restaurants in London.

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*Vocabulary Notes:*

<b>To be fed up</b>	быть сытым по горло	იყო ყელამდე მაძლარი
<b>Propitious</b> [prəˈpiːʃəs]	благоприятный	სასიამოვნო
<b>Whirl</b> [wɜːl]	кружить(ся)	ტრიალი
<b>Flat</b> [flæt]	скучный, унылый	მოსაწყენი
<b>Abominably</b> [əˈbɒmɪnəbli]	отвратительно, противно	საზიზღრად
<b>Pointless</b>	бессмысленный	უაზრო
<b>Rut</b>	привычка, рутина	ჩვევა

<b>Point of view</b>	точка зрения	თვალსაზრისი
<b>Speed away (sped, sped)</b>	поспешно направляться	უეცრად გაემგზავრო
<b>Effort</b>	попытка, усилие	ცდა
<b>Wonder</b> [ˈwʌndə]	интересоваться	დაინტერესება
<b>Turn to</b>	обратиться к	მიმართო
<b>To arouse interest</b>	пробуждать интерес	ინტერესის გამოწვევა
<b>Cookery</b> [ˈkʊkəri]	кулинария	კულინარია
<b>Roar</b> [rɔː] <b>of laughter</b>	взрыв смеха	სიცილის წასკლომა
<b>Apply for a job</b>	обращаться за работой	სამსახურის თხოვნა
<b>Swing (swung) through the door</b>	пройти мерным шагом через дверь	სრული ნაბიჯით გავლა კარამდე
<b>To feel impelled</b>	почувствовать себя принужденным	იგრძნო იძულებულად
<b>To give a glimpse</b>	дать некоторое представление о чём-либо	მისცე რაიმე წარმოდგენა რაღაცაზე
<b>Reference</b>	рекомендация	რეკომენდაცია
<b>Cryptic</b>	таинственный, скрытый	საიდუმლო, ჩაკეტილი
<b>As a matter of fact</b>	дело в том	საქმე იმაშია
<b>Suit</b> [sju:t]	соответствовать, подходить	შესაფერისობა
<b>Manage</b>	суметь сделать что-либо	შეძლო რამის გაკეთება
<b>Dash out</b>	броситься, ринуться	შევარდნა, გავარდნა
<b>To assure</b>	уверять, убеждать	დარწმუნება
<b>Lobster</b>	омар	კიბო
<b>Turbot – a large, flat sea – fish with firm, white flesh, much valued as food</b>		
<b>Pheasant</b> [ˈfeznt]	фазан	ხოხობი
<b>Savoury</b> [ˈseivəri]	острое блюдо подаваемое до обеда или перед десертом	მწარე საჭმელი, რომელსაც მიირთმევენ ან სადილის, ან დესერტის წინ
<b>Ring off</b>	вешать трубку	ყურმილის დადება
<b>Feverishly</b>	лихорадочно	კანკალით
<b>To make money</b>	зарабатывать деньги	ფულის გამოიმუშავება
<b>Confidence</b>	уверенность	დარწმუნება
<b>To be admitted by smb.</b>	быть принятым кем-либо	იყო მიღებული

<b>Weary-looking</b>	выглядевший утомлѣнно, устало	დაღლილად გამოიყურებოდე
<b>Condescend</b> [ˌkɒndɪˈsend]	снисходить, удостоить	კადრება
<b>It dawned</b> [daʊnd] <b>on me</b>	меня осенило, стало ясным	აშკარა იყო
<b>In order to</b>	для того, чтобы	იმისთვის, რომ
<b>To cope with</b>	справиться с, преодолеть	მორევა, გამკვლავება, გადალახვა
<b>Crop up</b>	неожиданно обнаруживаться; возникать	უეცრად აღმოჩენა
<b>Mess</b>	беспорядок, приводить в беспорядок, месиво	აურზაური
<b>Sticky mess</b>	липкое месиво	წებოვანი ჭყავი
<b>Career</b> [kəˈrɪə]	быстро двигаться, нестись	ჩქარი მოძრაობა
<b>To scrap the pith off oranges</b>	вырезать сердцевину апельсинов	ფორთოხლის შუაგულის ამოღება
<b>Stringy</b>	волокнистый	ბუსუსიანი
<b>To rush</b>	поспешно выполнять что-либо	სასწრაფოდ რამის კეთება, იჩქარო
<b>In full feather</b>	в полном параде, во всем блеске	მთელი თავისი სიბრწყინვალით
<b>Profusion</b>	изобилие, богатство, чрезмерная роскошь	სიმდიდრე
<b>To dart a piercing glance</b>	метнуть пронизывающий взгляд	შეხედვა
<b>Shrill</b>	пронзительно кричать	წივილი, კივილი
<b>To shrug one's shoulders</b>	пожать плечами	მხრების აჩეჩვა
<b>Scornfully-drooped eyelids</b>	презрительно-опущенные веки	საეჭვოდ დაწეული ქუთუთოები
<b>Supercilious gaze</b>	высокомерный (презрительный) взгляд	თავდაჯერებული გამოხედვა
<b>To turn down</b>	убавить (свет, газ)	მოკლება, დაწევა (შუქის, გაზის)
<b>Snatch</b>	хватать	დაჭერა
<b>Appear</b>	появляться	გამოჩენა

<b>It was a load off my mind</b>	точно камень с души свалился	თითქოს ლოდი მომწყდა გულიდან, მომეშვა
<b>To toy (with)</b>	вертеть в руках	ხელში ტრიალი
<b>Long before</b>	задолго до	დიდი ხნის წინ
<b>Despair</b>	отчаяние	იმედგაცრეება
<b>Exhaustion</b>	изнеможение, истощение	დასუსტება, გამოფიტვა
<b>To pile up</b>	складывать	დაწყობა
<b>Feast</b>	пир, праздник	ქეიფი, დღესასწაული
<b>Wages</b>	заработная плата	ხელფასი
<b>To settle</b>	решать (вопрос)	გადაწყვეტა (საკითხის)
<b>Plumage</b> [ˈpluːmɪdʒ]	оперенье	შებუმბლვა
<b>Sociability</b> [ˌsəʊʃəˈbɪləti]	общительность	კარგი მოსაუბრე
<b>Bang (out)</b>	хлопнуть дверью	კარის მიჯახუნება
<b>Cheek</b>	наглость	თავხელი

**ზღ ზღ**

## **Exercises:**

I. *Give Russian and Georgian equivalents for the following words and expressions:*  
to be fed up, a pointless existence, point of view, cookery, apply for job, to get a job without experience and references, in full feather, effort, to arouse interest, cryptic, suit, as a matter of fact, ring off, shrill, to shrug one's shoulders, appear, it was a load off my mind, despair, long before, sociability, it dawned on me.

II. *Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:*

быть сытым по горло	იყო ყელამდე მაძლარი
благоприятный	შესაფერისი
точка зрения	თვალსაზრისი
попытка	ცდა
интересоваться	დაინტერესება
пробуждать интерес	ინტერესის გამოწვევა
кулинария	კულინარია

взрыв смеха	სიცილის წასკლომა
обращаться за работой	მიმართვა სამსახურის თაობაზე
уверять	დარწმუნება
вешать трубку	ყურმილის დადება
преодолеть	გადალახვა
липкое месиво	წებოვანი ჭყავი
в полном параде	მთელი თავის სიბრწყინვალით
пожать плечами	მხრების აჩეჩვა
высокомерный взгляд	თავდაჯერებული გამოხედვა
изнеможение	დასუსტება, გამოფიტვა
заработная плата	ხელფასი
общительность	კარგი მოსაუბრე
праздник	დღესასწაული

### III. Translate the following sentences into English:

1. Чем больше я думала об этом, тем больше нравилась мне эта идея, в особенности с точки зрения зарабатывания денег.  
რაც უფრო მეტს ვფიქრობდი ამაზე, მით უფრო მეტად მომწონდა ეს იდეა, განსაკუთრებით ფულის გამომუშავების თვალსაზრისით.
2. Мой настоящий интерес был пробужден занятиями в чудесной школе французской кулинарии в Лондоне.  
ჩემი ნამდვილი ინტერესი იყო გამოწვეული ფრანგული კულინარიის შესანიშნავი ლონდონის სკოლაში მეცადინეობით.
3. Дело в том, что в данный момент у меня в офисе находится кто-то, кто мог бы вам подойти.  
საქმე იმაშია, რომ ახლა ჩემს ოფისში იმყოფება ის, ვინც თქვენ გამოგადგებოდად.
4. Я убедила ее, что я как раз то, что она ищет и спросила каким должно быть завтрашнее меню.  
მე დავარწმუნე ის, რომ მე ზუსტად ის ვარ, ვისაც ის ეძებს და ვკითხე როგორი უნდა ყოფილიყო ხვალინდელი მენიუ.
5. Фактически вы должны начать завтра с приготовления обеда на десять человек.  
Мне интересно, могли бы вы справиться с этим?

ფაქტიურად ხვალღან თქვენ უნდა დაიწყოთ საჭმლის მომზადება ათ კაცზე. მაინტერესებს, შესძლებთ თუ არა ამასთან განმკვლავებას?

6. В этот критический момент хозяйка дома принеслась в кухню в полном параде. ამ კრიტიკულ მომენტში დიასახლისი შევარდა სამზარეულოში მთელი თავისი სიბრწყინვალით.

7. Довольно дрожащим голосом я пообещала появиться во время и повесила трубку.

საკმაოდ აკანკალებული ხმით მე შევპირდი მას ღროზე მისვლას და ღაკვიდე ყურმილი.

8. Когда блюдо было готово, у меня точно камень с души свалился.

როდესაც საჭმელი მზად იყო მე თითქოს გულზე მომეშვა.

*IV. Make up word-combinations using the word from two columns:*

pointless	cocktail
point of	one's shoulders
to arouse	of view
road of	before
apply for	mess
sticky	interest
in full	of laughter
to shrug	a job
long	feather
lobster	existence

*V. Answer the following questions:*

1. Give the contents of the story in a nutshell and say whether you think there are any important problems in it.
2. What is your opinion of Miss Dickens' decision to become a cook?
3. Is it possible to say that her kitchen career is amusing? What would you say about it.
4. What dishes had Miss Dickens to cook for the dinner?
5. Can you say that her first cooking experience was successful?
6. Read the episodes which show the author's irony.



## Questions and topics for discussions:

1. What are you?
2. What are your family members?
3. Do you like your profession?
4. Is your profession the same as your parents' one(s)?
5. Is it prestigious? Is it well-paid?
6. What kind of work do you like mechanical or creative?
7. Do you like housework?
8. What kind of housework do you especially like (hate)?
9. Did you choose your profession yourself? Did anybody influence your choice?
10. How important is work for people? Is it equally important for men and women?
11. Are there as many professions today as decades (centuries) ago? Name some old and newest professions.
12. What professions are dangerous?
13. What professions are especially prestigious? Why?
14. Whom did you want to become when a child? Why did you change up your mind?
15. Where would you like to work?
16. Have you already had any work experience? If so, what was it?
17. What are white-collar and blue-collar workers?
18. Will you agree to work long hours (to stay at work after the official hours) if you aren't paid for that?
19. Do you have any hobbies?
20. Name some famous people and their professions and jobs.
21. Speak about your family members' and friend's professions and jobs.
22. Imagine you are a boss. Write an "advertisement" about some staff member you need.
23. Comment on your choice of job and speciality.
24. Speak about the problems of gender (sex) and career.
25. Describe different professions without naming them. Let your groupmates guess them.
26. Role play: job interview - employer and employee.

27. Speak about the reasons of requalification.
28. Describe the employment situation in your country. Express your attitude towards unemployment.
29. Speak about social benefits that companies, in your point of view, should provide.
30. Speak about your dream job (the job you'd be very glad to have).
31. Where would you prefer to work at home or in the office? Why?

## **Unit 7**

### **House and Flat**

### **Дом и квартира**

### **სახლი და ბინა**

**Detached house**

особняк

კერძო სახლი

[di'tæt[t 'haus]		
<b>Block of flats, <i>ამერ.</i></b>	многоквартирный дом	მრავალსართულიანი ბინა
<b>apartment house</b> [ˈbɪk əv 'flæts, ə'pɑ:tmənt 'haus]		
<b>Week-end house</b> [ˈwi:k'ənd 'haus]	загородный дом, дача	ქალაქგარეთ სახლი
<b>country house</b>		
<b>Semi-detached house, <i>ამერ.</i></b>	дом на две семьи	დუბლექსი
<b>duplex</b> [ˈsemi di'tæt[t 'haus, 'dju:pleks]		
<b>Cottage</b> [ˈkɒtɪdʒ]	коттедж, небольшой старый дом в сельской местности	კოტეჯი
<b>Skyscraper</b> [skai'skreɪpə]	небоскреб	ცათამბჯენი
<b>Bungalow</b> [ˈbʌŋgələʊ]	бунгало, современный одноэтажный дом	ბუნგალო
<b>Mansion</b> [ˈmænsjən]	большой дорогой особняк	დიდი კერძო სახლი
<b>Dwelling, lodging</b> [ˈdwelɪŋ, ˈlɒdʒɪŋ]	жилище	საცხოვრებელი
<b>House</b> [haus]	дом для одной семьи ( <i>имеющий два этажа и более</i> )	სახლი
<b>Home</b> [houm]	дом – место, где живут ( <i>любое здание, квартира</i> )	სახლი
<b>Home <i>ამერ.</i></b>	жилое здание	საცხოვრებელი სახლი
<b>Flat, <i>ამერ.</i> apartment</b> [flæt, ə'pɑ:tmənt]	квартира	ბინა
<b>Extension</b> [iks'tenʃən]	пристройка	მიშენება
<b>Balcony</b> [ˈbælkəni]	балкон	აივანი
<b>Roof</b> [ru:f]	крыша	სახურავი
<b>Loft, garret</b> [lɒft, 'gærət]	чердак	სხვენი
<b>Attic</b> [ˈætɪk]	мансарда	მანსარდა
<b>Cellar</b> [ˈselə]	погреб, подвал	სარდაფი
<b>Chimney</b> [ˈtʃɪmni]	дымоход, труба	საჭაერო
<b>Aerial</b> [ˈɛəriəl]	антенна	ანტენა
<b>Shutters</b> [ˈʃʌtəz]	ставни	დარაბა

<b>Window</b> [ˈwindəʊ]	окно	ფანჯარა
<b>Blind</b> [blaɪnd], <i>ამერ. window shade</i> [ˈwindəʊ ˈʃeɪd]	жалюзи, штора	ჟალუზი
<b>Porch</b> [pɔːtʃ]	крыльцо	აივანი
<b>Window-sill</b> [sɪl]	подоконник	ფანჯრის რაფა
<b>Verandah</b> [viˈrændə]	веранда, лоджия	ლოჯი
<b>Basement</b> [ˈbeɪsmənt]	подвал	სარდაფი
<b>Foundation</b> [ˌfaʊnˈdeɪʃn]	фундамент	საძირკველი
<b>Floor, storey</b> [flɔː, ˈstɔːri]	этаж	სართული
<b>Floor</b> [flɔː]	пол	იატაკი
<b>Ceiling</b> [ˈsiːlɪŋ]	потолок	ჭერი
<b>Ground floor</b> [ˈgraʊnd ˈflɔː]	нижний, первый этаж	პირველი სართული
<b>First floor</b> [ˈfɜːst ˈflɔː]	второй этаж	მეორე სართული
<b>Top floor</b> [ˈtɒp ˈflɔː]	верхний, последний этаж	ბოლო სართული
<b>Stair</b> [steɪ], <b>step</b> [step]	ступенька	საფეხური
<b>Stairs</b> [steɪz]	лестница	კიბე
<b>Downstairs</b> [ˈdaʊnˈsteɪz]	в нижнем этаже	ქვემო სართულზე
<b>Upstairs</b> [ˈʌpˈsteɪz]	в верхнем этаже	ზემო სართულზე
<b>Wall</b> [wɔːl]	стена	კედელი
<b>Door</b> [dɔː]	дверь	კარები
<b>Threshold</b> [ˈθreʃhɔːld], <b>door-sill, door-step</b>	порог	კარში, შესასვლელში
<b>Entrance</b> [ˈentrəns]	вход	შესასვლელი
<b>Exit</b> [ˈeksɪt]	выход	გასასვლელი
<b>Back-door</b> [ˈbæk ˈdɔː]	чёрный ход	უკანა შესასვლელი
<b>Passage, corridor</b> [ˈpæsɪdʒ, ˈkɔːrɪdə]	коридор	დერეფანი
<b>Hall</b> [hɔːl]	прихожая	შემოსასვლელი
<b>Cloak-room</b> [ˈkləʊk ˈrʊm]	раздевалка	გასახდელი ოთახი
<b>Study</b> [ˈstʌdi]	кабинет	კაბინეტი
<b>Drawing-room</b> [ˈdrɔːɪŋ ˈrʊm]	рабочий кабинет	სამუშაო კაბინეტი
<b>Dining room</b> [ˈdaɪnɪŋ ˈrʊm]	столовая	სასადილო
<b>Living room</b> [ˈlɪvɪŋ ˈrʊm],	гостиная	სასტუმრო ოთახი

**sitting room**

<b>Bedroom</b> [ˈbedrʊm]	спальня	საძინებელი ოთახი
<b>Nursery</b> [ˈnɜːsri]	детская	საბავშვო ოთახი
<b>Kitchen</b> [kɪtʃn]	кухня	სამზარეულო
<b>Bathroom</b> [ˈbɑːθrʊm]	ванная	სააბაზანო
<b>Closet (store-room, lumber-room)</b> [ˈkloʊzɪt, ˈstɔːrʊm, ˈlʌmbə ˈrʊm]	чулан	საკუჭნაო
<b>Pantry, larder, box-room</b> [ˈpæntri, ˈlɑːdə, ˈbɒksrʊm]	кладовая	განჯინა
<b>Central heating system</b> [ˈsentrəl ˈhiːtɪŋ ˈsɪstəm]	центральная отопительная система	ცენტრალური გათბობა
<b>Autonomous heating</b> [ɔːˈtɒnəməs]	отопление (собственное)	გათბობა
<b>Stove</b> [stəʊv]	печь	ქურა
<b>Refuse chute</b> [ˈrefjuːs ˈtʃuːt]	мусоропровод	ნაგავსაყრელი
<b>Fence</b> [fens]	забор, изгородь, ограда	ღობე
<b>Gate</b> [geɪt]	ворота, калитка	ჭიშკარი
<b>Garage</b> [ˈgærɑːʒ]	гараж	მანქანის სადგომი
<b>Hedge</b> [hedʒ]	живая изгородь	ცოცხალი ღობე
<b>Smoking-room</b> [ˈsmoʊkɪŋ]	комната для курения, курилка	ოთახი მწვეველთათვის
<b>Lavatory, toilet</b> [ˈlævətəri, ˈtoɪlɪt]	туалет	საპირფარეშო
<b>WC (water closet)</b> [dʌbljuːˈsiː]	туалет (общественный)	საპირფარეშო
[ˈwɔːtə ˈkləʊzət], <b>ladies / gentlemen's room, restroom</b>		
<b>Kennel</b> [kenl]	собачья будка	საძაღლე
<b>Yard</b> [jɑːd]	двор	ეზო
<b>Court</b> [kɔːt]	спортивная площадка	სპორტული მოედანი
<b>Garden</b> [gɑːdn]	сад	ბაღი
<b>Orchard</b> [ˈɔːtʃəd]	фруктовый сад	ხილის ბაღი
<b>Kitchen garden</b> [ˈkɪtʃn]	огород	ბოსტანი

'ga:dn]		
<b>Lawn</b> [lɔ:n]	ლუჯაიკა, გაზონ	გაზონი
<b>Pond</b> [pɒnd]	პრუდ	ტბორი
<b>Well</b> [wel]	კოლოდეც	ჭა
<b>Ring the bell</b> ['rɪŋ ðə 'bel]	პოზვონიტი (უ ვოდა)	ზარის დარეკვა
<b>Knock at the door</b> ['nɒk ət ðə 'dɔ:]	პოსტუჩატი ვ დვერი	კარზე დაკაკუნება
<b>Bang the door</b> ['bæŋ ðə 'dɔ:]	ხლოპნუტი დვერიუ	კარის მიჯახუნება
<b>Lock (unlock) the door</b> ['lɒk (ʌn'lɒk) ðə 'dɔ:]	ზაპირატი (ოტპირატი) დვერი	კარის ჩაკეტვა (გაღება)
<b>To let a room, amer. to rent a room</b> [tə 'let ə 'rum, tə 'rent ə 'rum]	სდავატი ვნაემ კომნატი	ბინის გაქირავება
<b>The house is to (be) let</b> [ðə 'haus iz tə (bi) 'let]	დომ სდაეტსა	ბინა ქირავდება
<b>Lodger, amer. roomer</b> [lɒdʒə, 'ru:mə]	კვარტირანტი	მღემური
<b>Conveniences</b> [kən 'vi:njənsiz]	უდობსვა	პირობები
<b>Air-conditioner</b> [eə-kən 'di:nə]	კონდიციონერი	კონდიციონერი
<b>Electricity</b> [əlɛkt 'risiti]	ელექტრიჩესტვო	ელექტროლობა
<b>Lift (Br.E.), elevator (Am.E.)</b>	ლიფტი	ლიფტი
<b>I live <u>at</u> (number) 5, Watson street. But I live <i>on</i> (Am.E.) / <u>in</u> (Br.E.) Watson street. My flat is on the .....floor (storey).</b>		

## HALL

### ПРИХОЖАЯ

### შემოსასვლელი, ჰოლი

<b>Hall stand</b>	ვეშალკა	საკიდი
<b>Coat hanger</b> ['kəʊt 'hæŋə]	ვეშალკა	ჩამოსაკიდი
<b>Hall mirror</b> ['hɔ:l 'mirə]	ზერკალო	სარკე
<b>Telephone</b> ['telifəʊn]	ტელეფონი	ტელეფონი
<b>Chest of drawers</b> ['tʃest əv 'drɔ:z]	ტუმბა ს ვიდვიჟნიმი იაშიკამი	კამოდი
<b>Carpet</b> ['kɑ:pɪt]	კოვერ	ხალიჩა

<b>Step</b> [step]	ступенька	საფეხური
<b>Front door</b> [ˈfrʌnt ˈdɔː]	входная дверь	შემოსასვლელი კარი
<b>Door lock</b> [ˈdɔː ˈlɒk]	дверной звонок	კარის საკეტი
<b>Key</b> [kiː]	ключ	გასაღები
<b>Door handle</b> [ˈdɔː ˈhændl]	ручка двери	კარის სახელური
<b>Spyhole</b> [ˈspaɪhoʊl]	«глазок» в двери	ჭუჭრუტანა
<b>Electricity meter</b> [ɪlektˈrɪsɪti ˈmiːtə]	счётчик электроэнергии	მრიცხველი
<b>Bell</b> [bel]	звонок	ზარი
<b>Papered wall</b> [ˈpeɪpəd ˈwɔːl]	стена, оклеенная обоями	შპალერით გადაკრული კედელი
<b>Whitewashed wall</b> [ˈwaɪtʃɔːld ˈwɔːl]	побелённая стена	გათეთრებული კედელი
<b>Wall paper</b>	шпалёры, обои	შპალერი
<b>Mat</b> [mæt]	циновка, коврик	ნოხი

## LIVING ROOM (LOUNGE)

### ГОСТИНАЯ

### სასტუმრო ოთახი

<b>Furniture</b> [ˈfɜːnɪtʃə]	мебель	ავეჯი
<b>Wall unit</b> [ˈwɔːl ˈjuːnɪt]	мебельная стенка	კარადა
<b>Desk</b> [desk]	письменный стол	საწერი მაგიდა
<b>Chair</b> [tʃeə]	стул	სკამი
<b>Armchair</b> [ˈɑːmtʃeə]	кресло	სავარძელი
<b>Sofa, settee</b> [ˈsəʊfə, seˈtiː]	диван	ტახტი
<b>Bookcase</b> [ˈbʊkkeɪs]	книжный шкаф	წიგნების კარადა
<b>Bookshelf</b> [ˈbʊkʃelf]	книжная полка	წიგნების თარო
<b>Coffee table</b> [ˈkɒfi ˈteɪbl]	журнальный столик	საჟურნალო მაგიდა
<b>Ashtray</b> [ˈæʃtreɪ]	пепельница	საფერფლე
<b>Fireplace</b> [ˈfaɪəpleɪs]	камин	ბუხარი
<b>Standard [ˈstændəd] lamp, standing lamp, амер. floor lamp</b>	торшер	ტორშერი

<b>Reading lamp, table lamp</b>	настольная лампа	მაგიდის ლამფა
<b>Wall lamp</b> [ˈwɔ:l ˈlæmp]	бра	ბრა
<b>Plug</b> [plʌg]	штепсель	შესაერთებელი
<b>Electric bulb</b> [iˈlektrik ˈbʌlb]	электрическая лампочка	ნათურა
<b>Switch</b> [switʃ]	выключатель	გამომრთველი
<b>Switch on</b> [ˈswitʃ ˈon]	включать	ჩართვა
<b>Switch off</b> [ˈswitʃ ˈof]	выключать	გამორთვა
<b>Spacious room</b> [ˈspeɪʃəs ˈru:m]	просторная комната	დიდი (ფართო) ოთახი
<b>Tiny room</b> [ˈtaɪni ˈru:m]	маленькая комната	პაწაწინა ოთახი
<b>Cosy room</b> [ˈkouzi ˈru:m]	уютная комната	მყუდრო ოთახი
<b>Untidy room</b> [ˈʌn ˈtaɪdi ˈru:m]	неопрятная комната	აწეწილი ოთახი
<b>Furnish the room</b> [ˈfɜːniʃ ðə ˈru:m]	обставлять комнату мебелью	ავეჯით ოთახის მორთვა
<b>Lustre</b> [ˈlʌstə], <b>chandelier</b> [ˈʃændəliə]	люстра	ჭალი
<b>Tidy</b> [taɪdi]	аккуратный	აკურატული
<b>Curtains</b> [ˈkɜːtnz]	занавески	ფარდები
<b>TV set</b> [ˈtiːviː set]	телевизор	ტელევიზორი
<b>Radio set</b> [ˈreɪdiou]	радио	რადიო
<b>Cassette recorder</b> [rɪˈkɔːdə]	магнитофон (кассетный)	მაგნიტოფონი
<b>Compact disk player</b>	проигрыватель компакт дисков	CD პლეიერი
<b>Video cassette recorder / player</b>	видеомагнитофон	ვიდეომაგნიტოფონი
<b>Record player</b>	проигрыватель (пластинок)	ფირსაკრავი

## DINING ROOM

### СТОЛОВАЯ

#### სასადილო ოთახი

<b>Sideboard</b> [ˈsaɪdbɔːd]	буфет, сервант	სერვანდი, ბუფეტი
<b>Dining table</b> [ˈdaɪnɪŋ ˈteɪbl]	обеденный стол	სასადილო მაგიდა
<b>Diner set</b> [ˈdaɪnə ˈset]	набор посуды для обеда	სადილის სერვიზი

<b>Place, place setting, cover</b> [pleis, 'pleis 'setiŋ, 'kʌvə]	место за столом прибор (обеденный)	ადგილი მაგიდასთან მოწყობილობა, (სასადილო) ჭურჭელი
<b>Place mat</b> ['pleis 'mæt]	салфетка ( <i>под блюдо</i> )	ხელსახოცი
<b>Napkin, serviette</b> ['næpkin, sə:wi'et]	салфетка	ხელსახოცი
<b>Tablecloth</b> ['teiblklɒθ]	скатерть	სუფრა
<b>Table decoration</b> ['teibl dekə'reiʃn]	украшение стола ( <i>цветы и т. п.</i> )	მაგიდის მორთვა
<b>Toothpick</b> ['tu:θpik]	зубочистка	კბილსაჩიჩქნი

## BEDROOM

## СПАЛЬНЯ

### სადინებელი ოთახი

<b>Bed</b> [bed]	кровать	საწოლი
<b>Double bed</b> ['dʌbl 'bed]	двуспальная кровать	ორკაციანი საწოლი
<b>Wardrobe</b> ['wɔ:droub]	гардероб	კარადა
<b>Linen shelf</b> ['linin 'ʃelf]	полка для белья ( <i>в гардеробе</i> )	თეთრეულის თარო
<b>Bedside cabinet</b> ['bedsaid 'kæbinit]	тумбочка у кровати	ტუმბო
<b>Dressing stool</b> ['dresɪŋ 'stu:l]	табурет	ტაბურეტი
<b>Dressing table</b> ['dresɪŋ 'teibl]	туалетный столик	ტრილიაჟის მაგიდა
<b>Dressing table mirror</b> ['dresɪŋ 'teibl 'mirə]	зеркало туалетного столика	ტრილიაჟის სარკე
<b>Blanket</b> ['blæŋkit]	шерстяное одеяло	შალის საბანი
<b>Quilt</b> [kwilt]	стёганое одеяло	ნეილონის საბანი
<b>Duvet</b> ['du:vei]	пуховое одеяло	ბუმბულის საბანი
<b>Mattress</b> ['mætris]	матрац	მატრასი
<b>Pillow</b> ['pilou]	подушка	ბალიში
<b>Bedspread</b> ['bedspred]	постельное покрывало	საწოლის გადასაფარებელი
<b>Bed-clothes, linen</b> ['linin]	постельное бельё	თეთრეული
<b>Blanket cover, quilt cover</b> [ 'kʌvə]	покрывало	კონვერტი

<b>Sheet, linen sheet</b> [ʃi:t]	простыня, льняная простыня	ზეწარი
<b>Pillowcase</b> [ˈpɪləukeɪs], <b>pillowslip</b> [ˈpɪləuslɪp]	наволочка	ბალიშის პირი
<b>Blind</b> [blaɪnd]	штора	ჟალუზი
<b>Curtain</b> [kə:tɪn]	занавеска	ფარდა
<b>Tick</b> [tɪk]	чехол	ჩიხლოლი
<b>Rug</b> [rʌg]	плед	პლედი
<b>Cushion</b> [ˈku:ʃən]	подушка (декоративная)	მუთაქა, დეკორატიული ბალიში

### BATHROOM AND TOILET

### ВАННАЯ И ТУАЛЕТ

### სააბაზანო და საპირფარეშო

<b>Bath, bath tub</b> [ba:θ, ˈba:θ ˈtʌb]	ванная	აბაზანა
<b>Wash basin</b> [ˈwɑʃ ˈbeɪsɪn], <b>sink</b> [sɪŋk]	раковина	ნიჟარა
<b>Shower</b> [ˈʃaʊə]	душ	შხაპი
<b>Toilet</b> [ˈtɔɪlɪt], <b>lavatory, loo,</b> <b>WC</b> [ˈlævətəri, ˈlu:, dʌblju:ˈsi:]	туалет	საპირფარეშო
<b>Toilet pan, toilet bowl</b> [pæn, bɔʊl], <b>WC-pan</b> [dʌblju:ˈsi: pæn],	унитаз	უნიტაზი
<b>Toilet paper</b> [ˈtɔɪlɪt ˈpeɪpə]	туалетная бумага	ტუალეტის ქაღალდი
<b>Bidet</b> [ˈbi:deɪ], <i>ამერ.</i> [biˈdeɪ]	биде́	ბიდე
<b>Hand towel</b> [ˈhænd ˈtauəl]	полотенце для рук	პირსახოცი
<b>Towel rail</b> [ˈtauəl ˈreɪl]	вешалка для полотенец	პირსახოცის ჩამოსაკიდი
<b>Mirror</b> [ˈmɪrə]	зеркало	სარკე
<b>Washing machine</b> [ˈwɔ:ʃɪŋ m ˈəʃi:n]	стиральная машина	სარეცხი მანქანა
<b>Soap</b> [səʊp]	мыло	საპონი
<b>Soap-dish, soap-tray</b> [ˈsəʊp-dɪʃ, ˈsəʊp-treɪ]	мыльница	სასაპნე

<b>Bath sponge</b> [ˈbɑːθ ˈspʌndʒ]	губка, мочалка	გუბკა, ღრუბელი
<b>Shampoo</b> [ˈʃæmˈpuː]	шампунь	შამპუნი
<b>Toothbrush</b> [ˈtuːθbrʌʃ]	зубная щётка	კბილის ჯაგრისი
<b>Toothpaste</b> [ˈtuːθpeɪst], <b>dental cream</b>	зубная паста	კბილის პასტა
<b>Shaving accessories</b> [ˈʃeɪvɪŋ ækˈsesərɪz]	принадлежности для бритья	საპარსე აქსესუარები
<b>Electric shaver</b> [iˈlektɪk ˈʃeɪvə]	электробритва	ელექტროსაპარსი
<b>Medicine cabinet</b> [ˈmedsɪn ˈkæbɪnɪt]	аптечка	აფთიაქი
<b>Bath mat</b> [ˈbɑːθ ˈmæt]	коврик	სააბაზანო ნოხი
<b>Bathroom mules</b> [ˈbɑːθrʊm ˈmjʊːlz]	тапочки-шлёпанцы	ჩუსტები
<b>Scales</b> [ˈbɑːθrʊm ˈskeɪlz]	весы	სასწორი
<b>Washing powder</b> [ˈwɑːʃɪŋ ˈpaʊdə]	стиральный порошок	სარეცხი ფხვნილი
<b>Washing liquid</b> [ˈlɪkwɪd]	жидкость для мытья	სარეცხი სითხე
<b>Water-heater</b> [hiːtə]	водонагреватель	წყლის გამაცხელებელი

## KITCHEN

## КУХНЯ

## სამზარეულო

<b>Cooker, amer. stove</b> [ˈkʊkə, stʊv]	кухонная плита	ქურა
<b>Oven</b> [ˈʌvən]	духовка	ღუმელი
<b>Microwave oven</b> [ˈmaɪkrəʊˈweɪv ˈʌvən]	микроволновая печь	მიკროღუმელი
<b>Refrigerator, fridge</b> [riˈfrɪdʒəreɪtə, frɪdʒ]	холодильник	მაცივარი
<b>Freezer</b> [ˈfriːzə]	морозильная камера	საყინულე
<b>Cabinet</b> [ˈkæbɪnɪt]	шкаф с выдвижными ящиками	კაბოლი
<b>Drawer</b> [drɔː]	выдвижной ящик	უჯრა

<b>Sink</b> [sɪŋk]	раковина	ნიჟარა
<b>Dish washer, dishwashing machine</b> [ˈdiʃwɑʃɪŋ məˈʃɪn]	посудомоечная машина	ჭურჭლის სარეცხი მანქანა
<b>Cupboard</b> [ˈkʌbəd]	шкаф для посуды, буфет	შკაფი ჭურჭლისთვის
<b>Stool</b> [stu:l]	табурет	ტაბურეტი
<b>Kitchen table</b> [ˈkɪtʃɪn ˈteɪbl]	кухонный стол	სამზარეულო მაგიდა
<b>Dish-cloth</b> [kɪθ]	полотенце для посуды	ჩაის ტილო
<b>Cloth, house-flannel</b> [ˈhaʊs ˈflænl], <b>duster</b> [ˈdʌstə]	тряпка	ტილო
<b>Garbage, refuse, waste, dust</b> [ˈgɑːbɪdʒ, ˈrefjuːs, weɪst, dʌst]	отходы, мусор, пыль	ნაგავი, მტკერი
<b>Waste bin</b> [ˈweɪst ˈbɪn]	мусорное ведро	ნაგვის ყუთი
<b>Bucket, pail</b> [ˈbʌkɪt, peɪl]	ведро	ვედრო
<b>Scoop</b> [sku:p], <b>dust-pan</b> [ˈdʌstpæn]	совок	აქანლაზი
<b>Brush</b> [brʌʃ]	щётка	ჯაგრისი
<b>Besom</b> [ˈbiːzəm], <b>broom</b> [bru:m]	веник	ცოცხი

x x x x x

### Read and translate the text:

And what fun it had been to arrange their living-room! It was very big. On the floor, when she arrived, was a torn and dirty matting; on the walls of unpainted wood hung (much too high up) photogravures of Academy pictures, Dyak cloth in somber colours, and on them stood pieces of Brunei brassware, much in need of cleaning, empty cigarette tins and bits of Malay silver. There was a rough wooden shelf with cheap editions of novels and a number of old travel books in battered leather; and another shelf was crowded with empty bottles. It was a bachelor's room, untidy but stiff; and though it amused her she found it intolerably pathetic. It was a dreary, comfortless life that Guy had led there, and she threw her arms round his neck and kissed him.

‘You poor darling,’ she laughed.

She had deft hands and she soon made the room habitable. She arranged this and that, and what she could not do with she turned out. Her wedding-presents helped. Now the room was friendly and comfortable. In glass vases were lovely orchids and in great bowls huge masses of flowering shrubs. She felt an inordinate pride because it was her house (she had never in her life lived in anything but a poky flat) and she had made it charming for him.

(from "The Force of Circumstances" by W. Somerset Maugham)

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*Vocabulary Notes:*

<b>Fun</b>	забава, веселье	სიმხიარულე, გართობა
<b>Torn</b>	разорванный	გახეული, დაგლეჯილი
<b>Matting</b> [ˈmætiŋ]	циновка, половик	ნობი
<b>Shield</b> [ʃi:ld]	щит	ფარი, ღაცვა
<b>Parang</b> [ˈpa:ræŋ]	паранг, большой малайский нож	დიდი მალაიური დანა
<b>Sombre</b> [ˈsɒmbə]	темный, мрачный	ბნელი, მოღუშული
<b>Brunei brassware</b>	брунейская медная посуда	ბრუნეული თითბერის ჭურჭელი
<b>Tin</b>	оловянная посуда, жестяная коробка	თუნუქი
<b>Bit</b>	кусочек, мелкая монета	თუნუქი, თუნუქა
<b>Edition</b>	издание	გამოცემა
<b>Battered leather</b>	потрепанная кожа	დაფლეთილი (გაცვეთილი) ტყავი
<b>Bachelor's room</b>	холостяцкая комната	უცოლო კაცის ოთახი
<b>Stiff</b>	холодный, чопорный, строгий	ცივი, მკაცრი
<b>Dreary</b> [ˈdriəri]	мрачный, тоскливый	ღალვრემილი, ღარდიანი
<b>Deft</b> [deft]	ловкий, искусный	მოხერხებული
<b>Habitable</b> [ˈhæbitəbl]	обитаемый, годный для жилья	საცხოვრებელი, სადგომი
<b>Arrange</b>	приводить в порядок	მოწესრიგება
<b>Bowl</b> [bɔul]	чаша, ваза	ფიალა, თასი
<b>Flowering shrub</b>	цветочный куст	ყვავილის ბუჩქი
<b>Inordinate pride</b>	чрезмерная гордость	გადაჭარბებული სიამაყე

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**Read the text:****The Doll's House***(After Katherine Mansfield)*

When dear old Mrs. Hay went back to town after staying with the Burnells, she sent the children a doll's house. It was so big that two men carried it into the yard. They placed it on two wooden boxes and there it stayed. No harm could come to it; it was summer. And perhaps, the children thought, the smell of paint would be gone by the time it had to be taken into their room. For, really, the smell of paint coming from that doll's house ("Sweet of old Mrs. Hay, of course; most sweet and generous!") but the smell of paint was quite enough to make anyone seriously ill, in Aunt Beryl's opinion.

There stood the doll's house, painted a dark, oily green, and decorated with bright yellow. Its two little chimneys on the roof were painted red and white, and the yellow door was like a little piece of toffee. The four windows, real windows, were divided into panes by a green line of paint. There was a tiny porch, too, painted yellow.

But it was a perfect, perfect little house! Who minded the smell? It was part of the joy, part of the newness.

"Open it quickly, someone!"

Pat opened it with his penknife: he took away the front wall. And the whole house was before your eyes – you could look at one and the same moment into the drawing-room and dining-room, the kitchen and two bedrooms. That is the way for house to open! Why don't all houses open like that? How much more exciting than looking through the door into a little hall with a hat-stand and two umbrellas! That is – isn't it? What you want to know about a house when you put your hand on the door knocker.

"Oh-oh!" The Burnell children sounded as though they were in despair. It was too marvelous, it was too much for them. They had never seen anything like it in their lives. All the rooms were papered. There were pictures with gold frames on the walls. Red carpet covered all the floors except the kitchen. There were red plush [plʌʃ] chairs in the drawing-

room, green ones in the dining-room; tables, beds with real bedclothes and a cradle for the baby. In the kitchen there was a stove, a dresser with tiny plates and one big jug. But what Kezia liked more than anything, was the lamp. It stood in the middle of the dining-room table, a little lamp with a white globe. It was even filled all ready for lighting, though, of course, you couldn't light it. But there was something inside that looked like oil and moved when you shook it.

The father and mother dolls and their two little children asleep upstairs, were really too big for the doll's house. They didn't look as though they belonged. But the lamp was perfect. It seemed to smile at Kezia, to say, "I live here." The lamp was real.

The Burnell children could hardly walk to school fast enough the next morning. They burned to tell everybody, to describe to – well – to boast about their doll's house before the school-bell rang.

"I'm to tell," said Isabel, "because I'm the eldest. And you two can join in after. But I'm to tell first."

There was nothing to answer. Isabel was bossy, but she was always right, and Lottie and Kezia knew too well the powers that went with being eldest. They said nothing.

"And I'm to choose who's to come and see it first. Mother said I might."

For it had been arranged that while the doll's house stood in the yard, they might ask the girls at school, two at a time, to come and look. Not to stay to tea, of course, or to come into the house. But just to stand quietly in the yard while Isabel pointed out the beauties, and Lottie and Kezia looked pleased....

But hurry as they might, by the time they had reached the boys' playground the bell had begun to ring. They only just had time to take off their hats and fall into line before the roll was called. Never mind. Isabel looked very important and mysterious by whispering behind her hand to the girls near her, "Got something to tell you at playtime."

Playtime came and Isabel was surrounded. The girls of her class nearly fought to put their arms round her, to walk away with her, to smile at her, to be her special friend. Like a queen she talked to the girls round her under the tall pine trees at the side of the playground. Pushing, giggling together, the little girls came up close. And the only two who stayed outside the ring were the two who were always outside, the little Kelveys. They knew better than to come anywhere near the Burnells.

For the fact was, the school the Burnell children went to was not at all the kind of place their parents would have chosen if there had been any choice. But there was none. It was the only school for miles. And the result was that all the children of the

neighbourhood, the Judge's little girls, the doctor's daughters, the store-keeper's children, the milkman's, had to go to the same school. But the line had to be drawn somewhere. It was drawn at the Kelveys. Many of the children, including the Burnells, were not allowed even to speak to them. They walked past the Kelveys with their heads in the air, and as they set the fashion in all matters of behaviour, everybody kept away from the Kelveys. Even the teacher had a special voice for them, and a special smile for the other children when Lil Kelvey came up to her desk with a bunch of awfully common-looking flowers.

They were the daughters of a hardworking little washerwoman, who went about from house to house by the day. This was awful enough. But where was Mr. Kelvey? Nobody knew for certain. But everybody said he was in prison. So they were the daughters of a washerwoman. Very nice company for other people's children! And they looked it. Why Mrs. Kelvey made them so noticeable was hard to understand. The truth was they were dressed in "bits" given to her by the people for whom she worked. Lil, for instance, who was a plain child, with big freckles, came to school in a dress made from a green tablecloth of the Burnells', with red plush sleeves from the Logans' curtains. Her hat was a grown-up woman's hat, once belonging to Miss Lecky, the postmistress. What a little guy she looked! It was impossible not to laugh. And her little sister, our Else, wore a long white dress, rather like a nightgown, and a pair of little boy's boots. But whatever our Else wore she would have looked strange. She was a tiny wish-bone of a child, with short cut hair and very large eyes – a little white owl. Nobody had ever seen her smile; she hardly ever spoke. She went through life holding on to Lil, with a piece of Lil's skirt in her hand. Where Lil went, our Else followed. In the playground, on the road going to and from school, there was Lil marching in front and our Else holding on behind. Only when she wanted anything, or when she was very tired our Else gave Lil's skirt a pull, and Lil stopped and turned round. The Kelveys always understood each other.

Now they stood close by, you couldn't stop them listening. When the little girls turned round, Lil, as usual, gave her silly smile, but our Else only looked.

And Isabel's voice, so very proud, went on telling. The carpet made a great sensation, but so did the beds with real bedclothes, and the stove with an oven door.

When she finished Kezia said, "You've forgotten the lamp, Isabel."

"Oh, yes," said Isabel, "and there's a tiny little lamp, all made of yellow glass, with a white globe that stands on the dining-room table. You couldn't tell it from a real one."

"The lamp's best of all," cried Kezia. But nobody paid any attention. Isabel was choosing the two who were to come back with them that afternoon and see it. She chose

Emmie Cole and Lena Logan. But when the others knew they were all to have a chance, they couldn't be nice enough to Isabel. One by one they put their arms round Isabel's waist and walked her off. They had something to whisper to her, a secret. "Isabel's my friend."

Only the little Kelveys moved away forgotten; there was nothing more for them to hear.

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*Vocabulary Notes:*

<b>Harm</b> [ha:m]	вред	მავნებლობა
<b>Paint</b> [peɪnt]	краска	საღებავი
<b>Sweet of...Mrs. Hay</b>	очень мило...со стороны миссис Хей	მის ჰეის მხრიდან ეს თავაზიანობაა
<b>Generous</b>	щедрый	ხელგაშლილი
<b>Oily</b> [ˈɔɪli]	масляной, маслянистой	ზეთოვანი
<b>Toffee</b> [ˈtɒfi]	ириска	ირისი
<b>To be divided into panes</b>	быть разделенным на клетки	იყო უჯრედებად დაყოფილი
<b>Window-pane</b>	оконное стекло	ფანჯრის შუშა
<b>Chimney</b>	труба (дымоход)	კვამლსადენი, ბუხარი
<b>A tiny porch</b>	крылечко	პაწაწინა აივანი
<b>Mind</b>	возражать	წინააღმდეგობის გაწევა
<b>That is the way for a house to open!</b>	Вот как должен открываться дом!	აი თურმე როგორ უნდა გაიხსნას სახლი!
<b>Exciting</b>	волнующий	აღმაშფოთებელი
<b>Hat-stand</b>	вешалка для шляп	შლიაპების ჩამოსაკიდი
<b>Door knocker</b>	дверное кольцо или молоток (используется для того, чтобы постучать в дверь)	რგოლი კარზე, რომელსაც დასაკაკუნებლად ხმარობენ
<b>To be in despair</b>	быть в отчаянии	იყო იმედგაცრუებული
<b>Marvellous</b> [ˈmɑ:vələs]	изумительный, удивительный	გასაოცარი, გასაკვირი
<b>To be papered</b>	быть оклеенным обоями	შპალერით გაკრული
<b>Plush</b> [plʌʃ]	плюш	პლიუში
<b>Bedclothes</b>	постельное бельё	თეთრეული (ლოგინის)

<b>A cradle</b> [kreɪdl]	колыбель, люлька	აკვანი
<b>Dresser</b>	кухонный стол с полками для посуды	სამზარეულოს მაგიდა ჭურჭლის თაროებით
<b>Lamp with a white globe</b>	лампа с белым круглым абажуром	თეთრი, მრგვალი აბაჟურიანი ლამპა
<b>To be filled</b>	быть заполненным	შევსებული
<b>To belong</b>	принадлежать	კუთვნილება
<b>To boast</b> [ˈbəʊst]	хвалиться	ტრაბახი
<b>Join in</b>	присоединиться к кому-то	შეუერთდე ვიღაცას
<b>Bossy</b>	властная, склонная командовать	ბატონობა, მართვა
<b>The powers that went with being eldest</b>	власть принадлежит старшим	ძალა-უფლება უფროსს ეკუთვნის
<b>Two at a time</b>	по две сразу	ორ ორი ერთდროულად
<b>Point out</b>	указывать, показывать	მითითება, ჩვენება
<b>But hurry as they might</b>	но как они не торопились	მაგრამ, როგორც ისინი არ ჩქარობდნენ
<b>Before the roll was called</b>	прежде чем переключка кончилась	სანამ სიის ამოკითხვა დამთავრდა
<b>Never mind!</b>	ничего!	არა უშავს!
<b>Mysterious</b>	таинственный	საიდუმლო
<b>To be surrounded</b>	быть окруженным	გარშემორტყმული
<b>Pine-tree</b>	сосна	ფიჭვი
<b>Playground</b>	площадка для игр	სათამაშო მოედანი
<b>To giggle</b>	хихикать	ხითხითი
<b>They knew better than to come anywhere near</b>	они прекрасно понимали, что лучше не подходить близко к	მათ კარგად ესმოდათ, რომ კარგი იქნებოდა, თუ ახლოს არ მიეკარებოდნენ
<b>Neighbourhood</b>	соседство	სამეზობლო
<b>The line had to be drawn somewhere</b>	где-то должен был быть предел	სადღაც უნდა ყოფილიყო საზღვარი
<b>Set the fashion</b>	устанавливать моду	მოდის დამყარება
<b>To keep away from</b>	держаться в отдалении,	თავის შორს დაჭერა,

	прятаться	დამალვა
<b>Bunch of flowers</b>	букет цветов	ყვავილების თაიგული
<b>Noticeable</b>	заметный, приметный	შესამჩნევი
<b>Bits</b>	остатки, обноски	ნარჩენები, მეორეული (ტანსაცმელი)
<b>Plain</b>	простой, обыкновенный	უბრალო, ჩვეულებრივი
<b>Freckles</b>	веснушки	ჭორფლები
<b>But whatever she wore, she would have looked strange</b>	но что бы она ни носила, она всё равно выглядела бы странно	რაც არ უნდა ჩაეცვა მას, ის მაინც უცნაურად გამოიყურებოდა
<b>Wish-bone (wishing bone)</b>	худышка	ძალიან გამხდარი, ძვალი და ტყავი
<b>Oven</b> [ˈʌvɪn]	духовка	ქურა
<b>You couldn't tell it (from)</b>	её нельзя было отличить (от)	არ შეგეძლოთ ის გამოგერჩიათ სხვებისგან
<b>To pay attention</b>	обращать внимание	ყურადღების მიქცევა
<b>To walk smb. off</b>	уводить кого-то	წაყვანა
<b>Whisper</b> [ˈwɪspə]	шёпот	ჩურჩული

**ღღღ ზღღ**

### **Exercises:**

*I. Answer the following questions:*

1. What did Mrs. Hay send the children?
2. What was the doll's house like? Describe it.
3. Where did they place it?
4. Why did the Burnell children hurry to school the morning after the doll's house came?
5. What did the Burnell children talk about on the way to school?
6. How did the girl's in Isabel's class show that they were eager to hear what she was going to tell them?
7. Were there any who stayed outside the rest of the schoolchildren?

8. Why did the little Kelveys stay outside the ring when all the other girls surrounded Isabel?
9. Why did all the children have to go to the same school?
10. Why were most of the children not allowed even to speak to the Kelveys?
11. How did the Kelveys learn about the beautiful doll's house?
12. Say what you think of the girls in Isabel's class.

*II. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:*

краска	საღებავი
вред	მავნებლობა
щедрый	ხელგაშლილი
крылечко	აივანი
возражать	წინააღმდეგობის გაწევა
быть в отчаянии	იყო იმედგაცრუებული
колыбель	აკვანი
принадлежать	კუთვნილება
хвалиться	ტრაბახობა
быть окруженным	იყო გარშემორტყმული
хихикать	ხითხითი
соседство	სამეზობლო
устанавливать моду	მოდის დამყარება
держаться в отдалении	თავის შორს დაჭერა
букет цветов	ყვავილების თაიგული
веснушки	ჭორფლები
обращать внимание	ყურადღების მიქცევა
шёпот	ჩურჩული

*III. Translate the following sentences into English:*

1. Дети думали, что к тому времени, когда его внесут в комнату запах краски пройдет.  
ბავშვები ფიქრობდნენ, რომ იმ დროისათვის, როდესაც მას ოთახში შემოიტანდნენ, საღებავის სუნი გასული იქნებოდა.

2. Две его маленькие трубы на крыше были окрашены в красный и белый, а жёлтая дверь была похожа на маленький кусок ириски.  
ორი მისი პაწაწინა კვამლსადენი სახურავზე იყო შეღებილი წითლად და თეთრად, ყვითელი კარი კი პატარა ირისის ნატუნს ჰგავდა.
3. В гостиной были красные плюшевые стулья, а в столовой зелёные; столы, кровати с настоящим постельным бельём и колыбель для младенца.  
სასტუმრო ოთახში იყო წითელი პლუშის სკამები, სასადილოში კი მწვანე; მაგიდები, საწოლები და აკვანი ჩვილისათვის.
4. На следующее утро дети торопились в школу, чтобы похвастаться кукольным домом прежде чем прозвонит школьный звонок.  
შემდეგ დილას ბავშვები მიიჩქაროდნენ სკოლისაკენ, რომ ეტრაბახად თავიანთი თოჯინების სახლით, სანამ დილის ზარი დაირეკებოდა.
5. Лил, которая была обыкновенным ребёнком с большими веснушками, приходила в школу в платье, сшитом из зелёной скатерти Бёрнеллов с красными плюшевыми рукавами из занавесей Логанов.  
ლილი, რომელიც იყო ჩვეულებრივი ბავშვი დიდი ჭორფლებით დადიოდა სკოლაში ბერნელების მწვანე სუფრისგან შეკერილი კაბით, რომელიც იყო ლოუგანების წითელი პლუშის ფარდებისგან შეკერილი მკლავებით.
6. Крошечная лампа, сделанная из жёлтого стекла, с белым абажуром стояла в столовой. Её нельзя было отличить от настоящей.  
პაწაწინა ყვითელი შუშის და თეთრ აბაჟურიანი ლამპა იდგა მაგიდაზე, სასადილოში, მას ვერ გაარჩევდი ნამდვილისაგან.

*IV. Give Russian and Georgian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text and use them in the sentences of your own:*

harm, paint, generous, to be divided into panes, a tiny porch, mind, to be in despair, to be papered, to boast, a cradle, to be surrounded, to giggle, set the fashion, plain, bunch of flowers, freckles, oven, to play attention, whisper.

*V. Fill in the gaps with the words from the box:*

globe, bunch, freckles, plush, paint, panes, attention

1. The children thought the smell of ..... would be gone by the time it had to be taken into their room.
2. The four windows, real windows, were divided into ..... by a green line of paint.
3. There were red ..... chairs in the drawing room, green ones in the dining-room, tables, beds with real bedclothes and a cradle for the baby.
4. But what Kezia liked more than anything was the lamp with a white .....
5. Even the teacher had a special voice for them, and special smile for the other children when Lil Kelvey came up to her desk with a ..... of awfully common-looking flowers.
6. Lil was a plain child with big .....
7. "The lamp's best of all," cried Kezia. But nobody paid any .....

*VI. Fill in the gaps with the necessary prepositions:*

1. When dear old Mrs. Hay went back ..... town ..... staying ..... the Burnells, she sent the children a doll's house.
2. The smell ..... the paint coming ..... that doll's house was quite enough to make anyone seriously ill, ..... Aunt Beril's opinion.
3. The four windows, real windows, were divided ..... panes ..... a green line ..... paint.
4. There were red plush chairs in the drawing-room, green ones in the dining-room: tables, beds ..... real bedclothes and a cradle ..... the baby.
5. .... the kitchen there was a stove, a dresser ..... tiny plates and one big jug.
6. The truth was they were dressed ..... "bits" given ..... her ..... the people ..... whom she worked.
7. Lil, ..... instance, who was a plain child, ..... big freckles, came ..... school ..... a dress made ..... a green tablecloth ..... the Burnells, ..... red plush sleeves ..... the Logans' curtains.

x x x x x

**Read the text:**

## **PORTRAIT OF A GIRL IN GLASS**

*Tennessee Williams (abridged)*

We lived in a third floor apartment on Maple Street in Saint Louis, on a block which also contained the Ever-ready Garage, a Chinese laundry, and a bookie shop disguised as a cigar store.

I was a poet who had a job in a warehouse. As for my sister Laura, she'd never have budged an inch, I'm pretty sure, if my mother who was a relatively aggressive sort of woman had not shoved her roughly forward, when Laura was twenty years old, by enrolling her as a student in a nearby business college. Out of her "magazine money" (she sold subscriptions to women's magazines), Mother had paid my sister's tuition for a term of six months. It did not work out. Laura tried to memorize the typewriter keyboard, she had a chart at home, she used to sit silently in front of it for hours, staring at it while she cleaned and polished her infinite number of little glass ornaments. She did this every evening after dinner. Mother would caution me to be very quiet. "Sister is looking at her typewriter chart!" I felt somehow that it would do her no good, and I was right. She would seem to know the position of the keys until the weekly speed-drill got under way, and then they would fly from her mind like a bunch of started birds.

At last she couldn't bring herself to enter the school any more. She kept this failure a secret for a while. She left the house each morning as before and spent six hours walking around the park. This was in February, and all the walking out-doors regardless of weather brought on influenza. She was in bed for a couple of weeks with a curiously happy little smile on her face. Of course Mother phoned the business college to let them know she was ill. Whoever was talking on the other end of the line had some trouble, it seems, in remembering who Laura was, which annoyed my mother and she spoke up pretty sharply. "Laura has been attending that school of yours for two months, you certainly ought to recognize her name!" Then came the stunning disclosure. The person sharply retorted, after a moment or two, that now she *did* remember the Wingfield girl, and that she had not been at the business college *once* in about a month. Mother's voice became strident. Another person was brought to the phone to verify the statement of the first. Mother hung up and went to Laura's bedroom where she lay with a tense and frightened look in place of the

faint little smile. Yes, admitted my sister, what they said was true. "I couldn't go any longer, it scared me too much, it made me sick at the stomach!"

After this fiasco, my sister stayed at home and kept in her bedroom mostly. This was a narrow room that had two windows on a dusky areaway between two wings of the building. We called this areaway Death Valley. There were a great many alley-cats in the neighborhood and one particularly vicious dirty white Chow who stalked them continually. Directly beneath my sister's bedroom windows, was a locked arena, a gloomy vault of concrete and brick with walls too high for any cat to spring, so when cats got there, they were killed. The areaway had grown to be hateful to Laura because she could not look out on it without recalling the screams and the snarls of killing. She kept the shades drawn down, and as Mother would not permit the use of electric current except when needed, her days were spent almost in perpetual twilight. There were three pieces of dingy ivory furniture in the room, a bed, a bureau, a chair. Over the bed was a remarkably bad religious painting, a very effeminate head of Christ with teardrops visible just below the eyes. The charm of the room was produced by my sister's collection of glass. She loved colored glass and had covered the walls with shelves of little glass articles, all of them light and delicate in color. These she washed and polished with endless care. When you entered the room there was always this soft, transparent radiance in it which came from the glass absorbing whatever faint light came through the shades on Death Valley. I have no idea how many articles there were of this delicate glass. There must have been hundreds of them. But Laura could tell you exactly. She loved each one.

She lived in a world of glass and also a world of music. The music came from a 1920 victrola and a bunch of records that dated from about the same period, pieces such as *Whispering* or *The Love Nest* or *Dardanella*. These records were souvenirs of our father, a man whom we barely remembered, whose name was spoken rarely. Before his sudden and unexplained disappearance from our lives, he had made this gift to the household, the phonograph and the records, whose music remained as a sort of apology for him. Once in a while, on payday at the warehouse, I would bring home a new record. But Laura seldom cared for these new records. The tunes she loved were the ones she had always heard. Often she sang to herself at night in her bedroom. Her voice was thin. Yet it had a curious childlike sweetness. I don't believe that my sister was actually foolish. I think the petals of her mind had simply closed through fear, and it's no telling how much they had closed upon in the way of secret wisdom. She never talked very much, not even to me, but once in a while she did pop out with something that took you by surprise.

After work at the warehouse or after I'd finished my writing in the evening, I'd drop in her room for a little visit because she had a restful and soothing affect on nerves.

I usually found her seated in the straight-back ivory chair with a piece of glass cupped tenderly in her palm.

On the bureau were two pieces of fiction which she had received as Christmas or birthday presents. One was a novel called the *Rose-Garden Husband* by someone whose name escapes me. The other was *Freckles* by Gene Stratton Porter. I never saw her reading the *Rose-Garden Husband*, but the other book was one that she actually lived with. It had probably never occurred to Laura that a book was something you read straight through and then laid aside as finished.

Then one time at Christmas, while she was trimming the artificial tree, she picked up the Star of Bethlehem that went on the topmost branch and held it gravely toward the chandelier.

"Do stars have five points really?" she enquired.

This was the sort of thing you didn't believe and that made you stare at Laura with sorrow and confusion.

"No," I told her, seeing she really meant it, "they're round like the earth and most of them much bigger."

She was gently surprised by this new information. She went to the window to look up at the sky which was, as usual during Saint Louis winters, completely shrouded by smoke.

"It's hard to tell," she said, and returned to the tree.

So time passed on till my sister was twenty-three. Old enough to be married, but the fact of the matter was she had never even had a date with a boy. I don't believe this seemed as awful to her as it did to Mother.

At breakfast one morning Mother said to me, "Why don't you cultivate some nice young friends? How about down at the warehouse? Aren't there some young men down there you could ask to dinner?"

This suggestion surprised me because there was seldom quite enough food on her table to satisfy three people. My mother was a terribly stringent housekeeper, God knows we were poor enough in actuality, but my mother had an almost obsessive dread of becoming even poorer.

Almost immediately Mother explained herself.

"I think it might be nice," she said, "for your sister."

I brought Jim home to dinner a few nights later. Jim was a big red-haired Irishman. His big square hands seemed to have a direct and very innocent hunger for touching his friends. He was always clapping them on your arms or shoulders and they burned through the cloth of your shirt like plates taken out of an oven. He was the best-liked man in the warehouse and oddly enough he was the only one that I was on good terms with.

Nevertheless it took some courage for me to invite Jim to dinner. I thought about it all week and delayed the action till Friday noon, the last possible moment, as the dinner was set for that evening.

“What are you doing tonight?” I finally asked him.

“Not a God damn thing,” said Jim, “I had a date but her Aunt took sick and she’s gone to Centralia!”

“Well,” I said, “why don’t you come over for dinner?”

“Sure!” said Jim. He grinned with astonishing brightness.

I went outside to phone the news to Mother.

Her voice that was never tired responded with an energy that made the wires crackle.

“I suppose he’s Catholic?” she said.

“Yes,” I told her, remembering the tiny silver cross on his freckled chest.

“Good!” she said. “I’ll bake a salmon loaf!”

And so we rode home together in his jalopy.

I had a curious feeling of guilt and apprehension as I led the lamb-like Irishman up three flights of cracked marble steps to the door of Apartment F, which was not thick enough to hold inside it the odor of baking salmon.

Never having a key, I pressed the bell.

“Laura!” came Mother’s voice. “That’s Tom and Mr. Delaney! Let them in!”

There was a long, long pause.

“Laura?” she called again. “I’m busy in the kitchen, you answer the door!”

Then at last I heard my sister’s footsteps. They went right past the door at which we were standing and into the parlor.

The door came timidly open and there she stood in a dress from Mother’s wardrobe, a black chiffon anklelength and high-heeled slippers on which she balanced uncertainly. Her eyes stared back at us with a glass brightness and her delicate wing-like shoulders were hunched with nervousness.

“Hello!” said Jim, before I could introduce him.

He stretched out his hand. My sister touched it only for a second.

“Excuse me!” she whispered, and turned with a breathless rustle back to her bedroom.

Jim seemed to be incapable of surprise.

“Your sister?” he asked.

“Yes, that was her,” I admitted. “She’s terribly shy with strangers.”

“She looks like you,” said Jim, “except she’s pretty.”

Laura did not reappear till called to dinner. Her place was next to Jim at the drop-leaf table and all through the meal her figure was slightly tilted away from his. Her face was feverishly bright and one eyelid, the one on the side toward Jim, had developed a nervous wink. Three times in the course of the dinner she dropped her fork on her plate with a terrible clatter and she was continually raising the water-glass to her lips for hasty little gulps. She went on doing this even after the water was gone from the glass.

I thought of nothing to say.

To Mother belonged the conversational honors, such as they were. She asked the caller about his home and family. She was delighted to learn that his father had a business of his own, a retail shoe store somewhere in Wyoming. The news that he went to night-school study accounting was still more edifying. It was easy to see that he was a very up-and-coming young man who was certainly going to make his place in the world!

Then she started to talk about her children. Laura, she said, was not cut out for business. She was domestic, however, and making a home was really a girl’s best bet.

Jim agreed with all this.

But when the blanc-mange was finished, mother got up to clear the dishes away. Jim gave me a clap on the shoulders and said, “Hey, Slim, let’s go have a look at those old records in there!”

He sauntered carelessly into the front room and flopped down on the floor beside the victrola. He began sorting through the collection of worn-out records and reading their titles aloud.

He was sitting directly under the floor-lamp and all at once my sister jumped up and said to him, “Oh – you have freckles!”

Jim grinned. “Sure that’s what my folks call me – Freckles!”

“Freckles?” Laura repeated. She looked toward me as if for the confirmation of some too wonderful hope. I looked away quickly, not knowing whether to feel relieved or alarmed at the turn that things were taking. Jim had wound the victrola and put on *Dardanella*.

He grinned at Laura.

“How about you an’ me cutting the rug a little?”

“What?” said Laura breathlessly, smiling and smiling.

“Dance!” he said, drawing her into his arms.

As far as I knew she had never danced in her life. But to my everlasting wonder she slipped quite naturally into those huge arms of Jim’s, and they danced round and around the small steam-heated parlor, bumping against the sofa and chairs and laughing loudly and happily together. Something opened up in my sister’s face. To say it was love is not too hasty a judgment, for after all he had freckles and that was what his folks called him. Mother came back in with some lemonade. She stopped short as she entered the portieres.

“Good heavens! Laura? Dancing?”

Her look was absurdly grateful as well as startled.

“What if she does?” said Jim, with bearish gallantry. “I’m not made of eggs!”

“Well, well, well!” said Mother, senselessly beaming.

“She’s light as a feather!” said Jim. “With a little more practice she’d dance as good as Betty!”

There was a little pause of silence.

“Betty?” said Mother.

“The girl I go out with!” said Jim.

“Oh!” said Mother.

She set the pitcher of lemonade carefully down and with her back to the caller and her eyes on me, she asked him just how often he and the lucky young lady went out together.

“Steady!” said Jim.

Mother’s look, remaining on my face, turned into a glare of fury.

“Tom didn’t mention that you went out with a girl!”

He laughed heartily but his laughter dropped heavily and awkwardly away as even his dull senses were gradually penetrated by the unpleasant sensation the news of Betty had made.

“Are you thinking of getting married?” said Mother.

“First of next month!” he told her.

It took her several moments to pull herself together. Then she said in a dismal tone, “How nice! If Tom had only told us we could have asked you *both!*”

Jim had picked up his coat.

“Must you be going?” said Mother.

“I hope it don’t seem like I’m rushing off, ” said Jim, “but Betty’s gonna get back on the eight o’clock train an’ by the time I get my jalopy down to the Wabash depot - ”

“Oh, then, we mustn’t keep you.”

Soon as he’d left, we all sat down, looking dazed.

Laura was the first to speak.

“Wasn’t he nice?” she said. “And all those freckles!”

“Yes,” said Mother. Then she turned on me.

“You didn’t mention that he was engaged to be married!”

“Well, how did I know that he was engaged to be married?”

“I thought you called him your best friend down at the warehouse?”

“Yes, but I didn’t know he was going to be married!”

“How peculiar!” said Mother. “How very peculiar!”

“No,” said Laura gently, getting up from the sofa. “There’s nothing peculiar about it.”

She picked up one of the records and blew on its surface a little as if it were dusty, then set it softly back down.

“People in love,” she said, “take everything for granted.”

What did she mean by that? I never knew.

She slipped quietly back to her room and closed the door.

Not very long after that I lost my job at the warehouse. I was fired for writing a poem on the lid of a shoebox. I left Saint Louis and took to moving around. My nature changed. I grew to be firm and sufficient.

In five years’ time I had nearly forgotten home. I had to forget it, I couldn’t carry it with me. But once in a while, usually in a strange town before I have found companions, the shell of deliberate hardness is broken through. I hear the tired old music, I see the faint and sorrowful radiance of the glass, hundreds of little transparent pieces of it in very delicate colors. I hold my breath, for if my sister’s face appears among them – the night is hers!

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*Vocabulary Notes:*

**Apartment**

квартира

дoбo

<b>Laundry</b> [ˈlɑːndri]	прачечная	სამრეცხაო
<b>Bookie</b> [ˈbuki]	букмекер ( <i>на скачках</i> )	ბუქმეკერი (ჯირითზე)
<b>Disguised</b> [disˈgaɪzd]	замаскированный	შენიღბული
<b>Warehouse</b>	склад	საწყობი
<b>Budge</b>	сдвинуться с места	ადგილიდან განძრევა
<b>Shove</b> [ʃʌv]	пихать, толкать	ხელის კვრა
<b>Enroll</b> [inˈrɔːl]	вносить в список (учащихся)	ცხრილში შეტანა
<b>Subscription</b>	подписка (на газеты и журналы)	ჩაწერა (გაზეთებზე და ჟურნალებზე)
<b>Tuition</b>	обучение	სწავლა
<b>Typewriter keyboard</b>	клавиатура пишущей машинки	საბეჭდი მანქანის კლავიატურა
<b>Chart</b>	схема, чертеж	სქემა, ნახაზი
<b>Caution</b> [ˈkɔːʃən]	предостерегать	სიფრთხილე, გაფრთხილება
<b>Failure</b>	неудача, провал, несостоятельность	უიღბლობა, ჩავარდნა
<b>Regardless of</b>	несмотря на	მიუხედავად იმისა, რომ
<b>Annoy</b>	раздражать	გალიზიანება
<b>Stunning disclosure</b>	ошеломляющее разоблачение	გასაოცარი გამოჭერა
<b>Retort</b>	резко возражать	უეცარი წინააღმდეგობის გაწევა
<b>Strident</b> [ˈstraɪdənt]	скрипучий	ჭრიალა
<b>To verify the statement</b>	проверить утверждение	დამტკიცების შემოწმება
<b>Admit</b>	признавать	აღიარება
<b>Scare</b>	испугать	შეშინება
<b>Dusky</b>	темный	ბნელი
<b>Alley</b>	узкая улица, переулок	ვიწრო ქუჩა, ჩიხი
<b>Vicious</b> [ˈviʃəs]	порочный, ужасный	საშინელი
<b>Stalk</b>	подкрадываться	მიპარება
<b>Beneath</b>	под	ქვეშ
<b>A gloomy vault of concrete and brick</b>	мрачный подвал из бетона и кирпича	აგურის და თეთრი ბეტონის სარდაფი
<b>Screams and snarls</b>	визг и рычание	წივილი და ღმუილი

<b>Perpetual twilight</b>	бесконечные (постоянные) сумерки (полумрак)	უსასრულო ბინდი
<b>Dingy</b>	выцветший, темный, потрепанный	გაცვეთილი
<b>Ivory</b>	слоновая кость	სპილოს ძვალი
<b>Effeminate</b> [i' feminit]	изнеженный, женоподобный	გათამამებული
<b>Article</b>	предмет, изделие, вещь	საგანი, ნამუშევარი, ნივთი
<b>Radiance</b>	сияние	ნათება
<b>Transparent</b>	прозрачный	გამჭვირვალე
<b>Absorbing</b>	поглощающий	შემსრუტავი
<b>Victrola</b>	граммофон, патефон (торговая марка)	გრამოფონი, პატეფონი
<b>Apology</b>	извинение, оправдание	ბოდიში, გამართლება
<b>Petals</b>	лепестки	ფოთლები
<b>Pop out</b>	возникать, появляться	გამოჩენა
<b>To take smb. by surprise</b>	захватывать кого-либо врасплох	დაიჭირო, გამოიჭირო
<b>Someone whose name escapes me</b>	кто-то, чьё имя я не могу припомнить	ის, ვისი სახელის გახსენება არ შემიძლია
<b>Trim</b>	украшать	მორთვა
<b>Gravely</b>	серьёзно, важно	სერიოზულად, მნიშვნელოვნად
<b>Chandelier</b>	люстра	ჭალი
<b>Sorrow</b>	печаль	მწუხარება
<b>Confusion</b>	смущение	შეცბუნება
<b>Shrouded by smoke</b>	окутанные дымом	ბოლში გახვეული
<b>Date</b>	свидание	პაემანი
<b>Suggestion</b>	предложение	წინადადება
<b>Stringent</b>	стесненный недостатком средств	
<b>Obsessive dread</b>	одержимая страхом	შიშით დაპყრობილი
<b>To be on good terms with</b>	быть в хороших отношениях с	იყო კარგ ურთიერთობაში

<b>Nevertheless</b>	тем не менее	სხვათა შორის
<b>Courage</b> [ˈkʌrɪdʒ]	мужество	სიმამაცე
<b>Delay</b>	откладывать, задерживать	გადადება, დაკავება
<b>Crackle</b>	потрескивать, хрустеть	ტკაცანი, სკლომა, ბზარვა
<b>Salmon loaf – the crust or roll of bread with a stuffing of salmon</b>		
<b>Jalopy</b>	полуразвалившийся, ветхий автомобиль	ნახევრად დანჯღრეული ძველი ავტომობილი
<b>Apprehension</b>	мрачное предчувствие, понимание	წინათგრძნობა, გაგება
<b>Cracked</b>	треснувший	გაბზარული
<b>Odor</b>	аромат	არომატი, სურნელი
<b>Bureau</b>	комод с зеркалом, письменный стол	კომოდი სარკით, საწერი მაგიდა
<b>Parlor</b>	скромная гостиная, общая комната	საერთო ოთახი
<b>Timidly</b>	робко	მორიდებულად
<b>Hunch</b> [hʌntʃ]	сугулиться	მოკუზული
<b>Incapable of surprise</b>	неспособный на удивление	არ შეძლო გაკვირება
<b>Drop-leaf table</b>	раскладной стол	გასაშლელი მაგიდა
<b>Tilt away</b>	наклониться в сторону, отвернуться	მიბრუნება
<b>A nervous wink</b>	нервное моргание	ნერვიული თვალის ჩაკვრა (ხამხამი)
<b>Clatter</b>	звон (посуды)	ჭურჭლის რახუნი
<b>Hasty</b>	быстрый	სწრაფი
<b>Gulp</b>	глоток	ყლუპი
<b>Retail shoe store</b>	розничный обувной магазин	საცალო ვაჭრობის ფეხსაცმლის მაღაზია
<b>To study accounting was still more edifying</b>	изучение бухгалтерского дела было всё же более выгодным (поучительным)	საბუღალტრო საქმის სწავლა იყო მაინც ძალიან ხელსაყრელი
<b>Up-and-coming</b>	напористый, предприимчивый	მიზანდასახული
<b>To be cut out for smth.</b>	быть словно созданным для чего-то	თითქოს იყო რაღაცისთვის შექმნილი

<b>Domestic</b>	домашний	საშინაო
<b>One's best bet</b>	верное дело	კარგი საქმე
<b>Blanc-mange – jelly made with milk, used for desserts</b>		
<b>Saunter</b> [sɑ:ntə]	прогуливаться, прохаживаться	გასეირნება
<b>Flop down</b>	шлепнуться, плюхнуться	ჩავარდნა, დავარდნა
<b>Worn-out</b>	потрепанный	გაცვეთილი, დაფლეთილი
<b>Freckles</b>	веснушки	ჭორფლები
<b>Confirmation</b>	подтверждение	დამტკიცება
<b>To feel relieved or alarmed</b>	чувствовать облегчение или обеспокоенность	იგრძნო შვება ან აღელვება
<b>To cut the rug – (here) to dance</b>		
<b>Everlasting wonder</b>	вечный (бесконечный) интерес	უსასრულო ინტერესი
<b>Startle</b>	испугать, сильно удивить	შეშინება, ძლიერი გაოცება
<b>Light as a feather</b>	легкий, как перышко	მსუბუქი, როგორც ბუმბული
<b>Steady</b>	постоянный, устойчивый	მუდმივი, მყარი
<b>Glare of fury</b>	вспышка ярости	აფეთქება სიბრაზისგან
<b>Penetrate</b>	проникать, пронизывать	ატანა
<b>To pull oneself together</b>	взять себя в руки	თავის ხელში აყვანა
<b>Dismal</b> [ˈdɪzməl]	печальный, мрачный	სევდიანი, ნალვლიანი
<b>Dazed</b>	изумленный	გაოცებული
<b>To take for granted</b>	считать само собой разумеющимся, принимать на веру	ცხადია, პირდაპირი გაგება
<b>To be fired</b>	быть уволенным	იყო განთავისუფლებული
<b>Deliberate</b> [diˈlibərit]	умышленный, нарочитый	გააზრებული
<b>Faint</b>	слабый	სუსტი
<b>Firm</b>	решительный, твердый	გადაწყვეტილი, მყარე

ღაღღ ღაღღ

## Exercises:

*I. Questions for discussion:*

1. Who tells the story? What idea do you have of the teller's personality? What is his attitude toward Laura?
2. What impressions of Laura does the author manage to create? Why are they so sorrowful?
3. Explain what aspect of Laura's personality might make it difficult for her to adjust to the world? Why did she live in the world invented by herself?
4. Describe Laura's room/
5. Was Jim's visit important for Laura? In what way could it influence her?
6. Which descriptive details produce an emotional reaction?
7. Speak of Laura's mother.
8. What is the attitude of the author toward the characters of the story?

*II. Find in the text English equivalents for the following words and expressions:*

квартира	ბინა
прачечная	სამრეცხაო
замаскированный	შენიღბული
подписка (на газеты и журналы)	ჩაწერა
обучение	სწავლა
клавиатура пишущей машинки	მბეჭდავი მანქანის კლავიატურა
несмотря на	მიუხედავად იმისა
ошеломляющее разоблачение	გასაოცარი გამოჭერა
проверить утверждение	დამტკიცების შემოწმება
признавать	აღიარება
подкрадываться	მიპარება
мрачный подвал из бетона и кирпича	ბეტონის და აგურის მოლუმული სხვენი
визг и рычание	წივილი და ღმუილი
слоновая кость	სპილოს ძვალი
захватить кого-то враспloch	გამოიჭირო
украшать искусственную елку	ხელოვნური ნაძვისხის მორთვა
люстра	ჭალი

мужество	სიმამაცე
мрачное предчувствие	ცუდი წინათგრძობა
сутулиться	მოკუზვა
нервное моргание	თვალის ნერვიული ხამხამი
прогуливаться	გასეირნება
подтверждение	დამტკიცება
вспышка ярости	სიბრაზისგან აფეთქება
изумленный	გაოცებული

### III. Translate the following sentences into English:

1. Из журнальных денег мама оплатила обучение сестры за семестр.  
 ჟურნალებიდან შემოსული თანხიდან დედამ გადაიხადა ჩემი დის სწავლის ფული.
2. Луиза пыталась запомнить клавиатуру пишущей машинки. Имея дома её схему, она просиживала часами перед ней.  
 ლუიზა ცდილობდა მბეჭდავი მანქანის კლავიატურის დამახსოვრებას. მას სახლში ჰქონდა მისი სქემა და საათობით იჯდა მის წინ.
3. Она держала шторы задвинутыми и поскольку мама не разрешала использовать электричество, кроме того, когда это было необходимо, она проводила дни в бесконечном полумраке.  
 მას ფარდები დახურული ჰქონდა და, რადგანაც დედა უშლიდა მას ელექტროენერგიის გამოყენებას, იმის გარდა, როდესაც ეს აუცილებელი იყო, ის ატარებდა დღეებს უსასრულო ბინდში.
4. Это предложение меня удивило, поскольку у неё на столе было редко достаточно пищи для троих. Моя мама была домохозяйка стесненная недостатком средств.  
 ამ წინადადებამ გამაკვირვა მე, რადგანაც მას მაგიდაზე სამი ადამიანისთვის არასაკმარისი საჭმელი ჰქონდა. დედაჩემი სახსრების უკმარისობის გამო შეცბუნებული დიასახლისი იყო.
5. Он был самым лучшим человеком на складе, и он был единственным, с кем я был в хороших отношениях.  
 ის საუკეთესო ადამიანი იყო საწყობში და ერთად-ერთი, ვისთანაც მე კარგ ურთიერთობაში ვიყავი.
6. В комнате было три предмета потрепанной мебели из слоновой кости: кровать, комод с зеркалом и стул.

ოთახში სამი სპილოს ძვლის გაცვეთილი ავეჯი იყო: საწოლი, კომოდი სარკით და სკამი.

7. Я не думаю, что моя сестра была на самом деле глупой. Я думаю, что лепестки её разума были просто закрыты из-за страха.

მე არ მეგონა, რომ ჩემი და დანამდვილებით სულელი იყო. მე მგონია, რომ მისი ჭკუა და გონება მისი შიშის გამო გაფანტული იყო.

8. «Влюбленные люди», сказала она, «всё принимают на веру».

“შეყვარებულნი”, თქვა მან, “ყველაფერს პირდაპირ იგებენ”.

*IV. Give Russian and Georgian equivalents for the following words and expressions from the text:*

laundry, warehouse, budge, shove, subscription, tuition, chart, caution, regardless of, stunning disclosure, stalk, perpetual twilight, dingy, article, to take smb. by surprise, nevertheless, drop-leaf table, bureau, hasty, retail shoe store, up-and-coming, to be cut out for smth., one's best bet, to pull oneself together, to take for granted, dismal, to be fired, deliberate.

*V. Make up word-combinations from two columns:*

stringent	loaf
perpetual	shoe store
to verify	wonder
ivory	the statement
salmon	furniture
to trim	twilight
retail	granted
everlasting	table
glare	housekeeper
take for	the artificial tree
drop-leaf	of fury

× × × × ×

**Text for Home Reading**

## PARSON'S PLEASURE

*(After Roald Dahl)*

Mr. Boggis was driving the car slowly, leaning back comfortably in the seat with one elbow resting on the sill of the open window. How beautiful the countryside, he thought; how pleasant to see a sign or two of summer once again.

He took one hand off the wheel and lit himself a cigarette. The best thing now, he told himself, would be to make for the top of Brill Hill. He could see it about half a mile ahead. And that must be the village of Brill, that cluster of cottages among the trees right on the very summit.

He drove up the hill and stopped the car just short of the summit on the outskirts of the village. Then he got out and looked around. Down below, the countryside was spread out before him like a huge green carpet. He could see for miles. It was perfect. He took a pad and pencil from his pocket, leaned against the back of the car, and allowed his practised eye to travel slowly over the landscape.

He could see one medium farmhouse over on the right, back in the fields, with a track leading to it from the road. There was another larger one beyond it. There was a house surrounded by tall elms that looked as though it might be a Queen Anne, and there were two likely farms away over on the left. Five places in all. That was about the lot in this direction.

Mr. Boggis drew a rough sketch on his pad showing the position of each so that he'd be able to find them easily when he was down below, then he got back into the car and drove up through the village to the other side of the hill. From there he spotted six more possible – five farms and one big white Georgian house. He studied the Georgian house through his binoculars. It had a clean prosperous look, and the garden was well ordered. That was a pity. He ruled it out immediately. There was no point in calling on the prosperous.

He glanced at the notes on his pad. He decided to take the Queen Anne first, the house with the elms. It had looked nicely dilapidated through the binoculars. The people there could probably do with some money. He was always lucky with Queen Anne's, anyway. Mr. Boggis climbed back into the car, released the handbrake, and began cruising slowly down the hill without the engine.

Apart from the fact that he was at this moment disguised in the uniform of a clergyman, there was nothing very sinister about Mr. Cyril Boggis. By trade he was a dealer in antique furniture, with his own shop and showroom in the King's Road, Chelsea.

His premises were not large, and generally he didn't do a great deal of business, but because he always bought cheap, very very cheap, and sold very very dear, he managed to make quite a tidy little income every year. He was a talented salesman.

Mr. Boggis was not a fool. In fact, it was said of him that he probably knew as much about French, English, and Italian furniture as anyone else in London. He also had surprisingly good taste, and he was quick to recognize and reject an ungraceful design, however genuine the article might be. His real love, naturally, was for the work of the great eighteenth-century English designers, Ince, Mayhew, Chippendale, Robert Adam, Manwaring, Inigo Jones, Hepplewhite, Kent, Johnson, George Smith, Lock, Sheraton, and the rest of them.

During the past few years, Mr. Boggis had achieved considerable fame among his friends in the trade by his ability to produce unusual and often quite rare items with astonishing regularity. Apparently the man had a source of supply that was almost inexhaustible, a sort of private warehouse, and it seemed that all he had to do was to drive out to it once a week and help himself. Whenever they asked him where he got the stuff, he would smile knowingly and wink and murmur something about a little secret.

The idea behind Mr. Boggis's little secret was a simple one, and it had come to him as a result of something that had happened on a certain Sunday afternoon nearly nine years before, while he was driving in the country.

He had gone out in the morning to visit his old mother, who lived in Sevenoaks, and on the way back the fanbelt on his car had broken, causing the engine to overheat and the water to boil away. He had got out of the car and walked to the nearest house, a smallish farm building about fifty yards off the road, and had asked the woman who answered the door if he could please have a jug of water.

While he was waiting for her to fetch it, he happened to glance in through the door to the living-room, and there, not five yards from where he was standing, he spotted something that made him so excited the sweat began to come out all over the top of his head. It was a large oak armchair of a type that he had only seen once before in his life. Each arm, as well as the panel at the back, was supported by a row of eight beautifully turned spindles. The back panel itself was decorated by an inlay of the most delicate floral design, and the head of a duck was carved to lie along half the length of either arm. Good God, he thought. This thing is late fifteenth century!

He poked his head in further through the door, and there, by heavens, was another of them on the other side of the fireplace!

He couldn't be sure, but two chairs like that must be worth at least a thousand pounds up in London. And oh, what beauties they were!

When the woman returned, Mr. Boggis introduced himself and straight away asked if she would like to sell her chairs.

Dear me, she said. But why on earth should she want to sell her chairs?

No reason at all, except that he might be willing to give her a pretty nice price.

And how much would he give? They were definitely not for sale, but just out of curiosity, just for fun, you know, how much would he give?

Thirty-five pounds.

Dear me, thirty-five pounds. Well, well, that was very interesting. She'd always thought they were valuable. They were very old. They were very comfortable too. She couldn't possibly do without them. No, they were not for sale but thank you very much all the same.

They weren't really so very old, Mr. Boggis told her, and they wouldn't be at all easy to sell, but it just happened that he had a client who rather liked that sort of thing. Maybe he could go up another two pounds – call it thirty-seven. How about that?

They bargained for half an hour, and of course in the end Mr. Boggis got the chairs and agreed to pay her something less than a twentieth of their value.

That evening, driving back to London in his old station-wagon Mr. Boggis had suddenly been struck by what seemed to him to be a most remarkable idea.

Look here, he said. If there is good stuff in one farmhouse, then why not in others? Why shouldn't he search for it? Why shouldn't he comb the countryside? He could do it on Sundays. In that way, it wouldn't interfere with his work at all. He never knew what to do with his Sundays.

So Mr. Boggis bought maps, large scale maps of all the counties around London, and with a pen he divided each of them up into a series of squares. If he did one square each Sunday, fifty-two squares a year, he would gradually cover every farm and every country house in the home counties.

Perhaps it would be best if he didn't let them know he was a dealer at all. He could be the telephone man, the plumber, the gas inspector. He could even be a clergyman . . . .

From this point on, the whole scheme began to take on a more practical aspect. Mr. Boggis ordered a large quantity of superior cards on which the following legend was engraved:

*The Reverend*

*Cyril Winnington Boggis*

President of the Society for  
the Preservation of Rare Furniture

In association with The  
Victoria and Albert Museum

From now on, every Sunday, he was going to be a nice old parson spending his holiday travelling around on a labour of love for the 'Society', compiling an inventory of the treasures that lay hidden in the country homes of England. And who in the world was going to kick him out when they heard that one?

Nobody.

Rather to Mr. Boggis's surprise, the scheme worked. In fact, the friendliness with which he was received in one house after another through the countryside was, in the beginning, quite embarrassing, even to him. Sooner or later, of course, there had been some bad moments and a number of unpleasant incidents, but all in all, it had been an interesting, exciting, and lucrative business.

And now it was another Sunday and Mr. Boggis was operating in the county of Buckinghamshire, in one of the most northerly squares on his map, about ten miles from Oxford, and as he drove down the hill he began to get the feeling that this was going to be one of his lucky days.

He parked the car to walk the rest of the way. He never liked people to see his car until after a deal was completed. A dear old clergyman and a large station-wagon somehow never seemed quite right together.

Mr. Boggis went briskly up the drive. He was a small fat – legged man with a belly. The face was round and rosy and the two large brown eyes that bulged out at you from this rosy face gave an impression of gentle imbecility. He was dressed in a black suit with the usual parson's dog-collar round his neck and on his head a soft black hat. He carried an old oak walking-stick.

From now on, it was all farmhouses, and the nearest was about half a mile up the road. It was a large halftimbered brick building of considerable age, and there was a magnificent pear tree still in blossom covering almost the whole of the south wall.

Mr. Boggis knocked on the door. He waited, but no one came. He knocked again, but still there was no answer. He guessed that they must all still be in church, so he began peering in the windows to see if he could spot anything interesting. There was nothing in the dining-room. Nothing in the library either. He tried the next window, the living-room, and there, right under his nose, in the little alcove that the window made, he saw a

beautiful thing, a semi-circular card-table in mahogany, richly veneered, and in the style of Hepplewhite, built around 1780.

But that was not all. There was a chair there as well, a single chair, and if he were not mistaken it was of an even finer quality than the table. Another Hepplewhite, wasn't it? And oh, what a beauty! The lattices on the back were finely carved with the honeysuckle, the husk, and the paterae, the caning on the seat was original, the legs were very gracefully turned. It was an exquisite chair. "Before this day is done," Mr. Boggis said softly, "I shall have the pleasure of sitting down upon that lovely seat." He never bought a chair without doing this. It was a favourite test of his, and it was always an intriguing sight to see him lowering himself delicately into the seat.

But there was no hurry, he told himself. He would return here later. He had the whole afternoon before him.

The next farm was situated some way back in the fields, and in order to keep his car out of sight, Mr. Boggis had to leave it on the road and walk about six hundred yards along a straight track that led directly into the back yard of the farmhouse. This place, he noticed as he approached, was a good deal smaller than the last, and he didn't hold out much hope for it. It looked dirty, and some of the sheds were clearly in bad repair.

There were three men standing in a close group in a corner of the yard. Their names were Rummins, Bert and Claud.

"Good afternoon," Mr. Boggis said. "Isn't it a lovely day?"

None of the three men moved. At that moment they were all thinking precisely the same thing – that somehow or other this clergyman, who was certainly not the local fellow, had been sent to poke his nose into their business and to report what he found to the government.

"Might I inquire if you are the owner?" Mr. Boggis asked addressing himself to Rummins.

"What is it you want?"

"I do apologize for troubling you, especially on a Sunday."

Mr. Boggis offered his card and Rummins took it and held it up close to his face.

"And what exactly might you be wanted?" Rummins asked.

For the second time that morning, Mr. Boggis explained at some length the aims and ideals of the Society for the Preservation of Rare Furniture.

"We don't have any," Rummins told him when it was over. "You're wasting your time."

“I don’t want to pry into your cupboards or into your larder. I just want to look at the furniture to see if you happen to have any treasures here, and then I can write about them in our Society magazine.”

“You know what I think?” Rummins said, fixing him with his small wicked eyes. “I think you’re after buying the stuff yourself. Why else would you be going to all this trouble?”

“Oh, dear me. I only wish I had the money. Of course, if I saw something that I took a great fancy to, and it wasn’t beyond my means, I might be tempted to make an offer. But alas, that rarely happens.”

“Well,” Rummins said, “I don’t suppose there’s any harm in your taking a look around if that’s all you want.” He led the way across the yard to the back door of the farmhouse, and Mr. Boggis followed him; so did the son Bert, and Claud with his two dogs. They went through the kitchen, where the only furniture was a cheap deal table with a dead chicken lying on it, and they emerged into a fairly large, exceedingly filthy living-room.

And there it was! Mr. Boggis saw it at once, and he stopped dead in his tracks.

What he saw was a piece of furniture that any expert would have given almost anything to acquire. To a layman, it might not have appeared particularly impressive, especially when covered over as it was with dirty white paint, but to Mr. Boggis it was a dealer’s dream. He knew, as does every other dealer in Europe and America, that among the most celebrated and coveted examples of eighteenth-century English furniture in existence are the three famous pieces known as ‘The Chippendale Commodes’. He knew their history backwards – that the first was ‘discovered’ in 1920, and was sold at Sotheby’s the same year; that the other two turned up in the same auction rooms a year later, both coming out of Raynham Hall, Norfolk. They all fetched enormous prices. He couldn’t quite remember the exact figure for the first one, or even the second, but he knew for certain that the last one to be sold had fetched thirty-nine hundred guineas. And that was in 1921! Today the same piece would surely be worth ten thousand pounds. Some man, Mr. Boggis couldn’t remember his name, had made a study of these commodes fairly recently and had proved that all three must have come from the same workshop. No invoices had been found for any of them, but all the experts were agreed that these three commodes could have been executed only by Thomas Chippendale himself, with his own hands, at the most exalted period in his career.

And here was the fourth Chippendale Commode! And *he* had found it! He would be rich! He would also be famous! Each of the other three was known throughout the furniture world by a special name – The Chastleton Commode, The First Raynham Commode, The Second Raynham Commode. This one would go down in history as The Boggis Commode! Just imagine the faces of the boys up there in London when they got a look at it tomorrow morning!

This one here, Mr. Boggis thought, was almost exactly similar to the Second Raynham Commode. It was a most impressive handsome affair, built in the French rococo style of Chippendale's Directoire period, a kind of large fat chest-of-drawers set upon four carved legs that raised it about a foot from the ground. There were six drawers in all, two long ones in the middle and two shorter ones on either side. The serpentine front was magnificently ornamented along the top and sides and bottom, and also vertically between each set of drawers. The brass handles, although partly obscured by white paint, appeared to be superb. It was, of course, a rather 'heavy' piece, but the design had been executed with such elegance and grace that the heaviness was in no way offensive.

A trifle unsteadily, he began to move around the room examining the furniture, one piece at a time, commenting upon it briefly. He could see at once that apart from the commode it was a very poor lot.

"Nice oak table," he said. "But I'm afraid it's not old enough to be of any interest. Good comfortable chairs, but quite modern, yes, quite modern. Now this cupboard, well, it's rather attractive, but again, not valuable. This chest-of-drawers" – he walked casually past the Chippendale Commode and gave it a little contemptuous flip with his fingers – "worth a few pounds, I dare say, but no more. A rather crude reproduction, I'm afraid. Probably made in Victorian times. Did you paint it white?"

"Yes," Rummins said. "Bert did it."

"A very wise move. It's considerably less offensive in white."

"That's a strong piece of furniture," Rummins said. "Some nice carving on it too."

"Machine-carved," Mr. Boggis answered superbly, bending down to examine the exquisite craftsmanship. "You can tell it a mile off. But still, I suppose it's quite pretty in its way."

"You know what?" he said, looking at the commode, speaking so casually that his voice kept trailing off. "I've just remembered ... I've been wanting a set of legs something like that for a long time. I've got a rather curious table in my own little home, one of those low things that people put in front of the sofa, sort of a coffee-table, when I moved house,

the foolish movers damaged the legs in the most shocking way. I'm very fond of that table. I always keep my big Bible on it, and all my sermon notes."

He paused, stroking his chin with the finger. "Now I was just thinking. These lags on your chest-of-drawers might be very suitable. Yes, they might indeed. They could easily be cut off and fixed on to my table."

He looked around and saw the three men standing absolutely still, watching him suspiciously, three pairs of eyes, all different but equally mistrusting.

Mr. Boggis smiled and shook his head. "Come, come, what on earth am I saying? I'm talking as though I owned the piece myself. I do apologize."

"What you mean to say is you'd like to buy it," Rummins said.

"Well ..." Mr. Boggis glanced back at the commode, frowning. "I'm not sure. I might ... I think it might be a bit too much trouble. It's not worth it. I'd better leave it."

"How much were you thinking of offering?" Rummins asked.

"Not much, I'm afraid. You see, this is not a genuine antique. It's merely a reproduction."

"I'm not so sure about that," Rummins told him. "It's been in *here* over twenty years, and before that it was up at the Manor House. I bought it there myself at auction when the old Squire died. You can't tell me that thing's new."

"It's not exactly new, but it's certainly not more than about sixty years old."

"It's more than that," Rummins said, "Bert, where's that bit of paper you once found at the back of one of drawers? That old bill."

"You mean this?" Bert lifted out a piece of folded yellowing paper and carried it over to the father, who unfolded it held it up close to his face.

"You can't tell me this writing isn't old," Rummins said, and he held the paper out to Mr. Boggis, whose whole arm was shaking as he took it. It was brittle and it crackled slightly between his fingers. The writing was in a long sloping copperplate hand:

Edward Montagu, Esq.

Dr

To Thos. Chippendale

*A large mahogany Commode Table of exceeding fine wood, very rich carved, set upon fluted legs, two very neat shaped long drawers in the middle part and two ditto on each side, with rich chased Brass Handles and Ornaments, the whole completely finished in the most exquisite taste ..... £87.*

Mr. Boggis was holding on to himself tight and fighting to suppress the excitement. Oh God, it was wonderful! With the invoice, the value had climbed even higher. What in heaven's name would it fetch now? Twelve thousand pounds? Fourteen? Maybe fifteen or even twenty? Who knows?

Oh, boy!

He tossed the paper contemptuously on the table and said quietly, "It's exactly what I told you, a Victorian reproduction. This is simply the invoice that the seller – the man who made it and passed it off as an antique – gave to his client. I've seen lots of them."

"Say what you like," Rummins announced, "but that's an old piece of paper."

"Of course it is, my dear friend, it's Victorian, late Victorian. About eighteen ninety. Sixty or seventy years old. I've seen hundreds of them."

"Listen, Parson," Rummins said, pointing at him with a thick dirty finger, "How on earth can you be so mighty sure it's a fake when you haven't even seen what it looks like underneath all that paint?"

"Come here," Mr. Boggis said. "Come over here and I'll show you." He stood beside the commode and waited for them to gather round. "Now, anyone got a knife?"

Claud produced a horn-handled pocket knife, and Mr. Boggis took it and opened the smallest blade. Then, working with apparent casualness but actually with extreme care, he began chipping off the white paint, from a small area on the top of the commode. The paint flaked away cleanly from the old hard varnish underneath, and when he had cleared away about three square inches, he stepped back and said, "Now, take a look at that!"

It was beautiful – a warm little patch of mahogany, glowing like a topaz, rich and dark with the true colour of its two hundred years.

"What's wrong with it?" Rummins asked.

"It's processed! Anyone can see that!"

"How can you see it, Mister? You tell us."

"Well, I must say that's a trifle difficult to explain. It's chiefly a matter of experience. My experience tells me that without the slightest doubt this wood has been processed with lime. That's what they use for mahogany, to give it that dark aged colour."

The three men moved a little closer to peer at the wood. There was a slight interest among them now.

The men waited, hoping for more secrets.

"The time and trouble that some mortals will go to in order to deceive the innocent!" Mr. Boggis cried. "It's perfectly disgusting! D' you know what they did here, my friends? I

can recognize it clearly. I can almost *see* them doing it, the long, complicated ritual of rubbing the wood with linseed oil, coating it over with French polish that has been cunningly coloured, brushing it down with pumice-stone and oil, bees-waxing it with a wax that contains dirt and dust, and finally giving it the heat treatment, to crack the polish so that it looks like two-hundred-year-old varnish!”

The three men continued to gaze at the little patch of dark wood.

“Everything in life, my dear sir, is experience.”

The men were staring at this queer moon-faced clergyman with the bulging eyes, not quite so suspiciously now because he did seem to know a bit about his subject. But they were still a long way from trusting him.

Mr. Boggis bent down and pointed to one of the metal drawer-handles on the commode. “This is another place where the fakers go to work,” he said. “Old brass normally has a colour and character all of its own. Did you know that?”

They stared at him, hoping for still more secrets.

“But the trouble is that they’ve become exceedingly skilled at matching it. In fact it’s almost impossible to tell the difference between ‘genuine old’ and ‘faked old’. So there’s not really any point in our scraping the paint off these handles. We wouldn’t be any the wiser.”

“All right,” Rummins said. “So you admit you can’t tell about the handles. For all you know, they may be hundreds and hundreds of year old. Correct?”

“Ah,” Mr. Boggis whispered, fixing Rummins with two big bulging brown eyes. “That’s where you’re wrong. Watch this.”

From his jacket pocket, he took out a small screwdriver. At the same time, although none of them saw him do it, he also took out a little brass screw which he kept well hidden in the palm of his hand. Then he selected one of the screws in the commode – there were four to each handle – and began carefully scraping all traces of white paint from its head. When he had done this, he started slowly to unscrew it.

“If this is a genuine old brass screw from the eighteenth century,” he was saying, “the spiral will be slightly uneven and you’ll be able to see quite easily that it has been hand-cut with a file. But if this brasswork is faked from more recent times, Victorian or later, then obviously the screw will be of the same period. It will be a massproduced, machine-made article. Anyone can recognize a machine-made screw. Well, we shall see.”

It was not difficult, as he put his hands over the old screw and drew it out, for Mr. Boggis to substitute the new one hidden in his palm. This was another little trick of his,

and through the years it had proved a most rewarding one. The pockets of his clergyman's jacket were always stocked with a quantity of cheap brass screws of various sizes.

"There you are," he said, handing the modern screw to Rummins. "Take a look at that. Notice the exact evenness of the spiral? It's just a cheap common little screw you yourself could buy today in any ironmonger's in the country."

The screw was handed round from the one to the other, each examining it carefully. Even Rummins was impressed now. Mr. Boggis put the screwdriver back in his pocket together with the fine hand-cut screw that he'd taken from the commode, and then he turned and walked slowly past the three men towards the door.

"My dear friends," he said, pausing at the entrance to the kitchen, "it was so good of you to let me peep inside your little home – so kind. I do hope I haven't been a terrible old bore."

Rummins glanced up from examining the screw.

"How much would you give?"

"You mean that you really wish to part with it?"

"I didn't say I wished to part with it. I asked you how much."

Mr. Boggis looked across at the commode, and he laid his head first to one side, then to the other.

"Shall we say .... ten pounds. I think that would be fair."

"Ten pounds!" Rummins cried. "Don't be so ridiculous, parson, *please!*"

"Look here at the bill!" Rummins went on, pointing to that precious documents so fiercely with his dirty forefinger that Mr. Boggis became alarmed. "It tells you exactly what it cost! Eighty-seven pounds! And that's when it was new. Now it's antique it's worth double!"

"If you'll pardon me, no, sir, it's not. It's a secondhand reproduction. I 'm being rather reckless, I can't help it – I'll go up as high as fifteen pounds. How's that?"

"Make it fifty," Rummins said.

A delicious little quiver like needles ran all the way down the back of Mr. Boggis's legs and then under the soles of his feet. He had it now. It was *his*. No question about that. But the habit of buying cheap, as cheap as it was humanly possible to buy, acquired by years of necessity and practice, was too strong in him now to permit him to give in so easily.

"My dear man," he whispered softly, "I only *want* the legs. Possibly I could find some use for the drawers later on, but the rest of it, the carcass itself, it's firewood, that's

all.”

“Make it thirty-five,” Rummins said.

“I *couldn't* sir, I *couldn't*! It's not worth it. I'll make you one final offer, and then I must go. Twenty pounds.”

“I'll take it,” Rummins snapped. “It's yours.”

“How're you going to take it?”

“Well, let me see. Perhaps if I were to drive my car up into the yard, you gentlemen would be kind enough to help me load it?”

“In a car? This thing'll never go in a car! You'll need a truck for this!”

“I don't think so. Anyway, we'll see. My car's on the road. I'll be back in a jiffy. We'll manage it somehow, I'm sure.”

Mr. Boggis walked out into the yard and through the gate and then down the long track that led across the field towards the road. He was finding it difficult to stop himself from breaking into a run. But clergymen never run; they walk slowly. Walk slowly, Boggis. Keep calm, Boggis. The commode is yours! Yours for twenty pounds, and it's worth fifteen or twenty thousand! The Boggis Commode! In ten minutes it'll be loaded into your car – it'll go in easily – and you'll be driving back to London and singing all the way!

Back in the farmhouse, Rummins was saying, “Fancy that old bastard giving twenty pounds for a load of junk like this.”

“You did very nicely, Mr. Rummins,” Claud told him. “You think he'll pay you?”

“And what if it won't go in the car?” Claud asked. “You know what I think, Mr. Rummins? You want my honest opinion? I think the bloody thing's too big to go in the car. And then what happens? Then he's going to say to hell with it and just drive off without it and you'll never see him again. Nor the money either.”

Rummins paused to consider this new and rather alarming prospect.

“How can a thing like that possibly go in a car?” Claud went on relentlessly. “A parson never has a big car anyway.”

“And now listen to me. I've got an idea. He told us, didn't he, that it was only the legs he was wanting. Right? So all we've got to do is to cut 'em off quick right here on the spot before he comes back, then it'll be sure to go in the car. All we're doing is saving him the trouble of cutting them off himself when he gets home. How about it, Mr. Rummins?” Claud's flat bovine face glimmered with a mawkish pride.

“It's not such a bad idea at that,” Rummins said, looking at the commode. “Come on then, we'll have to hurry. You and Bert carry it out into the yard. I'll get the saw. Take the

drawers out first.”

Within a couple of minutes, Claud and Bert had carried the commode outside and had laid it upside down in the yard.

Rummins came from the shed, carrying a long saw. Claud took the saw away from him and went to work.

The mahogany was hard and very dry, and as Claud worked, a fine red dust sprayed out from the edge of the saw and fell softly to the ground. One by one, the legs came off, and when they were all severed, Bert arranged them carefully in a row.

Claud stepped back to survey the results of his labour. There was a longish pause.

“Just let me ask you one question, Mr. Rummins,” he said slowly. “Even now, could *you* put that enormous thing into the back of a car?”

“Not unless it was a van.”

“Correct!” Claud cried. “And parsons don’t have vans, you know.”

“The legs is all he wants,” Rummins said. “If the rest of it won’t go in, then he can leave it. He can’t complain. He’s got the legs.”

“Now you know better’n that, Mr. Rummins,” Claud said patiently. “You know damn well he’s going to start knocking the price if he don’t get every single bit of this into the car. So why don’t we give him his firewood now and be done with it. Where d’you keep the axe?”

“I reckon that’s fair enough,” Rummins said. “Bert, go fetch the axe.”

Bert went into the shed and fetched a tall woodcutter’s axe and gave it to Claud. Claud spat on the palms of his hands and rubbed them together. Then he began fiercely attacking the legless carcass of the commode.

It was hard work, and it took several minutes before he had the whole thing more or less smashed to pieces.

“I’ll tell you one thing,” he said, straightening up, wiping his brow. “That was a bloody good carpenter put this job together and I don’t care what the parson says.”

“We’re just in time!” Rummins called out. “Here he comes!”

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*Vocabulary Notes:*

<b>Parson</b> [ˈpa:sn]	приходский священник, пастор	მღვდელი, პასტორი
<b>Lean back</b>	откинуться назад	უკან წაწევა
<b>Make for</b>	направляться	მიემართო

<b>Cluster</b> [ˈklʌstə]	скопление, концентрация	გროვა, კონცენტრაცია
<b>Summit</b> [ˈsʌmit]	вершина	მწვერვალი
<b>Outskirts</b> [ˈaʊtskɔ:ts]	окраина	ბოლო
<b>Track</b>	проселочная дорога, тропинка	ბილიკი
<b>Elm</b>	вяз (дерево)	თელა
<b>Sketch</b>	эскиз, набросок	ესკიზი
<b>Spot</b>	увидеть, обнаружить	ნახვა, აღმოჩენა
<b>Georgian house – a house in the style of architecture of the period of reigns of George I, II, III, IV of England (1714-1830)</b>		
<b>Well-ordered</b>	упорядоченный, ухоженный	მოვლილი, მოწესრიგებული
<b>Rule-out</b>	исключать	გამორიცხვა
<b>There is no point</b>	не имеет смысла	აზრი არა აქვს
<b>Dilapidated</b>	полуразрушенный, полуразвалившийся, ветхий	ნახევრადანგრეული
<b>To do with</b>	удовлетвориться, обойтись	დაკმაყოფილება
<b>To release handbrake</b>	высвободить (отпустить) ручной тормоз	ხელის მუხრუჭის გაშვება
<b>Uniform of clergyman</b> [ˈkle:dʒimən]	одеяние священника	მღვდლის ტანსაცმელი, ანაფორა
<b>Premises</b>	помещение, дом (с прилегающими пристройками и участком)	სათავსო, სახლი
<b>To make income</b>	получать доход	შემოსავლის მიღება
<b>Ungraceful</b>	неизящный	არამოხდენილი
<b>Genuine</b> [ˈdʒenjuɪn]	подлинный, неподдельный, настоящий	ნამდვილი, არაყალბი
<b>Article</b>	предмет, изделие, вещь	საგანი, ნიძუში, ნივთი
<b>Fame</b>	слава, известность, репутация	სახელი, რეპუტაცია
<b>A source of supply that was almost inexhaustible</b>	источник поставки, который был почти неистощимым	მომარაგების წყარო, რომელიც თითქმის გაუთავებელი იყო
<b>Stuff</b>	вещи, имущество	ქონება
<b>Wink</b>	подмигивать	თვალის ჩაკვრა

<b>Fetch</b>	приносить	მოტანა, მოყვანა
<b>Spindle</b>	стержень (винтообразный), веретено	თითისტარი
<b>Inlay</b>	инкрустация, мозаичная работа	ინკრუსტაცია, მოზაიკური ნამუშევარი
<b>To poke</b>	совать, просунуть	გაყოფა, ჩაყოფა
<b>Fireplace</b>	камин	ბუხარი
<b>Straight away</b>	сейчас же	ამ წუთასვე
<b>Bargain</b> [ˈbɑːɡɪn]	торговаться	ვაჭრობა
<b>Station-wagon</b>	многоместный легковой автомобиль (с откидными сиденьями и задним откидным бортом)	მრავალადგილიანი მსუბუქი ავტომობილი
<b>To comb the countryside</b>	прочесать сельскую местность	მთელი სოფლის შემოვლა
<b>It wouldn't interfere with his work at all</b>	это совершенно не будет мешать работе	ეს საერთოდ არ შეუშლის ხელს მის სამსახურს
<b>Scale map</b>	масштабная карта	მაშტაბური რუკა
<b>Gradually</b>	постепенно	ნელნელა
<b>Plumber</b>	водопроводчик	წყალსადენის ოსტატი
<b>From now on</b>	в дальнейшем, впредь	მომავალში, აწი
<b>Compile an inventory</b>	составлять инвентарь	ინვენტარის შედგენა
<b>Lucrative</b> [ˈluːkrətɪv]	прибыльный, выгодный	შემოსავლიანი, ხელსაყრელი
<b>A deal was completed</b>	сделка была завершена	გარიგება დასრულებული იყო
<b>Half-timbered</b>	полубревенчатый	ნახევრად ხე-ტყის
<b>Peer</b>	вглядываться, всматриваться	დაშტერება
<b>Alcove</b> [ˈælkəʊv]	альков, ниша	ალკო, ნიში საწოლისათვის
<b>Semi-circular</b>	полукруглый	ნახევრადმრგვალი
<b>Lattice</b> [ˈlætɪs]	решетка	გისოსი
<b>Honeysuckle</b>	жимолость ( <i>bot.</i> )	ცხრათყავა
<b>Husk</b>	листовая обертка початка	სიმინდის ფორები

	კუკურუზი	
<b>Pateriae (pl.)</b>	круглый орнамент (в виде тарелки), патера	მრგვალი ორნამენტი
<b>Exquisite</b>	изысканный, утонченный	გამორჩეული
<b>Shed</b>	сарай, навес	სხვენი
<b>To waste time</b>	терять время	დროის დაკარგვა
<b>To pry (into)</b>	подглядывать, подсматривать	თვალთვალი, შეჭვრეტა
<b>Larder</b>	кладовая	საკუჭნაო
<b>Wicked</b>	злой	ბოროტი
<b>To take a great fancy</b>	привлечь большое внимание	დიდი ყურადღების მიქცევა
<b>Beyond smb's means</b>	не по средствам	უაზროდ ფლანგვა
<b>Deal table</b>	сосновый стол	ფიჭვის ხის მაგიდა
<b>He stopped dead in his tracks</b>	он застыл на месте	ის ადგილზე გაშრა
<b>Acquire</b>	приобретать	შეძენა
<b>Layman</b>	непрофессионал	არაპროფესიონალი
<b>Celebrated</b>	знаменитый	ცნობილი, განთქმული
<b>Coveted</b>	желанный	სასურველი
<b>For certain</b>	определенно	გარკვეულად
<b>Workshop</b>	мастерская	სახელოსნო
<b>Invoice</b>	счёт-фактура	ფაქტურა
<b>Exalted</b>	достойный, экзальтированный	საკმარისი
<b>Similar to</b>	схожий с	მსგავსი
<b>Affair</b>	вещь (разг. )	ნივთი
<b>Chest of drawers</b>	комод	კომოდი
<b>Obscure</b>	затемнять, делать не ясным	გაურკვეველი, ბუნდოვანი
<b>Superb</b>	великолепный	შესანიშნავი
<b>Apart from</b>	не говоря уже о	რომ არ ვთქვათ
<b>Contemptuous</b>	презрительный	საეჭვო
[kən'temptjuəs]		
<b>Flip</b>	легкий удар, щелчок	მსუბუქი დარტყმა
<b>Crude</b> [kru:d]	грубый	უხეში
<b>Exquisite</b>	изысканное мастерство	შესანიშნავი ხელობა

**craftsmanship**

<b>Damage</b>	повредить	მავნებლობა
<b>Suspiciously</b>	подозрительно	ეჭვით
<b>Sermon</b> [ˈsə:mən]	проповедь	ახსარება
<b>Frown</b> [ˈfraʊn]	хмурить брови, смотреть неодобрительно	წარბის შეკვრა
<b>Folded</b>	сложенный	დაკეცილი
<b>Brittle</b>	хрупкий, ломкий	ფაქიზი, მტკრევადი
<b>Copperplate hand</b>	каллиграфический подчерк	კალიგრაფიული ხელწერა
<b>Sloping</b>	наклонный	დაქანებული
<b>Fluted</b>	изогнутый, имеющий выемку	მოგრეხილი
<b>Chased</b>	резной, выгравированный	ამოჭრილი, ამოძერწული
<b>Toss</b>	бросать, кидать, швырять	გადაგდება, დაგდება
<b>Fake</b>	подделка	ყალბი
<b>Chip off</b>	откалывать, отламывать	მოტეხვა
<b>Varnish</b>	лак	ლაქი
<b>Flake away</b>	отшелушиваться, отслаиваться	აქერცლვა
<b>Processed</b>	обработанный	გადამუშავებული
<b>Mahogany</b>	красное дерево	წითელი ხე
<b>Lime</b>	известь	კირი
<b>Linseed oil</b>	льняное масло	სელის ზეთი
<b>Cunningly</b>	хитро, коварно	ემმაკურად
<b>Pumice-stone</b>	пемза	პემზა
<b>Heat treatment</b>	тепловая обработка	სათბური დამუშავება
<b>Bulging eyes</b>	глаза на выкате	გადმოკარკლული თვალები
<b>Brass</b>	латунь, желтая медь	თითბერი
<b>Screwdriver</b>	отвертка	სახრახნისი
<b>File</b>	напильник	ქლიბი
<b>Ironmonger's</b>	магазин торгующий скобяными (железными) товарами	მალაზია მოვაჭრე რკინეულით
<b>Peep</b>	подглядывать	ჩაცქერება, ჩაშტერება
<b>To part with</b>	расстаться с чем-либо или с кем-либо	განშორება

<b>Fair</b>	справедливый	სამართლიანი
<b>Bore</b> [bɔ:]	скучный человек	მოსაწყენი ადამიანი
<b>Reckless</b>	безрассудный	განუსჯელი, უგუნური
<b>Quiver</b>	дрожь	კანკალი
<b>Give in</b>	уступать, сдаваться	დათმობა, ჩაბარდე
<b>Firewood</b>	дрова	შეშა
<b>Snap</b>	ухватиться (за предложение)	ხელი მოსჭიდო
<b>I'll be back in a jiffy</b>	я моментально вернусь	მე მომენტალურად დავბრუნდები
<b>Fancy that old bastard</b>	представьте себе старый	წარმოიდგინეთ, ბებერი
<b>giving twenty pounds</b>	ублюдок дает двадцать фунтов	ნაბიჭვარი იძლევა ოც
<b>for a load of junk like</b>	за груды подобного хлама	ფუნტს ასეთ ნაგავში
<b>that</b>		
<b>Relentlessly</b>	неустанно	შეუბრალებლად
<b>Prospect</b>	перспектива	პერსპექტივა
<b>On the spot</b>	сразу, немедленно	ამ წუთასვე, ახლავე, უცებ
<b>Save</b>	экономить	ეკონომიის გაწევა
<b>Saw</b>	пила	ხერხი
<b>Spray out</b>	распылять	შეშხუნება
<b>Sever</b>	разъединять, отделять	განცალკევება
<b>To survey</b>	осматривать	დათვალიერება
<b>Van</b>	фургон	ფურგონი
<b>To knock the price</b>	сбить цену	ფასის დაგდება
<b>Axe</b> [æks]	топор	ცული
<b>I reckon that's fair</b>	я считаю это достаточно	მე ამას საკმაოდ
<b>enough</b>	справедливо	სამართლიანად ვთვლი
<b>Fiercely</b>	злобно	გაბრაზებულად, გაცოფებულად
<b>Smash to pieces</b>	разбить на куски	ნაწილებზე დამსხვრევა
<b>Carpenter</b> [ˈkɑ:pɪntə]	плотник	ღურგალი

*Questions for discussion:*

1. What was Mr. Boggis?
2. Why was he called a talented salesman?
3. Describe Mr. Boggis. What can you say about his knowledge?
4. What was the idea behind Mr. Boggis' little secret?
5. What did he do every Sunday?
6. Why did he wear clergyman's uniform?
7. What kind of card did he order for himself?
8. Describe Mr. Boggis' appearance.
9. Did people trust Mr. Boggis?
10. What piece of furniture did he find in Mr. Rummins' house?
11. Did he manage to buy the commode?
12. Why did Claud offer to cut the legs of the commode?
13. What is the end of the story?
14. Why is the story called Parson's pleasure?



**Questions and topics for discussions:**

1. Speak about your flat (house).
2. Compare your friend's (sister's, parents' ...) flat to yours.
3. In what part of Tbilisi are there many apartment houses?
4. How do you write the address in English?
5. Are there any sky-scrapers in your town (city)? Why (not)?
6. Compare a typical old house and a modern house in Tbilisi.
7. What sphere of engineering deals with building houses?
8. Name some building materials.
9. What materials are used to make furniture?
10. How does an office differ from an apartment?

11. Do you prefer to live in a house or in a flat? Why?
12. Describe town (city), the architecture of which you like.
13. Is there any building in your city that you especially like? If so, describe it.
14. Describe the lay-out of the place you learn (work).
15. Name domestic electric appliances. Which of them have you got? Characterize them (old, modern, powerful or not, etc.).
16. What modern conveniences usually are in a house (an apartment)? Which of them have you got?
17. Imagine you are 1) an architect 2) estate agent 3) an interior designer. Describe a house (a flat) you are going to build (to sell, to decorate).
18. Make up a dialogue host-guest.
19. Describe some building in your town (city) so that others recognize it.
20. Speak about modern and old architecture.
21. Describe your national architectural style.
22. Role play: you got lost in a big office / department store. Ask somebody you met in the corridor to help you.
23. Role play: estate agent – the man who wants to buy a flat (house).
24. Role play: architect – the man who orders to build a house.

## Unit 8

### Weather & Climate. Natural Phenomena

#### Погода и климат. Явления природы

#### ამინდი და კლიმატი. ბუნების მოვლენები

<b>Hot-heat</b> [hɒt-hi:t]	горячий, жарко, жара	ცხელი/ცხელა – სიცხე
<b>Cold</b> – the cold, the frost [kəʊld, frɒst]	холодный, холод, мороз	ცივი/ცივა - სიცივე
<b>Cool</b> – coolness [ku:l, 'ku:lnis]	прохладный, прохлада	გრილი/გრილა – სიგრილე
<b>Warm</b> – warmth [wɔ:m, wɔ:mθ]	тёплый, тепло, теплота	თბილი/თბილა – სითბო
<b>A hot (cold,cool,warm) day</b>		
<b>It is hot (cold, cool, warm)</b>	жарко (холодно, прохладно, тепло)	ცხელა (ცივა, გრილა, თბილა)
<b>The day (weather) is hot (...).</b>		
<b>Rain</b> – rainy [rein - 'reini]	дождь – дождливый	წვიმა – წვიმიანი
<b>Snow</b> – snowy	снег – снежный	თოვლი - ...
<b>Cloud</b> – cloudy [klaud]	облако – облачный	ღრუბელი - ...
<b>Wind</b> – windy [wind]	ветер – ветряной	ქარი - ...
<b>Sun</b> – sunny [sʌn]	солнце – солнечный	მზე - ...
<b>Mist</b> – misty [mist]	туман (дымка) – туманный	ნისლი - ...
<b>Fog</b> – foggy [fɒg]	туман (густой) – туманный	ბურუსი - ...
<b>Frost</b> – frosty [frɒst]	мороз – морозный	ყინვა - ...
<b>a rainy day; the day is rainy. It is rainy today.</b>		
<b>Shine</b> [ʃaɪn] (v.)	светить	ნათება, ბზინვა, კაშკაში
<b>The sun is shining.</b>		
<b>The weather is fine</b> [faɪn]	чудесный	შესანიშნავი
<b>Fair</b> [fɛə]	прекрасный, хороший	მშვენიერი
<b>Good</b> [gʊd]		
<b>Nice</b> [naɪs]		
<b>Not bad</b>		
<b>Not very good</b>		
<b>Bad</b>		
<b>Nasty</b> [ˈnɑ:sti]	отвратительный	საზიზღარი

<b>Terrible</b> [ˈterɪbl],			
<b>Horrible</b> [ˈhɒrɪbl]		ужасный	საშინელი
<b>Blow</b> [bləʊ] (v.)		дуть (дует)	ბერვა (უბერავს)
<b>Strong – light wind</b>			
<b>Breeze</b> [bri:z]		бриз, лёгкий ветер	ნიავი
<b>Hurricane</b> [ˈhʌrɪkeɪn]		ураган	ქარიშხალი
<b>The day is climate weather</b>	<b>dry</b> [draɪ]	сухой	მშრალი
	<b>humid</b> [ˈhju:mɪd]	влажный	ნესტიანი
	<b>wet</b> [wet]	мокрый	სველი
	<b>mild</b> [maɪld]	мягкий, умеренный	რბილი, ზომიერი
	<b>changeable</b> [ˈtʃeɪndʒ əbl], <b>variable</b> [ˈveəriəbl]	переменчивый	ცვალებადი
<b>It's</b>	<b>raining</b>	идёт дождь	წვიმს
	<b>drizzling</b> [ˈdrɪzliŋ]	моросит	ცრის
	<b>pouring</b> [ˈpɔ:riŋ]	льёт	ასხამს
	<b>raining cats and dogs</b>	очень сильный дождь	ძალიან ძლიერად წვიმს (ისე, რომ კატა და ძაღვებიც აღარ ჩხუბობს)
	<b>a shower</b> [ˈʃaʊə]	ливень	ასხამს როგორც შხაპიდან
<b>The rain is heavy (= strong).</b>			
<b>The fog is thick</b> [θɪk]	густой туман		სქელი ნისლია/ბურუსია
<b>The sky</b> [skaɪ]	небо		ცა
<b>Ice</b> [aɪs]	лёд		ყინული
<b>Sleet = snow with rain</b>	снег с дождём (крупа )		ხორხოშელა
<b>Slush = melting snow under your feet</b>	слякоть		ჭყაპი, თოვლ-ჭყაპი, ჭენჭყო, დანძახი
<b>Mud</b> [mʌd]	грязь		ტალახი
<b>Thunder</b> [ˈθʌndə]	гром		ქუხილი
<b>(Thunder-) storm</b>	гроза		ჭექა-ქუხილი, ელჭექი, ავდარი
<b>Lightning</b> [ˈlaɪtnɪŋ]	молния		ელვა

<b>Natural calamities</b>	стихийное бедствие	სტიქიური უბედურობანი
<b>Flood</b> [flʌd]	наводнение	წყალდიდობა
<b>Hail</b> [heil]	град	სეტყვა
<b>Drought</b> [draut]	засуха	გვალვა
<b>Avalanche</b> [əvəˈlɑ:nʃ]	лавина	ზვავი
<b>It is going to rain = It looks like rain</b>	наверное, пойдёт дождь = я думаю, дождь собирается	მე მგონია, წვიმას აპირებს
<b>Indian summer – period in the beginning of autumn when the weather is fine</b>	бабье лето	დედაბრის ყვავილობა, ნაკვიანევი ზაფხული
<b>Fall</b> ( <i>Am.E.</i> )[fɔ:l] = <b>autumn</b>	осень	შემოდგომა
<b>The temperature is...degrees above (below) zero</b> [ˈtemprətʃə [diˈgri:z] [əbʌv] [biˈlou]	температура...градусов ниже / выше нуля	ტემპერატურა... გრადუსია ნოლის ზემოთ / ქვემოთ

## Natural Phenomena

### Явления природы

#### ბუნების მოვლენები

<b>Solar eclipse</b> [ˈsoulə iˈklips]	солнечное затмение	მზის ჩაბნელება
<b>Lunar eclipse</b> [ˈlu:nə iˈklips]	лунное затмение	მთვარის ჩაბნელება
<b>Weather</b> [ˈweðə]	погода	ამინდი
<b>Precipitation</b> [ˌprɪsɪpiˈteɪʃn]	осадки	ნალექი
<b>Clear</b> [kliə]	ясное, безоблачное ( <i>небо</i> )	ულრუბლო
<b>Overcast</b> [ˈəʊvəka:st]	пасмурное	ღრუბლიანი, მოლუშული
<b>Drizzle</b> [drɪzl]	изморось, мелкий дождь	წვიმა ცრის
<b>Rainbow</b> [ˈreɪnbou]	радуга	ცისარტყელა
<b>Calm</b> [ka:m]	безветрие	წყნარი, უქარო
<b>Storm</b> [stɔ:m]	буря	შტორმი, ქარიშხალი
<b>Cyclone</b> [ˈsaɪkloun]	циклон	ციკლონი
<b>Typhoon</b> [taiˈfu:n]	тайфун	ტაიფუნი

<b>Whirlwind</b> [ˈwɜ:lwind]	вихрь, смерч	ქარბუქი
<b>Tornado</b> [tɔ:ˈneidou]	торнадо	ტორნადო
<b>Waterspout</b> [ˈwɔ:təspaut]	водяной смерч	ქარბორბალა
<b>Volcano</b> [vɒlˈkeinou]	вулкан	ვულკანი
<b>Eruption</b> [iˈrʌpʃn]	извержение	ამოხეთქვა, აფეთქება
<b>Earthquake</b> [ˈə:θkweik]	землетрясение	მიწისძვრა
<b>Waterfall, cataract falls</b> [ˈwɔ:təfɔ:l, ˈkætərækt ˈfɔ:ls]	водопад	ჩანჩქერი
<b>Landslide</b> [ˈlændslaid]	оползень	ზვავი
<b>Tsunami</b> [tsuˈna:mi:]	цунами, сейсмическая морская волна	ცუნამი
<b>Tide</b> [taid]	прилив и отлив	მოქცევა და მიქცევა
<b>Glacial ice</b> [ˈgleisjəl ˈaɪs]	ледник	მყინვარი
<b>Bog (marsh)</b> [bɒg (mɑ:ʃ)]	болото	ჭაობი
<b>Swamp</b> [swɒmp]	заросшее болото	ჭაობი
<b>North</b> [nɔ:θ]	север	ჩრდილოეთი
<b>South</b> [sauθ]	юг	სამხრეთი
<b>East</b> [i:st]	восток	აღმოსავლეთი
<b>West</b> [west]	запад	დასავლეთი
<b>Northern</b> [ˈnɔ:ðən]	северный	ჩრდილოეთ
<b>Southern</b> [ˈsʌðən]	южный	სამხრეთ
<b>Western</b> [ˈwestən]	западный	დასავლეთ
<b>Eastern</b> [ˈi:stən]	восточный	აღმოსავლეთ
<b>Climatic zone</b> [ˈklaɪˈmætɪk zoun]	климатическая зона	კლიმატური ზონა

**Climate:**

<b>Tropical</b> [ˈtrɒpɪkəl]	тропический	ტროპიკული
<b>Subtropical</b> [subˈtrɒpɪkəl]	субтропический	სუბტროპიკული
<b>Moderate</b> [ˈmɒdərɪt], <b>temperate</b> [ˈtempərɪt]	умеренный	ზომიერი
<b>Mild</b> [maɪld]	мягкий	რბილი
<b>Continental</b> [ˌkɒntɪˈnɛntl]	континентальный	კონტინენტალური
<b>Subarctic</b> [ˌsʌbˈɑ:ktɪk]	субарктический	სუბარქტიკული

**Arctic** [ˈɑːktɪk]

арктический

არქტიკული

**Pole** [pəʊl]

полюс

პოლუსი

x x x x x

**Read the text and translate it:**

### **The Climate of the British Isles**

The British Isles which are surrounded by the ocean have an insular climate. The climate is moister and more equable than that of Central Europe.

The three things that chiefly determine the climate of England are: 1) the position of the island in the temperate belt; 2) the fact that the prevailing winds blow from the west and south-west; 3) the warm current – the Gulf Stream that flows from the Gulf of Mexico along the western shores of England.

The British Isles are situated in the temperate zone. The climate is mild, and strong frosts are rare. Due to the moderating influences of the sea and of the Gulf Stream, the January temperature is higher and the July temperature lower than in any other country of the same latitude. That is why the British ports are ice-free and its rivers not frozen throughout the year.

It is hard to say that England has typical weather because of the sudden changes that occur – showers from what was only a few hours before a clear blue sky; sunshine that makes you want to leave off most of your clothes followed by winds that set you wishing for two overcoats.

There is an abundance of rainfall in the west. As a result, there are thick fogs which last for days and weeks at a time during the autumn and winter. The lack of sunshine hinders the cultivation of many species of plants, especially grain crops. However, grasses grow all the year round, providing fodder for cattle.

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*Vocabulary Notes:*

**To be surrounded**

быть окруженным

იყო გარშემორტყმული

**Insular climate**

островной климат

კუნძულის კლიმატი

**Moist**

сырой, влажный

სველი, ნესტიანი

<b>Equable</b>	равномерный, ровный	ზომიერი, თანაბარი
<b>Prevailing</b>	преобладающий	მიღებული, გაბატონებული
<b>Warm current</b>	теплое течение	თბილი დინება
<b>Mild</b>	мягкий	რბილი
<b>Frost</b>	мороз	ყინვა
<b>Due to</b>	благодаря, из-за	რალაცის გამო
<b>Moderating influence</b>	умеренное влияние	ზომიერი გავლენა
<b>Latitude</b> [ˈlætɪtjuːd]	географическая широта	გეოგრაფიული განედი/სიგანე
<b>Ice-free port</b>	незамерзающий порт	არაგამყინვარე პორტი
<b>Shower</b> [ˈʃaʊə]	ливень	თავსხმა, კოკისპირული წვიმა
<b>Abundance of rainfall</b>	изобилие осадков	ნალექის დიდი რაოდენობა
<b>Throughout the year</b>	весь год	მთელი წელი
<b>Lack</b>	нехватка	უკმარისობა
<b>Hinder</b> [ˈhɪndə]	мешать, препятствовать	ხელის შეშლა
<b>Species</b> [spiːʃiːz]	вид, разновидность	მრავალსახეობა, მრავალფეროვნება
<b>Grain crops</b>	урожай зерновых	მარცვლეულის მოსავალი
<b>Provide</b>	обеспечивать	უზრუნველყოფა
<b>Fodder</b> [ˈfɒdə]	корм для скота	საკვები საქონლისათვის
<b>Cattle</b> [ˈkætl]	крупный рогатый скот	პირუტყვი

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### Exercises:

*I. Find in the text English equivalents of the following words and expressions:*

островной климат	კუნძულის კლიმატი
более влажный	უფრო ნაში
умеренный пояс	ზომიერი სარტყელი
преобладающие ветры	მობინადრე ქარები
теплое течение	თბილი დინება
мягкий климат	რბილი კლიმატი

мороз	ყინვა
умеренное влияние моря	ზღვის ზომიერი გავლენა
незамерзающие порты	არაგამყინვარე პორტები
изобилие осадков	ნალექის დიდი რაოდენობა
нехватка солнечного света	მზის შუქის უკმარისობა
обеспечивать корм для скота	საქონლის საკვებით მომარაგება

*II. Give Russian and Georgian equivalents of the following words and expressions:*  
to be surrounded, insular climate, temperate belt, temperate zone, due to, warm current, mild climate, frost, latitude, ice-free ports, showers, throughout the year, abundance of rainfall, lack of sunshine, species of plants, grain crops, providing fodder for cattle.

*III. Answer the following questions:*

1. What can you say about the climate of British Isles?
2. What determines the climate of England?
3. In what zone are situated the British Isles?
4. Why the January temperature is higher and the July temperature is lower in England?
5. Are the British ports ice-free?
6. Why is it hard to say that England has typical weather?
7. What hinders the cultivation of many species of plants?
8. What provides fodder for cattle?

x x x x x

**Read the text and translate it:**

### **The Seasons**

The year is divided into four seasons: spring, summer, autumn and winter. In spring, nature awakens from her long winter sleep. The trees are filled with new life, the earth is

warmed by the rays of the sun, and the weather gets gradually milder. The fields and the meadows are covered with fresh green grass. The woods and forests are filled with the songs of the birds. The sky is blue and cloudless. At night, millions of stars shine in the darkness.

When summer comes, the weather gets warmer still and sometimes it's very hot. It's the farmer's busy season. The grass must be cut and the hay must be made, while the dry weather lasts. Sometimes the skies are covered with heavy clouds. There are storms with thunder, lightning and hail.

Autumn brings with it the harvest-time, when the crops are gathered in and the fruit is picked in the orchards. The days get shorter and the nights longer. The woods turn yellow and brown, leaves begin to fall from the trees, and the ground is covered with them. The skies are grey, and very often it rains.

When winter comes, we're obliged to spend more time indoors because out of doors it's cold. Ponds, lakes, rivers and streams are frozen, and the roads are sometimes covered with slippery ice or deep snow. The trees are bare. Bitter north winds have stripped them of all their leaves.

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*Vocabulary Notes:*

<b>Awaken</b>	пробуждаться	გაღვიძება
<b>Rays</b>	лучи	სხივები
<b>Gradually</b>	постепенно	ნელ-ნელა
<b>Meadow</b> [ˈmedəu]	луг	მდელო
<b>Hay</b> [hei]	сено	თივა
<b>Storm</b> [stɔ:m]	гроза	ქარიშხალი
<b>Thunder</b>	гром	ჭექა-ქუხილი
<b>Lightning</b>	молния	ელვა
<b>Hail</b> [heil]	град	სეტყვა
<b>Harvest-time</b>	время урожая	მოსავლის დრო
<b>To gather the crops</b>	собирать урожай	მოსავლის აგება
<b>Orchard</b> [ˈɔ:tʃəd]	фруктовый сад	ხეხილი
<b>To be obliged</b>	быть обязанным	იყო ვალდებული
<b>Pond</b> [pɒnd]	пруд, водоём	ტბორი, გუბურა
<b>Stream</b> [stri:m]	поток, река, ручей	დინება, ნაკადი, მდინარე,

<b>Slippery ice</b>	скользкий лёд	ნაკადული სრიალა ყინული
<b>Bare trees</b>	голые деревья	შიშველი ხეები
<b>Bitter wind</b>	сильный ветер	ძლიერი ქარი
<b>North winds have stripped the trees of all their leaves</b>	северные ветры сорвали все листья с деревьев	ჩრდილოეთმა ქარმა მოჰკლიჯა ხეს ფოთლები

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### Exercises:

- I. Put 6-8 questions to the text.
- II. Describe the four seasons of the year.
- III. Speak on the season you like best.

x x x x x

### Read the text:

#### MORE ABOUT THE ENGLISH

Like any other country Britain has its manners and customs as well as reputation.

Foreigners often say that in English trains people never speak to each other. But this, of course, is not true.

Not long ago I was travelling to London. In my compartment there were many passengers and they talked to each other almost all the time. They told each other where they lived, where they were going and, of course, talked about the weather. As soon as the train started a little girl, sitting by the window, called out: "We're off!" I found out that she was going to her aunt's in Chiswick. "It's somewhere near the Thames but I don't know exactly where ... Shall we be passing anywhere near it?" "Chiswick? That's easy to find. You can get to it on the Tube. I'll show you where to go when we arrive," I told her.

"Goodness, how fast the train is going!" said an old lady. "Do they go so fast in foggy weather and at night?" Her neighbour smiled, took out a book and began to read. Here was a typical Englishman: during the whole journey he did not say a single word. But

as we arrived in London, he got up, and turning to the lady he said with a strong accent: "Excuse me. I do not understand English. I am from Poland."

The English people often say something about the weather when they begin a conversation with strangers. In fact, people talk about the weather more in Britain than in most parts of the world. For one thing, the weather in Britain changes very quickly. One day may be fine and the next day may be wet. When you go to bed the stars may be shining brightly and when you wake up it may be raining heavily. You can never be quite sure what the weather is going to be like. The English often say "Other countries have a climate, in England we have weather." For another thing, the weather is a safe topic for conversation. When two Englishmen meet, if they can't think of anything else to talk about or if they don't know each other well enough to discuss personal matters, they talk about the weather.

If it's nice and warm and the sun is shining brightly, a person usually says, "It's a lovely morning, isn't it?" or "Isn't it hot today?", and the answer is "Yes, it's wonderful weather we're having." After a night of heavy snowfall and hard frost he may say: "A cold morning, isn't it?", and the answer is "Yes, we're having a very cold winter."

Or perhaps the day is dull; it is raining a little, the sky is grey and cloudy, and everyone is wearing a raincoat or carrying an umbrella. As it gets darker a thick fog covers London. Cars and buses put on their lights and move slowly along the wet, slippery roads. As one friend meets another the usual remark is, "Isn't the weather awful!"

As the weather changes so often, it is of course quite important. It plays a big part in the lives of the British people. Every daily newspaper publishes a weather forecast. Both the radio and the television broadcast news about the weather several times each day.

*(From the Intermediate Modern English Course)*

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*Vocabulary Notes:*

<b>Custom</b> ['kʌstəm]	обычай	აღათ-წესი
<b>Compartment</b>	купе	კუპე
<b>To be off</b>	уходить, уезжать	წასვლა, გამგზავრება
<b>Tube</b> [tju:b]	Лондонское метро	ლონდონის მეტრო
<b>Goodness!</b>	боже мой!	ღმერთო ჩემო
<b>Wet</b>	мокрый	სველი

<b>It may be raining heavily</b>	возможно пойдёт сильный дождь	შესაძლოა ძლიერი წვიმა მოვიდეს
<b>To be sure</b>	быть уверенным	იყო დარწმუნებული
<b>Safe topic</b>	безопасная тема	უსაფრთხო თემა
<b>Personal matter</b>	личное дело	პირადი საქმე
<b>Snowfall</b>	снегопад	დიდი თოვლი
<b>Dull</b>	скучный	მოსაწყენი
<b>Raincoat</b>	плащ	საწვიმარი
<b>Umbrella</b>	зонт	ქოლგა
<b>Fog</b>	туман	ბურუსი
<b>To put on the light</b>	зажигать свет	შუქის ანთება
<b>Slippery road</b>	скользкая дорога	სრიალა გზა
<b>A weather forecast</b>	прогноз погоды	ამინდის პროგნოზი
<b>Broadcast</b>	вещать, передавать по радио (телевидению)	ვიღეო, ტელე ტრანსლაცია

*Answer the following questions:*

1. What reputation do the English have among foreigners?
2. Where was the author going one day?
3. What did the passengers in his compartment talk about?
4. Why did the author describe one of the passengers as a typical Englishman?
5. Why didn't this passenger say a single word during the whole journey to London?
6. How do the English people usually start a conversation with strangers?
7. Why is the weather always a safe topic for conversation?
8. What is the usual remark for good (bad, cold) weather?
9. What does London look like on a rainy day? (When a thick fog covers the city?)
10. What do the daily newspapers publish?

x x x x x

## Read the text:

### Cat in the Rain.

*Ernest Hemingway (abridged)*

There were only two Americans stopping at the hotel. They didn't know any of the people they passed on the stairs on their way to and from their room. Their room was on the second floor facing the sea. It also faced a public garden and the war monument. In the good weather there was always an artist with his easel. It was raining. The American wife stood at the window looking out. Outside right under their window a cat was crouched under one of the dripping green tables. The cat was trying to make herself so compact that wouldn't be dripped on.

"I'm going and get that kitty," the American wife said.

"I'll do it," her husband offered from the bed.

"No, I'll get it."

The husband went on reading. "Don't get wet," he said.

The wife went downstairs and the hotel owner stood up and bowed to her as she passed the office. His desk was at the far end of the office. She liked the way he wanted to serve her.

She opened the door and looked out. It was raining harder. The cat would be around to the right. As she stood in the doorway an umbrella opened behind her. It was the maid who looked after their room. Of course, the hotel-keeper had sent her. She walked along the path until she was under their window. The table was there, but the cat was gone.

"There was a cat under the table. I want it so much."

"Come, Signora," said the maid. "We must get back inside. You will be wet."

They went back. The maid stayed outside to close the umbrella. The American girl went on the stairs. She went on up the stairs. She opened the door of the room. George was on the bed, reading.

"Did you get the cat?", he asked, putting the book down.

"It was gone."

"I wanted it so much", she said. "I don't know why I wanted it so much. It isn't any fun to be a poor kitty out in the rain."

George was reading again.

She went over and sat in front of the mirror of the dressing table. She studied her

profile.

“Don’t you think it would be a good idea if I let my hair grow out?”

George looked up and saw the back of her neck clipped close like a boy’s.

“I like it the way it is.”

She laid the mirror down on the dresser and went over to the window and looked out. It was getting dark.

“I want to pull my hair back tight and smooth. I want to have a kitty to sit on my lap and purr when I stroke her. I want to eat at a table with my own silver and I want candles. I want some new clothes.”

“Oh, shut up and get something to read,” George said. He was reading again. His wife was looking out of the window.

“Anyway, if I can’t have long hair or any fun, I can have a cat.”

George was not listening.

Someone knocked at the door.

“Avanti”, George said. In the doorway stood the maid. She held a big cat.

“Excuse me”, she said, “the pardone asked me to bring this for the signora.”

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*Vocabulary Notes:*

<b>Pass on</b>	проходить дальше	გავლა
<b>Their room face the sea</b>	их комната выходит на море	მათი ოთახი ზღვას შეჰყურებს
<b>Artist</b>	художник	მხატვარი
<b>Easel [ˈi:zl]</b>	мольберт	მოლბერტი
<b>Crouch [ˈkrautʃ]</b>	припасть к земле, пригнуться	მოკუნტვა (მოიკუნტა)
<b>Drip</b>	капать	წვეთვა (წვეთავს)
<b>The husband went on reading</b>	муж продолжил чтение	ქმარმა გააგრძელა კითხვა
<b>To get wet</b>	намокнуть	დასველება
<b>Hotel owner, hotel-keeper</b>	владелец гостиницы	სასტუმროს მფლობელი
<b>Bow [bou]</b>	поклониться, приветствовать	თავის დაკვრა, მისალმება
<b>She liked the way he</b>	ей нравилась манера, как он	მას მოსწონდა ის ხერხი,

<b>wanted to serve her</b>	хотел прислужить ей	რომლითაც უნდოდა მოემსახუროს მას
<b>Doorway</b>	дверной проём	კარში გასასვლელი
<b>Path</b> [pa:θ]	тропинка	ბილიკი
<b>Get back</b>	вернуться	დაბრუნება
<b>It's a fun</b> [fʌn] = <b>it's nice</b>		
<b>Dressing table, dresser</b> (Amer.)	туалетный столик	ტრილიაჟი
<b>Let one's hair grow out</b>	отрастить волосы	თმის გაზრდა
<b>Clipped</b> = cut	подстриженный	შეკრეჭილი
<b>To pull one's hair back tight and smooth</b>	стянуть волосы назад плотно и гладко	თმის მჭიდროდ დაჭიმვა
<b>Lap</b>	колени	კალთა
<b>Purr</b>	мурлыкать	კრუტუნის, კვრინვა
<b>Stroke</b> [strəuk]	гладить, ласкать	მოფერება
<b>Silver</b>	серебро	ვერცხლი
<b>Candle</b> ['kændl]	свеча	სანთელი
<b>Shut up!</b>	замолчи!	გაჩუმდი!
<b>Maid</b> [meid]	служанка, горничная	მოსამსახურე ქალი

### ⚡ ⚡

## Exercises:

*I. Answer the following questions:*

1. What do you think about the relations between American wife and her husband?
2. Why did she like the manner the hotel-keeper wanted to serve her?
3. Can you say the same about her husband? Was he an attentive person?
4. What did the woman see under one of the dripping table when she opened the window?
5. Did she get the cat?
6. What did the woman dream about?
7. What can you say about hotel-keeper's behavior? Was he an attentive person?

8. What do you think about the problem of this couple? Did they love each other?

*II. Find in the text English equivalents of the following words and expressions:*

проходить дальше	გავლა
мольберт	მოლბერტი
муж продолжил чтение	ქმარმა გააგრძელა კითხვა
пригнуться	დახრა
владелец гостиницы	სასტუმროს მფლობელი
намокнуть	დასველება
поклониться	თავის დახრა
тропинка	ბილიკი
туалетный столик	ტრილიაჟი
отрастить волосы	თმის გაზრდა
подстриженный	შეჭრილი თმა
колени	მუხლები
мурлыкать	კრუტუნნი
свеча	სანთელი
служанка	მოახლე
серебро	ვერცხლი

*III. Give Russian and Georgian equivalents of the following words and expressions:*

pass on, artist, easel, crouch, to get wet, hotel owner, bow, path, doorway, to get back, it's a fun, dresser, to let one's hair grow out, lap, purr, stroke, hotel keeper, candle, silver, maid.

*IV. Translate the following sentences into English:*

1. Их комната была на третьем этаже и выходила на море.

მათი ოთახი იყო მესამე სართულზე, რომელიც გადაჰყურებდა ზღვას.

2. Жена спустилась вниз, а владелец гостиницы поднялся и поклонился ей, когда она проходила через его офис.  
 ცოლი ჩავიდა ქვემოთ, სასტუმროს მფლობელი ადგა და თავი დახარა მის წინ, როდესაც მან მისი ოფისის წინ გაიარა.
3. Снаружи, тут же под их окнами, под одним из капающих зелёных столов пригнулась кошка.  
 გარედან მათი ფანჯრების ქვეშ, ერთ-ერთი მწვანე მაგიდის ქვეშ, მოიკუნტა კატა.
4. Женщина шла вдоль тропинки, пока не оказалась под их окнами.  
 ქალი ბილიკით მიდიოდა, სანამ აღმოჩნდა მათი ფანჯრების ქვეშ.
5. Ей нравилась манера, как владелец гостиницы хотел ей прислужить.  
 მას მოსწონდა სასტუმროს მფლობელის მომსახურების მანერა.
6. Она прошла и села перед зеркалом туалетного столика.  
 ის მოვიდა და დაჯდა ტრილიაჟთან.
7. Я хочу, чтобы у меня был котёнок, который сидел бы у меня на коленях и мяукал, когда я его ласкаю.  
 მე მინდა, რომ მყავდეს კნუტი, რომელიც ჩემს კალთაში ჩაჯდებოდა და სიამოვნებით იკრუტუნებდა ჩემი მოფერებით.

V. Fill in the gaps with the correct words from the box:

dripped, went on, doorway, easel, passed on, shut up clipped, dresser
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1. They didn't know any of the people they ..... the stairs on their way to and from their room.
2. In the good weather there was always an artist with his .....
3. The cat was trying to make herself so compact that she wouldn't be ..... on.
4. The husband ..... reading. "Don't get wet," he said.
5. As she stood in the ..... an umbrella opened behind her.
6. George looked up and saw the back of her neck ..... close like a boy's.
7. She laid the mirror down on the ..... and went over to the window and looked out.
8. "Oh, ..... and get something to read, George said". He was reading again.

VI. Say according to the text if these sentences are true or false:

1. There were only two Englishmen stopping at the hotel.
2. There room was on the second floor facing the public garden.
3. Outside right under the window a dog was crouched under one of the dripping tables.
4. As she stood in the doorway a hotel owner opened the umbrella behind her.
5. The table was there and the cat was still sitting under it.
6. “Don’t you think it would be a good idea if I have my hair cut,” she said.
7. George stopped reading and was listening to her.
8. In the doorway stood the hotel owner and held a big cat.

x x x x x

**Read the text:**

### **The Weather Forecast.**

*(After Jerome K. Jerome’s “Three Men in a Boat ...”)*

George took a newspaper and read us the weather forecast: rain, cold, wet, local, thunder-storms, east wind. I think weather forecasts tell what happened yesterday or the day before.

I remember a holiday being absolutely ruined by paying attention to the weather report in the local newspaper. “Heavy showers, with thunder-storms, may be expected today”, - it said. We gave up the dreams about a picnic and stayed indoors. People would pass the house as merry as they could be, the sun was shining and not a cloud was seen.

We looked at them through the window and said: “They will come home soaked.” By twelve o’clock the heat became oppressive. When the afternoon was nearly gone, still there was no sign of rain. Not a drop ever fell.

The next morning we read that it was going to be a warm, fine day, much heat. We went out and half an hour later it started to rain hard, a bitter wind sprang up and kept on steadily for the whole day and we came home with colds and rheumatism. The weather is the thing I never can understand.

The barometer is as useless as the newspaper forecast. There was one hanging up in a hotel at Oxford at which I was staying last spring. When I got there, it was pointing to “fair”. It was pouring with rain outside, and had been all day. I tapped the barometer, and it

jumped up and pointed to “very dry”. Two days later it was showing “much heat” only because it couldn’t go any further. The instrument wanted to show drought and sunstroke, but it was made so it couldn’t show more than “very dry”.

Meanwhile, the rain caused flood, the lower part of the town was under water. Fine weather never came that summer. I think the barometer must have been referring to the following spring.

And people foretelling the weather?! If a man says: “It will clear up”, - we like him, even if it doesn’t. We say: “He did his best.” And if a man says “I’m afraid it won’t clear up today”, - we are angry. We are especially angry, if he is right.

So I didn’t believe a word from the forecast that George had read.

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*Vocabulary Notes:*

<b>Weather forecast</b> [fɜ:ˈkɑ:st]	прогноз погоды	ამინდის პროგნოზი
<b>Wet</b>	влажность, сырость	სინესტე
<b>Thunder-storm</b>	гроза	ჭექა-ქუხილი
<b>Ruin</b>	разрушать, губить	დანგრევა
<b>To pay attention to...</b>	обращать внимание на...	ყურადღება მიაქციო ...
<b>Heavy shower</b>	сильные ливни	კოკისპირული წვიმა
<b>Expect</b>	ожидать	მოლოდინი
<b>To give up</b>	отказаться, бросить	უარის თქმა, მიგდება
<b>To stay indoors</b>	остаться дома	დარჩე სახლში
<b>Pass</b>	проходить	გავლა
<b>Merry</b>	веселый	მხიარული
<b>Cloud</b>	облако	ღრუბელი
<b>Soaked</b> [səukt]	намокший	დასველებული
<b>Heat</b> [hi:t]	жара	სიცხე
<b>Oppressive</b> [əˈpresiv]	угнетающий, тягостный, душный	უჭაერო
<b>Sign</b> [sain]	знак	ნიშანი
<b>Drop</b>	капля	წვეთი
<b>A bitter wind</b>	сильный ветер	ძლიერი ქარი
<b>Spring up</b> (sprang, sprang)	внезапно начинаться,	უეცრად გამოჩენა,

	появляться	დაწყება
<b>Keep on</b>	продолжаться	გაგრძელება
<b>Steadily</b> [ˈstedili]	стабильно	სტაბილურად
<b>Cold</b>	простуда	გაციება
<b>Rheumatism</b> [ˈru:mətizm]	ревматизм	რევმატიზმი
<b>Useless</b>	бесполезный	უსარგებლო
<b>To stay at a hotel</b>	останавливаться в гостинице	სასტუმროში გაჩერება
<b>Fair</b> [fɛə]	хороший	კარგი
<b>Pour</b> [pɔ:] <b>with rain</b>	льёт как из ведра	წვიმა ასხამს
<b>Tap</b> [tæp]	постучать	დააკუნება
<b>Point to</b>	указывать на	ჩვენება, მითითება
<b>To go further</b>	идти дальше	წინ წასვლა
<b>Drought</b> [draut]	засуха	გვალვა
<b>Sunstroke</b>	солнечный удар	მზის დარტყმა
<b>Cause</b> [kɔ:z]	вызвать, быть причиной	გამოწვევა, იყო მიზეზი
<b>Flood</b> [flʌd]	наводнение	წყალდიდობა
<b>Meanwhile</b>	тем временем	ამავე დროს
<b>Refer</b> [riˈfɜ:] - <b>mention, speak about</b>		
<b>Foretell</b> [fɔ:ˈtel]	предсказывать	წინასწარმეტყველება
<b>To clear up</b>	проясниться	გამოღარება
<b>To do one's best</b>	сделать всё от себя зависящее	ყველაფერი გააკეთო, რასაც შეძლებ

**ლც ლც**

## **Exercises:**

*I. Answer the following questions:*

1. What was the weather forecast which George read in the newspaper?
2. Why was the holiday absolutely ruined?
3. What did the friends say when they looked at the people passing their house?
4. What was the weather like that day?

5. What happened the next morning?
6. Did the friends trust the weather forecast again?
7. Did they think that a barometer was a useful thing? If not, why?
8. What did they say about the people foretelling the weather?
9. What is your opinion about weather forecast? Do you trust it?

*II. Find in the text English equivalents of the following words and expressions:*

прогноз погоды	ამინდის პროგნოზი
гроза	ჭექა-ქუხილი
обращать внимание на...	ყურადღების მიქცევა
сильные ливни	კოკისპირული წვიმა
веселый	მხიარული
жара	სიცხე
сильный ветер	ძლიერი ქარი
простуда	გაციება
внезапно начаться	უეცრად დაწყება
продолжаться	გაგრძელება
останавливаться в гостинице	გაჩერდე სასტუმროში
льёт как из ведра	წვიმა ასხამს
засуха	გვალვა
тем временем	ამავე დროს
солнечный удар	მზის დარტყმა
предсказывать	წინასწარმეტყველება
наводнение	წყალდიდობა
проясниться	გამოიდარებს
ревматизм	რევმატიზმი

*III. Give Russian and Georgian equivalents of the following words and expressions:*

forecast, wet, thunder-storm, ruin, heavy shower, give up, soaked, expect, oppressive, sign, drop, to stay indoors, keep on, fair, useless, bitter wind, to stay at the hotel, pour with rain,

to tap, dry, drought, sunstroke, flood, to cause, refer to, to do one's best, foretell, to go further, to point to.

*IV. Make up word-combinations from the two columns:*

weather	showers
to pay	dreams
heavy	at the hotel
to give up	wind
to stay	forecast
bitter	further
pour with	the weather
to go	heat
oppressive	attention
foretell	rain

*V. Translate the following sentences into English:*

1. Джордж взял газету и прочел прогноз погоды: дождь, холод, сырость, местные грозы, восточный ветер.

ჯორჯმა აიღო გაზეთი და წაიკითხა ამინდის პროგნოზი: წვიმა, სიცივე, სინესტე, ადგილობრივი ჭექა-ქუხილი, აღმოსავლური ქარი.

2. Я помню, что праздник был абсолютно испорчен, потому что мы обратили внимание на прогноз погоды в местной газете.

მე მახსოვს, რომ ზეიმი აბსოლუტურად ჩაგვეშალა იმიტომ, რომ ჩვენ მივაქციეთ ყურადღება ამინდის პროგნოზს ადგილობრივ გაზეთში.

3. Мы бросили мечтать о пикнике и остались дома.

ჩვენ მოვეშვიტ პიკნიკზე ოცნებას და დავრჩით სახლში.

4. Люди проходили мимо дома очень весёлые, солнце светило и на небе не было видно ни одного облачка.

ხალხი სახლის წინ მიდიოდა ძალიან მხიარულად, მზე ანათებდა და ცაში არც ერთი ღრუბელი არ სჩანდა.

5. Мы смотрели на них в окно и говорили: «Они вернутся домой намокшими».

ჩვენ ფანჯრიდან ვუყურებდით მათ და ვიძახოდით: “ისინი დასველებულნი დაბრუნდებიან”.

6. Мы вышли на улицу и полчаса спустя начался сильный дождь, внезапно появился сильный ветер и он продолжался стабильно в течение всего дня и мы вернулись домой с простудой и ревматизмом.

ჩვენ ქუჩაში გავვლით, ნახევარი საათის შემდეგ ძლიერი წვიმა დაიწყო, უეცრად ძლიერი ქარი ამოვარდა და სტაბილურად გრძელდებოდა მთელი დღის განმავლობაში და ჩვენ დავბრუნდით სახლში გაციებითა და რევმატიზმით.

7. Барометр также бесполезен, как газетный прогноз.

ბარომეტრი ისეთივე უსარგებლოა, როგორც გაზეთის პროგნოზი.

8. Между тем дождь вызвал наводнение, нижняя часть города была под водой.

სხვათა შორის წვიმამ წყალდიდობა გამოიწვია, ქალაქის ქვემო ნაწილი წყლის ქვეშ იყო.

9. В то лето хорошей погоды так и не было. Я думаю барометр должно быть указывал на следующую весну.

ამ ზაფხულის კარგი ამინდი არც კი ყოფილა. მე ვფიქრობ, რომ შესაძლოა ბარომეტრი მომავალ გაზაფხულს აჩვენებდა.

#### *VI. Choose the correct answers to the text:*

1. The author remembers a holiday that was ruined....
  - a) because of bad weather;
  - b) because he trusted the forecast in the newspaper;
  - c) because he ignored the bad forecast.
2. What did the author and his friends feel when people passed their house in the morning?
  - a) They were envious of them, looking so cheerful.
  - b) They wanted to stop them from a risky step.
  - c) They wanted to join them.
3. Why did they go for a picnic next day?
  - a) They again trusted the weather forecast.
  - b) They didn't trust the forecast any more.
  - c) They got tired sitting at home.
4. Why couldn't the barometer show “drought”?
  - a) It didn't have such a parameter.
  - b) It was raining outdoors.

- c) It was showing “fair”.
5. Why, according to the text, it is risky to foretell the weather?
- a) If you make a mistake, people will be angry with you.
  - b) There is always a chance that your forecast is wrong.
  - c) If you foretell bad weather, correctly or not, nobody likes you.

x x x x x

## Text for Home Reading

### THE LAST LEAF

*By O. Henry (abridged)*

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

So, to quaint old Greenwich Village the art people soon came prowling, hunting for north windows and Dutch attics and low rents. Then they imported some pewter mugs and a chafing dish or two from Sixth Avenue, and became a “colony”.

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

That was in May. In November a cold, unseen stranger, whom the doctors called Pneumonia, stalked about the colony, touching one here and there with his icy fingers.

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

One morning the busy doctor invited Sue into the hallway.

“She has one chance in – let us say, ten,” he said, as he shook down the mercury in his clinical thermometer. “And that chance is for her to want to live. Your little lady has made up her mind that she’s not going to get well. Has she anything on her mind?”

“She – she wanted to paint the Bay of Naples some day,” said Sue.

“Paint? Has she anything on her mind worth thinking about twice – a man, for instance?”

“A man?” said Sue. “Is a man worth – but, no, doctor; there is nothing of the kind.”

“Well, it is the weakness, then,” said the doctor. “I will do all that science, can accomplish. But whenever my patient begins to count the carriages in her funeral procession I subtract 50 per cent. from the curative power of medicines. If you will get her to ask one question about the new winter styles in cloak sleeves I will promise you a one-in-five chance for her, instead of one in ten.”

After the doctor had gone Sue went into the workroom and cried a Japanese napkin to a pulp. Then she came into Johnsy’s room with her drawing board, whistling ragtime.

Johnsy lay, under the bedclothes, with her face toward the window. She stopped whistling, thinking she was asleep.

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

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

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

“Twelve,” she said, and a little later “eleven”; and then “ten,” and “nine”; and then “eight” and “seven,” almost together.

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

“What is it, dear?” asked Sue.

“Six,” said Johnsy, in almost a whisper. “They’re falling faster now. Three days ago there were almost a hundred. It made my head ache to count them. But now its easy. There

goes another one. There are only five left now.”

“Five what, dear. Tell your Sudie.”

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

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

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

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

“Couldn’t you draw in the other room?” asked Johnsy, coldly.

“I’d rather be here by you,” said Sue. “Besides, I don’t want you to keep looking at those silly ivy leaves.”

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

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

Old Behrman was a painter who lived on the ground floor beneath them. He was past sixty and had a Michael Angelo’s Moses beard. Behrman was a failure in art. He had been always about to paint a masterpiece, but had never yet begun it. For several years he had painted nothing except now and then a daub in the line of commerce or advertising. He earned a little by serving as a model to those young artists in the colony who could not pay the price of a professional. He drank gin to excess, and still talked of his coming masterpiece. For the rest he was a fierce little old man, who regarded himself as especial

mastiff-in-waiting to protect the two young artists in the studio above.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sue obeyed.

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

"It is the last one," said Johnsy. "I thought it would surely fall during the night. I heard the wind. It will fall to-day, and I shall die at the same time."

“Dear, dear!” said Sue, leaning her face down to the pillow, “think of me, if you won’t think of yourself. What would I do?”

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

The day wore away, and even through the twilight they could see the lone ivy leaf clinging to its stem against the wall. And then, with the coming of the night the north wind was again blowing while the rain still beat against the window.

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

The ivy leaf was still there.

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

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

An hour later she said.

“Sudie, some day I hope to paint the Bay of Naples.”

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

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

The next day the doctor said to Sue: “She’s out of danger. You’ve won. Nutrition and care now – that’s all.”

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

“I have something to tell you, white mouse,” she said. “Mr. Behrman died of pneumonia to-day in the hospital. He was ill only two days. The janitor found him on the morning of the first day in his room downstairs helpless with pain. His shoes and clothing were wet through and icy cold. They couldn’t imagine where he had been on such a

dreadful night. And then they found a lantern, still lighted, and a ladder that had been dragged from its place, and some scattered brushes, and a palette with green and yellow colors mixed on it, and – look out the window, dear, at the last ivy leaf on the wall. Didn't you wonder why it never fluttered or moved when the wind blew? Ah, darling, it's Behrman's masterpiece – he painted it there the night that the last leaf fell.”

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*Vocabulary Notes:*

<b>Strip</b> [strip]	полоска	ხაზი, ზოლი
<b>Angle</b> [ˈæŋɡl]	угол (геометрический)	კუთხე (გეომეტრიული)
<b>Curve</b> [kə:v]	изгиб, кривая	მრუდე
<b>Possibility</b>	вероятность	შესაძლებლობა
<b>Collector</b>	сборщик	კოლექციონერი
<b>Bill</b>	счёт	ანგარიში
<b>Paints</b>	краски	საღებავები
<b>Canvas</b> [ˈkænvəs]	холст	ტილო
<b>Traverse</b>	пересекать	გადაკვეთა
<b>Route</b> [ru:t]	маршрут, путь, дорога	მარშრუტი, გზა
<b>To pay on account</b>	заплатить по счёту	გადახდა ანგარიშით
<b>Quaint</b> [ˈkweint]	привлекательный своей необычностью, оригинальный	მიმზიდველი, ორიგინალური
<b>Prowl</b> [praul]	рыскать в поисках добычи	მიპარვა
<b>Hunt</b>	охотиться	ნადირობა
<b>Attic</b> [ˈætɪk]	чердак, мансарда	სხვენი, მანსარდა
<b>Rent</b>	арендная плата, квартирная плата	არენდის (ბინის) გადასახადი
<b>Pewter mug</b>	оловянная кружка	კალას ტოლჩა
<b>Chafing dish</b> [ˈtʃeɪfɪŋ diʃ]	жаровня	ტაფა
<b>Squatty</b>	короткий, приземистый	მოკლე
<b>Familiar</b>	хорошо знакомый, привычный	კარგად ნაცნობი
<b>An Eight Street</b>	дешёвый ресторан на 8-й	მე-8 ქუჩაზე, იაფფასიანი

<b>“Delmonico’s”</b>	улице Гринвич-Виллиджа сравнивается с шикарным рестораном «Дельмонико» в центре Нью-Йорка	რესტორანი გრინვიჩ- ვილიჯი, ედრება ნიუორკის ცენტრში მყოფ ძვირადღირებულ რესტორან “დელმონიკოს”
<b>Chicory salad</b> [tʃɪkəri]	салат из листьев цикория	სალათა ვარდკაჭაჭას ფოთლებისგან
<b>Bishop</b>	епископ	ეპისკოპოსი
<b>Congenial</b> [kənˈdʒiːnjəl]	близкий по духу	სულით ახლო
<b>Stalk</b>	шеествовать, идти крадучись	მიპარება
<b>Chivalric</b> [ˈtʃɪvəlɪk]	рыцарский	რაინდული
<b>A mite of a little woman</b>	крошка, малютка	პაწაწინა
<b>Zephyr</b> [ˈzefə]	зефир, ласкающий ветерок	ნიავი
<b>Hardly</b>	едва ли	ძლივს კი
<b>Fair</b>	справедливый	სამართლიანი
<b>Duffer</b> [ˈdʌfə]	глупец, дурак	უჭკუო, სულელი
<b>Smite</b> (smote, smitten)	поражать, разрушать	დანგრევა
<b>Scarcely</b> [ˈskeəslɪ]	едва	ძლივს კი
<b>Window-pane</b>	оконное стекло	ფანჯრის მინა
<b>Hallway</b>	коридор, прихожая	დერეფანი
<b>Mercury</b> [ˈmɜːkjʊəri]	ртуть	ვერცხლის წყალი
<b>To make up one’s mind</b>	решить	გადაწყვიტო
<b>Bay</b>	залив, бухта	ყურე, უბე
<b>Accomplish</b> [əˈkɒmplɪʃ]	совершить, достигать	ჩადენა, მიღწევა
<b>Subtract</b>	вычитать (мат.)	გამოთვლა
<b>Curative</b>	целительный, целебный	სამკურნალო
<b>Cloak</b> [kləʊk]	плащ	ლაბადა
<b>Cried a Japanese napkin to a pulp</b>	плакала в японскую бумажную салфеточку, пока та совсем не размокла	იაპონურ ქაღალდის ცხვირსახოცში იქამდე ტიროდა, სანამ ის სულ არ დასველდა
<b>To pave the way</b>	прокладывать путь	გზის გაკვლევა
<b>Sketch</b>	рисовать эскизы, делать наброски	ესკიზების დახატვა (გაკეთება)

<b>Dreary</b> [ˈdriəri]	мрачный, тоскливый	მოღუშული, სევდიანი
<b>Gnarled</b> [na:ld]	искривленный	მობრეცილი
<b>Decayed</b>	сгнивший	დამპალი
<b>Cling</b> (clung, clung)	цепляться	ჩაჭიდვა
<b>Crumbling bricks</b>	обвалившиеся кирпичи	ჩამონგრეული აგურები
<b>Magnificent scorn</b>	величественное презрение	უდიდესი ზიზღი
<b>Ivy</b>	плющ	სურო, ფათალო
<b>Naughty</b>	непослушный	არადამჯერი ბავშვი
<b>A goosey</b>	гусёночек	ბატის ჭუკი
<b>Broth</b>	бульон	ბულიონი
<b>So she can sell the editor man with it</b>	чтобы она могла продать его редактору	რომ მან შესძლოს მისი მიყიდვა რედაქტორს
<b>Chops</b>	отбивные котлеты	დაბეგვილი ხორცი
<b>Greedy</b>	жадный	ბუნწი
<b>To fix one eyes on smth.</b>	пристально смотреть	ყურადღებით ცქერა
<b>To hand in = to give</b>		
<b>To draw the shade down</b>	задёрнуть шторы	ფარდების გაწევა
<b>To loose one's hold on smth.</b>	расслабиться	მოღუნება
<b>Hermit</b> [ˈhə:mit]	отшельник	განდევილი
<b>A Michael Angelo's</b>	борода, как у скульптуры	წვერები, როგორც
<b>Moses beard</b>	Микеланджело «Моисей»	მიქელანჯელოს ქანდაკებას “მოსე”-ს
<b>Failure</b> [ˈfeiljə]	неуспех, неудача, провал	ჩავარდნა, დამარცხება
<b>Masterpiece</b>	шедевр	შეღვერი
<b>Daub</b> [dɔ:b]	мазня	ჯლაპნა
<b>Advertising</b>	реклама	რეკლამა
<b>To earn</b> [ə:n]	зарабатывать	გამომუშავება
<b>To excess</b>	слишком много	უამრავი
<b>Fierce</b> [fiəs]	свирепый	მძვინვარე, სასტიკი
<b>Mastiff-in-waiting</b>	сторожевой пёс	დარაჯვი ძაღლი
<b>Juniper berries</b>	ягоды можжевельника	ღვია

<b>Dimly lighted</b>	тускло освещенный	ცუდად განათებული
<b>Den</b>	логово, берлога, нора	სორო, ბუნაგი, გამოქვაბული
<b>Easel</b>	мольберт	მოლბერტი
<b>Fancy</b>	фантазия	ფანტაზია
<b>Fragile</b> [ˈfrædʒaɪl]	хрупкий	ფაქიზი
<b>Her slight hold upon the world grew weaker</b>	её слабая власть (влияние) над миром становилась слабее	მისი სუსტი ძალა- -უფლება მსოფლიოზე სუსტდებოდა
<b>Plainly</b>	ясно, отчётливо	მკვეთრად, გარკვეულად
<b>Contempt</b>	презрение	ზიზღი
<b>Derision</b> [diˈrɪʒən]	высмеивание	დაცინვა
<b>Dunderhead</b> [ˈdʌndəhed]	глупая башка, болван	ტუტუცი, უჭკუო
<b>Fever</b>	жар, лихорадка	სიცხე, ციებ-ცხელება
<b>Flibbertigibbet</b> [ˈflɪbətɪˈdʒɪbɪt]	легкомысленный (ненадёжный) человек	თავქარიანი (არასანდო) ადამიანი
<b>Motion</b>	показывать жестом	ჟესტებით ჩვენება
<b>Peer</b>	вглядываться, всматриваться	მიცქერება, მიშტერება
<b>Persistent</b>	постоянный, устойчивый	მუდმივი, მყარი
<b>Mingled with snow</b>	смешанный со снегом	თოვლთან შერეული
<b>Gust of wind</b>	порыв ветра	ქარი
<b>Endure</b>	выдерживать (выносить) что-либо	ატანა
<b>Stem</b>	стебель	კლორტი
<b>Lonesome</b>	унылый	მოწყენილი
<b>Wear (wore, worn) away</b>	медленно тянуться (о времени)	დრო ნელა გადის
<b>Twilight</b>	сумерки	ბინდი
<b>Leaf clinging to its stem</b>	лист, держащийся на стебле	კლორტზე მიმაგრებული ფოთოლი
<b>Merciless</b>	беспощадный	შეუბრალებელი, უმოწყალო
<b>Wicked</b>	нехороший, злой	ცუდი, ბოროტი
<b>Sin</b>	грех	ცოდვა
<b>Excuse</b>	предлог, оправдание	საბაბი, გამართლება

<b>Acute attack</b>	острый (сильный) приступ	ძლიერი (მწვავე) შეტევა
<b>Nutrition</b>	питание	კვება
<b>Janitor</b>	привратник, швейцар	მეზღვე, შვეიცარი
<b>Lantern</b>	фонарь	ფარანი
<b>Ladder</b>	лестница	კიბე
<b>Scattered</b>	разбросанный	გაფანტული
<b>Palette</b> [ˈpælit]	палитра	პალიტრა
<b>Flutter</b>	развеваться (на ветру)	ქარზე ფრიალი

*Answer the following questions:*

1. Where did Sue and Johnsy live?
2. What were they?
3. What happened to Johnsy?
4. Why was she looking out the window and counting the leaves?
5. What did she say to Sue about the last leaf?
6. What did the doctor say about Johnsy's health?
7. Why did Johnsy refuse to eat?
8. Tell about old Behrman. What was he?
9. Why did he come to Sue?
10. Did Johnsy find the last leaf on its place in the morning?
11. What happened to Old Behrman?
12. Did Johnsy recover?
13. Did Behrman paint his masterpiece at last?



### Questions and topics for discussion:

1. Speak about today's weather.
2. Compare Georgian summer and English summer.
3. Say a few words about your favourite season.
4. How are weather and climate important for the development of the country?
5. Characterize the climate of Georgia.
6. Characterize the climate of Great Britain.
7. Compare Georgian climate with the climate of some other country.
8. What weather cataclysms sometimes happen in Georgia?
9. What kind of weather do you like? Hate?
10. Is climate a stable thing or does it change?
11. Has the climate in the place you live recently changed?
12. What kind of climate is healthy? Can you name some places, where the climate is bad for health?
13. Is there any country in the world where in your opinion the climate is ideal?
14. Do you like to go on holidays in winter? Why (not)?
15. Do you like rainy weather?
16. Is it colder when it snows or when it is sunny in winter?
17. Is the climate wet or dry in your city?
18. Do you like hail?
19. What do you think about weather forecast (is it usually correct? what do we need it for)?
20. What influence has weather on your ability to work? On your mood?
21. Compare the weather during different seasons.
22. Make up a dialogue between an Englishman and a native resident. One of them is going to visit the other's country and is asking about the weather and the clothes to take with him / her.
23. Describe a day in your life when the weather was especially good or bad, so that you remember it till now.
24. What influence has weather on your health?

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